

# The Catholic Journal.

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## On the Nez-Perce Road

(Continued from last week)

That had been a comparatively happy year—except for the time she had been lost all night on the lonely hills. She shuddered remembering, and determined to confine her attention to the scenery of the roadside. The great sturdy trunks of the pines seemed to calm her fears; friendly trees they seemed, for she loved the woods. She pulled a bunch of pine needles, bruising them so, that the resinous odor filled the air.

A giant tamarack near the road edge had yielded its drooping green to repeated frosts and now stood desolately bare among the evergreen; a whimsical humor came to her that her nature, too had yielded much to repeated "frosts." A little chuckle at the joke shook her shoulders and there came to her the thought of the little country place where she had taught her first school, where the woods had glowed with scarlet and brown in the fall. That year she had been frivolously young and the path ahead through life had seemed as bright as the autumn woods. It was an odd coincidence, as she afterward remembered, that just as her mind was busy with this year of her life a man stepped suddenly out of the woods and into her path.

All that she saw for the moment was the huge cross-mark scar on his cheek, and as she stood paralyzed with fear every thing became a faint blue except that scar, which seemed to grow larger and larger; she was trying weakly to scream, when the words that he was saying seemed to reach her mind.

"Sadie," he said, in a meek hesitating voice, "don't you know me?"

Was she dreaming, she thought numbly. "Martin Mahaffy!" she exclaimed under her breath, and her strength began to come back to her. They stood looking at each other in silence for a moment, she in blank amazement, he in uncertain embarrassment.

"I knew you soon as I saw you back there a piece; an' I thought you might help me—I'm in such a blamed tight place."

He spoke haltingly, breaking up a piece of twig as he talked. She was remembering swiftly how queer, indeed, that she had been thinking of that little country place where she had taught her first term and Martin Mahaffy had been one of the neighborhood boys. "Best hearted lad in the country," his mother used to say, "barring the quick temper of him." And this was the desperate character that she had been dreading! She threw back her head with a glad laugh of relief.

He threw away the twig. "Then you'll help me," he said grinning in sympathy, just as he used to do. "All I want is to get out of the country. I never meant to take his money, only what he owed me, but I got so mad clean through that I took all he had before I knew what I was doing."

He was holding out a crumpled roll of bills. The jumbled explanation was just like Martin's of old, and though she could not quite make out what it all meant she knew he was a "good hearted lad" still, and she was glad.

"You haven't changed a bit," she exclaimed irreverently.

Then remembering his serious predicament she grew grave again, while he explained more fully. He and Carter had made a trade, with money paid over "the boot" by Martin. Later he had found that he had been cheated, and acting on the impulse of his quick temper he had waylaid Carter to get his money back; in his excitement he had taken the whole roll of bills; incidentally a few shots were exchanged. Martin did not seem to be much troubled by that, as the man was not seriously injured, but he said he couldn't leave the country until he returned the money. He

had hidden near the road in hopes of seeing a man who had been a friend of his and intrusting the money to him. He drew a sigh of relief when his story was told.

"I heard when I first came here that a Miss Gallagher was teaching the Ridge school, but I never thought of it being you till I saw you back there near the tamarack."

Then before they knew it they were deep in reminiscence of Oakdale days, and the "young folks" they knew then; where they were and whom they had married proved to be of absorbing interest. Their "d'y" remembrances were soon punctuated with hearty laughs as they called to mind humorous incidents.

"D'y remember Jack Cafferty?" he reminded mischievously. She giggled, quite as she used to do in those irresponsible days before she had discovered the necessity of self-repression, and she answered with "Have you forgotten Mamie Conley?" To her surprise there was a short silence. Then—

"No," he answered briefly. She looked up quickly, intuition supplying the rest. And as they strolled along he told her of the quarrel and how he had "lit out for the West soon after."

"His quick temper again," she said to herself, then, remembering certain confidences that Mamie had made to her when they were "chums," she argued at some length on the subject.

"If I get out of this, Sadie," he said presently, "I'm going back to the old farm."

"And to Mamie Conley," she suggested. He looked off dreamily and smiled. A rustle of branches brought the conversation to an abrupt stop. A man sprang out from the pines, leveled revolver pointing full at the head of the unfortunate Martin. "Hands up!" seemed to be ringing in the air, though Miss Gallagher could never remember whether the sheriff said the words or her mind supplied them. Anyway, Martin's arms rose promptly into the air.

