SUCCESSORS TO THE LATE SAINTLY PRELATES, HEALY AND WIGGER.

Dr. O'Connell Rector of the American t College at Home to Be Histop of Portland had Yery Rev. J. J. O'Councy V. G. Bishep of Treaton.

Rev. William H. OC'onnell, 10r the past five years rector of the American College in Rome, has been appointed Bishop of Portland, Me. to succeed the late Bishop Healy.

The new Bishop was born at Lowell, December 8, 1859. He received his classical studies at St. Charles' College, Elliott City, Mr., receiving his diploma at the June Commencement in 1878. Later on, he attended Boston College directed by the Jesuit Fathers.

His success in the lower schools him to Rome to be trained in philosophy and theology at the great school of that city. Previous to his ordination, he was appointed First Prefect of the American College. He was ordained to the priesthood January 8, 1884.

He remained in Rome, filling the position of first prefect until 1885, when he returned to America. He was assigned to clerical work at Medford. From Medford, he was transferred to St. Joseph's church, Boston, where he was assistant to the Very Rev. Vicar-General Byrne. After ten years at St. Joseph's, he was appointed rector of the American College at Rome Since that time he has held that position, and has been much in the eye of the ecclesiastical authorities of the cemetery, near Seville, a medieval Eternal City, He will receive his epi- cross is seen near the entrance, on scopal consecration at Rome, and will which the following lines are traced: return to this country with the plenizude of the priesthood.

Dr. O'Connell is said to have made an envieble record as an assistant in

Than could well be attended to.

book form.

ministrator of the diocese of Newark, tine of duty. He was not even to be. His brave words seemed almost riditreceived confirmation of his appoint- found in the church with his eyes fixed ulous when one looked at his white ment as Bishop of that see on Tues- on the tabernacle, as was his custom. locks and shaking hand. The Prussian day of last week. The new Bishop has The abbot finally sought him in his officer smiled at the thought of a sword eral years.

diocese over the appointment. It has childish face. After burial the abbot dier, thinking that his officer was in diocese over the appointment. It has caused the boy's favorite fines to be danger, rushed in and bayoneted the choice lay between Father O Connor engraved upon the cross. No sooner old man as he stood.

and the Right Rev. John M. Farley, was the cross erected than a pure and the Right Rev. John M. Fairley, white illy was seen blooming at the auxiliary Bishop of the New York dio-side of the grave. The news spread the Prussian command could not af-

Joseph's parish.

He was born in Newark in 1855. His education began in the parochial schools, and was continued at Seton Hall, in South Orange. He entered the college when Bishop McQuade of Rochester was president, and graduated in 1873, when Archbishop Corrigan was president. After four years' study of theology in the American College at Rome, Father O'Connor left to continue his study at the more northern University of Louvain, in Belgium. During the years spent at Louvain Famer O'Connor was ordained in the Mechlin Cathedral.

He returned to this country in 1878, and was appointed by Archbishop Corrigan to the professorship of philosotaking the chair of dogmatic theology.

It is expected as soon as the bulls are received from Rome preparations will begin for his consecration which will take place in the Newark Cathedrai. Archbishop Corrigan to officiate at the imposing ceremonies.

HOSPITAL. The annual report of a hospital renal and News, told of Miss Helen Whose pity we commend him." Gould. Some months ago a lady visited a city in this archdiocese where there is a hospital in the care of Sis-Protestant control. She first went to that it was not visiting day and she was told that it was not visiting day, dignitaries. but the attendant would see the Sister Superior. Permission was obtained. and, after visiting the wards, as the Attention was called to the fact that wisiters write their names on a visitors' register. Imagine the Sister's sur-

Helen Gould inscribed on the register. There was also a donation of \$100. It is said that there was great consternation at the Protestant hospital when the name of the distinguished visitor was afterwards discovered.

The longest day has its evening, the hardest work its ending, and the sharpest pain its contented and everlasting rest.—Father Faber.

tent has not promised a to-morrow to the sinner.—St. Gregory the Great, Brooklyn-on May &

IRISH GIRLS ARRIVING.

Great Activity at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, New York.

A very large number of Irish girls are arriving from the "old land" there days, and at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, New York, extraordinary work is necessary for each girl's welfare is assiduously attended to.

