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The Camper on the Creek

Continued from last week

The caller announced her mission with characteristic directness. "Doctor Dix, I want you to go and see a man that's sick down in the timber by the south creek," she explained. "The boy says he's close to the red bridge on the Kansas side. He was going through from Colorado. He's a camper. I judge he's real sick."

The physician asked a few questions of the boy before he reached for his battered old medicine case. Then he put in a syringe and a couple of vials and clamped it tight.

"I'll be there pretty quick after you, Miss Rosylla," he promised. "I got to look in on old man Wheeler's little grandchild. Couldn't drive you down. I dare say?"

Miss Merridew met the tentative inquiry rather frostily. "Walking is good," she declared.

The doctor nodded and laughed—a grim, short little laugh that was not nearly as cynical as it sounded. This was not the first—by many a time—that he had obeyed her charitable mandates. He could have told tales on such subjects which would have amazed those who saw in Rosylla Merridew only a hard-headed business woman.

Holding the lad's hand, she hastened down the main street, passed the saloon, the livery barn, the lumber yard. Neither spoke. She was thinking of how many prairie schooners she had seen in these twelve years—in truth, a "long procession, passing to and fro." How many had gone on west, laden with hopeful, resolute men and women! How many had jolted eastward—worn, weary, rendered disheartened and penniless by drought, cattle plague, or occasionally—fire.

They crossed the railroad track, walked down another stretch of road, roughed-ribbed with frozen mud, traversed a bridge, and turning to the left entered a grove of young cottonwoods. A yellow flare led them to an open space, in the center of which crackled a fire of brush-wood. A little fellow kneeling near was trying to cook something in the pan he held over the blaze.

Through the blue haze of smoke one saw a canvas-covered wagon and some animals. A man, lying on a pallet within the circle of fire-light, lurched to a sitting position as the woman came toward him. "Florie!" he cried and held out shaking hands.

"What is the use of your reproaching me? I didn't mean you to suffer when I brought you out here. We will go back east as soon as I can get rid of the farm. What? You wish you'd been dead before you were fool enough to marry me? Don't keep on saying that. I know it—I know it!"

Rosylla Merridew caught her breath gaspingly. She stood staring at the man, ill-clad, unkempt, unshaven, haggard, his rough shirt torn open over his chest, his hands piteously outstretched, his hoarse voice calling in excited incoherence. Suddenly she ran forward—fell on her knees beside him.

"Elmer!" she cried. "Elmer!" She pushed him gently back, drew his shirt together and fastened it at the throat with fingers that trembled, and held his nervous hands tightly in her own. "Elmer, you are ill. I am not your wife. But I will take care of you. The doctor is coming. You will remember me soon."

An endeavor to recollect—an expression painful in its groping vacuity—set his features quivering.

"I saw you once—some-where!" faltered the weak voice. "You are sure you are not Florie? No—for if you were you would be scolding—blaming me."

"Wait!" she counseled. Then, "Here is the doctor now," she said.

She moved away to the fire, and took the utensil that held the coarse "pan-bread" from the little fellow's unsteady hand.

"Never mind," she said in a low voice, "never mind about this. You boys are coming to have supper with me. But now you are to go up to the livery barn—the first one west of the tracks—and tell the man Miss Merridew wants him to bring a carriage down here at once. Yes, doctor," turning as they scampered obediently off. "What is it going to be?"

"Not anything that will torture him long. He's had a congestive chill, and has fought too long unaided."

The fire went dancing around her then, and the spare form of the doctor, and the tethered animals, and the canvas-covered wagon, and even the recumbent figure on the pallet—all a dizzying whirl. Then she heard the doctor asking where he should be taken.

"There's no room at the hotel. The show people that have come to town have got every room. If only Squire Harvey would take him into his big comfortable house—"

"No! Not he!" she answered sharply. "Not to his house!"

"Why I—I only thought," faltered the doctor, "as you and he were such friends, and—he's a good man—"

"Yes." She lifted her head, turned, and faced him. "He is a good man. I shall go back to ask him—now. The boys have gone for a carriage. I'll be at Squire's when you get there. Bring the boys with you. I'll see about the stock."

Half way back to town she met the livery rig. She called to the driver. "I want you to take that man's stock and wagon up to your barn, and look after things. I'll settle the bill. You understand like?"

