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Through Whorny Paths.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Chapter I—Edward Daton, of America, while visiting in Ireland, falls in love with Agnes Conlin, a poor Catholic girl. Thomas Conlin, Agnes' cousin, who is soon to be ordained a priest notices a serpent ring on her finger and when told of it her engagement ring. He is angry and her not to marry this Protestant stranger. She, however, refuses and is married by the old parish priest which they depart for the strangers beautiful home in Boston. Chapter II—Thomas Conlin is ordained and comes of America as a missionary and arrives at his cousin's home. There he learns that while his cousin has wealth and luxury she was not happy. Her husband had selected a circle in which she was to move and she was strictly Protestant. He said that she might give up her superstitions and become a member of his church. He would not even allow her to attend a Catholic church. She would not gratify him however and when Father Conlin arrived she insisted that he hear her confession and baptize her little baby son, who had just been born. Father Conlin goes away with his secret. Agnes dies a week after. Mr. Daton marries again, a rich Protestant woman and his son is brought up a Protestant. When Edward is eight years old his father dies. Chapter III and IV—Cecilia Kane an orphan, who lives with her sister Nellie is engaged by Mrs. Daton's companion. Her step-son, Edward falls in love with this Catholic girl, Cecilia and marries her against the wishes of his step-mother. Chapter V—Cecilia is married eight years and has three children all of whom die and she and Mr. Daton are left childless. Chapter VI—After a lapse of seven and a half years we find Mr. and Mrs. Daton again happy with a daughter, Cecilia. She is about to celebrate her seventh birthday. Chapter VII—The husband of Nellie Kane, now Mrs. Cullen, dies and she is left a widow with one child, Agnes. Mrs. Daton adopts her niece and brings her up with her own daughter. Chapter VIII and IX—Cecilia and Agnes are sent to a convent school. The grandmother is very much opposed to this and reproaches her daughter-in-law. Chapter X—Mr. Daton is suddenly taken sick and Cecilia is called home from school. Chapter XI—Cecilia and Agnes graduate and a grand reception is given them. Mrs. Cullen while at her sister's home in the city, accidentally finds her grandmother have a dispute over religion. Chapter XIII—Mrs. Cullen recovers and remains at Daton's home. Chapter XIV—Cecilia tells her mother that she intends entering the convent and becoming a nun. After a dispute she promises to remain at home one more year. Chapter XV—Cecilia and her grandmother, who started the fire, Chapter XVI—Grandmother Daton tells her grand-daughter that she has been convinced that the Catholic church is the only and true church and Mrs. Daton becomes a convert. Chapter XVII—Mr. Daton is in fear of losing all he has and Cecilia goes on the stage. Chapter XVIII—Chapter I—Allan S. Clair, an infidel, meets Cecilia and falls in love with her. Chapter II—Allan S. Clair accidentally finds a book belonging to Cecilia entitled "Following of Christ." He reads it and becomes interested. Chapter III—Allan and the manager attend the service at the Catholic Cathedral where Cecilia sings. Chapter IV—Allan asks Cecilia to marry him and she refuses.

(Continued from last week.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

"The admiration of the public, Agnes, is of little worth. To-day one may be praised by many; to-morrow a new star appears and the attraction of yesterday is forgotten."

"Preaching again, Cecilia, just as you used to do when we were girls in school, I thought that in your new life you would get over that."

"My new life had no power to change my heart, and I assure you that under the roses of admiration in the career of a Christian young woman on the stage may be found many a cruel thorn."

"I was happy and proud to hear your praises sounded by strangers as well as friends that I never thought of such a thing. But were you really unhappy while you were away from home?"

"When duty called me away I ought not to have been, especially in the constant companionship of your dear mother, who more than filled a mother's place for me when my own was far away."

In Cecilia's words there was no shadow of a hidden meaning, though in truth such might be inferred, for, alas! in Mrs. Daton the true mother's love for her own child had never been shown as it had by her sister. True, her Cecilia had ever been most dear to her and she had been very proud of her, but Agnes had been so much more after her own heart that it was hard for her to fully appreciate the virtues of the noble girl.

