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## A ROMANCE OF THE TULE.

A second time neither you or I would have looked at him, and we certainly would not have associated him with romance. He was only an ordinary, middle-aged man whose face gave evidence of a kindly nature and in whose walk a slight limp was apparent as he trudged along watching somewhat anxiously for the first indication of the tule lands.

The train had deposited him at the lonely little flag station in the middle of what seemed to him a vast plain, though the rolling foothills of the Coast Range were not very far away on one hand and on the other he might have seen the glintings of the waters of San Francisco bay in the distance if he had known just where to look.

From the few ducks flying overhead he argued that he must be very near the tules. Soon he came to scattered clumps of the reeds and finally he reached the edge of a wide slough. Then he knew that he was correct as to locality. He followed the windings of the slough as best he could over the yielding ground until, utterly exhausted, he shaded his eyes from the garish rays of the setting sun and looked around him. On every side, except that of the water, the tules rose stiff and unyielding save where they had been broken by the force of the wind; even the arable land he had traversed seemed lost to view.

Just ahead of him the slough turned abruptly and he could not see the land beyond the bend, but a dory shot out into the stream from somewhere inshore, propelled by the sturdy arms of a country girl. Her ruddy, laughing face was turned toward the man on the bank, and even to him it was apparent, from her expression and natural grace of movement, that she was a girl to whom the conventionalities of society were unknown.

"It's her," the man murmured rapidly; "I know it's her."

He watched the small boat out of sight; he even noted that the hand the girl raised to brush back the ripples of hair which the wind persisted in blowing across her eyes was shapely, and to him it mattered not that it bore evidences of daily toil.

Suddenly the shrill barking of a dog broke on the quiet air with startling effect and a boyish voice was heard in reproach. The ducks had risen in a mass from the reeds only to scatter widely as the crack of a shotgun sounded and a magnificent setter bounded past the astonished man in quest of fallen game, his attention momentarily diverted from the stranger he had scented.

A half grown boy carrying a still smoking gun hurried after him, with a middle aged woman close beside him. Neither of them saw the stranger until he gave a half apologetic cough. The boy started forward impetuously, but the woman caught his arm as she said:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

The boy scowled and pulled the empty shells rapidly from his gun and inserted loaded ones.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me," the man said, with something of a smile. "I've walked miles to-day to find you and I'm nearly tuckered out. You see I broke my leg not long since and it ain't strong yet."

"Who are you and what do you want?" the woman repeated, while the dog, dropping the duck he had brought, sniffed around the man's feet.

"I'll tell you when I get warm and a little rested. I'm lately from the Klondike."

"From the Klondike?" she exclaimed, astonishment, profound respect and delight mingled in her tone. "Then of course you saw Sam. Come right in and tell me about him."

Seeing his weakness, she motioned the boy to take his arm and help him around the bend to an ark which was moored to the bank some distance below. He looked at her wistfully as she made him lie down on the home-made couch in the little living room of the boat.

"Now don't you speak till I get you some coffee and something to eat," she said.

"If you don't mind I'd rather speak to you alone first. I think I'd better."

He looked at the boy meaningly and the woman paused as though irresolute; finally she said tersely:

"You can go out and tend to them ducks, Tom."

The boy looked disappointed, but the habit of obedience was strong and he went out slowly.

She had glanced curiously at the man when they entered the ark, noting that he was not what she thought him—a tramp. There was that in his

face which bespoke confidence and there was something, too, that seemed familiar to her, as if connected with some period or episode of her past youth. She cast furtive glances at him as she bustled about the stove, but the reason of the familiarity eluded her. There was nothing about this middle aged man with the dark face and rather jaunty moustache, and the general appearance of having successfully tussled with fortune—though the evidences of the struggle were apparent—that was suggestive of anyone she could remember. Neither was there anything about the erect, self-reliant woman, whose cheeks were reddened and roughened by exposure to the air of the marshes, and whose hands were calloused by the labor incident to the life she led, that would indicate a time of romance in her life, or that suggested any sentiment save good-natured hospitality and genuine kindness of heart, yet, as she placed a plate of sizzling bacon before the hungry man, he caught her hand and whispered hoarsely:

"Mandy, don't you know me?"

She started violently, jerked her hand away, and exclaimed in a manner more annoyed than angry:

"Yes, I know you now, though you've changed your looks considerably."

"I've been through enough to do it and that's what brings me here."

"Now, you just listen to this, Jeff Dutton. I'm no young slip of a girl like I was when you used to want to make love to me. I'm a married woman with a boy that's most a man, and the best husband in the world, as you must know, as you used to say that he cut you out, though you hadn't a shadow of a show when he was around."

"I know; that's why I come now."

