

PEARL OF THE OAKS.

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BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

PART SECOND.

[Continued from last week.]

XI.

James listened in silence to the plans laid before him for he did not wish to disappoint his father by telling him of the perplexities which so troubled him; neither did he in his present state of mind feel that he could conscientiously enter upon the work laid out for him. If he could only have a little more time to consider it he might decide what to do and he deeply regretted having come; but being here now he must make the best of it. Strange to say that while his father was talking so earnestly on a question of such deep interest, his mind wandered away to Melissa, whom he had not yet seen, and to the little sister whom he had found stronger than he had expected.

His little sister, but she could scarcely be called so any more. Marie was not yet fifteen, but she having already attained her growth was taller than Gertie who was a year older; her pale face, too, was older than her sister's, for beautiful as the transparent features were, they bore marks of suffering and anyone might be pardoned for thinking the younger of the two. The slight cough from which Marie suffered, and the fatigue of the least exertion, were ill omens on which the physician no longer looked lightly; but aside from that she was apparently quite well. The sadness which at times took possession of her was due to an entirely different cause.

Failing to excite the interest he had hoped to in his son, Mr. Levimore at last said, "James, you appear to take this matter rather coolly and I cannot understand it."

"Forgive me, father, if my mind has been wandering, but I have been thinking of our little Marie and would rather defer this subject."

"This is no time to defer so weighty a matter when you should already be fighting for the rights of our country."

"I know it, father, but I hope that your eagerness to serve your country does not cause you to forget that your little daughter is not well."

Had any other subject been put before his country, Mr. Levimore would have been angry; but loving each of his children almost to idolatry he was willing to change the subject, for the present. I do not mean to say that his love for them excelled his patriotism for he would have sacrificed every one of them had he been called upon to do so for the cause he considered right.

"Poor Marie," he said tenderly, "I know she is not well; but think how rapidly she has grown. I think she will become stronger soon."

"I hope so, father, but I fear not." At that moment their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Marie and her sister, Rose. They had been to the woods to gather spring flowers for James' room, of which each had a large bouquet. It was plain that while the latter was greatly refreshed by the walk which had given a ruddy glow to her cheeks, the other was quite exhausted and sank wearily into a chair. James looked sadly from her to his father, then assuming a bright smile turned to the girls saying, "Where did you find such pretty flowers, my little sisters?"

"Down in the woods," said Rose presenting her bouquet which consisted of every variety of wild flowers then in bloom, "and they are for you."

"Thank you, dear, they remind me of the flowers I used to gather with Melissa and my little sisters when we were children. Do you remember it, Marie?"

"Yes, and I remember how much you always admired the purple and white violets, so I picked only them for you," and with a step which lacked much of the elasticity of youth she walked over to him and handed him the flowers which to him were dear emblems of his happy boyhood days now forever flown.

As he held them, inhaling their sweet fragrance which would still linger after the delicate petals had faded, he glanced sadly at the giver thinking how her sweet memory would remain long after her lovely young face had mouldered into dust. Then another sad thought rushed upon him; it was a thought of the hundreds of brave men who were dying daily. He knew that on one side or the other he too would soon stand among those who were falling, and who knew that ere the spring violets bloomed again he might perhaps be sleeping in an unmarked grave where his Marie if she still lived, could place no flowers above his cold clay.

"Why do you look so sad, brother, are you not pleased with your flowers?" asked Marie.

"Yes, dear, I prize them very highly because my little sisters gathered them for me, but I was thinking of the dead soldiers who have no

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one to put flowers on their graves." "Please, do not speak of it James, for this war is such a cruel thing I wish that I could go away where I would never hear of it again; but if I could I would like to gather flowers for the graves of every one of these poor men. How sad it must be to have them die such terrible deaths and so far from home where their dear ones never visit their graves."

"It is, Marie, but when we remember the noble cause for which their blood is being shed we should spend more time in praying for the souls of the dead, and that the side which is right may soon gain the victory, than in idle lamentations."

"Yes, my dear children," said their father, "you should pray every day that the South may gain the victory."

"Here, Rose, said James, you may take those flowers to my room." Rose obeyed with the sprightliness of childhood and tripped lightly up the marble stairs while her sister leaned languidly back in her chair and closed her eyes as if lost in deep meditation which was soon interrupted by the tea bell.

