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21-25 Per Year, In Advance

Dr. Morrow

But even while she thus urged him he moved restlessly and fidgeted to be gone, and, tears falling unrestrained down her cheeks, the duchess moved to the door and opened it. Nor was the doctor himself much less distressed.

"Not ten but a hundred miles would I travel were it at any time but this," he said in a choked voice; "but now, believe me, I dare not; I can not tear myself away."

The street door was already opened when upon the threshold stood Father St. John. He had heard in the town of the steaming horses that had dashed along with the Duchess of Lille's carriage to Doctor Morrow's house, and, wondering what it might portend, had come along himself to inquire; and now the door opened and he saw the duchess in tears and the doctor beside her. The tale told itself—he knew without asking that she had come to seek his aid, and guessed that he had refused.

The arrival of Father St. John just at that moment was God's answer to those repeated prayers on the headlong ten-mile journey.

"Let me see your son, doctor," before the duchess goes," he said, and, not really needing permission, went softly but quickly upstairs. In a moment or two he returned, and the duchess, guessing his meaning, waited his verdict with a piteous look of expectation.

"How long did the journey here occupy?" he asked her.

"Scarcely more than an hour," she answered.

The priest calculated and murmured. "Three or four hours—exactly the duchess' own calculation."

"It will do," he said, and then, turning to the doctor: "Doctor Morrow, if your own health permits of the journey you may safely undertake it. I will sit with your son and be answerable to you for his being no worse on your return, and you may go with an easy mind to cure where others have failed."

Even the hearty words and confident manner of the priest failed altogether to move him. Certainly with no lesser man's assurance would he have been satisfied. He stood for a moment undecided and unwilling, but at last he pulled himself together and said simply:

"I will go, and let us not waste a moment. Father St. John, I leave my son in your hands—and in the hands of God. I will not go up again now. Tell him where I have gone. Duchess, I am ready."

To describe her almost hysterical relief at these words should be difficult. So glad was the look on her face that she might already have been told that her daughter was better and would live.

She hurried out to instruct the footman that no pains were to be spared as far as humanity allowed in urging the horses forward at their fastest, and in less than three minutes Doctor Morrow, seated opposite the duchess and her maid, was watching the flying panorama of phantom trees and hedges, as they sped swiftly by in the darkness.

His mind was too occupied to take much note of the passage of time, and he was surprised at its seeming shortness when the panting horses at last turned inward the avenue and soon afterwards drew up with a jerk before the open castle door.

"No change, madam," said the butler softly, anticipating the question which his mistress already had upon her lips: "but tainly as you saved it again the other day, doctor."

There seemed so much to talk of that the carriage was put up at the neighboring stables, and nothing would please the duchess more than a little cold luncheon, if it was not imposing upon the doctor's kindness. And after lunch, when the carriage returned, she resolutely declined to leave the house until they both had accepted her invitation to Corpse.

edies could avail, and boldly choosing the most desperate of all he succeeded beyond all expectation and left her in a calm and healthful sleep. And may be as a reward for leaving the son whom he thought was dying, to perform that act of mercy, he found on his return that there was a remarkable change for the better. Father St. John was still at his post of trust, and was delighted to hear of the success of the doctor's mission and the joy that she deemed was little less than a miracle. At first his son did not seem quite to understand where the doctor had been, but on mentioning the name of Helene he looked around and blushed.

"Helene, did you say? Helene?"

"Helene de Lille," replied Doctor Morrow, and noticing the blush and curious look upon his son's face, he added: "Did you think it was a Helene of your acquaintance?"

"There is one I know," he answered, "but it is unlikely to be she."

That night seemed to be the turning point of the illness. The next morning he was better, and on each succeeding morning, until at last one day three weeks later, he was able, leaning lightly upon his father's arm, to take a turn or two up and down the street. As they were turning the duchess' carriage drove up to the doctor's door, and this time a radiant vision of youth and beauty stepped out with the duchess and blushed to find herself face to face with the doctor and his son. Or was it only on finding herself face to face with the son who in his turn was blushing like a schoolboy?

But the duchess herself had not noticed it. For the hundredth time she repeated her gratitude, the impossible debt she owed to his goodness, her gratification that his son was better, her thanks again and again to the cleverest man in the whole wide universe. He ought to be Court Physician; he was already talked of by half the nobility for fifty miles around; he would become as famous as any doctor who had ever lived.