"Now don't you imagine, for one minute, that because you left him way off in the Klondike that you can come here and shine around me."

The man laughed immoderately as he said:

"I don't mean that; I meant—"

"That's all right. Do you suppose I'd live in this yere ark and let Tom shoot ducks for market, and fish when there ain't no ducks, and live here with no one anigh us but sister Mandy, if I did not love my man? Mandy's gone to the landin' now with a lot Tom shot this morning. Every day he sends in a lot. That's what keeps us in the winter."

Jeff tried to interrupt the flow of words, but Mandy was too excited to notice him, and continued:

"Sam wanted us to go home to his folks when he went to the Klondike to make his pile, but I'd be switched if I'd go and live off them; I'd rather make a livin' this way, an' so'd Tom and Mandy. But don't you think Sam wanted we should do it?"

"I know; he told me all about it. But say, Mandy, I must eat something. My leg's weak and I've a lot to tell you. I want to say first, though, that I've not come to make love to you. No offense, Mandy, but you're not the girl you used to be. Time makes changes, though I did not realize it so much till I got a good look at you. I'm changed some, too," he added, apologetically.

The woman had bridled up indignantly, but as he ended she gave a little sniff and sat down beside the stove meditatively. At last he pushed his plate back and said:

"I've a long story to tell. Let me tell it in my own way and don't interrupt me, or I'll lose the thread of it."

"Is it about Sam?"

"Partly. He sent you there." He flung a small canvas bag across at her. She opened it curiously, running her fingers among the nuggets it contained. He continued:

"Quite unbeknownst to each other—for I did not know that he was in that part of the country nor he that I was—we took up adjoining claims. I had been down to bed rock for a long time, but our claims panned out fine, so we thought we'd come home. I wanted to find a wife that looked as near like you used to as I could, for, somehow, I never got over being soft about you, Mandy. I told him what I wanted an' he said I'd better try to get Mandy, then, as she was the living image of what you was when he married you."

"So she is, but older than I was then, as you'll remember."

"That's so much the better, for I'm no spring chicken now, you know. Well, Sam talked so much about her that I made up my mind she was just the wife for me and one of the things I came here for is to ask her if she'd have me. I have not seen her since she was a little girl, but you know I was always playin' make love to her in those days—when I found I couldn't get you. But maybe she's forgotten."

"She's heard enough about you, goodness knows, for Sam was always crackin' you up. Sometimes I used to think he was a little bit jealous, but I guess he thought he owed you something for cutting you out."

"If I can get Martha we'll call it square. But to go on with my story: We left everything in shape and started, just us two, like big fools. You see we was in such a hurry to get home we would not wait for a party. We each had our dust in a little pickle barrel, but we carried the nuggets in those bags. Sam's barrel is down in Frisco; I could not carry it this far."

"But where's Sam?" There was merely impatient curiosity in her tone and the man went on:

"I'm coming to that. We'd got part way over the divide when he began to snow; not much, but just enough to make things slippery. I made a misstep, and before I could save myself I shot over the edge of a precipice. The load strapped on my back was heavy, and instead of shooting clear down I lit on a ledge so hard that it broke my leg and knocked me silly. I must have laid there for hours before a party came along and heard me yelling for help. They finally drew me up, but when I got to the top there wasn't a sign of Sam except the barrel and the little bag of nuggets."

"Where was he?" There was more curiosity in her voice, but no suspicion of danger.

"While he was trying to help me he must have slid over the precipice himself; only he did not have the good luck to light on a ledge like I did."

"Where did he light?"

"Down in the canyon, a thousand feet below. I don't think he ever knew what hurt him, and I don't suppose there was a whole bone left in his body when he struck."

He had thought of it so much he did not realize the brutality of the remark, but she sprang up with a shriek.

"Sam, my Sam dead?" You don't mean it?" You can't mean it!"

"It's true, Mandy, gospel true, and I'm awfully sorry 'tis."

"Dead, dead," she moaned. "Crushed and mangled! Why didn't you look for him? You might have found him before it was too late."

She ceased her moaning to turn fiercely upon him.

"Mandy, the party that rescued me looked everywhere they could, but no mortal man could have climbed down that precipice, and by the time they could have gone down by the trail he would have been covered deep by the snow, for it began to snow hard after that."

"Oh, Sam, and you're not even buried. Poor, poor Sam."

"I'm going back in the spring to find him and give him a decent burial."

She looked at him gratefully from where she sat huddled in a low rocking chair, moving backward and forward mechanically and moaning at intervals, but Jeff sat gazing stolidly at the little flickering tongues of flame which shot up spasmodically behind the bars in front of the stove. The dog went over to the woman and licked her hand as if in sympathy. Suddenly he raised his head, looked at his mistress inquiringly and, running to the door, gave vent to a series of loud, joyful barks. A sound of merry voices was heard in the distance, and as it came nearer they could distinguish the swishing of oars in the water.