In the instant that it all happened so many thoughts flashed through Miss Gallagher's mind that ages seemed to elapse before her action. A realization that his story, which seemed so natural to her, would seem highly improbable to one not knowing him as she did, and visions of the crude justice of the West, fought with a weak inclination to yield to what seemed inevitable.

"What can I do?" she kept saying to herself; and some way it was the thought of Mamie Conley that nerved her to her action. One thought pushed up through the chaos—there was one thing that a woman could always do, she thought rapidly. With a shrill feminine shriek she tottered forward and fell fainting across the arm that held the revolver. The shock of her fall against the arm discharged the pistol harmlessly into the air as she had known it would do, and Martin vanished into the woods.

She had never fainted before, and she now felt a wild desire to laugh aloud at her success. But she knew it would be more polite not to do so. Besides there was the danger of pursuit to be considered.

The sheriff was both angry and embarrassed. He had lost his quarry which was bad enough, but here was the unapproachable Miss Gallagher "fainting in her tracks" as he mentally expressed it. Chivalry demanded that he attend to her rather than to pursue the law breaker. Nervously he drew a flask of brandy from his pocket, carried in case of such emergency, and pulled the cork.

The mere odor proved enough and acting on the impulse of his quick temper he had waylaid Carter to get his money back; in his excitement he had taken the whole roll of bills; incidentally a few shots were exchanged. Martin did not seem to be much troubled by that, as the man was not seriously injured, but he said he couldn't leave the country until he returned the money. He

supposed to be, had not the feminine privilege of fainting. She faced him, frightened but deliberate.

"I didn't faint at all," she said. "You 'didn't faint!' he repeated in amazement. She drew a long breath thinking of the storm that would probably break at her disclosure.

"I wanted him to escape," she began bravely enough. "I knew him long ago—" Here she was obliged to pause for a moment for to her own surprise she found she was verging on tears. She tried to rally her "strength of character," remembering rather bitterly that this was supposed to be one of her most prominent characteristics. Yet as she proceeded with her story, her voice broke, and the self-control and decision acquired so painfully seemed to be washed away in those first few tears. Then she told of her early acquaintance with Martin away back in the sunny carefree days; of his hasty temper and the mistake he had wished to rectify. Shyly she spoke of Mamie Conley; it was a long explanation and unintentionally revealed the secret of her "unapproachable" manner.

"Here's the—the money," she finished, holding out to him the roll of bills. The sheriff took the money, absently-taking her hand as well.

Being a man of some discernment his opinion of her had suffered something of a charge during the recital. He saw that a naturally timid character had been obliged to make a brave pretence at being indomitable; he saw traces of other characteristics that he would never have suspected to find in Miss Gallagher, as he had heretofore seen her. And her appearance, too, seemed strangely altered with change of character. This might have been because the tightly coiled hair had loosened when she fainted, and now fluffed out around her face; it might have been the flush of excitement which was becoming to her usual pale face; or it might have been because the determination to be especially strong on discipline had been temporarily abandoned.

Sheriff Dwyer spoke very reassuringly, applauding her action as the one particularly proper under the circumstances, and praising her presence of mind until she was obliged to remind him that he was still appropriating her hand.

As it was necessary that some parts of the episode should be made known to the curious public, the sheriff found much to say in adjusting the details as they followed the road to Nez Perce. Together they compiled a report of the capture and escape of the desperate character, but Miss Gallagher's share in assisting his escape was not recorded. Assisting in the escape of a criminal was a punishable offense, he assured her, as sternly as he could with a twinkle in his eye. Talking of Martin led to more tales of Oakdale days, and Sadie Gallagher, fun-loving and happy, struggled up from the crypt into which she had been crowded by Miss Gallagher of the many years experience.

Emerging from the mountain road they stopped for a moment on the hillcrest, saying a few last words. For the sheriff must go back to Clearwater. At the foot of the hill the town of Nez Perce lay bright in the noon sun; Miss Gallagher was looking downward with a lingering smile, and the Miss Gallagher "fainting in her tracks" as he mentally expressed it, Chivalry demanded that he attend to her rather than to pursue the law breaker. Nervously he drew a flask of brandy from his pocket, carried in case of such emergency, and pulled the cork.

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Bear Looks Behind, the last of the Sioux chiefs and the successor of the late Hollow Horn Bear, dropped dead recently at White River Issue. The chief was a devout Catholic.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians will build at Roxbury, near Boston, a \$125,000 home.

