The Catholic Journal

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Twenty-first Year, No. 33. Rochester, N. Y., Friday May 13, 1910.

The Davis Girls

(As narrated by Joel Currier)

If I've been asked about that house once, I have a hundred times. "For mercy's' sake, driver," the tourists will say, about as we begin to climb Tory Hill, "how did any one ever come to paint a house in such a ridiculous way? Half of it white, with green blinds; the other half brown with no blinds at all. Well, I declare!" When I tell them I painted it myself, I know that I've got to spin that yarn over again.

It's astonishing what an appetite summer boarders have for stories. I've told the old ones so often that sometimes I draw on my imagination a little bit. There's that unpainted house on the Henniker road. Folks was so set and determined that it must be haunted that I had to think up a ghost. I came near getting found out one day, for I forgot that I'd said it was an old man, named Brown, that got drowned in the cistern there, and told the next party I took out that it was a girl disappointed in love. When they compared notes and asked me to explain, I said that both of them were drowned, that drowning ran in the family—and a lady reporter for a Boston paper made a three-column story of it. If I'd said, what was so, that William Flanders and wife had always lived in the house and had never had any trouble excepting when their cow got lost on the mountain, it would have seemed awful tame.

But I was going to tell you about the two-colored house. Stick to the truth? Of course I will. I always do, excepting when some lady will feel bad if I don't sell her a Mayflower sugar-bowl. In that case I always try to find one; and she goes away perfectly happy, and no harm's done.

Well, I'll have to begin back a ways. When Squire Davis died and left that house jointly to his daughters, it was as nice a specimen of a before-the-Revolution farm-house as you ever looked at. The girls were twins—Caroline and Charity—and looked as near alike as two peas in a pod. Their own mother used to take one for the other; and so when they began to grow up, Caroline used to wear a pink ribbon bow on the waist of her dress and Charity a blue one. Their dispositions didn't need any bows on though; Charity being quiet and a great worker and Caroline a sort of tomboy and as sassy as you please. But they sat an awful sight by each other, and never had a quarrel until they were left alone with the house.

Folks generally never knew how the falling out began, but I've pieced a little here and a little there together and got it straight in my mind. 'Twas about a man—Amos Burrill. He was the postmaster's son, and about as shiftless and good-for-nothing a young fellow as you ever laid eyes on; and he drank, besides. But Charity Davis thought he was the salt of the earth. So did Caroline, but she didn't say much about it. Caroline was sort of sly, anyway, though appearing so outspoken.

For a long while no one knew which one of the girls Amos liked best; but at last we noticed that the one he took buggy riding or came to singing school with had a blue ribbon on her dress, and that settled that it was Charity. In those days girls didn't tell all creation when they were going to be married. It's different now. Why, last week I saw in a paper published up in Boston "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so announce the engagement of their daughter." My sakes! and they respectable people!

Now don't ask me to tell how I knew about the quarrel Charity and Amos had. Maybe I had gone up one evening to see if the girls would sell me a pewter platter for a New York woman and was was sitting on the side steps waiting for some one to appear and maybe I wasn't. At any rate, Amos came rolling up the walk from the gate. He walked like a sailor; took after his grandsir Burrill, who was captain of a whaler. 'Twas in June and most as light as day. I could see the goose grease shining on his hair and boots, and he had on his Sunday coat—one he'd bought at a second-hand shop in Portsmouth; and the sleeves were too short, and it was so tight in the back that it hiked up like a piece of birch bark.

Some one met him at the door and I heard him say, "Hello Caroline!"

"How did you know I was Caroline?" a voice asked.

"By the pink bow, of course," he said. "Let's sit down and have a little talk. It isn't often I get a chance for a visit with you nowadays."

Then she said: "Tell me, Amos how did you come to choose Charity instead of me?"

And he answered kind of soft: "Well, 'twas this way. I always liked you the best, because you had some spirit; but Charity was always running after me and cooking me things, and bragging of her housekeeping, and before I knew what I was doing I was engaged to marry her. But I'll keep my promise, though it'll be hard to be tied up to such a milk-and-water creature."

"Milk-and-water!" screamed the girl. "I'm Charity! Caroline's gone to a neighbor's. I wore one of her pink bows on purpose, to find out your real feelings; and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man living."

He tried to make her believe that he knew her all the while, but the little pink bow came flying around the house and lodged in a hollyhock bush, and she slammed the front door in his face and he went rolling off to the gate and down the road to the village.

Caroline came home a little while after that, singing like a robin after a shower; but the song died away when Charity opened the door.

"You've been a very wicked woman!" exclaimed Charity. "You stole Amos away from me, and I'll never speak to you again."

Caroline tried to explain matters, but it was no use and finally she said:

"Well, Charity, have it your own way. You keep one side of the house, and I'll take the other."