"Yes'm," said Ike, respectfully. "I ain't afraid of you not payin', Miss Rosylla!"

It was Harvey himself who opened the door to her. Behind him was the wide hall, carpeted and lighted. He towered above her—a commanding figure—and she hesitated on the threshold.

"Miss Rosylla!"

"No—I shan't go in. You come out here."

He stepped forth obediently. "Will you do me a great—the greatest of favors?"

He noticed, with a pang of apprehension, the pallor of the uplifted face. Something of sentiment stirred his heart—as though a waft of June roses had been blown on the crisp wild wind. And the answer he made might have been an echo of his youth.

"All—not half my kingdom!" he said.

"I have come about that camper on the creek," she went on rapidly. Her shawl slipped from her shoulders, but she did not notice it. "The father of those little chaps—you remember. He is ill—possibly dying. And the hotel is full, and—"

"Bring him here, of course," cried the Squire heartily. "There is lots—"

"But he—listen! He is the man of whom I told you this afternoon. Now—and then she hesitated—"now—"

were tracking up the spotless floor of a little shop, bringing childish shouts and disorder into a most orderly household, and setting the compassionate curiosity of the townspeople at fever heat. No one could ever tell what Miss Rosylla would do, they averred. Taking up the children of a camper! There must be a screw loose somewhere! Why, she'd been seen snowballing with them and making a snow man in the yard! The ideal!

But both she and the little chaps were grave enough when the summons—an unexpected one on account of a temporary improvement, came to them. When they reached the sickroom, Ambrose Harvey and Doctor Dix would have left but Miss Merridew motioned them to remain. There was shrinking recognition in the sunken eyes which looked up at her.

"Rosylla! I've been punished bitterly. Can you forgive me?"

For answer she put a hand of each of the boys in his feeble hold, and closed her own with a warm firm clasp over the three.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said. "These dear boys! I may have them, Elmer?"

"Will you—oh Rosylla!"

Something in the sight of the snow heating against the winter-drawn aroused in the younger boy anticipations of the morrow.

"Tomorrow she is going to give me a sled. She said she would!" he announced proudly.

Just then the doctor stepped forward. At his gesture, gentle but imperious, she drew the children back. But before she left the room she knelt and pressed her lips to the cold hand prone upon the coverlet.

It was Harvey who attended to all necessary arrangements. It was he who sold the effects of the dead man, and made disposition of the money. The boys discovered in him a friend of surprising generosity and amiability. He took them to state and county fairs. He had colts broken for their use. His pride in their feats and progress was paternal. He was apparently oblivious to the fact that his neighbors were puzzled to exasperation by his conduct. His interest in "a pair of campers kids" was not to be comprehended. But he went straight on—serenely, wisely, justly, kindly. And he said never a word of love to Rosylla Merridew.

But one evening a year later Rosylla found something to say to him. It was a golden evening, its air invigorating, delicious, but with something of the summer's late fragrance still lingering in its odors. Harvey overtook Rosylla as she and the boys were climbing a Kansas bluff. He called a laughing comment after the sturdy pair, then turned to his companion with a casual remark.

"Ambrose," she faltered, and looked up at him. "Ambrose, you—you said last year—that—the sternness vanished as though swept from his face. How young how soft, how appealing was hers in the amber sunset light!"

"Rosylla!" He stopped breathless. "You don't really—mean—"

"Come!" she laughed softly. Her blush was entrancing. "Give me your arm. We are not nearly yet to the top of the hill."

"Lean on it, love!" His voice shook with joy. "To the very top lean on it—and down on the other side—and even into the valley of the shadow!"—Kate M. Cleary in Extension.

The \$320,000 Baltimore Mercy Hospital campaign netted the sum of \$120,948.96.

Priests Appointed Over Diocesan Deaneries

Announcement was made by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey of appointments to the five deaneries established in the diocese of Rochester. The church legislation matters, which were effected at the synod, will be incorporated in a new issue of the diocesan statutes to be published soon.