## News From Ireland

**Antrim.**  
A vanman named James Taggart, aged sixty years, of 24 Cape St., Belfast, was taken suddenly ill on May 14 while working for the Great Northern Mineral Water company and died before medical assistance could be obtained.

**Armagh.**  
Lurgan Town Council has accepted the tender of William McKinney, Partadown, of £3,775 for erecting fifty-four houses under the Housing of the Working classes act.

**Cavan.**  
The people of Ballyjamesduff district are organizing a stock company to develop the coal seams in the district. There are several rich veins of coal on the farms adjoining the town of Ballyjamesduff and the operating of a mine in the neighborhood would be of great benefit to the people.

**Clare.**  
The death of Sister Mary Brigid, took place recently at the Convent of Mercy, Kilmah, where she so zealously labored for 28 years of her religious procession. The deceased religious was in the 57th year of her life.

**Donegal.**  
The Local government board have written to the Fermoy rural council sanctioning a supplemental loan of \$15,000 for the purpose of enabling the council to complete the improvement scheme under the Laborers act.

**Down.**  
The "Derry People" is authority for the statement that John Gallagher, of College street, Letterkenny, whilst walking in his garden, found a snake which measured a foot in length. The reptile was nearly dead. The finder exhibited it to the members of the Catholic Club, who congratulated him on his unique capture.

**Down.**  
Mrs. Margaret Collins, of Paterson's Place, Newry, died on May 11.

The progressive town of Warrenpoint was en fete on May 12 when the Lord Lieutenant paid a visit to that charming resort and formally opened a new and up-to-date water supply system.

**Dublin.**  
The late Dr. R. T. Hearn, of Rathmines, left estate valued at £3,105.

**Fermanagh.**  
Two well known and highly respected residents of this county have passed away in the persons of Mrs. Green of Newtownbutler and Vincent T. Herbert of Enniskillen.

**Galway.**  
A boy named Peter Hanley, of Cannon Island, Lough Corrib, who was accidentally shot on May 11 by a Galway mechanic while they were rabbiting, died on May 12.

**Kerry.**  
Dr. Shannahan of Lixnaw has been appointed house surgeon in St. Vincent's hospital, Dublin.

**Kildare.**  
On May 5, Messrs. M. Doyle and Son, auctioneers, Athy, sold 2 Irish acres, situated at Ramlin, Ballylinan, to Wm. Davis, Rathlin, for £55.

**Kilkenny.**  
Much damage was caused by fire in the county infirmary at Kilkenny early on the morning of May 13.

**Leitrim.**  
The death has occurred at Birr of P. Kelly, who served as town sergeant for a considerable period.

**Leitrim.**  
A pretty wedding ceremony took place on May 14 in Drumshambo when Miss Martha Hyland, youngest daughter of the late George Hyland and Mrs. Hyland, was married to Jas. Geelan, inspector of Harbor Police, Belfast.

**Sligo.**  
Eugene Clarke has resigned his position as engineer to the Sligo district council.

**Westmeath.**  
The following deaths have taken place: May 14, Wm. Brannigan, Cooksboro.

## Catholic News Notes

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has acquired the 13 feet 6 inches wide and 5 feet 2 inches high Tintoretto painting executed in Venice in the 16th century, and known as "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes."

At West Bend, Wis., a \$60,000 church is to be built.

The Society of the Holy Spirit, in New Orleans, distributed during the year 367,015 Catholic books, papers, tracts and leaflets.

The City Fire Prevention Bureau of Chicago requires churches to keep ready on hand and for use chemical extinguishers, in particular the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher.

The annual convention of the Federation of Catholic societies will be held in Milwaukee in August. Cardinal Gibbons has promised to Pontificate in the Cathedral, Sunday, August 10, the opening day of the gathering.

The dedication of the new mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, which will be known as the Convent of Mary Immaculate, at Hartford, took place Saturday afternoon, May 31.

Mother M. Regina, superior of the Franciscan Sisters for Colored Missions, who conduct the Industrial School of Our Lady and St. Francis, Baltimore, where they train colored girls for domestic service, died last week.

While temporarily insane, a man entered St. Michael's church, Chester, Pa., on a recent Sunday morning and damaged about \$1,000 worth of statuary and altar ornaments. He was subdued by the sexton and held until the arrival of the police.

