

IN THE Clutch of Rome.

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued. THE DEMON OF JEALOUSY.

Father St. John, by that roaring ocean, solitary and alone, away from any familiar reminder of his calling, did not attempt to reason with himself for his mad jealousy of the youth who had taken her to the hall. With the inconsistency of weak humanity, he resented her going to the ball as a deep injury done himself. In his presence, she had once refused to dance, telling him, with sad young eyes raised to his own, that she did not care for it, and that it tired her. Ah, but that was when she lived and breathed for him alone; and Father St. John tonight felt angry with himself that he had taught her to regard him in another light, and with her, for learning his lesson; and the priest found satisfaction in the thought that perhaps, in her heart of hearts, she had not ceased to love him as he at one time had tried to help her think was an absurdity and a sin, and now, girl-like, was she satisfied with their close friendship and the knowledge that though he could never be anything more to her than friend and pastor, he could never be more than that to another?

Father St. John knew tonight that it was beyond his power to live his dual life much longer, and he longed for the climax, which he knew must come, and crouching in the sand, with his body resting against a rock, in the bright moonlight, with the raging billows before him, the pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament made plans for the future life, in which the church as he knew her now should have no part, but where a sweet young girl, with a pure, loving heart, bright braids of chestnut hair, and truthful, pensive eyes, was always the central figure.

CHAPTER XXII. WHAT LOVE CAN DO.

At the Mardi Gras ball, Dr. Wood was seated in the spectators' gallery, looking down with his Mephistophelian smile on the numbers beneath him, as they moved in sparkling lines of color among the harmonious tones of gold, lilac, crimson and silver of the decorations of the palace of the king and queen of revelry; as they wound around each other in the grand march, inspired by the world's courted, smiled upon, frowned upon, cursed and loved, but always darling folly, who sat upon her winged steed over the entrance to the hall of revelry, looking down on her devotees.

"Ah, but don't they hate to say good-bye to them for forty long days," said Dr. Wood half to himself and half to a prosaic looking gentleman by his side, who was thinking "that the decorations had made the old hall look uncommonly nice, and that the people below looked extremely well in their gay costumes." The gentleman lifted his eyebrows:

"What do you mean, Doctor? no one is saying good-bye yet?"

"Don't you know, Sir," said the doctor, "that society has met here tonight to dance, feast, drink and be merry, and to throw sops to their loved deities of carnal pleasure, because they are obliged to say good-bye to them for a time, out of respect to the God to whom they owe their existence, and upon whose mercies they rely for eternal salvation, and who fasted something over eighteen hundred years ago, for their sakes; and whom they hope to appease for the rest of the year, by showing him the same respect? Whether you know it or not, it's even so, and bless your soul, Sir, every one of these fair dames down there has a consolation awaiting her in her wardrobe—penitential robes made with an eye to the effect of stylish humility, which they will express as the wearer glides softly down the aisle in the dark, richly tinted light of the church, or kneels in humble prayer; and she must not forget the instructions of her dressmaker as she kneels, or the effect will be spoiled. Yes, I tell you, Sir, these meek and lowly gowns require as careful planning as those velvet and silk creations we see down there."

And Dr. Wood looked over the railing of the gallery, and ere the wicked little chuckle had died away in his throat a gentleman who had been quietly making his way through the crowded gallery touched him on the shoulder, at the same time handing him a note, which he said a messenger had just brought. The note was a summons to the residence of Senator Maxwell, and was signed by that gentleman himself.

The doctor, who was much surprised at the contents of the note, for he supposed Senator Maxwell to be in Washington, soon arrived at the house. The servant who admitted him conducted him at once to Mrs. Maxwell's apartment, Senator Maxwell, white and anxious looking, met him at the door.

"Quick, Doctor," he said, "I believe my wife is dying," and he ushered Dr. Wood into his wife's sleeping room.

Mrs. Maxwell lay on the bed in a death-like swoon, with Margaret and her maid applying what had proved to be useless restoratives. Under the

practiced skill of the physician, Mrs. Maxwell was, after a time, restored to consciousness, and as soon as she had gained sufficient strength, Dr. Wood gave orders that she be put to bed at once. Then, taking the senator by the arm, he led him into the adjoining room, closing the door between the rooms. Still keeping the arm of the senator, he said:

"Come with me, I want to talk to you."