Charity sent for me the next morning. She was looking very white, but as firm as Gibraltar.

"Joel," she said, keeping her word not to speak to her sister, "we're going to keep house separately.

And, talking to each other through me, they arranged how to divide the furniture. After that I always acted as go-between whenever they had to consult each other about anything. At first it occasioned a good deal of talk in the village; but other things happened and pretty soon nobody mentioned it. The priest used to call on one of the girls and then on the other. The girls themseves sort of settled down to letting each other alone, and so it went on for five years. Then it got to be actually necessary to have the house painted to save it from rack and ruin and they sent for me. The girls looked about as young as ever, only Charity dressed terribly plain and had her hair slicked back, and Caroline had hers curled in ringlets and wore a red dress. They seemed to want to look as different as they could.

"Joel," said Charity, "I want my half of the house painted.

"What color?" says I.

"The color it's been for a hundred years," she answered; "and the same green on the blinds."

"And I want my half fixed up modern," said Caroline. "You can put away the blinds in the barn; and I want some new windows, with big panes of glass in them, and the house painted a nice lively brown color."

Now, painting is one of my trades, and I've got my living to earn and taxes to pay; so I went to work and—suffering cats?—the house was a sight to look at when 'twas done, and my conscience kind of smote me. But the girls seemed satisfied, so I didn't see as if I had any call to blame myself.

Things went on quietly for a long while after. And one day I saw Amos Burrill walking up toward the Davis house. He was peddling lightening rods, and was what his grandsir would have called "half-seas-over," and I don't believe he knew where he was going. I followed him, and saw him knock at the front door, and Charity opened it. I didn't hear what she said, but he went off looking sort of scared and sobered. [illegible]

About a week after that Charity came into my shop.

"Joel," says she, "Caroline and I have been stubborn and mean long enough. I know we're laughing-stocks, and we deserve to be. Maybe she's right about having things newfangled. I've got to go to Bradford to take care of my cousin Ellen, who's down with lung fever; and while I'm gone away I want you to paint my side of the house to match sister Caroline's, and fix the windows the same, too."

We talked a little about the expense and she went home.

In the afternoon who should come in but Caroline!

"It's ridiculous to try to make a new looking house out of one that was built in Washington's time," says she. "I've got to go to Concord to attend some business and visit my aunt; and while I'm gone I want you to paint my side of the house the color it used to be, and you'll find the old blinds and window sash in the barn."

After she'd gone I thought about seeing Amos, and reasoned it out that they saw he'd never been worth fighting for.

It seemed very funny to change both sides of the old house. But I was overstocked with paint, and afraid it would spoil; so I set my son's to tending to the old ladies who want "antiques," and went to work.

I was at the house straightening up things when they got back. The trains happened to meet at Hilltop that day, one being late; and the girls walked up from the village together, one on each side of the road—not speaking; and when they got to the house they looked bewildered, then burst out laughing.

"Such simpletons as we've been!" said Charity.

"I was to blame," said Caroline.

"No; I was the one," Charity answered. "Let's go in and have a cup of tea right off. Cousin Clara gave me a pound of the best."

And as far as anybody knew, that was all they ever said about their fuss.

They've been going to the Sewing Circle steady ever since, dressed just alike, only Charity wears a blue bow and Caroline a pink one. And next week I'm going to paint the house again just as it was in Squire Davis' time.

An improbable story? I guess, ma'am, that you aren't much acquainted around Hilltop, or you wouldn't say that.—Flora L. Stangeld in the Ave Maria.

Around the Globe

The Eighth Congress of the Catholics of Austria will be held at Innsbruck in September. A practical program is now being prepared. A great meeting is anticipated.

Through the generosity of Bishop Conaty, the Los Angeles Public Library has come into the possession of a number of rare works of Irish history and art. The majority of the books are out of print and were secured by the Bishop while abroad.

Rev. Father Leonard, an English Passionist, has been appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Dulcet, Passionist Bishop of Bulgaria. While it is against the rule of the Passionist Order to accept episcopal honors, there are occasions in which the infringement is permissable, as in this case, in which the See is held in [illegible]

News From Ireland

Armagh.

The Lord Lieutenant has declined to reduce the sentence passed on those convicted of rioting in Lurgan on the 6th of August last.

Carlow.

An interesting function took place at the parochial house, Goresbridge, on April 4, when Rev. Father O'Brien was presented with an illuminated address by the members of the Gaelic League branches in Rossgallis Clonaheen, Hermitage, and Clonsalee.

The solemn profession of Miss Elizabeth Whelan, in religion Sister Mary Caire, and formerly of Tierhogar, Portarlington, took place on the Feast of the Convent March 19th, at the Mother House of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny, Paris.