After the evening meal, which had hardly been tasted by Marie, the family returned to the parlor; but James who tried to talk with them all had little thought of any one but his favorite. When he saw that she was too tired to enter with interest in the conversation, and knowing that she would not retire as long as he was in the room, he excused himself on the pretense of seeing Mrs. Tone and went to the Oaks, Melissa was the attraction and on learning that she had gone to the negro quarters, he spent only a few moments with his friends then went to look for her.

It was a glorious evening and the silvery rays of the moon in its second quarter shed a clear, beautiful light over the earth, casting fantastic shadows among the trees and giving the whole scene a fairy-like aspect. All was silent except the faint rippling of the river not far off, and the young man could almost hear the throbbing of his own heart as in pleasant thought he walked on. He was thinking of the little girl with whom he played in these fields a few years ago and contemplating a pleasant homeward stroll with her. Now he was at the foot of the oak tree from which he had rescued her, and impelled by some strange impulse to tarry here awhile, he sat down to think of the happy past and uncertain future over which hung the dark cloud of war.

The dark outlines of a group of shade trees were visible and as he turned towards old Dora's cabin, where he was sure to find her, he saw a dim light burning in the window, but could see no one inside. He listened and a sweet sound mingled with the flow of the waters; but he could not tell whence it came. It was the low gentle murmur of a female voice singing a sweet song, which sounded like a "De profundis" for the departed ones on whose newly made graves the moon was now shining for the first time. At any other time the song might have sounded differently, but with thought of war ever in his mind it is not surprising that he made this comparison. He listened more attentively, thinking at first that it came from the river; but no, it continued in the same sweet strain and evidently proceeded from the negro quarters.

"Melissa's voice," he thought, but how sad it is and so unlike the sweet songs she used to sing. Can it be that this war has changed her too and made our merry bird sad? As if fearing that the rustle of his footsteps in the grass might drown the music he proceeded slowly and silently toward the cabin; but instead of entering as he had intended, he looked first through the window from which the light of a tallow candle shown. The sight that met his gaze caused him to crouch down beneath the window where unobserved he might look in and listen.

It was Melissa's voice singing, not for the dead, but a sweet lullaby. She was seated in a low broken back chair and her face bore a sweet sad smile as she gazed kindly on the little brown faced infant, apparently but a few days old who had fallen asleep in her lap. The chubby brown fists were clenched and resting on the bosom of a white dress, while the little face smiled as sweetly as if the little fellow

were dreaming of angels. The bright mirthful light of childhood had faded from Melissa's eyes and they wore a sad expression as she looked from the baby toward the two women who sat near her. One was Dora, who in her chair in her corner smoked her pipe; while as if unconscious of the presence of any one, head after head slipped through her withered fingers; the other was a young woman who must be Meg, but so unlike was she to the bright, happy face girl he had known before he went away that had he seen her anywhere else he would not have recognized her. She was seated in an arm chair with a quilt wrapped around her and the great white eyeballs which shone from her thin face almost frightened him. True the tenderness of a mother's love would brighten her face as she gazed upon the sleeping infant, but there was sadness mingled with it.

"Jack's baby," thought James, who did not know that his old friend had been sold, "and how proud he must be of the little fellow."

Melissa's voice was stilled and turning to the young mother she said, "There, Meg, he is asleep now. Isn't he a little darling?" "Yes, he looks so much like his poor father, I wish he could see him; and tears fell on the little face as Melissa brought him to her to kiss before laying him on the bed.

"Never mind, Meg, I feel that he will see him some time. If the slaves are freed by this war he will come back to his wife, and you may yet be happy together."

"I hope so, Miss Lissy, but if we are not then my poor boy may never see his father."

"If they are not, as soon as I can raise the money I will find Jack and buy him and bring him home. Then you will never again be separated."

"God bless you, Miss Lissy, I hope you will, but oh, it was so cruel to sell him."

"I know it, Meg, but do not blame Mr. Levimore for he tried to keep him and the man would not give him back after he had bought him."

"I know it, Miss Lissy, I know you done all you could, and Miss Marie too, but it did not do any good."