The object of the mission is to surround the immigrant's arrival and journey to destination with all safeguards. The priests of the mission-Rev. M. J. Henry, the rector, and his assistants. Rev. John Brosman and Rev. Anthony Grogan—and the agent

-Patrick McCool, go to Ellis island, protect the girls from impostors inquire for their destination and see that they have the correct tickets for the place to which they are going.

the arrival of friends who were to meet prompted Archbishop Williams to send them in New York. The mission house at 7 State street shelters them, provides them with meals; and if their friends do not arrive during the day, there are pleasant dormitories furnished with every comfort for the weary

> The steamship Oceanic recently arrived with 1,250 steerage passengers. The Cymric brought about 900, and about 550 arrived this week on the Umbria. So it can be readily seen that the work of the mission requires goalers priests these days.

> > BIRTH OF THE LILY.

It Bloomed at the Side of the Grave of a Boy Who Loved God.

We are told that in a quaint old

"I believe in God. I trust in God.

I love God." The cross is crected over the grave the West End, Boston. He took up his of a little boy, who died centuries ago; duties with earnestness and real and the only con of a poor woman. The speedily endeared himself to the people boy was called 'a natural," the Spanish of that parish. His dignified command name for a weak minded person. Alof language at once attracted atten- though everyone loved the child. It tention, and the services at which he seemed almost impossible to teach him preached were always very largely at- anything He was willing to learn, but seemed to have no memory or His fame soon spread outside the power to comprehend. At last, in deslimits of his parish and he was be- peration, his mother took him to a seiged with invitations to preach and monastery, imploring the abbot to to halt was given. The old soldier had make addresses in larger numbers grant him admission to bring him un seen their coming and had prepared, as a lay brother. The monk complled according to his ideas, to receive them.

He was invited by his alma mater, with the request, and made every ef-Boston College, a few years ago to fort to teach the boy religion and indeliver the baccalaureate address to struct him in the ways of the monthe graduation class, the first ever astery, but in vain. There were but sian officers started to enter the house given; he delivered the eulogy on his three lines of all his lessons that were to learn the menning of this hostile disfamous old teacher, Rev. Father Ful- ever impressed upon his mind. When play he was met by the old man, who ton, at the Immaculate Conception at he had finished his daily tasks, he had dressed himself in his ancient unithe dedication of St. Catherine's church would seek the quiet of the church, form and stood, sword in hand, in the Charlestown, he occupied the pulpit; where he would remain for hours on center of the room. a course of lectures at the summer his knees, repeating, over and over, "Ah, Prussian pig!" exclaimed be, school at Plattsburg, N. Y., was given the words: "I believe in God. I trust drawing his sword. "Draw and debeen preserved in in God. I love God."

The Very Rev. J. J. O'Connor. ad- and the lac was missed from his rou- nor shall while I live." been Vicar-general of the see for sev- little cell. He hay dead before the combat with him and would probably crucifix, his hands clasped and an ex-There has been great interest in the pression of ineffable sweetness on his in peace, had not an overzealous solheart of the child.

DR. FULTON'S EXIT.

in trying to offset the "menace" of the that moment he was a man, he had a Catholic Church in America, died at purpose. York, some in Missouri, and some in them. Massachusetts, in each of which states. It was soon discovered that the hold and rejoices in the marvelous pro- member of the company on account of everywhere unfolded her strength in his absolute fearlessness. Important Phy and Latin at Seton Hall, afterward doughty cruesday. Since 1994 his life scouting duty was intrusted to him, doughty crusader. Since 1894, his life and after a time he became the capand energies were entirely devoted to her and if she still remains a power in the land, her existence cannot be company was a constant aggregation. from the dead man's campaign, and sides of division commanders. Catholics will experience no satisfac- One afternoon shortly after the sec-HELEN GOULD'S GIFT TO A tion at his departure. If he was sin- and visit of the Prussians to Bois le minds of a story says the Home Jour- in the hands of the God of Mercy to comely little maiden, a dark eyed, nut

A little philosophy inclineth man's Today she had set the house in order, lady was leaving the institution, her phy bringeth men's minds about to religion.-Bacon.

> God sets the soul long, weary, peraway forthwith.—Coventry Patmore. , rable companion.

--Archbishop Ryan.

