The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

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Judge Donahue's Return.

It was well past midnight. As Judge Donahue restlessly paced the long library adjoining his study, the roar of New York city never entirely lulled at any hour of the twenty-four, resounded in his ears as from afar, like the sobbing of a distant sea.

He could not sleep for he was flushed, not from wine, indeed, but with triumph. Some hours before he had been the guest of the evening at a banquet prepared to do him honor in that greatest of [illegible]anseries the Waldorf-Astoria, and his ears yet tingled and pulsed to the music of adulation. Some portion of this he could discount; the mere after-dinner work of wits and known jesters who could speak up and even knew well when to "shut up," but whose labor in standing up at all times evoked his pitying amusement.

Yet other men cast in far other molds had preceded and followed these—men of proven and commanding ability in the professions, in commerce and in the higher politics, whose sober hands had struck one euphonious, unfaltering chord—had struck it loud, long and in unison. "Our guest—this Judge—this Patrick Joseph Donahue, has arrived. The ball is at his feet."

The Judge knew the truth of this. His success in the law, in politics, his tireless fight for money and place, his shrewd investment of the hoarded dollar we Irish of the dispersion are over-apt to idolize, these things had cleared the upland path.

The chief speaker of the evening, a leader and most cautious bottle-holder of the great party to which Donahue belonged, had let fall certain hints of higher things not lost at the reporter's table. The Judge watched the flying pencils with fierce exultation, masked by impassiveness not wholly acquired in the courts. Meanwhile the banquet hall rocked to tumultuous cheering and the great man finished his speech and sat down, with a very significant bow.

Little wonder the Judge could not sleep. His mind kept traveling onward and upward along radiant avenues and vistas all leading—what thither? Well, and why not? The White House had stood open to gaunt Abe Lincoln, the uncouth splitter of rails. Need its portals remain sealed to this brilliant well-ballasted Celt?

The man's fierce joy—all the greater to one of his temperament because unshared, and the Judge was a bachelor—made his temples throb till pleasure grew into pain. To sober his mind he drew a volume at random from a red-bound row of favorites on the nearest shelf and sat down with same hope of at length wooing sleep to his eye-lids.

Mechanically he turned the book over to read the title. It was "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Where and when before had he read thas tale of hypocrisy and greed—one barely if sweetly saved from putrescence by the love and symplicity of Ruth and dear Tom Pinch? Little Patrick Donahue (the "u" and the "O" had been shed in the climbing years), had always thought this brother and sister more Irish than Saxon, as though, God-fearing Protestants both, they had wandered somehow into wicked London from a Palatine farm in in a corner of his native glens.

Looking back through the years he could see a paper-covered copy of the book now in his hand—could see that, and its reader, a lank boy of fifteen who had somehow contrived to purchase and secrete it. Every detail stood out in the picture—even the boy's unkempt hair of chestnut brown was presented with unflattering fidelity. The Judge looked on and watched.

The boy lay prone in a tumble-down barn on a heap of pease-haulm, the wattle he should have been wielding to flail the dried peas from their shells lying idly at his side. He was immersed in the opening chapters of the poor romance which shows so reluctantly the imprint of a cockney wizard's hand. While his Celtic brain despised them, the boy could not but follow the two puppets—young Martin, as dry and as wooden a stick as the rod beside him, and his maniacally sanguine companion, Mark Tapley—all the way to America and back. The boy felt, as perhaps Charles Dickens did, that the pair were bats if not owls, who deserved little better than they got. If only the lean and lazy looking lad on the peas straw had been given Martin's chances, how different would he have used them! He had Martin's education, and more. With Martin's money he could have stayed in New York and sat down on some editor's doorstep till he wrung from him work in the office, were it only as a messenger boy. He would work up the speed of the shorthand he knew. The reporter's pencil should be his sword, wherewith to open the world's oyster. He would work by day and read law by night. His Latin was good for fifteen—as good as his algebra was bad.

Journalism—the law.

Rudely were the boy's day dreams of a voluntary exile interrupted by a shower of blows from the stick he had tossed aside. Looking up, the boy found himself staring in the eyes of a peasant woman—eyes brown with the brown of a thrush's wing and won't to be very meek, but now enkindled with the fire of a righteous vexation.

"O, Patrick, Patrick!" she cried, "can you be your dead father's son and mine at all, at all? Will you never, never obey me. God be good to John O'Donahue this sorrowful day."

The tall lad stood upright and sullenly he confronted her. She snatched the book from his unwilling fingers.

"Dreaming, dreaming," she moaned. "Deaming always. O Patrick, the simple, aisy work I set you two hours ago is not begun! When you were a little fellow, ah then . . ."

A catch came into her breath, but she bravely controlled it.

