

PEARL OF THE OAKS.

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[Continued from last week.] XII.

James said no more for it suddenly dawned upon him that he had been the cause of his displeasure and dreaded the interview.

James, Mr. Levimore said, when they were alone, "I noticed that you did not wear your uniform last evening."

"No, Father, I considered black more becoming to me than grey."

"What do you mean by thus insulting your country's color which many a noble hearted man considers it an honor to wear?"

"I mean no insult, but would consider such, to both my country and myself, if I appeared in public in a uniform which I could never wear on the battle field."

"I thought you had abandoned your foolish sentiments and was willing like a man to fight for your own interests and the rights of your country."

"I know, father, that it would be for my own personal interests to fight for the cause which permits us to retain our slaves; but finding so much in this system which as an honorable man I cannot approve, conscience forbids me to do your bidding."

"This is too much," said Mr. Levimore sorrowfully and his strong frame shook with emotion.

"Go and call him again and be sure that he hears this time." The man obeyed and soon returned saying that James was not there, and his bed had not been slept in.

"Forgive me father, if I have been too frank with you but I could not disguise you in the matter. It grieves me more than you can imagine to see you so sad, but I have not forgotten your own words, 'Always defend the right, my boy, no matter what may be the consequence'."

"I remember it; but you are not defending the right."

"I am defending what my own conscience tells me is right and what more can I do?"

"Take counsel from your father who is older and wiser than you are."

"I would like to if I could; but not in this matter where I have studied both sides and had many conversations with intelligent men of both classes."

"You have evidently been influenced by some crafty Northerner who in order to increase his own fame among his allies has tried to win you to his side."

"I talked only to the best men on both sides, those who, like yourself belonged to the best families; and though from what I learned I should have been convinced that the North was right, still I would not give in until I came home and learned what I did of the bitter grief of poor Jack's wife, who with her baby not yet three weeks old, is pining her life away."

"Sentiment still; will you ever learn to be a man? Such feelings are good enough, even highly commendable in the home circle, but in time of war when your country calls for your aid as it does now, it shows marks of cowardice in a man."

James was silent, not that he had any thought of relenting, but he was growing tired of the unpleasent interview and wished it to end.

"I will give you to day," said his father and think well on the matter, "and to-morrow remember that you are a member of my company and you are expected to be with us at Lennox station in time to take the noon train."

The young man made no reply but left the room to seek his sisters with whom he had promised to go for a drive. Marie was feeling much stronger than usual that morning; and with her on one side of him and Maud on the other, while the other two with Melissa occupied the back seat, he learned the cause of his favorite sisters' sadness which he had attributed to her poor health.

The cruel separation of Jack and his wife, which she had bravely fought to prevent, had been the first sadness she had ever witnessed and for many days she was haunted with visions of the wicked man who had taken their slaves away in chains. This might have passed away leaving her mind as free as before but Meg's bitter grief kept her sad and made her wish that there was no slaves to be sold.

A dark shadow crossed her own life when she heard of war and learned that her dear father was going away perhaps to die among strangers. To her it was a terrible thing to have so much blood shed and so many lives lost, and ignorant as she was of the cause, she believed that it might all have been avoided.

Gertie, on the other hand, was deeply interested in her father's work and with the zeal of a true Southern woman spurred him on and tried to interest her brother, but in vain. The other two girls were too young to have any opinion of their father's course, but they felt that

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The Levimores were astir at day break the next morning and at much earlier hour than usual were seated at the breakfast table. Even Marie, who of late had seldom joined the family at the morning meal, was at her father's side, but her sad face seemed to add to the gloom which filled the household.

Mr. Levimore was growing uneasy and calling to the porter who at that moment was passing through the hall, said Ned, have you called James?"

"Yes, mas'r, I called him an hour ago."

"Did he answer you?" "I dunno mas'r, I didn't wait to see."

"Go and call him again and be sure that he hears this time." The man obeyed and soon returned saying that James was not there, and his bed had not been slept in.

Ned, who had overheard many of the conversations between James and his father, thought that he knew where the young man was. He chuckled to himself as he came down stairs believing that he had gone to join the Federal army.

