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The Rejuvenation of William

The boy paused when he reached the patriarch's gate. The old ladies were coming down the walk, their arms filled with June roses, and the patriarch was busy in his garden.

"Come in, Henry!" he called, looking up. "Go right into the house my boy. I'll be with you in a moment. This hedge is a bit too energetic and is reaching out over the walk." His pruning-shears ceased their snipping while he bowed a stately farewell to the old ladies.

The boy passed through the hall into the little study, with its rows of books and walls hung with curious trophies. The room held many pleasant memories, his fat sides swaying with every step.

"What is the trouble, Henry?" the patriarch inquired, standing in the doorway. "I trust you did not fail to pass your examinations?"

The boy started. "Oh, no," he replied. "I passed them all right and graduated yesterday." He paused for a moment, then added resentfully: "Mother told me this morning, and she said that all lawyers were thieves."

"Your father does not want you to be a lawyer then?"

"No, sir, and I hate the store. He wants me to work for him. He said that if I went to the university I'd have to pay my own way, and pay board at home too."

"But he said you could go if you paid your own way. There's consolation there, Henry."

"Yes," the boy replied, and continued bitterly: "Oh, I know I'd make a good lawyer, and I hate every can and barrel and bolt of goods in the store!"

"Let me see—let me see." Preoccupied, the old man stepped across the room and studied the view from the window. A mile away the cupola of the university dormitory stood out against the sky above the trees.

"You know the Misses Bagley, don't you?" he inquired, turning suddenly. "The two old ladies you saw in the garden?"

The boy nodded.

"How would you like to take care of their horse?" the old man asked, then, seeing the boy's eyes brighten, he sat at his desk and wrote a few short lines, while he continued:

"They are going on a visit to their brother and they are very much worried about having to leave that old horse they drive. Miss Lucretia heard the yard boy swearing at him this morning."

He paused, his pen scratching busily until he had finished the note, then he said: "Here my boy, take this and deliver it at once. They are leaving this afternoon. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Uncle Ben!" and then, "Thank you!" the boy replied, as he hurried from the house.

The Bagley place was across and a little farther up the road. Arthur, the younger brother of the two old maids, had left home some years before, and returned only once for brief visits. Little was known of him, except that he had been successful in business in the East, and report was that he had grown rich. He was expected to return some day and become the town's leading citizen, as his father had been before him.

Meanwhile the house had taken on an unbecoming dilapidated look. The paint was scaling from the pillars of the broad galleries and the weather-boarding had turned from a white to a mottled gray. The fields lay idle.

"Whoa, William!" The two old ladies had returned from their farewell calls and the boy smiled at the mild command as he approached the gate. He ran forward to assist them from the surroy, and gave the patriarch's note to the older Miss Bagley.

"This young man wishes to take charge of William during our absence sister," she said, after she had read it; then, turning

to the boy, she asked: "Are you gentle with animals?"

"Yes, ma'am, I've always been a pretty good hand around horses."

They conferred in whispers, then and cautioned him to be very careful in driving the horse back to the stable.

"We will be away for a month," Miss Lucretia announced, "and we will give you ten dollars if you take good care of William."

"Thank you!"

"We will be ready in half an hour," said Miss Arne, "and you may go with us to the station to bring William home."

"Yes, ma'am. Get up, William!" The old horse raised his uncheckered head, leaned forward slowly and assumed his careless walk, his fat sides swaying with every step.

"And they say he used to trot a mile in three minutes," mused the boy. "But he's lost his self-respect now, sure."

At the stable he unharnessed the horse, watered him, then combed and brushed the fat sides until the coat lost something of its dinginess.

"They feed you too much, old boy," he said, stroking the plump shoulder. "And you're not so old either. Just spoiled. You're going to eat less and work more after the ladies leave, William. What a name for a horse! You're going to be just plain Bill after the train pulls out."

When he had finished with currycomb and brush he rubbed the horse thoroughly with a soft rag until his back coat shone.

"No wonder you go along as if you were taking your last trip, with the lines so slack you can't feel the bit, and with those kind old ladies whacking you with a whip you can't feel."

He backed the horse between the rooky shaft, and drove round to the front of the house, where the old ladies were waiting.