"It's Tom and Mandy," the woman said, as she rose wearily. "She's late, an' I s'pose he went up to meet her."

A boat bumped against the side of the ark and the sound of a heavy person springing onto the deck was followed by a loud cry of "Hello, Mandy, old girl, come show yourself!" in a happy, boisterous voice.

The door was flung open and the woman, who was standing as if in uncertainty, clasped and unclasped her hands in agitation. Joy and incredulity were apparent on her face, then, with a cry of "Sam, oh, Sam!" she sprang forward to be caught in a rapturous embrace by a tall, broad-shouldered man. Tom and the girl Jeff had seen in the boat followed with happiness shining on every feature. The man at the table saw nothing but the girl, and kept whispering to himself, "It's her, I know it's her."

Suddenly his eyes met those of the new-comer, who was staring at him with an expression of wonder and awe which changed to delight as Jeff rose and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Why, man alive!" the stranger shouted, "I thought you were a man-gled corpse at the bottom of the precipice."

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"And I thought you was, and was just telling your wife about it."

"That's a good joke on me, but I wish to know the dod-gasted thief that stole my dust while I was off looking for help to get you off from that ledge."

"I'm the fellow!" shouted the other, and they again shook hands in boisterous glee as they began to explain the situation, both talking at once and each in his loudest tone. Without warning Sam caught Martha around the waist with his disengaged hand—the other was around Mandy—and pulled her forward.

"Say, Jeff, here's the girl I talked so much to you about. This is Martha. Pretty fine girl, hev'?"

Jeff was somewhat taken aback by this abrupt attack, but managed to stammer—

"Looks just like Mandy used to, don't she?"

"Well, do you think you want her as much now as you did when you used to talk so much about her up there in the shack?"

"That's what I do, only more."

Jeff was grinning feebly, and Martha was looking from one to the other inquiringly.

"Jeff said he was coming back here to get you for his wife, Martha. I give him my bleedin' and told him he could have you. Didn't I, Jeff?"

"That's what you did, and that's what I came back for, Martha."

Martha tried to wrench herself away from her captor, putting audaciously and looking askance at Jeff, while the candle light flickered over her blushing cheeks and played hide-and-seek among the wind-blown tendrils of hair that framed her round, rosy face. The proposition was sudden, but all the years that had flown had not obliterated the remembrance of the childish love-making which had assumed a more serious aspect with the flight of time.

Martha's life had been so restricted, so barren of all that conduces to the fancies of girlhood that these impressions of her early youth had exerted a lasting influence on her after years. The image of this childhood's lover had long been enshrined in her heart and romance had bowed before it many times.

"Of course you'll have him, won't you, Martha?"

Sam's tone was coaxing, yet insistent; the excitement of such a series of happy events was intoxicating in its effects; Jeff's face was pleading, and he seemed suddenly to have grown young. A great, unspeakable hunger for a woman's love glowed in his eyes and it fascinated the girl. Sam gave a loud laugh, and with a quick movement, pushed her into the eager arms outstretched toward her. The action was so vigorous and so unexpected that no one but Jeff heard the whispered answer, but his response rendered the repetition unnecessary—Emma Seckle Marshall in Short Stories.

## FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE GOSPEL BY A REVEREND FATHER.

Gospel—St. Luke, x. 23-27.—The Good Samaritan.

The Samaritan represented Jesus Christ, and mark well the circumstances. The Samaritan was passing by the place where the wounded man lay; he sees him, he is moved to compassion, and he approaches him to treat his wounds and to help him in any other way. It was the same with Christ; He was the true Samaritan, the eternal Guardian, the Saviour of men, a stranger to us before His incarnation, like unto us with the exception of sin, and separated from sinners. He became a pilgrim and dwelt among us by becoming man. He looked with compassion on the human race, prostrate on the earth and covered with wounds, and He undertook the great task of healing and restoring it to life.

Jesus Christ, having completed the work of redemption, left this world, ascended into heaven, and will return at the end of the world. In the meantime we are confined to the care of priests; His ministers, and they in His name, must provide for our eternal welfare. But if they, in the discharge of their duties, do more than what they are strictly bound to do, they will receive a special reward from Christ on the day of judgment, when He will return to this world to punish the wicked and to reward the good for all they have done, the former against Him, and the latter for His glory.

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## CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Saturday, August 8, was a record-breaking day in the history of the Champlain Assembly. Over 100 people registered that day at the Central Dining Hall and the Champlain Club—a number unprecedented in the long and successful career of the school.

