

# Correspondence

## AUBURN.

Christmas services at the Holy Family church were carried out with all the pomp and ceremony which has characterized it during Rev. Father Hickey's pastorate. The church was artistically trimmed with ropes of laurel and holly, while the altar was decorated with roses and smilax. The sanctuary with its large spreading palms made a beautiful scene as the priests with their golden vestments and the hundred altar boys made their appearance at the midnight mass on Christmas and New Year's. Rev. Father Hickey discoursed at the midnight mass on Christmas and New Year's, and Rev. Father Keenan at the 10 o'clock mass. It is estimated that 1,500 people crowded into the midnight mass New Year's, about 500 of whom approached the sacraments. The singing of the choir, accompanied by Stevens' large orchestra, was unsurpassed in the city. The organist, Miss Adelaide McConnell, was assisted by Director Hennessy, to whom much credit is due for the fine musical programs rendered.

James H. Quigley's funeral took place from the Holy Family church last week Thursday, and was largely a tender. Mr. Quigley was a young man of much promise, and who bore his illness with Christian resignation. He was 30 years old. Interment took place in the family plot in St. Joseph's cemetery, beside his father, mother and four other children. May his soul rest in peace.

The children of the Holy Family school had a very enjoyable Christmas tree at the closing of school. The tree was laden down with pretty and useful toys, and all received something. The pastor made some happy remarks on the occasion. Father Heiser also spoke.

We trust that our subscribers in Auburn will be prepared to pay our agents, Mr. A. Herman, on their subscriptions, when he calls next week. If you feel that you cannot afford to take THE JOURNAL next year kindly pay up what you owe and discontinue your paper. A great many people seem to have the idea that by simply ordering their paper stopped it cancels all their obligations. This is entirely erroneous. They forget the principal thing, and that is to pay up all their arrears. Catholic papers are run on different lines from dailies. In subscribing for a daily you pay strictly in advance, for the simple reason that they won't trust you. On the other hand, the Catholic papers do not demand any money in advance, but trust to your honesty as a practical Catholic to pay your honest debts when they become due. THE JOURNAL has always been noted for giving subscribers splendid premiums, and this year we offer an elegant picture of Pope Leo XIII. We have also about ten books of "Christ on the Altar" left, which we will distribute in Auburn at cost. This is a valuable work, and has the endorsement and approval of the leading prelates of the United States. Remember, there are only ten copies left, and first come first served is our motto. You save from \$4 to \$5 on this book. It will be given to strictly bona fide subscribers only. In conclusion we wish to thank our subscribers who have taken THE JOURNAL in the past, and will do our best to make the paper more interesting and instructive in the future.

## OVIED.

Rev. James E. Kennedy spent Christmas at his home in Stanley.

School opened Wednesday after a vacation of two weeks.

A great number received Holy Communion New Year's day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin are rejoicing over the birth of a baby girl, which came to their home Dec. 25.

The A. O. H. gave a ball New Year's eve.

## SHORTSVILLE.

The entertainment given last Saturday evening for the benefit of St. Dominic's church, under the direction of Prof. Lane of Rochester was largely attended. The proceeds are not yet known.

Mr. John Gavin of Manchester, who has been seriously ill, is somewhat better.

James Brophy has resigned his position as treasurer of the church. The vacancy has not yet been filled.

## FAIRPORT.

Branch 378, L. C. B. A., at its last meeting, elected the following officers for the coming year: Spiritual adviser, Rev. J. L. Cedeno; president, Miss Jane A. Bell; president, Mrs. Elizabeth V. Bell; first vice president, Mrs. Elizabeth Coon; second vice president, Miss Sabina Lucas; recorder, Miss Anna G. Bell; assistant recorder, Miss Sabina Lucas; financial secretary, Miss Frances Corhill; treasurer, Miss Katherine Lucas; marshal, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neil; guard, Mrs. J. Hyde; trustees, Mrs. Leaflet Mrs. J. Hyde, Mrs. M. Bell, Mrs. E. O. Ray, Mrs. M. Ward.

## SENECA FALLS.

The opening of the jubilee year commenced in St. Patrick's church by midnight mass, Rev. Father Dwyer being celebrant, who delivered a sermon. Special music was rendered at the midnight and 10:30 masses. Other masses were celebrated at 8 and 10:30 a. m.