How the Little (irl Saved a Soldier.

It happened in 1870, which is still spoken of as the "terrible year," in Bois le Duc. The war between France and Prussia had raged all about them, but not a soldier had been seen in the tiny village, for which the peasants daily thanked their stars. The old man who lived alone with his son Charles in the chateau above the town and who was still known as "le duc." though his title had vanished with his estates long Very often it is necessary for the before, firmly believed that France was girls to remain in the city swaiting on the road to rule, but he scoffed at the idea that the Prussians would ever invade French territory.

But one fine summer morning Bols le Duc was startled by the sound of martial music, and a body of Prassian soldiers marched through the town Up the hill went the Prussians, and there before the old chateau the order



"GET INSIDE THE OVEN."

fend yourself, or I will how you down. One day his tasks were neglected, No Prussian ever yet entered my house

The mistake was unfortunate, but Father O'Connor was appointed Vic- rapidly, and when the abbot heard it ford to waste time over a single dead ar-general in 1892, while professor of he returned and caused the grave to Frenchman. The house was fired, the dogmatic theology at Seton Hall Col- be opened, and there, to the astonish- soldiers marched on, and by the time lege. In 1895 he became rector of St. went of the monks, the root of the the rear of the column disappeared lily was found to be imbedded in the over the next hill little but a heap of smoking ashes was left on the spot where the old chateau had stood.

But the boy Charles, standing there The Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton, who beside the ashes of his father, swore to spent the last decade or two of his life be revenged upon the Prussians. From

his home in Somerville, Mass., re- On the afternoon of the day on which cently. In his day says an exchange, he the Prussians marched through Bois le had ample opportunity to observe the Duc Charles learned from the villagers machinations of Romanism. He spent the whereabouts of the nearest body some years in Michigan, some in New of French soldiers and set off to join

the Catholic Church has a strong foot-strange, silent lad was a valuable gress, so that it may be said that she his knowledge of woodcraft and laid to Dr. Fulton's charge. "The company was a constant aggravation American Church suffered nothing to the Prussians, a very thorn in the

cere in his crusade, let us hope that he Duc little Marie Duret was alone in will be rewarded for his misdirected her parents' cottage while they were zeel. If he was led on by malice, he is at work in the fields. Marie was a brown peasant girl, and though not a dozen summers had passed over her Cardinal Martinelli has been former- head she was a neat, thoroughgoing ally informed of his elevation to the little housewife. Although her home ters of Charity and a hospital under Cardinalate, a member of the Papal stood quite apart from the other cot-Guard of Pope Leo XIII., Count Stan- tages and not far from the great forthe Protestant hospital, but was told islaus Colacciochi arrived on the New est, so that it could scarcely be called York with the credentials. The cere- a part of Bois le Duc at all, Marie had could not be admitted to visit the sick. mony was brief and simple occurring become so accustomed to playing the She went to the Sisters' hospital, and in the presence of a number if church mistress for a whole day at a time that she did not in the least mind the lone-

mind to atheism, but depth in philoso-had swept the floor and had piled beside the large brick oven a heap of fagots against the morrow's baking. all her tasks completed, Marie took prise when she found the name of haps impossible tasks; yet is satisfied possession of a low chair and began by the first sincere proof that obedi- sedately to amuse bettelf with a large ence is intended, and takes the burden we doll, her any phymate and insepa-

Now, it happened that on this very Christian kindness to the poor and morning Captain Charles, the francthe working men and woman, and the tireur, having gone out on a reconnoiinculcation of patience in poverty after tering expedition, had been cut off the example of our Lord, are the best from his men by half a dozen Prussian securities against the communism and cavalrymen and had run for his life. anarchy that seem to threaten society. The Duret cottage was the only one near him, and so while Marie sat talking to her doll the door was suddenly The alumni of the American College burst open, and the soldier rushed in. He who promised pardon to the peni-at Rome, who reside in this country. Marie knew at once that it was Cap-ent has not promised a to-morrow to have fixed the date of their meeting in tain Charles, for she had often seen

film about the village, and as she had heard of his brave deeds in aid of the French she was not in the least fright.