"We haven't allowed any one else to drive William in years," Miss Ann remarked, when they were ready to start.

"Yes, ma'am."

The lines sagged down on each side of the horse, and Miss Lucretia laid the stubby whip lightly over the toughened back. "Go along, William," she admonished, "gently."

It took them almost half an hour to reach the station. Then the old ladies flurried about, giving their last instructions and petting the horse. When the train came steaming in, their parting words to the old fellow were so endearing and affectionate as quite to embarrass the boy.

"Be good to William," they said, as he followed them aboard. "Oh, be good to William!" were their last words, as he left them in their seats.

"I will," he promised. "I've nothing else to do, and I'll have him looking fine when you get back. You won't know him."

He waved his hat when the window flashed by, and stood watching the train until the last coach had swung around the curve.

"Hold up your head, Bill!" The horse opened his half-closed eyes in surprise. "I'll be good to you," the boy continued, "but I won't spoil you. That's what they have done, and it's not good business in the East, and report was that he had grown rich. He was expected to return some day and become the town's leading citizen, as his father had been before him."

The drive from the station was not made in fast time, but was the quickest pace William had set in years. Only once did the whip fall; then it touched tenderly. The boy reached far out and flected the broad back where the pillars of the broad galleries and the weather-boarding had turned from a white to a mottled gray. The fields lay idle.

"Step higher, Bill! Don't let that milk wagon pass you. Have you lost all your pride? Get along!"

Back in the stable again, Henry rubbed the horse down and let him stand for awhile to cool, before turning him into pasture, where the clear spring water bubbled from the ground and made a little stream.

In an unused part of the stable after she had read it; then, turning

of William's past and he hauled it out and spent an hour oiling the wheels and brightening the faded red paint. The harness required readjusting, too, and he worked until dusk, whistling, forgetful of his disappointment. At home he told his mother joyfully of his new work; and she, by some gentle means known only to mothers, prevented another storm.

William must have retained some faint recollection of his former life for the next morning he allowed Henry to halter him and lead him from the pasture without the usual heated scamp over all over the field. And when the horse trotted up the driveway and turned into the road, his careless gait had disappeared. He held his head high, with ears cast forward stiffly he lifted his hoofs with a new spirit and fell into a long, easy stride without being urged.

"Good for you, Bill!" exclaimed the boy on the seat of the red sulky. His feet were firmly braced in the footholds on the shafts; he leaned forward with hands firmly grasping the lines over William's back, and watching every movement. "Bully!" he cried, exultingly. "Whoever owned you before must have been proud of you, Bill; and I'll make 'em proud of you again, old horse. Keep it up!"

Presently they turned into a lane that connected the road with another, and was seldom used. It was straight and smooth, and was shaded by a grove of oaks. Here William was put through his paces, with a rest at the end of each half-mile.

Back and forth they drove until the horse was covered with sweat, and his fat sides rose and fell with his heavy breathing. And when they turned homeward he pulled at the bit trying to go a little faster than Henry would allow. William was beginning to regain his spirit. For the next few weeks the boy neglected the patriarch and spent every day with his charge. William improved steadily. His coat grew smooth and glossy; his flabbiness gradually disappeared, and his muscles hardened. His eyes brightened and lost their sleepy look. He had grown old before his time, and now, with faithful care, regular exercise and mild discipline, part of his youth was returning to him.

Sometimes, after supper at home, or during the long summer afternoons, the boy remembered his disappointment and his heart grew heavy. Then he found new duties to perform, and with endeavor and affectionate as quite to embarrass the boy.

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Around the Globe

Recent statistics compiled from official sources show that 5765 seafarers of the British navy are Catholics.

It is reported that the Pope will unify the three great branches of the Franciscan Order in the near future.

The triennial synod of the Catholic clergy was opened by Archbishop Bourne at Westminster Cathedral on October 12.

According to the annual report of the commissioners of Irish National Education, instruction in Irish was given in 3,047 schools on December 31st, 1903, being an increase of 186 on the number for the previous year.

The formal installation of the new Primate of Spain, Fray Gregorio Aguirre, Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo, took place on Thursday, the 30th ult.

