The Catholic Journal

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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News From Ireland

Cavan.

The Killeshandra Branch, U.I.L., is agitating for the reinstatement of John Reilly in his old homestead at Coragh.

Two old age pensioners, Mrs. Albert Leechnarbone and John Gere, recently returned from America, were married at Ballyconnell on May 19.

Clare.

Sixty heads of cattle were driven off the lands of Wilmot Smith at Killoran, near Broadford, Clare, recently. The cattle were found at a distance of seven or eight miles from the lands next day.

Cork.

One of the oldest members of the Community of the Sisters of Mercy, Bantry, has just passed away in the person of Mother Gertrude Crean, at the very advanced age of 95 years.

Donegal.

The tenants on the Barton estate in the Pettigo district have petitioned the Congested districts Board to purchase the property as the landlord and tenants could not agree on terms.

Down.

John Grennan, Ballyaughlan, has been appointed a justice of the peace for the county.

The Very Rev. D.B. Falvey, O. P., is the new Prior of St. Catherine's Queen St., Newry, in succession to the Very Rev. J. M. Moore, O.P., who has been appointed prior of the church of San Clemente in Rome.

Fermanagh.

Edward Brady, Cleghan, has been appointed a justice of the peace.

Galway.

The Convent of Mercy, Galway is the poorer by the death of Rev. Mother Alphonsus Martyn, who passed away recently in her 86th year, sixty-four of which were devoted to religion. Deceased belonged to an old County Galway family, and was foundress of the Mercy Convent at Oughterard.

Kerry.

A severe thunderstorm broke over the Berehaven district on May 19. An aged woman named Mrs. Murphy, residing at Eyrles, while sitting by the fireside in her home, was struck dead by lightning and the walls of the house were badly shattered.

Kilkenny.

Dr. Pierce Grace, Gaulstown, Tullaroan has been elected assistant medical superintendent of Kilkenny asylum.

Kings.

The death took place on May 18, at his residence, Main street, Banagher, of Patrick Hynes, at an advanced age.

Leitrim

Owing to the fact that there are only six men in the Manorhamilton workhouse and all of them old and infirm, a movement has been started with the object of closing the workhouse and renaming the institution the Manorhamilton District Hospital.

Limerick.

On Sunday morning, May 14, James McGrath, a well known shopkeeper, residing at Athea, went for his usual morning walk along the Gale, and returning felt unwell, and died in a couple of hours of heart failure.

Monaghan.

The death took place recently of Simon Marron, at his residence Peaste, Carrickmacross, at the age of eighty-four years.

Sister M. Bonaventure, matron of the Carrickmacross Union, has resigned her position and will be replaced by Sister M. Roche.

Wicklow.

M. F. Mulcahy of Arklow has been promoted to the important position of agent of the Bank of Ireland, Kilkenny.

Waterford

Sister Mary Lua has resigned as nurse in Waterford Union Hospital where she served for twenty-seven years.

Her Sister's Keeper

"At three-thirty? Very well, Mrs. Laidlaw. You may count on me to do what little I can for the edification and enlightment of your society savages. Good-bye."

Delmege hung up the receiver and sat back with a faint smile.

"There's a combination for you," he mused. "An afternoon tea for sweet charity's sake with poetic readings by a rising young novelist thrown in for good measure! I suppose Mrs. Laidlaw calls it philanthropy. One notable difference between charity and philanthropy is that philanthropy never seriously inconveniences the philanthropist.

He arose leisurely, glanced at his watch, donned a black frock coat in deference to the rigid ethics of afternoon functions and left his simply furnished apartment in the St. Cyprien. A full two hours lay between him and the promised readings, and the afternoon was bright and inviting out of doors.