Bishop Hickey is dean of Monroe County. The priests over the deaneries of the other counties follow: Rev. James J. Bloomer, of St. Patrick's church, Elmira, over Tioga and Schuyler; Rev. William H. McDonald of St. Francis de Sales Church, Geneva, over Ontario, Seneca and Yates; Rev. Francis J. Naughton of St. Ann's church, Hornell, over Steuben and Livingston, and Rev. James J. Hickey of Holy Family Church, Auburn, over Cayuga, Wayne and Tompkins.

The names of the following priests have been announced by the bishop as officials of the diocese:

Seminary regents for St. Bernard's and St. Andrew's Seminaries, in spiritual matters: Rev. D. Laurenzis, M. R., and Rev. Wm. A. McDonald, M. R., V. F.; in temporal matters, Rev. M. J. Hargather and Rev. A. M. O'Neill, M. R., LL. D.

Synodal examiners, Rev. John Gleeson of Clyde, J. M. Bustin, M. R., of Corning, Very Rev. James J. Hartley, D. D., Revs. M. J. Nolan, D. D., John F. Nelligan, J. F. O'Hern, J. F. Goggin, D. D., and Wm. Cowen, D. D., all of Rochester.

Parish priest consultants, Revs. Wm. Payne, Auburn; Martin J. Cluney, Honeoye Falls; Rev. John K. Lee, Watkins; Rev. John Boppel and Rev. John P. Brophy, Rochester; Rev. J. Moriarty, Elmira.

Synodal judges, Very Rev. D. J. Curran, V. G., Very Rev. Jas. J. Hartley, D. D., Rev. Andrew B. Meehan, D. D., J. U. D., Rochester, and Rev. F. J. Naughton, M. R., V. F., Hornell.

The Judge John M. Mitchell Memorial Law Library has been permanently established in the Law School of the Catholic University, Washington.

The Archbishop of Cincinnati has dedicated the handsome St. Aloysius Church at Bridgetown, Ohio. In the parade 1,500 parishioners took part.

In New York, this autumn, will open, in a handsome new building of white granite, costing \$1,500,000, New York's first Free Catholic High School for Boys.

On June 21st the St. Francis Hospital at Indianapolis will be dedicated. Bishop Chartrand and Gov. Raiston will deliver addresses.

In Boston the Franciscans will build a new convent, college and novitiate.

A site—a block or square of ground—has been purchased for the new Cathedral of Portland, Ore.

Father Hilary Doswald has been elected Provincial of the Carmelites. The election took place at Engelwood, N. J.

Summer School

The special summer session in the L. L. Williams Rochester Commercial School, which will open June 29th and close August 23rd, promises to be well attended. It will be a happy combination of summer vacation and practical school work.

Only one session will be held daily, opening at 8.30 and closing at 12.30. Thorough instruction will be given in the commercial branches, Osgoodby-Pitmanic and Gregg shorthand, and rapid touch typewriting.

Parents are invited to call for consultation. Both telephones. Catalogue to any address.—Adv.

Rev. J. E. Brophy Celebrates His First High Mass

Manchester, June 14.—Rev. J. Ernest Brophy, who was ordained to the priesthood at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Rochester, on June 6, celebrated his first solemn high mass last Sunday morning at St. Dominic's church of Shortsville in the presence of a large congregation of parishioners and out of town friends of the young priest.

Prior to the mass, which was at 10.30 o'clock, a long procession of automobiles and carriages went to Father Brophy's home, west of the village, and escorted him to the church. Many priests were present; among them being Rev. F. J. O'Hanlon of Clifton Springs, Rev. Wm. Ryan was deacon, Rev. James Keleher of Shortsville, subdeacon; John Ball of Rochester, first master of ceremonies, and the second master of ceremonies was Harry Doerbecker of Rochester. Martin Craugh of Penn Yan and James Grady of Corning were the acolytes and Robert Keleher of Shortsville was the censor bearer. The sermon was preached by Father Ernest Brophy's cousin, Rev. John Brophy, rector of St. Monica's church at Rochester.

Rev. James Wood, a Caledonia young man who on June 6th was ordained to the priesthood celebrated his first solemn high mass last Sunday in St. Columba church, Caledonia, N. Y. The church was crowded to the doors at the hour for mass. Seats were placed in the aisles and many were obliged to stand, the church was beautifully decorated with the flowers of the season and flags. The choir was assisted by a dozen or more young men from St. Bernard's choir who sang the Gregorian music beautifully. Miss Mary MacColl, of Mumford, was at the organ. Rev. Dr. Meehan, of Rochester, was master of ceremonies and Rev. Bernard Gommenginger, of Lyons, preached the sermon.