Mr. Levimore hastened up stairs, found the bed undisturbed and the grey uniform hung where James had put it two days before. On the stand lay a letter which read as follows:

"Dear parents: It is with deepest regret that I leave home without bidding all good-by; but to prevent an interview which neither my dear father or myself would wish to remember should we never meet again, it must be so; for as I have said I can never give my service to the South whose cause I cannot approve. I have no intention of enlisting for a time but shall return at once to Washington, take up the work I have left, and when Mr. Perkins feels that he can spare me, I shall join the Federal army. Give my love to the girls, especially dear Maria, and tell her not to mourn her brother who would not have left her but her country needs his aid. Dear mother be kind to Melissa who has promised to be my wife and try to be a mother to her, as I hope you will be in reality after this bitter war is over. Farewell, dear parents and sisters with love; and if I do not return, remember that your son died for the right. Your affectionate JAMES."

Mr. Levimore's strong frame shook with bitter emotion for he felt that his only son had doubly disgraced the family; first, by deserting his own side, and secondly by his avowal that he was to join the enemy. Now that the day had come to which he had looked forward with so much pride, the day when he was to lead his company away, expecting to have his noble son at his side, a dark cloud had crossed his horizon and he felt ashamed to meet his men. "What will they say," he thought when they have learned the bitter truth; what will they say of me, while spurring others onward to give up their lives for the good cause could not control my own son. This is too much; and from my boy for whom I had fostered such glowing anticipations."

As he sat with bowed head, his wife who was ever ready to defend her boy, approached him and laying her hand on his arm said gently, "I am sorry for you, Peter, very sorry and I wish with all my heart that this had not happened; but do you not admire our son's nobleness in being willing to sacrifice everything rather than help a cause he does not approve?"

"Wife, how can you speak thus of a traitor?" "My boy is not a traitor and I shall not permit him to be called such, even by his own father; but forgive me if I have offended you."

"In the intensity of my sorrow and shame I may have spoken a little hastily, for this is almost more than I can bear, so forgive me, dear wife. How can I face my men and tell them all?" "If they are the brave soldiers they claim to be they will not censure you for what you could not prevent; and perhaps if they knew your son's motives they would not blame him; so let us recommend him with yourself to the care of the Heavenly Father"

and the Blessed Virgin and trust that all may yet be right."

"It is hard, wife, when he has disgraced us so, but I will try and do your bidding."

"I know it, but time is passing and as you have so much to attend to this morning you should waste no time in idle lamentations."

"Thank you, dear wife, for reminding me of my duty and I shall remember you when I am on the battle field."

Too rapidly for the family the morning passed and now Mr. Levimore in his officer's uniform stood at the door to bid his dear ones a last farewell. For his sake his wife bravely strove to hide the sorrow which almost overwhelmed her; Gertie with tearless eyes but a lonely heart cheered him with brave words of encouragement, while Rose and Maud wept when he kissed them good bye.

Marie alone remained silent, as she had since she first heard that James was gone. When he took her hand she looked pleadingly into his eyes and said, "Papa, if you ever meet James in the battle, promise me that for my sake you will let no harm come to him."

It is a hard promise to make, dear for in war, it matters not who may be on the opposite side they are our enemies and as a true soldier I could not defend him; but for your sake as well as his own, it is my earnest prayer that we may never meet as enemies."

"I will pray for it too, papa, and pray that you both may return home in safety."

When he was gone Marie went to her brother's room to pray for them. Once her mother went and peeped in, but finding her on her knees before the statue of the Blessed Virgin with her Rosary in her hands she stole softly away. Two hours passed and when they went to look for her she was lying unconscious on the floor, her head pillowed on the grey uniform she had folded and laid beside her. She had remained on her knees until she fainted.

Tenderly they laid her on her brother's bed and hung the uniform on the nail from which it had been taken. After working over her for nearly an hour her mother saw her open her eyes, but there was a pained look in them as they rested on the uniform. "Please take it away mamma, and hide it somewhere for I know he will not like to have it left in his room. I intended to put it away myself after I finished the Rosary, but everything grew black and then I fell."

When they spoke of taking her to her own room she said, "Leave me here, I can rest better in this room because it makes me feel that James is near me." They left her there and it was many weeks ere she was able to leave the bed. Father Smith had been there in the mean time and fearing that death was near had administered the sacraments which seemed to give her new life, for she rallied soon after and was able to sit up for hours at a time, but never again did she leave the house.

"I know that I cannot live long," she once said to Melissa who visited her daily; "but I must not die until I see James."

"Dear Marie, I do not like to hear you, who are so young, speak of dying. You must try to live for your brother, and I hope you will see him soon."

"I hope so for it is very lonely without him, especially since papa is gone too."

"Yes it is," and a tell tale blush mantled her cheek. "I am glad that you miss him, too, Melissa, for it proves that you love him."