And he pushed aside the heavy silken folds of the blue and ivory portiere, which divided the large room in two, and as its folds fell back after them, he said:

"Now sit down and tell me when you arrived, and what has caused this sudden illness of your wife, which may or may not prove serious?"

"What I am about to tell you," said the senator, "I request you to regard as a professional secret." The doctor bowed. "It is unpleasant for me to tell even you what I am about to, but under the circumstances, I think it advisable. I arrived home this morning, in response to a letter received from my sister—her second, she tells me, though the only one I received—the contents of which made me think it would be well for me to come home sooner than I had intended. Perhaps you are aware that my wife is a Roman Catholic by birth and education?"

"From her nationality, I took it for granted," said the doctor, "but before you tell me anything further, Sir, I will state that I am to some extent aware that trouble of a religious nature was hovering over your house. On two occasions I met a priest, called Father St. John, here, and your sister Martha has confided to me the anxiety she has felt for all concerned. Of course, as this did not come under my jurisdiction, I had no right to interfere; and believing your wife to be a Catholic, I really thought that your sister was giving herself more anxiety than the circumstances warranted. I merely mention this to give you to understand that I am not entirely ignorant of what, I divine, you are about to speak."

"It is true," said Senator Maxwell, "that my wife is a Roman Catholic, but we were married under circumstances which killed all her love for her religion. At least, her conduct up to the present time led me to suppose so. In fact, I stole her from the convent, with the help of the abbess, where her relatives had imprisoned her to prevent our marriage. We were married by the captain of the steamship on which we made our escape to this country. She trusted me implicitly when I assured her that we were as truly man and wife as if all the priests and ministers on the land had united us, but on arriving in New York I told her that if she felt any scruples as to the legitimacy of our marriage I would find a priest of her faith to say the religious ceremony over us; but she was so indignant at the treatment she had received at their hands that she emphatically declined my suggestion. For my part, I knew nothing on earth could alter the fact that she was my wife, according to all civil law, and, of course, according to the rules of her church, no Protestant religious service could have bettered our condition.

"The subject, I feel safe to say, never entered either of our minds again, till within the last two months, when, during my absence, a smooth-voiced, insinuating priest was introduced into the house by that pretty Jesuit tool, Miss Dillon, the governess, whom I discharged in a very summary manner today."

Then Senator Maxwell confided to Dr. Wood that on his arrival home he had found his wife more ill and nervous than her physical condition warranted, and how by slow degrees he had learned from her that, under the influence of the priest, whom she had defended and blessed for making her see the enormity of the life she was leading; when he, her husband, had, in just anger, censured, in plain and bitter terms, his interference. She had become convinced that her marriage was unhallowed in the sight of Heaven and that her children were sufferers with her, though they were innocent; though she trusted she had mediated their unhappy state by having them baptized in the true faith.

"Of course, I was very angry when I learned that my wife, under the influence of a stranger, had, in my absence, done that which she knew I would not have allowed, had I been present to prevent it."

"I can understand your feelings, Sir," said Dr. Wood, "but after all, your children are so young that the sprinkling of a little holy water cannot affect their principles in after-life; and, if it is any consolation to your wife, why—"

"Ah, but it's the principle of the thing I look at," interrupted the senator. "What right had these meddling priests to come into my house, in my absence, and interfere with my most sacred relations?"

"As near as I can understand," said the doctor, with his ironic smile, "because they thought your relations were not sacred."

"Bosh," said the senator, angrily. "Well," he continued, "I relieved my mind somewhat by paying the governess an extra month's salary and sending her out of the house, bag and

baggage. Then, after thinking the matter over, I determined to make the best of matters, and to try and make my poor wife forget this first storm of our peaceful, domestic life; but, though she seemed to struggle with her feelings, she remained gloomy and hysterical all day. But the climax was reached this evening when, on going to her apartment, I found her in a terrible state of agitation, which seemed to increase in my presence. Deeply grieved, I implored her to be calm, telling her that I would never again allude to the baptism of the children, and she might attend her church as often as she pleased, only stipulating that neither of us influence the children in the matter of religion, and that they should be allowed to decide for themselves always.