"No, Meg, so we can only make the best of it and hope you may be reunited soon."

Heading not Melissa's words she went on, "If Master James had been home I know he would not have sold for he loved Jack."

"Mr. Levimore would never have sold any of his slaves had he not been obliged to and it was very hard for him to part with them so you must forgive him."

"I can't forgive him, Miss Lissy, for selling my Jack."

"You must, Meg, if you wish to meet Jack in Heaven. Forgive him, Meg, and remember that he did not know you were named and after the sale. Try to be good and bear your cross cheerfully and you will be much happier here than in heaven."

"It is hard to do, as when I think that my boy may never see his father and I may be happy here."

"But you must try. You must not be wearing your life away as you have been doing by worrying over what cannot be helped. Try to be cheerful and get strong again for the sake of Jack's baby and I feel that it will not be long ere he will see his father."

"I will try, Miss Lissy, for baby's sake, but it is so hard."

"I know it, Meg, but God will bless your efforts and give you more strength to bear your cross if you will try to be patient."

From his hiding place James had heard every word, and as if a dark cloud had overshadowed the clear sky, the beauty of the evening had seemed to fade away. The moon shone brightly as before; but he cared not to walk home with Melissa now. It seemed like a sacrifice to think of intruding in the house over which had been cast a shadow as deep as could have fallen over the household of the fairest of God's creatures, and worse still his own father whom he loved so tenderly had been the cause of it.

Returning home with heavy tread and a mind filled with dark thought he found the light shining brightly in the parlor where a happy group, consisting of his parents and three sisters, were seated. Marie had retired, but they did not seem to miss her. As he gazed upon the happy face of his father, who was unconscious of the scene he had just witnessed he compared the two family groups and did not care to meet these with whom he should have been so happy. Stealing around to the back door he went at once to his own room where the whole night was spent in bitter thoughts of which it was well his father knew nothing.

(To be continued.)

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Correspondence

PENN. VAN.

On Monday evening, January 14th, a Leap year ball was held in the A. O. H. rooms for the benefit of St. Michael's church building fund and was largely attended. Supper was served at the Central House where over one hundred and twenty-five people were served.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 24th, Rev. Ludlow E. Lapham will give a lecture in the Yates Lyceum. Subject, Raphael and Michael Angelo.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 17th, there was a neekie social in the C. M. B. A. rooms and was largely attended. The proceeds to go to St. Michael's church building fund.

Patrick Byrnes is seriously ill at his home on Liberty street.

There are over a hundred cases of grip in town. The doctors are pressed day and night.

Miss Clara L. Maloney of Elmira attended the Leap year ball here on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14th.

Rev. Martin Hendrick preached a lecture on his congregation on Sunday last. It was listened to with much attention.

WILLIARD. Mrs. C. F. Beach, wife of Conductor Beach of the Willard branch of the Lehigh Valley, died on the 14th inst. Mrs. Beach was born in poor health for years. She leaves behind her husband, a son and daughter to mourn her loss.

Miss Ella Shea, senior teacher at the Willard school, died on the 14th inst. Mr. Patrick Shea, of Livonia, fills the place made vacant by Miss Shea's illness.

Everyone is working in the interest of the fair to be held next month and it promises to be a success.

DANSVILLE. Mrs. Mary L. Schwartz died at the home of her niece, Mrs. J. J. Maloney, on Friday, January 11th. She was the widow of the late George M. Schwartz, a former hotel keeper. Deceased was 73 years of age and was born in Prussia, coming to Dansville 53 years ago. The funeral was held at St. Mary's church, Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. Besides her niece she leaves one brother, John Haight of Rogersville and one sister, Mrs. Barbara Shucart. Those from out of town were George M. Schwartz and Mrs. Kenner, Mrs. J. Schmeier and Mrs. Martin Schmeier, all from Rochester.

LIVONIA. Wednesday morning, Jan. 16th, occurred the marriage of Mr. David O'Connell and Miss Kate Downing at St. Michael's church by the Rev. M. J. Garvey. Miss Katie O'Connell, formerly the bridegroom's sister, and Mr. T. Downing, brother of the bride, are both men. Their many friends extend their best wishes.