Melissa arose on pretext of rearranging the invalid's pillow, but in reality to hide the bright flush which deepened in her face.

"I know your secret, Melissa," Marie went on, "you need not try to hide it from me. We all know that James and you are engaged and it makes us very happy."

"I am glad if his family approve of our engagement; but it may be several years before we are married."

"I hope it will not be long after his return."

"Remember, Marie, that I am young yet, only eighteen, so there is time enough, and had it not been for this war we would not have been engaged so soon."

Marie sighed at the mention of the war, but soon the sadness vanished from her face and she said, "Please tell me all about it, Melissa."

"About what dear?" "All that James said to you the night he went away;—no; you need not tell me all if you do not wish, for there may be some secrets you wish to keep, but I would like to know why he went away so suddenly without even saying good-by."

"Under the circumstances he could not have done otherwise, dearest, for I am sure that had he bid you all good-by it would have been a sad parting."

"It may have been all for the best, but it was too hard to have him go away as he did."

(To be continued.)

Advertisement in THE JOURNAL.

Correspondence

OUR AGENT. Mr. A. Herman, will collect from subscribers in Auburn until further notice.

AUBURN.

The annual entertainment for the benefit of the Holy Family church which takes place at the Burtis opera house next week will certainly be worth seeing. The good Sisters deserve great praise for their hard work in driving the children, and the parishioners will show their appreciation of their efforts by crowding the opera house to the limit. This production will be resplendent with beautiful calcium lights throwing different colors as the children go through their various drills, and the admission fee is certainly nominal. Value received will be the verdict after the performance has been seen.

Father Mulhern is slowly recovering from a severe attack of illness which has confined him to his home for the past two weeks. Father Mulhern has been in St. Mary's church a great many years, and the amount of work he has accomplished is plainly seen by the magnificent church. St. Mary's is justly proud of him. But while his church property has been developed and brought to its present state, what has been the effect on his pastor? The effect on the beloved pastor has been the reverse. With a parish which has constantly increased to eleven hundred families with only two priests to care for their spiritual wants. Is it any wonder that Father Mulhern has slowly but surely shown the effect of this strain?

Father Mulhern, the assistant pastor, has shown all in his power for the past two weeks although handicapped by a severe cold. There are other parishes in the diocese that are in the same position as St. Mary's but this has been caused by numerous unlooked for accidents which has taken away several priests. The hand of death has fallen with heavy effect on the Rochester diocese.

LIMA.

A Pedro party given in the hall Feb. 1st, under the auspices of bands 11 and 9. It proved a very pleasant affair and realized a goodly sum for the promoters. Mrs. Will Green carried off the first prize, a handsome piece of statuary. Ellen O'Connell drew the booty, a cake of Babbitts soap.

A large Irish course of rehearsal by the young people who hope to make their patrons laugh anyhow.

Mr. Tobias Nolan died at his home two miles north of this village, Monday, Feb. 20th, after a long illness. The funeral took place at St. Rose's church on Thursday morning. Mr. Nolan leaves a wife, one son and two daughters, all of this place. He was a man high in the esteem of his friends and neighbors for his sterling honesty and unassuming character. May he rest in peace.

CALEDONIA.

Mr. Daniel Cushman, who was struck by a train on Monday morning at the P. & E. Junction died from his injuries that evening. The deceased was a respected citizen and industrious man. He leaves a wife, three daughters and a son. The funeral which was held on Tuesday morning was attended by the K. O. M. of Mumford, of which he was a member.

Mr. James Callan was called to Wellsville yesterday by the death of his brother, A. J. Callan, a well known business man of that city.

CORNER.

At Monday morning at the church of the Immaculate Conception, occurred the death of William Mosher. Rev. J. W. Kelly celebrated mass. The pall bearers were James Lyda, Walter Laker, Walter W. Conck, Emil Kohu, Arthur Delwiche and H. J. Kelly. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

John Carroll died last Thursday morning at his home on East street, of bronchitis. He is survived by one son and two daughters. The funeral was held Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at the Immaculate Conception church.

Last Wednesday at the home of his parents on Blair street, occurred the death of Edward M. Naughton, aged 33 years. Heart trouble was the cause of his death. He is survived by his parents, one sister, and two brothers, besides many relatives and friends. He was a member of the Ithaca Tent K. O. T. M. The funeral services will be held Saturday morning.

The remains of John E. Galvin arrived in Ithaca from Corning Tuesday, and were buried from the Immaculate Conception church.