"Where canst thou bide me, little one?" the man hurriedly asked. "The Prussians are on my track:

Marie had heard those stories of the Prussians, and her heart sank with fear at the thought of facing such monsters. Nevertheless she showed herself a brave little woman. For an instant she glanced helplessly around the room. Truly there were few hiding places in the little cottage. Then her eyes fell on the large baking oven, and her busy little brain found a way out of the difficulty. She quickly bade the franc-tireur get inside the oven, and then she filled it with loose fagots.

Scarcely was her work finished when CORRESPONDENTS or she heard a loud knocking on the door. and a Prussian officer entered. He stopped, abashed, when he saw only Wanted everywhere. Stories, news, ideas spite of himself when he spoke.

"We saw a man outer this house just now." he said. "Tell me, my little maid, where he is."

In the moment while she was waiting for him to speak Marie had had time to collect her wits and to reflect that the man did not look like such a monster after all. Now she replied readily:
"A man? Oh, yes; a soldier just came in here and left that," pointing to an old musket of her father's which stood in the corner of the room. "But he is gone now," she added.

She carefully related to the Prussians how the franc-tireur had taken the path that led from the rear of the cottage to the forest.

The girl answered the questions so readily that it was hard for the officer to suspect her of deceiving him, but he ordered his men to make a thorough search of the cottage. They looked in closets and cupboards and rummaged the loft. One of the men in passing opened the oven door and glanced in, Marie's heart almost ceased beating, but she gave no sign of her alarm. Secing nothing but the heap of fagots, the man closed the door. Marie could hardly keep from heaving a sigh of re- Elmer Begardus. lief. It seemed in her own mind that F. W. Palmer. she must give a shout of joy. As they were preparing to leave one of the men

"Shall we not fire the cottage?" It was the usual rule when a peasant was suspected of harboring a franctireur to burn his cottage as a lesson to him and a warning to all others, but Marie's winsome manner had toucked the officer's heart, and the questioner received a curt, almost savage "No!"

Marie watched the Prussians ride away, and when they were well out of sight she let Captain Charles out of his narrow hiding place. He had heard all that passed in the cottage, and he kissed Marie and called her a brave girl. Then he departed by the road opposite to that which the Prussians had taken to join his men at their meeting place in the forest.

Marie was the pride of her parents and the heroine of the town when her story was made known. And in the depths of the forest, when the franctireur gathered about their campfire and their leader told of his narrow escape and the bravery of the little peasant girl, each man lifted his canteen and enthusiastically drank to the health and prosperity of Marie Durot.

The landlady of the little vine covered inn at Bols ie Duc tells this story to every stranger who visits the place, and if one is inquisitive enough to ask



HE KISSED MARIE AND CALLED HER A what afterward became of the franc-

tireur and the peasant girl she will unfold her hands and say: "Just walk up to yonder brick house on the hill and ask for M. le Maire and his goodwife. There you will find Captain Charles and the brave Marie"-Earl May in Chicago Inter Ocean.

In and On. Benny was a new boy at school, and as the teacher enrolled his name in her book she asked. "Where do you live, Benny?" "On Blinker street," he answered. "You should say, 'In Blinker street.' That is considered the proper form now." "Yes'm." "You have lately come to town, have you not?" "Yes'm." "Where was your home before?" "Boon ville." "Where is

A Butterfly Farm. William Watkins of Eastbourne England, owns a butterfly farm of three-quarters of an acre. Here butterdies, both British and foreign, are born, bred and sold in tens of thou sands, and you can buy specimens at prices varying from 6 cents to \$150. If you want a very rare outterny, you can go as high as \$15,000 for a speci-

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WRITERS, REPORTERS

ROCH MOTER.

the little maid before him. Perhaps the poems, illustrated articles, advance news thought of some little girl that he had drawings, photographs, unique articles, sic. left behind in the fatherland came to esc., purchased. Articles revised and pre-his mind, for the look in his eyes was pared for publication. Books published. Send quite gentle and his voice trembled in for particulars and full information before sending articles.

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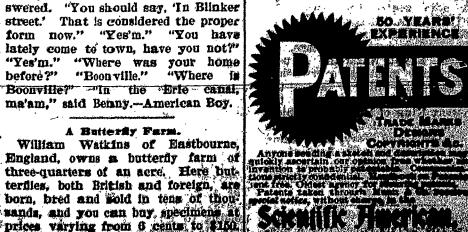
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