Mgr. Tiberghien, Canon of the Chapter of St. John Lateran, is at present traveling in Canada.

In the German Empire there are now about 480 Catholic papers and periodicals, with two millions of subscribers.

On Sunday, October 10, St. Anthony's Church at Madisonville in the diocese of Cincinnati, celebrated its golden jubilee.

By the establishment of the Illinois Medical College and the Lincoln Law School the Jesuit Fathers in Chicago now have a complete university.

In the United States, the German Central Verein now has a membership of 250,000.

Archbishop Spalding's magnificent gift residence on Glen Oak avenue, Peoria, Ill., has been completed, and the former head of the Peoria diocese will shortly domicile himself there. The new residence is the gift of the priests of the diocese.

The number of students registered at Dunwoody, the seminary of the Diocese of New York, at the opening of the term this year was 162. This is the largest registration in the history of the institution.

Mrs. Irene Hurley, one of the cleverest among the women artists of Cincinnati, has just completed a beautiful portrait of Rev. Bishop Van de Vyver, D. D., of Richmond, Va.

Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan, one of last year's graduates at the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., since his return to his home in England has been appointed superior of the apostolic band in the diocese of Westminster.

St. Augustine's Church in the Bronx, New York celebrated with elaborate ceremonies the other day its diamond jubilee. His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, D. D., presided.

Very Rev. E. Morel, V. G., was consecrated on September 21 at Pondicherry as Bishop of that See.

The Bishop of Orleans in an address to the Belgian Catholic Congress at Malines, said the Catholic Church in France is now more attractive than ever.

An important archeological discovery was announced at Mexico City by Prof. Barron Menz, who headed the government expedition to Otumba in the state of Mexico, which has uncovered a buried city of great antiquity. A pyramid similar to that uncovered at San Juan de Teotihuacan somewhat slow bidding, Dr. Menz has been exposed. The remains indicate that the city was built and occupied in the time of the Toltecs.

News From Ireland

Taxicabs have made their appearance in Belfast and according to Belfast papers, they are very popular.

The death of Very Rev. Alexander MacMullan, P. P., Vicar-General of Down and Connor, took place on Oct. 13, at the patriarchal residence Ballymena. Father MacMullan had been ailing for some time past, but was able to attend to the duties of his office quite recently.

The funeral took place on Oct. 13, at St. Paul's Convent of Mercy, Crumlin road, Belfast, of Sister M. de Sales Walsh, who died on Oct. 11 at the venerable age of 83 years. Office and requiem mass were celebrated in the Convent Chapel, the Rev. R. Crickard, P. P., Ballynateigh, presiding at the mass, and the celebrant being the Rev. Father O'Brien, C. C., St. Patrick's.

The new Co. Court Judge of Armagh and Louth has reappointed Andrew McElvaine, Scarva, as land court valuer. This position Mr. McElvaine has held for sixteen years.

Married.—At the parish church Crosskeys, by the Rev. H. Gilligan, Mat Hyland, merchant, Carran, and sixth son of Michael Hyland, Pullabawn, to Maggie, youngest daughter of the late Edward Cahill, Cornaseer, Ballinagh.

Five paintings of scenes in and around Coleraine 100 years ago have been presented to the local Urban Council for display in the Town Hall, by Mrs. Grant, widow of the late Mr. Drummond Grant Coleraine.

Sister M. Agatha Purcell, head nurse in the Donegal Union Infirmary, has resigned her position.

Rev. Thomas Morgan, B. A., Rostrevor, died on Oct. 11, at the age of 85 years. He was the oldest minister connected with the Irish Presbyterian church.

Mr. P. Scott, chairman of the Belleek District Council was sworn in as a magistrate recently.

Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Bishop-elect, was consecrated Bishop of the Ancient See of St. Macaritan, on Oct. 10 in the Cathedral, Monaghan, with all the pomp and ceremony prescribed by the ritual of the Catholic Church. The consecrating prelate was his Eminence Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland and the assistant Bishops the Most Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, and Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh.

Dublin Castle authorities, realizing that there is absolutely no need for a bunch of the constabulary at Augher, has notified the magistrates of the district that the police will be withdrawn on Dec. 31. The inhabitants of Augher and district should make the occasion of the peelers' departure a memorial one, if only for the pleasure it will give them in getting rid of such undesirable.

Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following changes—Rev. M. J. Houlihan, C. C., Lorrha, to be C. C., Monsea; Rev. P. Smyth, C. C., Monsea, to be C. C., Lorrha.

In the intermediate examinations for the degree of B. Litt (extending to six days), at Durham University, Miss Alice Mahoney, formerly of Blackrock Road, Cork, was one of the four successful candidates and the only lady who succeeded.

Two houses in the Main street Dingle, one being the old Post Office and the other formerly occupied by Mr. Kennedy, solicitor, were put up for sale by John Moore, auctioneer, on Oct. 9. After a somewhat slow bidding, Dr. Mahoney, J. P., was declared purchaser for both houses, for the sum of £465 with auctioneer's fees.

COUNTRY BILLIARDS

Story that Will Be Appreciated

Knight of the Cue

Calvin Demarest, the amateur billiard champion, described at a dinner in Chicago some poor billiard playing "One summer in the country," he said, "another man and I were overtaken by a storm and had to go to a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands.

"Landlord," said I, "do you happen to have a billiard table?"

"Sure," said the landlord. "Just step this way, gent."

"He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues.

"Any balls?" said I.

"Sure," said the landlord, and he unlocked a closet and laid on the table three white balls, all alike—there was no spot you know.

"But, see here," I remonstrated, "how do you tell these balls apart?"

"Oh, that's all right, said he. 'You soon get to know 'em by their shape.'—Washington Star.

Length of Life.

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty-five years, and the donkey in the period, the dog does not exceed twenty-five years; the rabbit and pig live to ten; the goose, thirty; the duck, the hen and the turkey, a dozen years.

Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives an average of seventy years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of one hundred and fifty years. Cows, on the other hand, appear to have secured their reputation, which was based on a slender fact from Cincinnatus and Fontainebleau. They rarely live more than twenty years. The tortoise also seems to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing six kilograms, which was presented in 1891 to the London Zoological Society by Walter De Rothschild, which is said to be three feet long and 1700.

Use for Blatant Cheats.

Bluffs and Brigs are two Montreal citizens, more or less interested in municipal affairs. They differ on several burning questions, but unite in a strong dislike for O'Flaherty (whose is not the gentleman's name). The same O'Flaherty has a positive way for manipulating votes, and is suspected of looking after a larger band of "filthful" than any other Montreal politician.

"It's mean like O'Flaherty who puts this city a bad name," said Bluffs warmly. "It's got no principles at all. In fact, he doesn't think of anything but getting his money."

"That's so," responded Brigs. "If I had a conscience as small as O'Flaherty's, I'd make it into a subscriber tract."

Took Her at Her Word.

A woman came into the general store with a jar of butter. She desired to exchange it for another jar of butter. In churning her butter she had discovered a mouse in the churn. "It didn't injure the butter," she said to the storekeeper, "and to any one who did not know the circumstances it would taste all right."

Taking the woman at her word, the merchant carried her jar into the back room, transferred her butter to another jar, and the gratified customer took back her mouse butter with a thousand thanks for the accommodation.

There is a great deal of needless trouble in the world on account of squeamish sentiment.

Indian Missionaries to the Seminoles.

The Indian Baptist Church of Weaverville, whose members belong to the Seminole tribe of Indians and whose services are held in the Seminole language, is preparing to send missionaries to Florida to convert more than five hundred members of the Seminole tribe still living in that State. An effort will be made to raise \$5000 for this work, and to send about ten persons to Florida. The missionaries will be led by the Rev. Jackson Brown, a brother of Governor John Brown of the Seminole nation. Mrs. Brown visited the Florida Seminoles about two years ago, and at that time got the idea of converting them to Christianity.

A Museeum.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once told an amusing story of an illiterate and ignorant who gave a wholesale dealer an order for a copy of every book in all languages treating of any aspect of Napoleon's career. He thought it would fill a case in his library.

He was somewhat startled, however, when in a few days he received a message from the dealer that he had got 45,000 volumes, and was waiting for instructions as to what should be done with them. He was about to wait for a complete

Kerry.

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