And then for a moment she ceased her voluble flow of praise to notice that a few paces off Helene and the other newly recovered patient seemed, without introduction, to be on a surprisingly friendly footing.

"Helene, how forward!" she said.

The young man raised his hat, and Doctor Morrow introduced his son.

"Your daughter and I have met before," the young man told the duchess.

"He forestalled my dear, dear doctor in saving my life," said Helene, and that was five years ago. It is true I had not forgotten it—and—and—well, he tells me he, too, has remembered."

"But what a romance," said the duchess. "Tell us how it was, Mr. Morrow. Why, my daughter's life really scarcely belongs to her if both of you have saved it."

"I was able to be of a little service, that is all," the young man answered. "Your daughter's horse had overpowered her and was near a precipice. My own horse was the faster, and so, of course, the precipice was never reached."

"Helene, you never told me!"

"I feared you might forbid me to ride again; that was why I did not tell you. But Mr. Morrow has done himself injustice. It was not the simple act he says. He threw himself from his horse to catch my bride, and brought my horse about to its knees on the very edge of the cliff. He saved my life as certainly as you saved it again the other day, doctor."

stay at the castle for at least a week in the ensuing summer.

"My practice has already suffered," urged the doctor. "I dare not leave the remains of it to look after itself." But, noticing the disappointed look on his son's face, his business instinct succumbed and the promise was given.

"Shall I tell you, Frank, what is going to happen?" he said when their visitors had gone. "You have made me accept an invitation which will only bring you disappointment. You are in love with Miss Helene."

A blush and a denial on the part of the younger man contradicted each other.

"Oh, indeed you are, my boy. I should be in love with her myself if I were your age. Well, you will go there, fall deeper in love, propose, and very properly be declined because your station in life is too humble. I warn you of the disappointment, for I should be sorry to think I saved the young lady's life merely to bring a great trouble into yours."

"A trouble dad!" he answered. "Why, the greatest kindness you ever did me was going out that night to save her life for me."

"For you?"

"I think I shall succeed. I have only seen her twice, with five long years between, and yet, without knowing it, I think I have loved her all that time."

"How presumptuous is youth!" the doctor answered, "and yet not presumptuous altogether, Frank, for you are worthy of her in yourself, though your father's station in life will probably drag you back."

And much of what the doctor then predicted soon came to pass. It seemed cruel to the duchess to tacitly encourage what was patently going on during the visit which followed, for she certainly did not spoil the many opportunities her daughter found for being in her young rescuer's company Day by day, just as Doctor Morrow had warned him, he fell deeper in love. At last only a few days remained, and the doctor knew from the electric state of the atmosphere that the culminating point was at hand. Young Morrow himself had little doubt of the result. It was the doctor who most feared what the duchess would say when she heard the avowal.

In the twilight when blushes could be less seen, they stole into the room one evening later, and the fact that they came hand in hand foretold something of their story. The young man told the rest of it simply and bravely.

"Rightly or wrongly," he said, "remembering my position, I love your daughter with my whole heart. Did I do wrongly in telling her, and hearing from her lips that, however unworthy, she loves me in return?"

For reply the duchess crossed the room and kissed his forehead. "I should not do that, Frank," she said, "if I did not approve, Helene loves wisely in loving Dr. Morrow's son."—Couteux Leader.

The committee of the recent Irish National Pilgrimage to Lourdes handed the Archbishop of Dublin \$10,000 from the surplus Pilgrimage funds as an offering in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, for the children of the Dublin-workmen.

The Paris Catholic Institute has added a school for the teaching of economic and commercial sciences. The Holy Father, in a letter says to it: "That is an addition we praise greatly."

The once Catholic city of Lund has a library of over 200,000 volumes and over 2,000 manuscripts. Its fine Cathedral and magnificent crypts dates from the late eleventh century.

The recent Italian and Roman elections weakened, if not broke, the power of the enemies of the Church. Rome will yet be the Rome of the Holy See.

Catholic News Notes

Dec. 13 was the 79th anniversary of the birth of Bishop Chastard, of Indianapolis. Next May he will have been Bishop of that diocese 36 years.

Cardinal O'Connell observed his fifty-fourth birthday by celebrating Mass for the children of the Cathedral parish and presiding at a high mass. He received many congratulations.