The Knights of Columbus gave a delightful reception last Thursday evening. Progressive culture was enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Walter McCormack were the head prizes, and Mr. John Hoyle, and Mrs. Joe Ryan, Sr. the contestant on prizes. After the supper was served in the dining room, after which the dancing commenced. During the evening Miss Lavinia Bissett and Miss J. D. Beal favored the company with vocal solos.

GENESEO.

The Jolly Pedro Club was pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. T. Delebany on Thursday evening, Jan. 31st. James Flynn won first prize and William Thompson, second.

Rev. A. A. Hughes attended the Alumni banquet at the Immaculate school hall, Rochester, Thursday evening.

Edward C. Cullinan of New York city, is here on account of his grandfather, Michael Conway, being seriously ill.

Married, at St. Mary's church, Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, Miss Mary Moughney of this town, and John Maloney of Lima. Rev. A. A. Hughes officiating. Miss Maloney a sister of the groom, acted as bridesmaid, and Thomas Moughney, a brother of the bride, as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Maloney will make their home in Lima after a short tour.

A large number from this village will attend a party at Mr. and Mrs. J. Cahill's at Moscow, on Monday evening next.

The Jolly Pedro Club had a sleigh ride to Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Fife's which entertained the club on Thursday evening of this week, and was enjoyed by all.

The prizes were won by Mrs. T. Delebany, first prize; the second prize by Miss Louise Harrington. The next meeting of the club will be with Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher at Retsof on Thursday evening next.

PENN YAN.

On Sunday Rev. Father Hendrick preached a fine sermon to his congregation.

There was a large card party given at Martin Graugh's on Friday for the benefit of St. Michael's building fund.

Our fair opens on Monday and everything points forward to a successful one.

John Courney of Geneva, called on friends Sunday.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Wisner of this place to Albert Hoffman of Basle, Switzerland, is announced.

OVID.

On Wednesday of last week the people of Ovid and Romulus were saddened at the news that our assistant pastor Rev. James E. Kennedy, was to leave Ovid. While we wish Father Kennedy the best of God's blessings we are sorry to lose him. Father Kennedy has been in Ovid for three years and during that time he has endeared himself to the congregation of the Holy Cross church. He was assigned to the parish of Hammondsport having an out mission of Plattsburg. Father Kennedy left for his new field of labor Thursday, Jan. 31.

The Parker Concert Company gave their concert in the opera house, Jan. 30.

Father Hendrick was in Rochester, Tuesday and Wednesday last week.

On Saturday, Feb. 2 occurred the death of Hugh Hagan, who has been suffering from paralytic pneumonia for some time. He leaves two children and a widow to mourn his loss. Interment was at Holy Cross cemetery, Monday, Feb. 4th.

The remains of Thomas Riley were brought to Ovid for burial from Buffalo, N. Y. The funeral took place Monday, Feb. 3rd. The service was held at St. Mary's church. The Rev. Father Mulhern officiated. The Rev. Father Mulhern was a successful Father Confessor and an excellent speaker.

Miss Anna Feehan of Cornell University, is home for a week.

SENECA FALLS.

Mrs. James Riley formerly of this place died Saturday in Binghamton, aged about 42 years. She is survived by her husband and two children, also by her mother, Mrs. Lawrence Haplin, five brothers and two sisters. John of Seneca Falls, Frank of Kinross, Lawrence of Connecticut, Thomas and Richard of Binghamton, and Mrs. Dwight Babcock and Mrs. Frank Harmon of Seneca Falls.

The Father Matthew T. A. B. Society held their annual banquet Wednesday evening.

The Father Matthew T. A. B. Society elected officers Sunday last at their meeting. They were installed Wednesday evening by Thomas Flanagan. The officers are as follows: Spiritual Advisor, Rev. Father Dwyer, President, Bernard J. Byrne, vice president, William J. McDonald, financial secretary Joseph H. Creely, treasurer, James G. McKeon, trustees, A. S. Hogbes, George J. Winkle, P. F. McKeon.

Thomas Riley, formerly of this place, died Saturday at the City hospital in Buffalo of consumptive aged 32 years. He is survived by three brothers and one sister, Frank of Penn Yan, William and James of Buffalo, and Mary Riley of Warsaw. The remains were taken to Ovid for interment.

All the schools of the village will be closed next Tuesday, Lincoln's birthday.

Saturday being Christmas day, high mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's church.

Saturday St. Basil day the blessing of the stocks took place at the masses and before vesper.

James G. McKeon and John H. O'Brien attended the Knights of Columbus convention at Buffalo, this week.