Delmege walked briskly out Geary street, the tang of the crisp, clear atmosphere in his blood, and turned in at the shabby gate of Mount Calvary Cemetery. The condemned burying ground once far beyond the city limits, was a favorable rendezvous of the author of "The Machine," "The Great American Myth," and some dozen successful and mildly discussed short stories. It was here, in the forgotten city of the forgotten dead, that he invariably found peace and enlightment and inspiration. It was a fact that amused him very much that he had infallibly discovered the plot germs of funny stories at wakes and in cemeteries.

He climbed up the incline of the main drive—the weeds running riot with the long grasses hanging over moss-clad grave curbings—turned sharply to the right and seated himself on the crumbling wall of granite that bounded the plot years before assigned to the departed Brothers of the Precious Blood. The congregation had been a great teaching order in its day, and in the pioneer period of the city's existence had been a force in religious and municipal life, now the local houses of the order had long been closed, and the eleven mounds here in Mount Calvary Cemetery, with their weather-stained wooden crosses, were all but forgotten.

"It's a fortunate thing," mused Delmege in his whimsical way, "that the men whose bodies rest here had higher aims than earthly fame and human recognition. And over yonder is the massive vault of George P. Towne, the man who had boasted that he meant to leave a monument behind him. Well, there's his monument, all right; but I daresay it doesn't exactly square with the late George P's aspirations."

A rustling in the long grass caused Delmege to look over his shoulder, and he saw an old and poorly dressed woman approaching. His trained eye promptly discovered her role in the inscrutable drama of life.

"She's a victim of poverty, depression and asthma. Also, she has been drinking more than is good for her."

The woman looked cautiously at Delmege, stopped and moistened her lips with her tongue. She drew a tattered gray shawl more closely about her narrow stooping shoulders and said:

"I hope I'm not disturbing you sir, but I wonder if you could let me have the price of a cup of coffee?"

Her tones were dry and very tired. It was evident that her mendicant formula was very familiar to her own ears.

Delmege, rising to his feet noted the hard glint that came into the woman's eyes as his hand slipped into his trouser pocket.

"Thank you, sir," she murmured, her thin, soiled fingers closing on the coin he proffered her; "God will reward you for helping a poor woman in distress."

On the point of moving away, she cast another glance at his face. Then she stood stock still, the look freezing into a surprised incredulous stare.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, partly to herself. "You can't be—are you little Tommy Delmege?"

"I used to be, long ago," he smiled, "when I had no literary aspirations. Now they insist on calling me T. Pemberton. But, my dear madam, you certainly have the advantage of me."

"Yes, it must be Tommy Delmege," the woman continued. "I'd know those eyes of yours anywhere. I remember we used to argue about whether they were brown or gray."

"That," laughed Delmege, "is still a matter of debate."

"And you used to serve Mass at St. Margaret's; and I remember the time you got a set of books in the parochial school for the best English composition; and then I—"

Delmege took a quick step forward.

"Good heavens!" he whispered "You are the priests' Annie!"

The childhood phrase came to his lips automatically, Here, after many years, was the plump and rosy "second girl" in the clergy residence at St. Margaret's. Here was the Annie who used to open the door and sweep the front steps and make a gay morning trip down Twenty-fourth street to the bakers and fruit stand. Here was the Annie who had tied up his cut finger that awful day he had played at fighting a duel with Joe Kelly, the Annie who had on many occasions conveyed cakes and apples to the altar boys. Here was Mrs. Laidlaw's sister!—

The two women—how well he remembered it all—had been employed in the priest's house. One day Annie had disappeared and no word was spoken of her after. Vainly had he asked his mother, Father Don, Bill, the sexton, her own sister Kate. It was as though the earth had swallowed her up, for the place that knew her once knew her no more.

Then Kate had married Colonel Laidlaw and blossomed into a well-groomed and wealthy society lady. The process was slow and took place while Delmege was in college. Once, while he was a reporter on The Echo, Delmege had ventured to ask Mrs. Laidlaw what had become of Annie, and was told that nobody knew. And now, today, he knew.

"I suppose," said the woman, a hard, bitter smile distorting her features, "you hardly expected to see me today?"