"Then the whole nefarious plot of the priests to get my wife back into their toils came out; for amid sobs and tears she told me that the abbess who had allowed her to escape from the convent, was dead, and that when dying, she had confessed her sin to the priest. The church here was informed of the affair, and, because we are rich and influential, they set their agents to work to get back their own again, by making my wife, who, like all her countrywomen, is of a very impressionable nature, believe that the soul of the abbess, for her sin against the holy church, was wandering around purgatory, and would be lost for all eternity unless the union of myself and wife was hallowed by the rite of the church.

"I expressed my anger and amazement, that my wife could allow herself to be so humbugged; but" deprecatingly, "I attribute it, Doctor, to her highly sensitive state."

"Certainly," said Dr. Wood, "that had everything to do with it, I am satisfied that had she been in her normal state, these designing priests would not have found her so easy a victim."

"I told my wife, continued the senator, "that if the soul of the abbess went from purgatory to the eternal fires of hell, I would not encourage such charity; for, I assured her, that it was nothing else. I tried to make her see how impossible it was for human beings like ourselves to know or even judge whether God had doomed or forgiven an immortal soul, but it was all to no purpose, so firmly had she become imbued with the belief that the abbess was doomed to eternal torment unless I consented to the condition the church imposed.

"I reminded my wife that I had once been willing, at the instigation of no priest, to have our marriage solemnized by the rite of her church, but, satisfied with my assurance that she was my true and honored wife, she had scorned its sanction.

"She replied, 'that she was then so young and so overwhelmed with joy at having gained her freedom, and blind to everything but her great love for me, that she could not see the enormity of the sin she was committing.' She then pleaded with me to have our marriage sanctioned at this late day; if not for the salvation of the abbess, for her own sake.

"For I, too, James," she said, 'will be lost, if the church does not bless our marriage. For, sinful woman as I am, I find I love you too much to sever my life from yours on earth, so we will go to our doom together in the eternal hereafter.'

"She arose from her chair as she said the last words, and before I could reach her, she fell to the floor in the awful swoon you found her in."

Dr. Wood arose, saying: "I am going to look in on your wife. I will be back presently." He soon returned. Senator Maxwell looked up with anxious inquiry.

"Your wife is sleeping quietly," said the doctor, "and in all probability, will continue to sleep till morning, under the influence of the sedative I gave her."

Then, as he resumed his seat, "It seems to me to be a little strange that these zealous priests have let you alone all these years, to pounce down upon you at once, as it were. It looks as though there might be something back of it, but I am at a loss to understand what it can be."

Senator Maxwell's face flushed, and after a few moments of silence, he lifted his head with a determined air and said:

"Yes, Doctor, there is a good deal back of it. My wife and myself have had the misfortune to attract these priestly schemers for their own aggrandizement."

Then he told the doctor of the visit of the archbishop of San Francisco to his hotel in Washington, and all the significance of the interview.

"My ambition was stronger than my principle of honor," he said, "but thank God, I have come back to my senses. This political church hoped by getting my wife back in their power, and in full communion with them, and by making me owe my position to their influence, to gain a strong foothold in the United States."

Dr. Wood eyed the senator keenly, as he said: "One might swallow a pretty bitter dose to be president of the United States, and you have already swallowed the biggest portion of yours, why not gulp the rest, and grasp the reward offered you?"

"No," said Senator Maxwell, emphatically, "I will never be made president of the United States by the help of these moles who dig under the very foundation of my house, in my absence. My name will probably die in obscurity, but, thank God, the death warrant of the liberty of American people will never be signed by me."

Dr. Wood sprang from his chair and extended his hand.

"I want to clasp the hand of a man," he said, "who thinks more of the nation's welfare than his own aggrandizement."

Senator Maxwell arose and gave his hand to the doctor, saying:

"I deserve little credit for my refusal, for I think if I had not found my wife in the state she is, I might have yielded."

"I don't think so, Sir," said the doctor, "something else would have opened your eyes. Why, my dear sir, half the men in the union, placed as you are, would say to their wives, 'Why, yes, my dear; bring on your priest and we'll be married over again and spend a four years honeymoon in the White House; and after us the deluge.'"