"Have you forgotten that the work you now won't do was then child's play to you? Were you ever and always running to pull my skirt, with your 'Mammy, can I do this for you?' 'Mammy, can I do that?' That was when your poor father was taken away and left me to do what I could for you with the shop and the little holding here—and dear knows, poor, foolish boy, if I have slaved it was for you and you alone. Sure 'tis the novels that have ruined you, with their lying ramies. Oh, the ribbish-rabbish you do be forever filling your head with, and never a rellijus book in your hand or a book about poor Ireland. 'Tis heart-broken you have made me."

Pride came to the boy's rescue. He was irritated, but, alas! not ashamed. He frowned defiance, conscious of ill-doing, annoyed and unrepentant.

"O Wirra Wauber Dhae!" cried the mother, her purpose growing stronger. "There must be an end to this." And she looked scornfully at the book in her hand held back from the boy's long reach. "Was it for this I toiled and scraped to give you three years at St. Foylan's. 'Tis a mericle to me now, how the money was made and paid, and 'tis often the good Fathers had to give me the long day. Still and all, you'd be with them now, but they tell me 'tis waste to go on and leave you there. They have always said you were the clever boy, Patrick, eager to learn whatever you liked, but sorra the day's work they could get out of you at what you didn't fancy, at the arithmetic, is it? O, the—"

She paused for the hard and unfamiliar word. The boy would not help her with a syllable. She came successfully out of the unkind ordeal.

"The mathematics," she said. "You neglected them till I doubted if you could reckon my poor accounts for me, let alone gauge a barrel or measure a field like the lads of your class that won prizes."

The boy sneered. Judge Donahue could see in the picture the curling lips and felt ruefully glad that the boy's mother had her eyes averted.

She continued: "And now what's to become of you? What's to become of myself, for that matter, though 'tis little indeed I think of that, you helpless, poor boy! With only one string to your bow, the Latin, 'tis idle to pass any Government examination. Yet 'tis never too late to do something, if you try. Do you think it doesn't cut me to the quick to hear what the neighbors say? The women are the bitterest. They do be saying: 'Tis a judgment on her, wanting to be bringing up her son a cut above the likes of us. Who is she, indeed? That's mean't to hurt, Patrick, and it does hurt a bit, but not one-half so bad as what the men say among themselves, not meaning to be spiteful at all. 'What's going to happen to Jack O'Donahoe's son? 'Tis bad the way he's turning out. I fear he'll be taking the gun some day.' That's what they say at the forge, I am told. O Patrick! the black shame of it, child. But I'll make a change from this out, beginning now."

In a moment she had torn the book asunder and shredded the pages. The boy approaching her—furious. His right hand was clenched. The woman raised her eyes. Perhaps she feared; if so, no sign of dread was visible. A certain radiance, as of sacrifice and motherhood, seemed to enhalo those sad brows. The boy turned on his heels and flung out of the barn, passionately weeping aloud in self-pity.

The picture faded from the Judge's view and was replaced by another.

He saw the gaunt boy again—the boy with the hard eyes and the tangled, dark-brown hair. He was sitting on the side of his bed, fully dressed before peep of dawn, with a clumsy bundle beside him, and coins in his hands which he counted feverishly.

The boy stood up, peered cautiously out of the window and then went tiptoe from the house—away from her. He ran swiftly along the bohereen to the road and then fared onward, to where masts and funnels showed clear in the distance against the unclouded morning sky.

(Concluded Next Week)

Weekly Church Calendar

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost

Gospel, St. Matt. xxii., 1-14
S. 15. Maternity of the B.V.M.
M. 16. St. Gall, Ab. C.
T. 17. St. Hedwige, W.
W. 18. St. Luke, Evangelist
Th. 19. St. Peter of Alcantara, C.
F. 20. St. John Cantius, C.
S. 21. St. Urusla and Comp., V.M.

Forty Hours

The "Forty Hours" devotion will be held in St. Augustine's city; Webster, Lima, Phelps, Owego, Interlaken, St. John's, Elmira; and McLean Oct 15.

At The Theater.

The coiffure of many women have been admired. Owing to so many requests, we wish to announce that these pretty and becoming styles in hairdressing are arranged at Guggenheim's Hair Store. First-class shampooing, manicuring, hair treating, facial massaging and children's hair cutting. New creations in first quality hair goods. Rochester Phone 4904, Bell Phone, Main 1641. Guggenhdim's Hair Store, 17 Clinton Avenue South, opposite Hotel Seneca.

Emmet Guards

The Emmet Guards will hold a dance on next Tuesday evening, October 17th, at the A. O. H. Hall, 198 West Main Street.

All their friends are cordially invited to attend, for there is sure to be a general good time.

Music will be furnished, by the 54th Regiment Band.

The following members are requested to report early at the hall: L. A. Mackey, M. T. Ryan, Martin J. Walsh, Ed. Hennessy, P. J. Mackey, Ed. O'Connell, Art Byrne, Patrick Kavanagh, John Cotter and Pete Cavanagh.