CALEDONIA. Mrs. James Melbourne died at her home in Mumfords last week of heart trouble aged 67 years. Besides her husband she leaves three sons, Frank and John of Chicago and James of Mumfords.

The death of Mr. Thomas Connor, aged 75 years, one of the oldest residents in this village occurred at the home of Mr. Patrick McOne on Tuesday. The funeral was held on Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Yopp went to Avon Thursday to attend the funeral of Mr. George McGarty.

Mr. Hugh Skelley of Illinois, is the guest of his brothers Patrick and John Skelley. This is his first visit to this city in five years.

GENESEO. Mr. and Mrs. John Tosie entertained a number of their friends with a piano party on the 12th inst. John Tosie won first prize, and Mrs. L. Deleahanty, second prize. All those present had an enjoyable time.

The "Jolly Pedro Club" was organized on the 17th inst. with thirty-two members. The club will meet once a week. Mr. and Mrs. T. Deleahanty will entertain the club on Thursday, January 31st.

The following Catholic students are among the graduates of the Normal, for the term ending February 5th 1901: Classical, Charles A. McMahon, Belfast; English, Mary E. Morrissey, Livonia; Mary A. Oaks, Mt. Morris; Susanna T. Kegan, Wellsboro; Katherine and Margaret Whalen, Wyoming. The following are among the graduates from the primary department: Anna Penegar, Genie McDonald, and Fred Saxton.

A large number of persons in the village are ill with the grip.

Rev. A. A. Hughes read the financial statement of St. Mary's church on Sunday last, which is as follows for the five months he has had charge of the parish. Balance on hand August 1st, \$14.24, the total amount received was \$57.47 of which \$25.00 was for rent, \$14.43 Sunday offering, \$8.00 subscription for sheds, \$10.00 donation, \$19.00, monthly collection, \$10 for cemetery lots and \$5.00. The expenses were, pastor's salary \$25.00, sexton's wages, \$62.50, ordinary church expenses \$247.31; organist's salary as of music for choir, \$3.83, cathedral organist, \$10.00; collection, \$109.91; improvements in house and church, \$33.50; expenses of forty hours, \$25.00; altar expenses, \$25.00, leaving a balance Jan. 1st 1901, of \$20.04. Besides the improvements at the house and church, new sheds have been erected for horses.

ITHACA. Last Monday night at his home on Wheat street, occurred the death of John P. Sullivan, of acute kidney disease. The funeral was held Thursday morning from the church of the Immaculate Conception at 9 o'clock. Rev. J. W. Kelley celebrating mass.

The Ladies' Aid Society held a progressive euchre party at their rooms last Wednesday evening.

There was a meeting of the Cornell Catholic Union at Barnes' hall last Sunday evening. Professor Morse Stephens of Cornell University delivered a very interesting talk. Last Wednesday evening the Gamma Omega Society held a very enjoyable dancing party at Dixie's dance academy. Coleman's orchestra furnished the music and light refreshments were served during the evening. The patronesses were: Mesdames Thomas Carrigan, W. Chester Douglas, Charles Manderville, John Campbell, Joseph Ryan, George Dixon, George Cavanaugh and M. Mone.

honey; chancellor, Mrs. Mary Conley; orator, Miss Mary McCormick; secretary, Miss Mary L. Clauson; collector, Mrs. Ella C. Coitman; treasurer, Miss Bridget Hynes; grand Mrs. Mary Johnson; Martha M. Mary Quinn, trustees, Miss Ella D. Lee, Mrs. Margaret Mavey and Miss Mary J. Rice.

The three most prominent topics now being discussed are The Business Men's banquet, sophomore cotillion, and the Junior Promenade. The three will occur next month.

LIMA. The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Conway Hogan was held at St. Rose's church Monday at 10 o'clock. A large circle of friends attended among which were many from out of town. Mrs. Hogan was an invalid for many years, and bore her affliction like a true Christian, accepting all from the hands of God. She leaves a husband and daughter, Nora, to mourn her loss.

The recuse of Father Doyle, C. S. S. P., of the Lehigh Valley, was a decided success. The Lehigh Valley Church in the year 1899, which was treated as a "Father Doylean," the audience was well pleased and the ladies, Mrs. J. O'Connell and Miss J. Dalton, were to place the recuse on the altar.