"Duty, as you say, called you away, and I cannot tell you how sorry I felt when, long after you were gone, I learned the truth. I felt myself guilty in allowing you to go away and work when I, who had no right to a share in your home, was permitted to remain here and really depend for my extravagant support on your earnings."

"Hush, Agnes! do not talk like that. You were ever most welcome to a home with us, and the presence of both your mother and yourself has been a great pleasure to us. As far as my earnings supporting you is concerned I never thought of it in that way, and it sadly grieves me to have you say it."

"I never once suspected you did, Cecilia, for you have too noble a heart for that; but I felt my dependence just the same, and I am happy to tell you that I, too, have been earning money since you left home."

"You, Agnes! Tell me how?"

"I have a large class of music scholars. I have been able to buy my own clothes."

"I am somewhat surprised that my

mother permitted it."

"She did object a little at first, but when I made the plea that I was lonely without you and work helped occupy my mind, she finally consented. It certainly was not near as bad for me to work as for you. I am known to be only a poor girl, while you, Cecilia, are the only child of the wealthy Edward Daton."

Cecilia was silent for a time. She had found in her proud little cousin a new virtue with which she had not hitherto credited her, and she deeply admired her for it. She was anxious to know all about Agnes' work, but deferred further questions on the subject until another time. When she spoke again it was to inquire about the various affairs she had been interested in before she went away. First she wanted to know all about home and how things had been there; then of her friends, and last, but not least, of the poor they had been accustomed to help and of the prisoners.

Of the first Agnes had much to say, especially of Grandmother Daton, who had become a model Catholic in every sense of the word. There were few more regular attendants at church than the old lady, and she had received the sacraments regularly once in two weeks, greatly to the edification of the pious ones in church and to the disgust of those of her former co-religionists, who declared that she was getting childish.

Cecilia could never have tired talking of her dear grandmother and the great change in her, but there were so many other things she wanted to know and she repeated her questions. Agnes had worked as hard as ever for the poor and out her earnings had been able to give much, but less than before, for she had given up the generous allowance formerly received from her aunt, and consequently had to economize.

"And your prisoners, how are they?"

"I still assist the Sisters in singing, but the place is so distasteful to me that I am always glad to get out as soon as possible."

"Do you never visit the inmates?"

"Yes, a few times, when Sister wished me to accompany her."

"Can you tell me anything about Charlie Cook?"

"Who is that, the man who started the fire in which you nearly lost your life in company with hundreds of others?"

"Yes, the man who was accused of that offense."

"You speak as one who doubts his guilt."

"It has not been proven."

"It has been proven beyond a doubt in the opinion of the jury, though he stubbornly refused to speak for himself."

"I must see him. Something has kept him before my mind."

"It is really a mystery to me how you can be so solicitous for such a man."

"He may be guilty, but I feel that somewhere in his heart there is a tender spot, and the fact that he is apparently without friend or relative should help to excite our sympathy."

"You know your own mind, Cecilia, and I shall say no more."

At the first opportunity Cecilia went to the prison and was surprised to find a marked change in the man. He was much paler and thinner and he was in a mood indicating deep thought. As she entered his cell he did not raise his eyes until she spoke, then the first smile seen on his face for months appeared.

"It is really my good angel who reminds me so much of my own sister that has come to see me again, when I thought she had forgotten me?"

"I have been away from home for several months and only returned yesterday."

"I might have known some good reason prevented you from coming, though I sometime feared you, too, had forsaken me."

"You spoke of your sister," said Cecilia. "Where is she?"

"I know not. I have not seen her in years. There were two of them and they lived in this city. I wish I could learn something of them, but they are undoubtedly married or perhaps dead long ago."

"Where did they live? I might be able to find them or at least learn something of them, for I am so well acquainted here."

"If you only could, I would be so thankful. But they must know nothing of me. It would break their hearts." He lowered his voice to a whisper and added: "For years I have been living under an assumed name. I almost feel that I have no claim to my own."

"What, then, is your real name?"

"My name!" he replied. "I dread

to tell for fear of bringing disgrace upon my dear sisters, if they still be living here."

"Have no fear. I give you my word not to betray your identity."

He bowed his head in his hands, as if undecided whether to speak or not; then he looked into her clear, dark eyes, thinking how like his own sisters' they were. There was truth there and he felt that she could be trusted. He was about to speak, when there was a tap at the door, which quickly opened.