The year 1914 will be eventful in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, inasmuch as it will mark the completion and the opening of the magnificent Cathedrals at St. Louis, St. Paul, Buffalo and Newark.

The Rev. Jesuit and distinguished geologist, Fr. John J. Ryan, died in Baltimore recently at the age of 70 years.

Nine conversions, three of white persons and six of colored, were the immediate fruits of the mission conducted by the Rev. Alvah Doran, Philadelphia diocesan missionary, in St. Mark's Church (for colored Catholics), New York, of which the Rev. Christopher Plunkett, C.S. Sp., is rector. There were about six hundred confessions, mainly by colored penitents.

The Irish section of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has been allotted fifteen thousand square feet, and it is intended to have a representative exhibition of Irish linens, woollens, laces, silks, poplins, tapestries, and textiles generally. The section will have the fancy title of "Shamrock Isle."

After a week's "Whirlwind Campaign" the Sisters at the Cleveland Charity Hospital received \$297,000—\$47,000 more than the market set.

At a recent meeting of the Gaelic League of the State of New York, it was resolved to hold a ceilidh or gaelic exhibition and sale on Sunday evening, February 8. The Central Opera House in Sixty-seventh street, New York, has already been secured for that night.

Cardinal Farley dedicated one of the largest Settlement Houses in the country, built by the Helpers of the Holy Souls, on Eighty-fifth street, New York. The four-story building is 75x60 feet.

FARMER'S BOOKKEEPING

A New and Practical Feature in Business Education.

The L. L. Williams Commercial School has introduced an exercise that is designed to teach a simple yet thoroughly practical method of farm accounting. This plan has been tried out in the Middle West during the last two years and has been found readily installed and easily conducted, and to produce as accurate and systematic results as are required by a mercantile business.

The new school will teach this method as a distinct branch, or it will be made a feature of the regular commercial course, either as an added subject or as a substitute for a portion of the ordinary course. When taken as a part of the business course its mastery will not require that more than one week be devoted to it, as a student will have already become familiar with the principles and practice of bookkeeping.

Intensive farming with its strict regard for every fact in detail that can lead to definite conclusions and results must be supported by absolutely accurate records. Farm bookkeeping is made important also by the operation of the Federal income tax. This method is designed to meet these requirements.—Adv.

News From Ireland

Austria.
The Nationalist of Belfast have again come forward with a subscription of \$1,000 to the Home Rule fund.

Carlow.
Dr. William Delaney, medical officer of Bagnalstown, died suddenly on December 3.

Clare.
Thomas Arkins, L. D. B., a brilliant young solicitor in Dublin, died on November 23. The deceased, who was only aged 24 years, was the eldest son of John Arkins, of Ennagh. He was a nephew of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea, Bishop of Galway, and of Matthew O'Dea, of Ennis.

Down.
The coroner held an inquest at Dunour into the circumstances of the death of two girls—Mary Donovan, 14 years, and Ellen Donovan, 8 years, daughters of a farmer, John Donovan, of Dunour, who were killed as a result of the overturning of a donkey cart on which they were driving near home.

Derry.
Miss Rachael Scilly, of Aghagaskin, Magherafelt, recently attained her 101st birthday. Miss Scilly, who belongs to a long-lived family, has remarkably good health and memory.

Derry.
James Gallagher, superintendent Derry post office, has received the important appointment of postmaster of Omagh. Mr. Gallagher is the son of Derry parents.

Donegal.
Died—November 30, at her residence, Glendooan, Letterkenney, Margaret Torrens, aged 70 years.

Down.
The death took place recently in Dublin of Rev. Hugh Maguire, C. C., of Millford.

Down.
The profession of Miss Emma McNuff of Newry (in religion Sister Mary Finbar) took place recently in the Convent of Mercy Sligo, the ceremony being performed by the Most Rev. Dr. Coyne, Bishop of Elphin.

Down.
Much damage was caused by fire in the grocery premises occupied by Mr. McAdam in Newcastle recently.

Dublin.
Dr. Daniel has been elected assistant tuberculosis medical officer of Dublin at a salary of £30 per year.

Fermanagh.
A. J. Maguire has been elected relieving officer in room of H. Maguire, who resigned recently.

Galway.
Some 20 head of cattle and 60 sheep were driven off a grazing farm at Earlspar, near Loughrea, and scattered in all directions.

Galway.
The late T. Neville Stack left an estate of the gross value of £4,799.