Rev. Father Mangano of New York celebrated the 10:30 mass New Year's in St. Patrick's church, and also delivered a sermon. The exposition of the most blessed sacrament was from 8 to 12 a. m.

After the 10:30 mass New Year's day benediction of the most blessed sacrament was given, Rev. Father Mangano officiating.

Nearly three hundred received communion New Year's day.

St. Patrick's school will reopen Monday, Jan. 7, 1901.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Waters of this place and Clarence Francis of Auburn was celebrated in St. Patrick's church Wednesday morning at 7:30 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Father Dwyer.

Rev. Father Mangano of the Holy Innocent's parish, New York, is visiting at the home of his mother on Miller street.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by their firm.

WALKER, LEVINE & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the most internally acting remedy known for the blood and mucous membranes of the system. Testimonials sent free. Sold by all Druggists.

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Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum. Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

## PEARL OF THE OAKS.

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### PART SECOND.

(Continued from last week.)

#### IX.

"In her fright her mistress ordered her to be taken to the negro quarters to be cared for, but seeing the danger of spreading the disease there, as well as feeling a reluctance to allow an invalid to be taken from his house, Mr. Tone forbade her removal. His wife went home to her parents and wished Melissa to accompany her; but she refused and took upon herself the entire care of the woman; for even the slaves, frightened by the flight of their mistress, would not go near her until the faithful Meg, who would be willing to sacrifice her life for Melissa, joined in her vigils."

"Brave Melissa!" said the young man, while from his dark eyes flashed a look of the most tender admiration. "It was more than the woman deserved from her."

"Yes, but our young friend showed her true spirit of Christian charity, and by so doing was the means of saving an immortal soul."

"That is true, mother, and heaven will reward her; but go on."

"The unfortunate woman seemed to know from the first that there was no help for her, and the more Melissa tried to console her the more unhappy she seemed. One day she said to her: 'Child, I know I shall soon be dead, and I dread the future, it is all so dark, and eternity seems so terrible, for I know I shall be lost.' The girl tried to talk to her of the mercy of God, but she turned away, saying: 'There is no mercy for such as I,' and when Melissa spoke of sending to Lennox for the minister she said, 'No, not for him; I do not want him.'"

Mrs. Levimore paused to wipe the tears from her eyes, then went on: "Being powerless to console with words Melissa spent hours in silent prayer, and when her patient was asleep she hid the gold medal of the Immaculate Conception, which she had worn since her First Communion, under her pillow. In the morning Miss Leroy found it there while her nurse was out of the room, and on her return she said: 'Melissa, why do you continue to mock my distress by leaving this with me? I have already suffered enough since I came here. Take it away—hide it anywhere, where I will never see it again; it reminds me much of the past. While in the convent in France, where I was educated, I, a devoted Catholic girl like yourself, prized these things highly.'"

"Then she told her of how, being left an orphan at a tender age, she had remained in a convent until she graduated, then penniless and alone, she had gone out into the world to earn her support as a governess. The first family she was with being Catholics, she had continued to be a most devoted member of the Faith, but after four happy years the mother had died and she found employment with a wealthy Protestant family from Philadelphia who brought her to this country. She spent six years with this family, and though she had lost much of the fervor she had acquired in her native home, she still clung to her church until entering another Protestant family whose children demanded such constant attention that she was no longer able to attend mass. Worse still, the different members of the family, who were noted for their bigotry, kept up such a tirade of insults against her religion that in order to keep peace with them she was even ready to deny her faith. She had thought of leaving them, but they paid her well, and the fear of being left without work kept her back."

"Poor, unfortunate woman," said James, "I always felt that there was some secret that darkened her life, but never dreamed it was of such a nature. What next?"