Mrs. Mary McKeon died Monday afternoon aged 63. Cause of death was due to heart failure. She is survived by one sister and two brothers. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's church. Rev. Father Dwyer officiating. The remains were taken on the 10 a. m. train to Weedsport for burial.

AVON.

Mrs. John Gallagher died at her home one mile south of this village last Friday evening of pneumonia, aged eighty years. The deceased is survived by her husband, three daughters and three sons. Mrs. Daniel Kork of Batavia, Mrs. Peter Gallagher of LeRoy, Anna and John of this place, Thomas of Leonia, and Brother Cajetan of Notre Dame, Ind. The funeral was held from St. Agnes church Monday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Martin Kelly died at the family residence on High street, last Saturday. He leaves four sons and one daughter. Funeral was held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

The funeral of Mrs. Patrick Hamilton of Attica was held from St. Agnes church, Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

St. Agnes church choir expect to give a dancing party in the opera house on Valentine night for the benefit of the organ fund.

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A WAITING LOVE.

Forgetful of thy wondrous might, Where shines the tabernacle light, Thou waitest, Lord, both day and night, Because thou wouldst that we Our very eyes to the night speak And thy best consolation seek For thou art strong and we are weak And need a friend like thee.

And yet how oft thy care we spurn! How seldom to thy side we turn Or to that heart where still doth burn Eternal love so sweet!

Oh, take us, Lord, from self away And help us stronger grow each day Till life and love for thee we lay Before thy sacred feet! Amateurs in Weekly Bouquet.

"NOLI ME TANGERE."

Ceccarelli's Group, Which Has Just Won the Gregorian Prize.

In 1831 Pope Gregory XVI. a man of artistic tastes and considerable culture, thought that it would be well if the public could be induced to take more interest in Christian art as manifested in painting, sculpture and architecture, and with the object of attaining this laudable result he instituted what is known as the "Concorso Gregoriano."



"TOUCH ME NOT."

or Gregorian competition, which is held at regular intervals and the specific object of which is to stimulate modern artists to produce works which are more or less based on the doctrines of Christianity. Handsome prizes are awarded to the successful competitors, and to win one of these prizes is regarded as a high honor.

The subject chosen for the recent competition in sculpture, which was open to Catholic sculptors of all countries, was that scene described in the gospel of St. John in which Mary Magdalene appears to Christ after he has risen and is about to approach him when he stops her with the words, "Touch me not." These two figures were to be reproduced in a piece of sculpture which was not to be more than 70 centimeters high, and a gold medal worth 1,000 lire was to be the reward of the successful sculptor.

This splendid prize was awarded a few days ago to Ezio Ceccarelli, a sculptor of Florence and the author of a statue of Christ which won the first prize at the international competition in Turin last year. His new successful work is entitled "Noli Me Tangere" ("Touch Me Not") and is regarded as one of the finest specimens of sculpture that have been wrought in Italy in modern times. New York Herald.

The Church and the Bible.

One of the most notable events of the century which has just closed so far as Protestantism is concerned is the change that has taken place with regard to the theory of "The Bible and the Bible only." That well known Church of England organ, The Guardian, frankly avows that the theory has broken down. "The old unhesitating belief in the Bible as a literal, infallible, easily interpreted guide, the only guide needed in matters of faith and conduct, has," it says, "given way not perhaps universally, but very widely, in some cases to more uncertainty or to neglect. In others to theories of inspiration and authority of which our grandfathers never dreamed."

In proportion as men have come to see that the Bible in its literal meaning needs interpretation, application, historical tradition, before it can be taken as an authoritative guide to life and thought the church has grown in influence. The old individualism rested upon a theory which was the strength of the evangelical movement, but which is now seen to be no longer tenable.

The result has been to turn men's thoughts to the church as a living authority and to call forth and to reconstitute her almost latent powers of corporate action." So time has proved that the Protestant position with regard to the Bible—the foundation of the whole system—is wrong and the Catholic position right. Why, then, not come back to the Catholic church, whose powers have never been merely latent, instead of striving to imitate her?—London Catholic Opinion.

SHORT SERMONS.

Those who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect might as reasonably deny the sun because it is not always noon.

Whatever you want to be, keep before you as you kept the model in your copy book in childhood the image of the beautiful, completely attained ideal.

Little lies are seeds of great ones; little cruelties are germs of great ones; little treacheries are, like small holes in raiment, the beginnings of large ones.

If places honored by the presence of saints become sanctified, how sacred, then, must be the holy altar upon which each day ascends the God who is himself the sanctifier.