Nor has this rapid influx ceased. Every day brings in people in such numbers as to surprise and to please any one who has the movement at heart. It is indeed a cause for congratulation that such strenuous efforts were made during the past year to erect new cottages, else there would have been accommodations wholly inadequate to this great demand.

During this week, the sixth week of the session, occurred that which will in all probability be the most notable event of the present session—the convening of the National Convention of the Knights of Columbus at Cliff Haven. This brought to the school not only a great number of new visitors but also a crowd of men prominent in Catholic circles and active in every movement for Catholic advancement. The results of this council will be awaited with most intense interest; it is certain that no event more fruitful for good will occur in several years to come.

The chief events of the past week were the formal openings of two of the handsomest cottages on the grounds; the Albany and the Marquette, the one giving a reception on Monday and the other on Tuesday evening of last week. On both occasions music was the chief mode of entertainment, and some of the very best talent at the Summer School rendered their services.

Social activity increases as rapidly as the population this summer. Every evening finds a merry gathering at one or the other of the cottages enjoying to the full all the pleasures provided for them. Besides the two receptions mentioned previously, the residents of the Healy gave a dance and those of the Rochester a saboteau party. The Champlain club was also on Wednesday of last week the scene of an unusually brilliant hop.

In athletics, also, the Summer school is rapidly coming to the front. Every afternoon the games are witnessed by large numbers of people. No games, however, have been awaited with more eager expectation or watched by greater crowds than the camps and the residents of the Club on the base ball diamond. Two of these have occurred within the past week and the excitement ran high during their progress. On both occasions the camps were defeated, not, however, on account of a lack of pluck, but because of the superior training and greater strength of their opponents.

A regatta, which was participated in by all the yacht clubs in this part of the country, was one of the recent aquatic events which afforded great pleasure to the patrons of the Summer school. At the conclusion of the races the yachtsmen were invited to the Champlain club, as guests of the Cliff Haven Yacht club, where a substantial lunch was served, to which all did ample justice. A pleasant feature was introduced when Rev. M. J. Lavelle, president of the Summer school and chaplain of the Cliff Haven Yacht club presented the handsome cup given by the school for second class yachts, to Mr. Watson B. Wilcox, captain and owner of the victorious yacht, "Vampire." Father Lavelle made a brief and appropriate address, which was fully appreciated by the yachtsmen.

No sermon more eloquent in delivery, more magnificent in conception or more ennobling in spirit has ever been delivered in Cliff Haven than that on "The Duty of Intellectual Growth," preached a week ago last Sunday, by Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P., of New York city. It was a notable sermon that made a profound impression on all who heard it.

On the whole, no other week since the beginning of the session has been filled with good things intellectually as the past one. This week two good treats were enjoyed, Dr. Welch giving the morning lectures on "The Rise and Progress of Biology in the Nineteenth Century," and Rev. P. J. Mahoney, D. D., of New York city, who lectured on the "Inferno."

Changes will also occur in the directors of the study classes in Logic and in Thematic writing. Rev. Morris M. Twomey taking charge of the last two weeks of the former and Conde P. Fallon, Ph. D., of the latter, both of whom are acknowledged authorities in these lines of work.

Patrons of our advertisement.

## C. R. & B. A. REUNION.

WINSTON BEACH, GEORGIA. PLANNED REUNION.

Annual Gathering of the C. R. & B. A. Reunion. Program of Activities. Meetings in the Evening.

The proposed outing of the C. R. & B. A. Reunion, held at Winston Beach, was attended by over 100 people. Some of the reports of the daily papers, who are reporting events every day, place the number at two thousand.

A start was made from the city chartered cars at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately upon leaving a long list of athletic games and sports was opened. The committee conducting the events was composed of Messrs. J. F. Redding, J. F. O'Neil, E. J. Ryan, V. Ritz, J. H. O'Neil, J. M. Males, Mrs. Kelly and Mr. Nelligan. The program was carried out from beginning to end without delay or accident, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was quite late when the event was all finished.

During the afternoon, the fourth Regiment band gave a concert and its fine music enhanced the pleasure of the excursion. The evening there was a grand affair, people from the city, after which the program was begun, music was played by Malone's orchestra.

The prize committee consisted of Messrs. and Mrs. McCullough, who purchased a badge for the event, and was awarded to the winner of the event.

Following is a list of the events and their results:

Ball game, five innings, married and single, won by the married team by a score of 14 to 0. Running race, for boys, years of age, between the school; won by E. J. O'Neil second.

Running race, for boys, years of age, between the school and one of the camps; won by the school.

Men's running race, only, prize, one hundred dollars; won by Messrs. D. Kavanagh and Messrs. D. Kavanagh.

Women's race, for prize, one C. R. & B. A. medal; won by Miss Mary Ellen Kavanagh.

Baseball game, between the camps and the school; won by the school.

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