"Her pupils being ready to go to boarding school she would have been out of employment again, but Mrs. Tone, who was an intimate friend of her mistress, wished to hire her, and being glad to escape to a secluded place she willingly accepted the offer. She would have gone to the priest when he

made his first visit to the Oaks after her arrival, and having told him the story of her negligence, begged to have been received back into the fold from which she had strayed, but having learned that her mistress, although the wife of a Catholic, despised that religion, she deferred her conversion for fear of losing her favor. She would not even trust herself to go near the chapel until the day of Gertrude's First Communion, when she underwent a bitter struggle between grace and pride—but the latter conquered, and she became more hardened than before. Then came the time when her pupil was preparing to be received into the church, and she had prepared to make her confession on the same day, but when the time came—having been absent from her religious duties so long her courage failed, and as if fearing that the priest might read the secrets of her guilty conscience she shunned him as she had always done before. The day of Melissa's First Communion was worse, for on the evening before, after once more making preparations for the sacrament of Penance, she went to the chapel, but finding it full of devout penitents, some of whom had come many miles to receive the sacraments, she who had denied her faith, too proud to be seen kneeling before a priest, remained only a few minutes then fled from the place, thinking there would be time enough when there was no one present."

"Thus neglecting God's grace from year to year, she now lay at the point of death, in her unhappy state. Melissa wept as she listened to the sad story, and smothered sobs came now and then from Meg, who was hidden at the foot of the bed. Gently laying her hand on her burning forehead she asked her if she would not like to see a priest now, and the suffering woman replied: 'I fear that it is too late, for I have waited so long that there is no hope for me, and my eternity, like my life, since the time that I began to neglect my religion, must be filled with misery in punishment for my sin, and how can you, my child, who have done so much to gain the faith I have discarded remain with me now? I feared that you, like others, would flee from my presence after having heard my story, but I could not die without telling you all.'"

"Melissa, noble-hearted girl that she was, told her that she could never forsake her now, and asked her again if she would not like to see the priest, promising to go for him herself. The poor woman, now moved to true contrition, replied that nothing could give her greater happiness than to receive the sacraments, and before dawn the next day our brave young friend, who would not even trust one of the men to do the errand of mercy, started herself on horseback, leaving her patient in charge of Meg, who promised for the sake of her young mistress to take the best care of her."

"Dear, noble-hearted girl, it was just like her," said James, while his face lit up with a look of tender admiration which told how dear she was to him. "I believe there is not another young lady in the country who would have risked such a long journey on horseback and alone; but was she in time, mother?"

"Yes, she was back in two days, with Father Smith, who administered the sacraments to the poor woman before he left her bedside. The good priest told us that he had seldom seen a more truly repentant person than she, or ever witnessed a more peaceful death, and he believed that it was mostly due to the prayers and good example of our dear Melissa."

"Undoubtedly so," said the young man, "but did Melissa have the fever?"

"No, she was quite worn out for a few weeks, as a result of the fatigue and her long vigils in the sick room, but is fully recovered now, and looks better than ever."

"And Mrs. Tone, how about her?"

"After having the house thoroughly cleaned, even to taking up the carpets and airing the furniture out of doors, she returned home."

After the story was finished the young man remained in a reflective mood for some time. Could he have followed the impulse of his own heart he would have hastened at once to the Oaks, and in the tenderest words of endearment would have poured into the young girl's ear the story of his admiration for her and the tender love he had fostered for her from boyhood, then asked her to become his wife—but he must wait. Melissa was young, yet, seemingly little more than a child, though her act of charity had proven that she had a woman's heart; but he would not rob her of her freedom yet by trying to bind her by a promise to marry him. Besides, though his college days were over, he still had a profession before him which would require years of study, but he would be nearer home now, for he was about to enter a law office with one of his father's friends in Washington, and he hoped to see her often.

"Time enough," he thought, "when I have been admitted to the bar, and in the meantime I would rather think of her, neat as a young woman who is bound by an engagement, even

though I myself be the happy one who claims her pure love, but as our own little Melissa, the light-hearted child with whom I used to roam through the fields and forests." Inadvertently a smile covered his face as he recalled the day when he had risked his life to help her down from the oak tree.

"What is it, James?" asked his mother; "you appear to have pleasant thoughts."

"I was only thinking of the day when, to escape from Miss Leroy, our young friend climbed to the top of a tree. I wonder if she remembers it."

His mother smiled, and the little girl on his knees asked him to tell her about it, which he did, and ere the story of his adventure was finished Mr. Levimore had joined the happy group. Most happy words of welcome were received from the man who was so justly proud of his only son, before whom he now saw more plainly than ever a great political career."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Levimore one day, while alone with her son, "that it will not be long ere I will have another daughter to claim my affections."