"Annie, sit down here, please; you look tired. I hardly expected to see you any day. I need hardly tell you that I am surprised. And there is a coincidence in this matter, too. The last person I was speaking to was Kate."

The woman pursed up her lips.

"Don't talk about Kate," she said shortly. "She's nothing to me. Oh, yes," she added, putting out her hand as Delmege was about to speak. "I know all about her. I see the papers sometimes, and whenever I do I'm sure to find her name on the society page—and the church page, too. I suppose people call Kate a pillar of society. I wonder what they'd call me?"

"You mustn't look at things like that Annie. I'm sure you have been very unfortunate and eventually have lost heart. You know I have never heard a word about you or got a hint of your whereabouts since that time, nearly twenty years ago, when you left St. Margaret's."

"You don't know why I left? Well, I married a man nobody thought I should have married. He's been dead for fifteen years—drank himself to death. And it was good riddance. I was a fool of course; but plenty of other girls have made mistakes."

"And repaired them?"

"Some do. But some need help to repair mistakes. I'm that kind. I wrote to Kate and my letters were returned unopened. I called to see her at her Van Ness avenue mansion—called six times and she was never at home. If she had only been a sister to me, helped me a little, given me a word of consolation, my life might have turned out well enough; but she slammed her door in my face and—you see what I am."

Delmege bowed his head. The wind from the ocean was rustling the long grass, and the cypress trees bent as though beneath a burden of sorrow and wrong and sin.

"I'd rather not tell you, Tommy, how I've lived all these years. I'm good for nothing now. I'm forty-five, but I look twenty years older. I've no pride, no shame, no hope—it's all been knocked out of me. I go around every day and ask for a handout. Sometimes it's the St. Vincent de Paul Society, sometimes in the Salvation Army, sometimes it's a man I meet in the street. I've always got a pain here"—she struck her breast—"and I'm tired of everything."

She rose suddenly, scalding tears in her eyes.

"I'm glad I met you, Tommy. Good-bye!"

To be continued.

Fiftieth Anniversary

Bishop Hickey to Celebrate Pontifical High Mass at St. [illegible]

St. [illegible] church [illegible] day will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. At 10 [illegible] Bishop Hickey will [illegible] high mass and preach [illegible] sermon. The [illegible] Rev. William [illegible] Joseph's church [illegible] congregations in [illegible] reception on Monday [illegible] members [illegible] and their friends.

The church was [illegible] Redemptorist [illegible] Joseph's church [illegible] three church buildings [illegible] cated by Bishop [illegible] falo, Rochester being [illegible] ing contained about [illegible] rectory, Rev. John F. [illegible] the first pastor, [illegible] 1866 when he was [illegible] Rev. F. Payer. The [illegible] Notre Dame then took charge [illegible] the school.

In 1869 the building was remodeled, Rev. Henry Renker became pastor of the church. In 1886 plans for a new church building were drawn, the corner stone being laid by Bishop Quald in 1888. On the death of Rev. Father Renker, Rev. Frederick Rauber became pastor and during his pastorate the convent and parish [illegible] built. Because of his [illegible] he was succeeded by Rev. John F. Bowen, [illegible] pastor. The membership of the church is more than [illegible]

Representative of Rochester Diocese

Rev. M.J. Nolan Goes to Chicago Conference

The Catholic Educational Association of America, in which are interested practically all the Catholic educational institutions in the United States will hold its annual convention in Chicago all this week, beginning Monday. The delegate from Rochester is Rev. [illegible] D., chancellor of the diocese, president of St. Andrew's [illegible] mary. The convention will be held under the patronage of Archbishop James E. Quigley.

Such Fools

The Old Gent—Do you think [illegible] my daughter, sir? Do you think [illegible]

Young Gent—Think you, sir? [illegible] I know. [illegible] my mother—[illegible]

The [illegible] Gentleman—[illegible] sir, [illegible] you [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] helped me a little, given me a [illegible]