"Time is up," said the turnkey.

"Please, sir, may I have a few minutes more?" asked Cecilia.

"It is hardly permissible, but since it is Miss Daton who asks the favor and you have been so long absent: I take upon myself to grant it."

"Thank you very much," she said, as he walked away.

The name had not been spoken; instead the man commenced telling the story of his life, to which she listened with deep interest.

Left at an early age without a father, he confessed having been no small care to his mother, who disapproved his wayward life and was unable to keep him in school. When still young he had gone against her wishes, to work in a grocery and soon became a close companion of the man's own son, a boy about a year his senior and, like himself, a wilful youth. The boy was most extravagant in his demands for money, which his father often refused to supply. The cash drawer was looked with a secret combination which had been carefully kept from the son of the family; but the young employee, who was hired in the capacity of delivery boy, but often kept to help in the store, learned the combination and, unknown to the proprietor, many an odd dollar was taken from time to time and divided between the boys. Charlie, who had been strictly forbidden to tell the combination, kept his secret for about nine months, then told it to his friend, who had begged to know it on the plea that he had a right to it.

All seemed to go well until late one evening, when Charlie, who had been left alone in the store, saw his friend at the drawer. The sales that day had been large and the young employee knew that much money had been taken in. He paid little attention to the boy until he was going out, when he heard whispered these words:

"I have taken a few dollars, but do not dare say a word about it. If father knew you told me the combination of that drawer it would go hard with you. Better look up now, and if it is missed, which I hope it will not be, they will never suspect us."

With these words the son was gone. The next day Charlie was accused of the theft. In the forenoon he saw the son, who threatened a terrible revenge upon him if he betrayed him and suggested that the best thing for him to do was to run away. The bad advice was taken, and that night, under the cover of darkness, he boarded a freight train which took him many miles away, leaving him in a country village, where he remained until his mother's death, which he heard of through the papers. What became of his sisters, Nellie and Cecilia, he did not know.

Soon after he left the family who had sheltered him and given him a good home for what he could do on their farm, and they did not try to bring him back, for he had been no less a care to them than to his own mother when at home. Stories of broad free lands and great riches in the far West had filled his mind with many a bright dream. He would go, and after a few years, when he had become a very rich man, he would come back and rejoin his sisters, of whom he intended making grand ladies. Accordingly, by stealing rides on trains, then walking a few miles or being helped on his journey by some farmer, he succeeded after many weeks in reaching a mining town in the Rockies.

Here his hopes were doomed to be crushed, for his naturally wild tendencies were only made the worse by the company in which he was thrown, and though at times he seemed on the road to wealth, his money was sure to go in the saloons or gambling places and he could never get much ahead. Traveling about from one place to another he remained in the wilds of the West for years and had experienced many a thrilling adventure, but two things had never faded from his mind; his love for his sisters and his bitter hatred for the boy whom he had blamed for his ruin. It was to find the dear ones he finally started for his home.

On his way he stopped in a city some distance away, hoping to secure employment for a time before going on, and had been directed to a large

mill where he was told new hands were needed. On learning who the owner was he recognized the name of his old enemy, and on being ushered into a spacious office he saw before him a portly, well-dressed man with a huge diamond in his shirt front and another on his finger.

Taking a cigar from his mouth and scarcely turning from his desk, the mill owner in a gruff tone which still bore marks of a peculiarity that had been strongly noticeable in his voice from childhood, inquired:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I am looking for work," was the reply, "and I understand that you have advertised for hands."

The man turned around with his back to the window, which threw his own face in the shadow and at the same time gave him a better chance to scrutinize the face of the stranger. But he gave not the least sign of recognition.

"What work are you able to do?" he asked in a tone no more pleasant to the man than the stranger's reply that he was able and willing to do anything to which he might be put.

The man looked keenly at him again, took a few puffs at his half-burned cigar and then, tossing it through an open window, remarked:

"You have brought letters of reference, no doubt?"

"I have none," was the candid reply.

"Then I have no work for you," and he coldly turned back to his desk.