Cavan.

Married.—April 5, at Kilgarry by the Rev. T. Clarke, P.P., V.F. Laragh (uncle of the bridegroom) assisted by the Rev. C. Magee, Adm., Cavan, John Clarke, M. D., youngest son of Patrick Clarke, Farthadreen, Ballieborough, County Cavan, to Mary Josephine, fourth daughter of the late James Callanan Holland, M. D., J. P., Bridge House, Dungarvan, County Waterford.

Clare.

At the Catholic church, Monmore, on Easter Sunday, March 28, a pretty wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Carey, C. C., Kilrush, the contracting parties being Michael O'Brien, son of the late John O'Brien, merchant, Henry street, to Norah, daughter of John Crowley, of Carnacoss, Kilrush.

Cork.

A handsome Celtic cross was unveiled at Dunbilogue churchyard, Cork, on April 3, to Thomas Murphy, a steadfast Nationalist.

John Redmond, leader of the Nationalists in the House of Commons, handed a deputation of the Cork Corporation and the Irish Chambers of Commerce, which called on Postmaster-General Samuel on March 31, to ask him to use his influence with the Cunard Steamship Company to induce it to have its steamships call at Queenstown on the outward and homeward trips. Mr. Samuel replied that under the present arrangement by which the Mauretania stops at Fishguard instead of Queenstown, the mails reach London three and a quarter hours earlier. By this means the letters for other points also catch the night outgoing mail from London, which is considered of paramount importance.

Derry.

Most Rev. Dr. McHugh, Bishop of Derry, has subscribed [illegible] dollars to the Parliamentary funds—this is double his lordship's usual subscription.

Dublin.

Married.—April 5, at the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, by the Rev. J. Mooney, P. P.; Graiff-na-Managh, assisted by the Rev. J. A. O'Donnell, C.M., Phibsboro, Thomas P. Joyce, merchant, Graig-na-Managh, son of the late John Joyce, [illegible], County Carlow, to Mary, second daughter of Arthur Doyle, Graig-na-Managh.—April 4, at St. Joseph's church, Glasthule, by the Very Rev. Canon Murray, P. P., Ernest Duke, son of the late Marmaduke Watson, architect, [illegible] Northumberland, to Annie Teresa, daughter of the late Ames MacDonnell Byrne, Local Government Auditor, Mornington House, Sandycove, County Dublin.

Kerry.

Rev. Father Burke, C.C., Ballybunion has been appointed P. P. of Caherdaniel in succession to the late Rev. Father McCarthy.

At the teachers' congress in Dublin recently, J. M. Feneighty, Tralee was elected district representative for District No. 4.

Fermanagh.

S. F. Kerr, J.P., [illegible]

with a piano as a token of regard, and a memento of his years of association with the officials of the Midland Railway, Northern Counties Committee. Mr. Kerr has had forty-five years' service on the railway.

Leitrim.

William Higgins, an eccentric character, died in Carrick-on-Shannon recently. "Billy," as he was familiarly called, had a wonderful memory, and without the least difficulty could give the exact dates of the deaths of different people in the locality who died several years ago. His people were originally from County Donegal, and his antecedents first came to Connacht in 17[illegible].

James Khagan, aged about [illegible] years, was married on April 4 to a widow named Mrs. Mary McGoldrich, aged 73 years. The marriage took place in the Catholic church, Ballinamore, and was performed by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, C.C. This is the fourth occasion on which this lady has been a bride, twice in America and twice in Ireland.

Limerick.

On Monday, March 28, Rev. Michael J. McNamara, O. M. I., was raised to the dignity of the priesthood and celebrated his first mass on the following morning. The young priest is a native of Limerick city, and is the eldest son of Joseph McNamara, Dublin. He received his early education from the Christian Brothers, and afterwards entered St. Munchin's College, [illegible]

There he was prepared [illegible] ecclesiastical studies, and entered the Novitiate of the [illegible] of Our Lady [illegible], from which he proceeded to [illegible] College in Liege, Belgium [illegible] after a successful course of studies, he was ordained [illegible].

Mayo.

[illegible]

Married.—At the Church of Our Lady, Mulranny, on April 7, by Rev. William H. Kelly, C.C., Kilmeena, Nina Mary, eldest daughter of the late [illegible] Moore O'Malley [illegible] Blackwell [illegible]

David J[illegible]

Judge Murphy [illegible] Grand Jury at the [illegible]

[illegible]

Memorial [illegible]

Extract from the [illegible] at the Trojan [illegible] held in Rochester, N. Y. [illegible] 1910, by Rev. Wm. [illegible] Chelsea, Mass. [illegible] Joseph's Seminary [illegible]

Bishop Hendrick [illegible]

[illegible]