"What do you mean, mother dear?" asked the young man, slightly coloring.

"I am fully aware that my son is no longer a child, and trust that the time is not far distant when he will be choosing a companion for life."

"Time enough for that, mother, after I have been admitted to the bar."

"You are right, my boy; but has none of our fair young ladies of New Orleans won your affections?"

"No, mother, young as I was when I went away, my affections had already been won; though, having no thoughts of marriage, I hardly realized it then."

"Tell me, James, who is the favored one?"

"Our Melissa." The family always called her "our Melissa" now, which showed how much they loved her, and in those two words spoken by him was a world of tenderness.

His mother's face brightened, for, like Mrs. Tone, she had long hoped to see the two young people's lives united. She said: "Have you kept company with no one while away?"

"No, mother, I cared nothing for the company of our haughty southern girls, while the memory of our sweet Melissa remained with me. I did not even mind being made fun of and being called an 'old bachelor' by my companions."

"There are many dear, noble girls in the south," said his mother, who did not like to have the girls of her native city, many of whom were daughters of the loved companions of her own youth, called haughtily.

"Yes, pardon me, mother, for forgetting that my own dear mother, who is one of the best of women, was once a New Orleans girl. There are plenty of good, noble girls still living in your native city, but according to my idea, there are none like Melissa."

# The Major's Proposal

A Story of Love and the Boer War.

It was a dull autumn afternoon, and I was drowsing over the Army and Navy in the deserted ante-room, when Major Talbot Champey's Bing (commonly known as "Tommy" Bing) entered hurriedly, wearing the battered expression of a man who has been to Blackpool.

He strode—I should say titupped, for he was a little man with short, fat legs—to the bell, and rang it violently. "A large brandy and a small soda, please," he commanded, and then began to fuss up and down the room, kicking unoffending chairs and stools out of the way.

"Hallo, Tommy!" I cried, waking up. "What's the matter? Just met your tailor?"

Tommy gulped down his peg, ordered another and plumped into a chair before replying.

"Jack, old man," he said, mopping his round, chubby face. "I'm in a deuce of a mess."

"Oh, Tommy!" I said, reproachfully. "At your age too? I am ashamed of you."

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" he snapped, testily. "I don't know what you mean. Look here, you know Miss Mangles?"

"Yes," I assented, growing very interested, for Miss Mangles had made a considerable impression on my nose too susceptible heart.

"Well," continued Tommy, "as I only have a year to go for pension, I have been thinking of settling down and getting married, and I—er—thought that Miss Mangles—"

"The dickens you did!" I ejaculated, annoyed at the idea of an old fog like Tommy (he was five years my senior) pretending to be a young, pretty girl like Violet—or Miss Mangles.

Tommy was far too engrossed with his tale to heed my interruption, and he went on rapidly: "I went down to Lucknow Lodge this afternoon—"

"And popped and was refused? Well, well, old chap! Cheer up! You never were cut out to domestic bliss, you know," I said, secretly relieved.

"Not a bit," said Tommy. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt. I apologized and he resumed: "I am rather old-fashioned in these matters, and I considered that it would be more in keeping with propriety if I first obtained the mother's consent before approaching the daughter. As I was saying, I went down this afternoon, saw Mrs. Mangles by appointment and—"

Tommy paused, shifted about in his chair, took a drink, and finally said, uxoriously: "I—er—look here, Jack, you won't laugh, will you?"

"Not the ghost of a cackination," I asserted solemnly. "What did the sergeant major say? Bit snorty, eh?"

"I have the honor to announce my engagement to Mrs. Mangles!" Except to me, it was ludicrous. But after the first moment of stupefied astonishment, we rose and cheered, and drank their healths and sang, "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," which was appropriate in view of the lady's masculinity, and generally made a rumpus.

But we were not destined to see much of Tommy's courtship. Three days later Mr. Kruger issued his notice to quit, and in another week we were on the way to Capetown. I pass over the parting scenes, but may mention that Violet and I came to a satisfactory understanding, and that the sergeant major's farewell gift to Tommy was a bullet-proof vest, which he infuriated recipients wished to hurl into the sea, so we took it from him, and put it on Fido, the regimental bear—an allusion to Tommy's girth which annoyed him, and apparently Fido also, as he clawed it off and ate it, becoming very thoughtful for three days afterward!