The anger of the poor man was intense and he almost felt that he could have murdered the other on the spot; but he would prove his identity before seeking the revenge burning in his heart. With a great effort he controlled his voice sufficiently to ask if the mill owner had ever lived in Boston.

"What is that?" asked the man, in a tone which seemed to say, "What business is it of yours?"

The question was repeated, to which the man answered that his younger days had been spent in that city.

"And you are the son of _____ who once kept a grocery on _____ street?"

"I am," replied the man, in a tone of impatience. "Who are you?"

"One who has reason to remember that man's wayward son and to feel that he has no right to be asking letters of reference from one who is better than himself, or at least was as a boy."

"Leave this place at once," said the angry proprietor. "Whoever you may be, you have no right to come into the private office of a respectable business man and insult him without provocation."

"No more than you had when a reckless youth the right to ruin the reputation of a poor companion and drive him to leave his home in order to escape punishment for your theft."

The man was pale with anger.

"Leave this place at once," he growled, "or I shall have you put out by force."

The stranger left the man's presence. He had no particular destination, but on one thing his mind was intent—revenge. He would have it, but in what form he had not then decided. Having no shelter or money to pay for a night's lodging, he walked the streets and finally came back to the mills, which stood before him in huge dark proportions. All these were the property of his enemy, who now slept in a comfortable home, while he was out in the cold night wind without a cent. As he gazed upon the great buildings which would afford him no shelter, his heart grew more bitter. Then a terrible thought suggested itself. He put his hand into his pocket of his worn vest and found a few matches. The breeze made it a splendid night for his work, and he smiled a wicked smile as he thought of the great blow the destruction of these mills would be to their owner. To make his work the more sure he stole into a shed, where he had noticed a pile of shavings in the afternoon, and, lighting them in several places, moved some distance away to watch the progress of the flames until he saw them leap up and take a firm hold on the building. No shadow of regret entered his mind at the time. On the contrary, he felt that he had taken a sweet revenge.

An hour later, when he saw that the entire city seemed about to go, he suddenly awoke to the awful realization of what he had done, and had it not been for a lingering remembrance of the lessons taught him by his mother in childhood and a terrible fear of being doomed to eternal flames far worse than these he would have rushed into that sea of fire and put an end to his earthly existence. But he could only stand with others and watch the

destruction.

(To be continued.)

CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI DEAD.

A Paralytic Stroke the Cause—Had Been in Usual Health Up to the Hour of Death.

Rome, July 22.—Cardinal Ledochowski, perfect of the congregation of the propaganda of the Catholic Church, died this morning, after a long illness. It was stated last May that he had lost his sight. Cardinal Ledochowski was born in Gork, October 29, 1822, and was a descendant of an illustrious Polish family. He was even a greater favorite of the late Pope Pius IX, than he has been with the present pontiff. It was Pius IX, who gave him the red hat in 1875, while Ledochowski was languishing in the dungeons of Ostrovo because of his resistance to laws passed by Prussia against the church, which, in his estimation, were unjust. In 1876 the Prussian government released him, and he proceeded to Rome, where the Pope warmly received him, concealing the new cardinal in the roomy and vast Vatican, where the Italian government could not lay hands on his person. In 1884 Pope Leo made him cardinal secretary of memorials and he was appointed prefect in 1892.

Cardinal Ledochowski studied his theology in the Lazarist College at Warsaw. After his ordination he served as domestic prelate and as nunzio to Madrid, Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago de Chile, and Brussels. In 1866 he became archbishop of Gnesen and Posen and primate of all Poland.

Cardinal Ledochowski died of heart failure. It is stated that either Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, bishop of Frascati, who was a member of the commission of cardinals that conferred with Governor Taft, or Cardinal Satolli, formerly apostolic delegate to the United States, will succeed Cardinal Ledochowski as prefect of the congregation of the propaganda fide.

The Pope, on learning of Cardinal Ledochowski's death, was greatly distressed and exclaimed: "A valiant fighter for the church and religion has gone. His memory be blessed." The pontiff then knelt and prayed for the repose of the cardinal's soul.

With Cardinal Ledochowski's death Cardinals San Stefano and Barocchi are the only surviving cardinals created by Pope Pius IX.