P. J. Mackey, Rec. Sec.

World's Fair Statue to Padre Junipero Serra

That one of the distinctive features of the 1915 World's Fair in San Francisco will be a colossal statue on the order of the Liberty Statue in New York harbor, seems to be practically settled upon. But what subject will be chosen for the statue is a question as yet undecided.

Lewis Rothe, a well-known sculptor of San Francisco has placed a proposal before the Board of Directors of the Exposition submitting a plan to make Padre Junipero Serra, the great Franciscan priest who founded civilized California, the subject of the monument.

Pope Aids Portugese Priests

Of the 8,000 priests of the Catholic Church in Portugal, only 2,000 have accepted stipends from the state, the other 6,000 are now penniless, many of them in precarious circumstances. Through the patriarch of Lisbon, assistance has been asked of the Holy See at Rome. The patriarch has received a reply from the Vatican and the Pope will give $500,000 for the relief of the priests.

Msgr. Falconio Denies Sensational War Story.

The apostolic delegate, Monsignor Diomede Falconio, made a statement of his disbelief of the report that the Pope blessed the sailors of the Italian fleet upon their departure for war with Turkey and declared that the Catholic church has taken no part in the conflict and that the church does not believe in war.

"I do not believe in war," Mgr. Falconio said, "and I do not believe that the Pope blessed the sailors of the Italian fleet.

"For the Holy Father to have done this would have been to clearly indicate to various foreign countries that the Catholic church is in sympathy with this war and it hopes for Italian success. The Catholic church is not in favor of war at any time."

Poison in Priests' Food

It is reported that a terrible fatality has taken place at the Jesuit community at Min—h near Cairo, Egypt. The entire community were taken violently ill during dinner. It is suspected that poison had been put in the food. The father superior and one brother have died, but the rest are progressing favorably. Altogether, ten persons were poisoned.

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News From Ireland

Antrim.

Judge McElroy, recorder of Belfast, and county court judge of Antrim, died suddenly at Belfast on September 6. He was appointed only last year.

A serious state of affairs is threatened in hundreds of North of Ireland industrial centers, chiefly connected with the linen trade, owing to the prevailing water famine. The Ballyclare paper mills, employing over a thousand hands, Kilpatrick Brothers' finishing works, with five hundred employes, in the same district, stopped work on Sept. [illegible] and from every part of Ulster the same tale is told.

Carlow.

Dr. Joseph Byrne, formerly a resident of Bagnalstown, and now holding a distinguished position amongst the members of his profession in New York, was a recent visitor to Ireland.

Sister Mary Ita Dowling, of the Convent of Mercy, Derry, died on September 6. The deceased was the eldest daughter of J. Dowling, Carlow. She went through a brilliant Intermediate course at the Convent of Mercy, Carlow. She entered the Order of Mercy in Derry, in 1904.

Cavan.

Michael Reilly, Lakard, has been appointed relieving officer of the Cavan No. [illegible] district at a salary of £12 10s per year.

Cork.

The Estates Commissioners recently reinstated Mr. McN[illegible] in a holding on the Vandeleur estate.

Cork.

On the feast of the Assumption, in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, Newport, [illegible] final vows of profession in the Order of St. Joseph [illegible] by Miss Margaret O'[illegible] religion Sr. Mary of the Angels, eldest daughter of the late Cornelius O'Mullane, Bantry.

Derry.

A meeting of the residents of Garvagh have agreed to the introduction of electric lamps of 25 candlepower each to be levied on the rates of the townland of Garvagh.

Down.

The death has occurred at an advanced age of Henry J. Kilbraith, who had been for many years secretary of Abraham Wilson's spinning mill. Deceased was a lifelong vegetarian.

Dublin.

An interesting celebration has just taken place in the Convent of the Presentation Order in Lucan. The occasion was the golden jubilee of Rev. Mother de Sales Mulvan, the present superioress of the Convent, and one of the [illegible] Convent.

Fermanagh.

George Dunlop, Lisbellaw, has been co-opted a member of Enniskillen rural council in room of his brother, disqualified for non-attendance.

Galway.

The death of Mother Mary Magdalen Fox occurred at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Gort, on September 2. The deceased religious was in the [illegible] year of her age, [illegible] of which were devoted to God's poor.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Patrick's church, Sept. 7, when the Very Rev. Father Considine, Adm. V. F., united in Holy matrimony John O'Connel and Miss Florence Boylan, secretary of the Galway Woolen Mills.

Kerry.

Miss Golden has been transferred on promotion from the [illegible] between post office to Boyle, Roscommon.

Limerick.

At the meeting of the Limerick Guardians on Sept. 5 a letter was read from Miss Canty [illegible] her position as nurse in the general hospital.

Monaghan.

Died, Sept. [illegible] Rev. [illegible] Walsh, C[illegible] John Phelan, [illegible]

Redmond [illegible] Statue of Parnell

The bronze statue of Charles S. Parnell, Irish [illegible] the finest achievements of the great sculptor A[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]