They marched us up, they marched us down; they put us in armored trains, and bucketed us about in luggage trucks; they sent us to take impossible positions—and we took them. We surprised and were surprised, more frequently the latter. We were alternately scorched and frozen, parched and soaked. We had only hard tack to eat, and not much of that. So far, he and I had come through without a scratch, but—

A slight oversight on the part of the intelligent department brought us temporarily to a standstill on the banks of Modder River, where we lay and waited for reinforcements. Now, it is no excuse for what followed, but I may state that we were one and all, possessed with the fixed idea that the Boers would never attack under any circumstances, and consequently we looked upon the outpost duty the general made us do as rather farcical.

One night Tommy and I were on adjoining pickets. It was a clear, starlit night, and therefore, according to the rules of the game as prepared by our intelligence, utterly impracticable for a night attack. My subaltern was a depressing kind of idiot, and though it is a very risky, I got so bored with him and my surroundings that I sauntered over to Tommy's lair. He had some whisky, "commandered" from goodness knew where, and we were chatting away merrily, when bang! bang! went all along the line, and a babel of cries rose on the air: "Allemachtig, huistoe, verdomde rooieks! Courage, mes enfants! En avant! L'univers nous regarde! Potsauend, Donnerwetter, Vorwarts! Wurrus uns! Lager! Lager!" were the yells that smote on our amazed ears.

I wasn't hit, and didn't stop to see who was, but sprinted to my picket. There was a very pretty fight in progress when I arrived, and, by the Lord Harry, the Boers had bayonets! However, there was no time to be astonished, so I grabbed a rifle from a stricken corporal (I had given up wearing swords) and waded in. I had just given an animated Gaul point three in the waistcoat, when buff! the sky fell on my head, and, like Abner Dean Angus, the subsequent proceedings interested me no more.

When some one had kindly put the firmament back in its place I awoke to the fact that I was in the field hospital, and that some one was telling me not to speak nor move. I didn't want to do either. Then they explained to me that the great night attack had failed after a desperate struggle, that the general did not know whether to be pleased or furious, that I was full of holes, and that Tommy was also grievously wounded. After a time they sent us down to Wynberg, and there we lay in the hospital while the weary, leaden days dragged on, and our wounds obstinately refused to heal!

Tommy and I were lucky in having a small ward to ourselves, but I don't know that it was altogether an advantage. It encouraged visitors ("inquisitors," we used to call them.) I have no doubt these people meant well, but we objected strongly to being made a rare show of for a pack of strange females, with, to put it mildly, primeval notions of good breeding.

One was a lady (by courtesy) novelist, and the other a well-known divorcee, who posed as a Misunderstood, though the jury had found little difficulty in understanding her. There was no getting away from these two. One morning about three weeks after the polygot attack we were lying in bed idly chatting.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tommy. "I suppose these awful women will be here again this morning! God, it would be a relief to see some one else!"

"Even Mrs. Mangles?" I suggested maliciously.

"Certainly," said Tommy stoutly. "She's a lady, anyway, and doesn't write indecent books like that ginger-haired creature. She brought me her latest book yesterday 'The Maudering of a Passionate Soul.'"

There was a sound of nearing footsteps.

"Here they come!" said Tommy, with a despairing groan.

The door opened and the nurse ushered in—the sergeant major and Violet! When I had satisfied myself by ocular demonstration that it really was my darling, I raised my head, and lo and behold, the sergeant major had her arm around Tommy's neck, his head reclining on her capacious bosom, and he was sniffing audibly, while the redoubtable good lady was crying unrestrainedly.

Fortunately for the sergeant-major's self respect the Passionate Soul and the Misunderstood came undulating in. The conflict was short and decisive. Of course Mrs. Mangles could never have been guilty of such a thing, but there was something about the Passionate Soul's gait which suggested that she had made the acquaintance of another sole.

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Couldn't Take Advantage of it. Husband—I see they're advertising bargains in patent medicines at Kutt & Price's drug store.

Wife—Isn't that too aggravating? There isn't a thing the matter with any of us.—Philadelphia Record.