Cardinal Ledochowski was out driving as usual yesterday evening. When his valet entered his room at 9 o'clock this morning, the cardinal had a sudden paralytic stroke and succumbed.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Next week will be the last of the Cook Opera House Stock Company's phenomenally successful season. The play chosen for the farewell attraction is "Camille." Alexander Dumas' great emotional drama which might safely be said to be the most popular play performed on the American stage.

"Camille" will be presented at the Cook Opera House every night during the week, with matinees Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, matinees 10 cents. After next week, the house will be closed until September, when it will re-open and begin the regular vaudeville season.

BAKER THEATRE.

At the Baker Theatre next week the Owen Davis Stock Company will make a production of that popular old drama "The Black Flag." This play is one of the most successful of any of its class and has been in constant use for the last fifteen years. Both Mr. Alsop and Miss Gardner will have strong parts and the balance of the company will be seen to good advantage.

"The Black Flag" is a strong and very exciting drama and is famous for its very unusual comedy parts and its picturesque scenic features. One of the most important of which is the escape from the prison and the rescue of the prisoners by friends in a boat.

Spring Suits.

Assemblyman Gardiner of 282 State street, has one of the most complete stocks of cloths for the spring trade in the city. All the new shades in Scotch and English suitings and the new weaves for spring overcoatings are on his counters. Mr. Chris. Kerrigan who has charge of the cutting is turning out work that gives complete satisfaction. The prices are the lowest in the city for the class of work.

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NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Fuelists Fathers To Have A Mission House At The Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

A letter has just been received in the office of the Catholic Missionary Union, from Bishop Conroy, the rector of the Catholic University, which makes it possible to begin the Apostolic Mission House, for the training of missionaries to non-Catholics, in the fall, on the grounds of the University. This arrangement has many advantages. It brings the missionary college into a great educational center. There is also an inter-diocesan spirit about the University. It is moreover, in close proximity to the South which is our great missionary field.

One of the most eminent professors in one of the religious colleges attached to the University, taking about the religious conditions a propos of the inauguration of the "Apostolic Mission House," said the other day:

"The religious condition of the world to-day is of more absorbing interest, in laboring with graver crises, undergoing more rapid variation than probably at any time since the world began. The Caucasian race has largely thrown off belief in revelation, and nevertheless in a hunger for the laden tables it has left. Nationally Christian, the heart of the wanderer is in torture from its unnatural divorce from God. Read the works of historical critics and of scientists, and you see Christianity driven, like Hagar from the hearth. Read the poets, the sociologists, and even the speculative philosophers, and you hear the wailing of an exiled people longing from the waters of Babylon for the mountains and hills of Israel. Religion is dead among them; it never was more pathetically manifest. But what they have conceived revelation to be, is certainly in dead. How they have conceived revelation to consist in the hideous, heterogeneous, sectarian dissertations, or in certain notions associated with Christianity, the credulity and controversy of ages which science has proved to be false, but which in no measure avail to Christ religion at all, for even the damnation of infinite and heretics. How many have had furious visions of John Calvin driven into rebellion, that is Gospel religion, I will say none of it," they say, and who blame them. But the point to remember is, that those souls crave religion, they cry aloud for God; and if a religion were displayed before them which satisfied the rigid demands of justice, and gave consolation to their hearts, they would rush out to embrace it. There can hardly be a doubt of the propositions. (1) The American people are largely becoming non-religious. (2) They nevertheless have strong religious yearnings. (3) They are waiting and ready for the best scheme of faith.

What these remarks are in relation to, is the notion that Americans do not attend church because they are materialistic or immoral. As the law, that is false. No primary deeper spiritual dissatisfaction. It is throwing off a protest, and ready for a time Christianity. Among such a people, can any religion be so great, any so urgent, any so bright with promise as the full proof and defense of Catholicity. It still have powerful prejudices against the Catholic Church, but these are dying fast, and when our American people see in the old faith one grand unified body of Christ's Saviour's doctrine, the one great source of sacramental ministrations, one creed which can stand the test of science, common sense, and honor, their own hearts will second and echo, and our hearts cry, "America to the Church of God."

One of the missionaries who have been giving missions to non-Catholics during the past year, received into the church 845 converts.

REV. A. P. DOYLE, Pastor.

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