Kerry.
Died—November 30, Joseph Irwin, Eyrie street Galway; recently, Mrs. Anne Heanue, Tully.

Kildare.
Stephen Edward Collis, of Tierceas, Tarbet, left an estate valued at £3,230 12s 8d.

Kildare.
The Right Rev. Mgr. Hogan, president of Maynooth College, has been appointed Domestic Prelate to the Pope.

Lancaster.
Kilmallock district council has granted a pension of £33 per year to Mr. Cronin, who recently retired from the position of rent collector, after 39 years' service.

Longford.
Ballymahon District Council has appointed Thomas Robinson, Abbeyderg, as engineer to the Council.

Louth.
Dundalk Urban Council has applied for a loan of £20,000 to carry out a scheme of houses under the Working Classes Act.

Tipperary.
Died—Recently, Miss Kathleen Murphy, Clonmel; recently, Miss Margaret O'Neil, Rosboro; recently, Col. Ryan Lenigan, Thurles.

PRIEST APPOINTED TO ST. BRIDGET'S

Rev. John J. Bresnahan, pastor of Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Churchville, Thursday was appointed by Bishop Hickey as pastor of St. Bridget's Church, this city, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Rev. Daniel W. Kavanaugh, who announced his retirement from the parish to the congregation on last Sunday.

Father Kavanaugh left for New York, Cal. to visit his brother, and will take a year's leave of absence from active work, with the consent of Bishop Hickey.

Father Bresnahan was born in Auburn and made his early studies in the parochial schools of that city, completing the grammar school course at Holy Family School, this city. He then took up his studies preparatory to the priesthood at St. Vincent's Seminary, New York.

Andrew's Seminary, this city, and St. Vincent's Seminary, New York, where he made his studies in philosophy and theology. He was ordained to the priesthood by the late Bishop Bernard J. McQuinn, at St. Patrick's Cathedral on May 15, 1896. His first charge was as assistant to Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, and later Bishop of Cebu in the Philippines Islands. Father Bresnahan served in that capacity until 1909. He was promoted to the position of assistant at St. Bridget's in 1910, and in 1911 was appointed pastor at Churchville, which includes the mission of St. Vincent's, succeeding the Very Rev. Daniel J. Curran, vicar general of the diocese. Father Bresnahan has served the parishes of these two missions for nearly fifteen years as pastor, and has done much to improve the church properties in that time, as well as to care for the spiritual welfare of the people.

K. O. F. C.
Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, launched its winter season of social activities on Saturday evening, when about three hundred knights gathered in the club room in the Triangle Building and listened to Grand Knight James P. Jones, Lecturer Dr. Walter B. O'Neil, Dr. J. Henry Carey and John P. Haggerty discuss ways and means to place the K. O. F. C. in the front rank of fraternal organizations.

Grand Knight Jones spoke particularly on the proposed new home for the Council. While the officers do not think the time opportune to consider building operations, he said it was quite apparent that the present quarters were far inadequate for the proper accommodation of an organization with a membership of upwards of a thousand. Until the new home was ready, however, arrangements had been made for a larger billiard room in the present club, also a restaurant had been installed where the members could obtain meals at all hours. Within the near future a plan will be presented whereby each member of the Council may become a shareholder of the K. O. F. C. Building Association.

Chairman Carey of the dramatic committee then announced that the K. O. F. C. Dramatic Club would renew its activities this winter, and in the Lyceum Theater on Thursday evening, February 19th, would present "The Boys of Company B," a farce comedy played by Lionel Barrymore, as its seventh annual production. In past years the club has enjoyed such offerings as the "Buxton Burglary," "Mrs. Tennant's Telegram," "The Man in the Box," "Why Smith Left Home," "Because She Loved Him So," and two years ago gave John Northern Hilliard's comic opera, "The Castaway." The 1914 Council will be directed by Don C. Manning, who was for several years with the Brynes Brothers in "Eight Bells," then was for five years since director of Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, and lately has supervised a number of local amateur presentations.

The cast will include some of the well-known amateur talent in the city and this committee will have general charge of the arrangements. Dr. J. Henry Carey, chairman; Thomas Garvey, Eugene F. Honn, J. George Minnes, Willard A. Marakis, William F. Dwyer, Dr. Walter B. O'Neil and Harry B. Crowley. Prizes will be given to those who sell the greatest number of tickets and the proceeds will go to the new building fund for the new home.

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