Blanche Noyes, Miss O'Connell and Alice Hight, a class were the first to hand in their reports, which speak well for their industry and exacting ability.

Janet Haggerty and Betty H. Kelly of the Lehigh Valley gave a piano party at Mrs. Hickey's, the which was well enjoyed by those present. A short concert program was given after which refreshments were served. The company enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

The pupils of St. Rose's school of the advanced classes are taking Regents examination at the secondary table work. A good number are prepared and under St. Rose's careful training all expect to pass.

GENEVA. Rev. Father O'Brien of Canandaigua addressed the members of the Holy Name Society last Sunday evening.

The "Belle of the Forest," which the pupils of St. Francis de Sales school have been rehearsing may have to be postponed on account of the illness of many who are to take part. Indications are that the members will get around before a great while and the operetta will be produced next month.

The funeral of Loretta Sheridan took place from St. Francis de Sales' church at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. Deceased was nine years of age and had been ill but three weeks. Remains were taken to Toronto for interment.

James Holsahan, died at the family residence, Reed street, Wednesday morning. Deceased had been ill only four weeks. The cause of death was pneumonia. Besides a wife he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Myers and Miss Ella Hollahan of Massachusetts. Deceased was a member of St. Francis de Sales church and of the Holy Name Society. Funeral was held Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment in St. Patrick's cemetery.

Abert Hesse died at the family residence in Middle street, Tuesday, aged 75 years. The deceased was a Greek and had been in this country but a short time. The funeral took place from St. Francis de Sales' church Wednesday morning.

The marriage of Miss Clara Frank and Joseph W. McLaughlin occurred last Monday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. J. O'Connell. The groom's name was Thomas Courtney and the bride was Miss Margaret Kelly. After a brief wedding tour the newly married couple will reside in this city.

OVING. The Christian of the Maine Rev. John P. O'Connell will deliver a lecture at Columbus hall on Monday, Feb. 25th on the destruction of the Maine for the benefit of the fair.

The fair will begin on February 15th to reduce the church debt. The fair will be opened by the Hon. John B. Sanchfield of Elmira, who will deliver an address.

Miss Mayme Feehan has been chosen president for the Ovid table, and Julia McGaha, president of the Willard table.

Sunday, Father Hendrick appointed James Keady, Abram Finnegan, Frank FitzPatrick and Richard Finnegan on the Fair Express, the fair paper.

At the rooms of the A. O. H., Friday, Jan. 18th the A. O. H. held a pedro party. Miss Grace Finnegan won first prize and Thos. Conley won booby prize.

Rev. James E. Kennedy preached a sermon on matrimony Sunday. Reuben's examination were held in Ovid high school last week.

SENECA FALLS. The main report was read Sunday in St. Patrick's church.

The age 15 examination were held in St. Patrick's church this week.

The L. C. B. A. Society held a card party in their rooms Friday evening. The members of the C. M. B. A. held a soiree at their rooms Wednesday evening last. At the annual meeting of the Father Mathew T. A. B. Society, Sunday, the nomination of officers took place. The recently elected officers of Branch 25 C. M. B. A. were formally installed Monday evening January 14th by District Deputy J. H. O'Brien, assisted by Past Chancellor Joseph P. Casey. The following are the names of the newly elected officers of the Crescent Social Club for the ensuing year: President, Peter Smith; vice-president, Wm. Casey; treasurer, P. J. Ryan; recording secretary, E. Sullivan; financial secretary, Samuel McGraw; corresponding secretary, Nicholas Duran; trustees, F. J. Duran; Wm. Casey, James O'Brien; J. G. Rankin. Mrs. Catherine Flanagan, died Monday last at her home in Garden street, aged 70 years. She is survived by two daughters, Miss Elizabeth Flanagan of this place and Sister M. Bernadine of the Buffalo diocese of St. Joseph. The funeral was held Thursday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's church at 9 o'clock, a requiem high mass being celebrated by Rev. Father Dwyer. The remains of Mrs. Edward Cook of Syracuse, were brought here Friday for interment. Father Connor, rector of St. Patrick's church, left Monday evening for Virginia, where he will remain several weeks for the benefit of his health. All of Father O'Connell's parishioners hope to see their beloved pastor return soon with his health greatly improved.

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