A dinner was served in tents on the rectory lawn to over 400 persons, there being present a large number of visiting clergy and friends of the young man. In the afternoon a reception was held to which a large number of the townspeople irrespective of creed attended.

Catholic Ticket Wins in Rome

Rome, June 17.—The entire Catholic and Monarchist ticket was elected at the municipal elections held on Sunday, the results of which became known Tuesday. Prince Colonna defeated Ernesto Nathan, the former Mayor, who led the anti-clerical coalition, by over 6,000 votes.

At Seoul, Corea, there is now published a Monthly Review intended for the benefit of the Korean clergy. It contains news of the Church in other countries, general topics, and a history and refutation of the principal heresies. The review is considered a friend of the native priests and is intended to broaden and enlighten their minds, as Coreans cannot read literature printed in the Chinese language.

Colored Priest Father Dorsey gave a mission at St. Dominic's Church, New Orleans. Among splendid results were the conversion of 152 non-Catholics, return of 252 estranged Catholics and 4,566 Communion.

In the Catholic Cemetery at Beckley, W. Va., 42 Catholic miners of the Eccles catastrophe were buried.

The proposed international organization of the graduates of women's Catholic colleges, announced in "The Record" last week, has the endorsement of Cardinal O'Connell.

The Passion Play at Nancy, France, will continue until October.

In Armenia, the Capuchin Fathers are establishing schools comparing with the European.

News From Ireland

The linen trade of Belfast is the poorer by the death of John Ellis, of Fitzroy avenue, partner in the firm of Ellis Brothers. Deceased, who was a native of Longan, is survived by a widow, one daughter and five sons.

At Armagh County Council meeting it was announced that the Local Government Board had intimated that the consent of the Treasury had been received to the proposed advance of a sum exceeding £3,000 in aid of the provision of a sanatorium and dispensaries for the treatment of tuberculosis.

The L. G. Board has sanctioned the appointment of Dr. J. Clarke, J. P., as medical officer of health for the urban district at a salary of £15 a year.

Dr. D. F. Buckley has been appointed house physician to the South Infirmary, Cork.

The Rev. Bryan McSwiney, C. C., SS. Peter and Paul, died last week. The deceased clergyman, who has been in the health for the past year, was highly esteemed by all creeds and classes.

James Triston died suddenly at his residence, 1 Tivoli road, Kingstown. Mr. Triston was a member of the Urban District Council.

A mysterious steamer has been seen in Donegal Bay, and report associates her movements with those of a vessel which left a German port with, it is stated arms for the North of Ireland.

The Drogheda Diocesan School Manager's association have agreed that a Catholic clerical manager should be appointed to the place left vacant on the National Board by the retirement of Lord Chief Baron Pallas.

By a majority of 21 votes to 7 the Galway County Council has appointed M. A. Hayden, solicitor, Ballinaloe, coroner for East County Galway.

Kilkenny About five hundred volunteers of the Kilkenny city corps had a successful route march through the city, and portion of the suburbs. They were headed by city bands.

The death of J. Cahill, Listowel, has caused much regret throughout North Kerry, and much sympathy with his young family.

The number of deaths in Limerick city last week was 23.4 per thousand of the population or 21 deaths in all. This was the third largest rate in Ireland.

The death has taken place of Thos. Smith, farmer, Cullin, Grandard, at the age of 70 years. Mr. Smith had been in good health up to a few weeks before his death.

The Ardee Town Commissioners have adopted a rate of 1s in the £ for the ensuing year, which is considered to be one of the lowest rates in Ireland.

The death of Patrick Murphy, merchant, Kilmaine, is much regretted throughout South Mayo. He was a devout Catholic, and took a deep and active interest in his country's welfare.

At a meeting of Tyrone Council two applications were received for the position of assistant surveyor of Castlederg district—namely, R. F. McManus, Drogheda, and M. F. Dunn, Ballygawley. Mr. Dunn was appointed.

The Wexford County Council has decided to ask the co-operation of the Wicklow and Dublin Councils in an effort to secure a reduction of rates on the Dublin and Southeastern railway.