Rev. Peter De Roo, rector of St. Joseph's church, Portland, Ore., recently celebrated the golden anniversary of his ordination and was presented by his brother priests with a handsome set of vestments.

Denver's first policewoman is Irish—Miss Josephine Roche, Chief of Police O'Neil says, "She's the best man on the force."

At Los Angeles, Cal., an Indian woman, 100 years old, was baptized by Father Eugene, O. M. F., the other day.

One of the most notable events in the annals of the Catholic Church in Ottawa, Ill., will be the dedication on Labor Day of three parochial schools by Archbishop Quigley of Chicago.

Arabia is a Vicariate Apostolic of its 12,000,000 inhabitants, about 15,000 are Catholics, having four churches, eleven missions and a few stations.

Dublin, Ireland, has had a phenomenal Catholic growth. A "Catholic Rescue Society" is now one of its needs.

Dr. Amici, the recently appointed physician to His Holiness, Pius X, now resides in the Vatican.

The Christian Brothers pupils in Australia have won seven Rhodes-Oxford scholarships in nine years.

## Weekly Church Calendar

S 22—Nativity of St. John the Baptist  
M 23—St. Etheldreda, V.  
T 24—St. Faustus, M.  
W 25—St. William, Ab.  
Th 26—SS. John and Paul, MM.  
F 27—St. Ladislaus, K. M.  
S 28—St. Irenaeus, Bp. M.

## Nazareth and Sacred Heart Graduations

Closing exercises of the grammar department of Nazareth Academy were held Wednesday night in Cathedral Hall. A class of 27 received certificates, but the programme called for the combined efforts of all the school. Cathedral Hall was elaborately decorated with flags, and the stage was transformed into a bower of palms with immense bowls of daisies, the class flower, used as the contrasting effect.

Rev. Stephen Byrne presented the graduates, and the Nazareth Junior Orchestra played a number of selections. A song by the junior class and a recitation, "Dinah's Philosophy" was well given by Margaret Logan.

A pantomime story of Baby Rosa, a song, "En Route to Dreamland," by the ladies, and an address by Bishop Hickey constituted the programme.

The graduating class was composed of Cecilia Allen, Alice Armstrong, Marguerite Brennan, Marie Christie, Alice Costello, Anna Craig, Esther Downs, Thelma Daur, Geraldine Dolan, Helen Ford, Harriet Gotta, Margaret Kellman, Isabel Chase, Anna Kettell, Mary Moran, Margaret Morgan, Dimple O'Boiler, Etanor Stewart, Hortense Savard, Margaret Shay, Helen Sheahan, Marie Schlick, Mary Schuster, Florence Tobin, Marie Tiffany, Marjorie Van Allen and Veronica Venuto.

The school year of the Academy of the Sacred Heart was brought to a close Wednesday afternoon when Bishop Hickey presented to the children the prizes for the various studies pursued by them during the year. Nearly thirty priests were in attendance. The guests were entertained by the pupils of the school, who gave an interesting programme, consisting of a play, recitations in French and German and several musical selections.

There was but one graduate, Miss Sarah A. Bowe. She was presented a gold cross. After the distribution of the prizes, Miss Bowe read an address in commemoration of the anniversary of the victory of Constantine. The ceremony was concluded with a solemn benediction by Bishop Hickey.

The annual field day of the First Regiment, Knights of St. John, of which Frank J. Schwalb, city assessor, is colonel in command, will be held at Glen Haven and Bay View on Wednesday, July 30th.

Ten commanderies will participate in the field day and will march in parade through downtown streets in the morning before boarding chartered cars for the resort. In the afternoon, a dress parade and review will be held. The committee in charge of the arrangements for the annual field day is composed of Captain Edward J. Bach, Captain Albert A. Golbach, Captain Henry M. Bamann, and Captain Adolf F. Bott.

## Knights Will Hold Picnic

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Geneva, June 18.—Geneva Assembly of Misses caravan, Order of the Alhambra, was organized here Monday evening with the following officers: President, T. J. Manley, Geneva; vice-president, Frank Shields, Auburn; secretary, L. J. Guard, Geneva; treasurer, J. J. Costello, Canandaigua.

At the banquet which followed the exercises Angelo J. Newman of Rochester was toastmaster and addresses were made by J. J. McInerney, J. P. McSweeney, Harry Crowley, of Rochester; Frank Shields of Auburn; J. J. Costello, of Canandaigua and T. J. Bolger of Geneva.

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