Then, in an altered tone, "I don't want to make you more miserable than you are, senator, but your trouble with your wife is not over yet."

"Good God! Doctor, do you think her condition is really serious?"

"Quite serious," said Dr. Wood, "her mind has been on such a strain for the past few months that her nervous system is much impaired. The time of her trial is drawing near, and unless the nervous tension can be in a measure relaxed, I am afraid of the ultimate results."

A silence of several minutes fell between the two men, and then Senator Maxwell said:

"What would you advise, Doctor?"

"I advise nothing, Sir," said the doctor, "but the only remedy that can do your wife any possible good outside of the kindness of nature, lies in your power to administer; and now, with a parting glance at your wife, I shall take my departure. Good night."

Senator Maxwell looked at his watch. It was nearly two o'clock. He quietly entered his wife's room. Martha had dismissed the maid, and was sitting grim and upright beside the bed. Her brother whispered to her to go to her rest, as he intended to pass the remainder of the night by his wife's bedside. Without a word, Martha, having done what she considered her share of watching, left the room.

Senator Maxwell looked at the pale face of his sleeping wife and his thoughts went back to distant sunny Spain, where he had wooed and won this fair woman, who, for love of him, a stranger from an unknown land, who had suddenly crossed the flowery path of her girlhood, had cast aside mother and kindred and wealth that was her birthright, and placing her life, while yet in its early morning, in his hands, had crossed with him the wide ocean, trusting only in his love and honor for safe guidance, and who tonight had said:

"I love you too much to sever my life on earth from yours, so we will go to our doom together, in the great hereafter."

Senator Maxwell had no desire to sleep, and sitting beside his slumbering wife through the dreary hours which preceded the dawn, his resolve was taken.

At six o'clock she drowsily opened her eyes. Her husband, taking her hand, bent over her. In response to his anxious inquiry, she twined her arm around his neck and answered languidly "that she was better." Senator Maxwell slipped his arm under his wife and drew her close to him.

"Darling," he whispered, softly, "tomorrow you shall awake with that poor little fluttering heart of yours at rest and happy."

Then he told her of the decision he had come to, as he watched her while she slept. When she had grown calm from the excitement caused by the sudden relief of the burden which had borne so heavy upon her mind for so long, her husband summoned her maid and himself sought and obtained a few hours of needed rest.

(To be Continued.)

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England and Leo XIII.

The pope's apostolic letter to the English people was not called forth by any special interest and will not produce a great effect. It derives a certain importance, nevertheless, from its appearance at the present time, since it signifies the existence of a period in the history of christianity. It is one of the products of that period rather than of the events which are giving the time their own coloring. What is meant is that the condition of the Roman Catholic church in the civilized world today has caused the issuance of this letter, and that the communication would have been sent just the same whether Leo XIII. or somebody else was the occupant of the papal chair. The motive of sending such a message, one may fairly contend, was sufficient to lead any pope to write it. Consequently, the calm which it breathes, the fraternal and paternal spirit inspiring it, the religious tone which pervades it, all convey nothing novel to the mind, and

leave the Roman Catholic church, the head of which uttered the sentiments contained in it, entirely without the responsibility of supporting an extraordinary proposal.

Possibly this may appear paradoxical, but a short examination of the policy of Leo and his predecessors will show the whole affair in its true light. If we go back to the last of the acts of Pius IX. destined to weaken the influence of the papacy, which was his voluntary attempt to subdue the Swiss Catholics, the mind comprehends what the condition of the church was when Leo ascended the throne. He found himself "the prisoner of the Vatican," without power in France, somewhat opposed by the German emperor, but fairly influential and potent in all other quarters of the globe, except the United States. His first plan of campaign, so to speak, was to accept the practice of methods which his assistants proposed for the bettering of the situation. There came a long fight in Germany with Bismarck, which did not end in the victory of the church. A stubborn contest in France compelled the Roman See to conciliate and accept the republic. In the meantime all the South American countries deserted the priests, until today not one of them maintains a state church. Belgium alone of the countries in northern Europe, and Spain and Portugal only of those in the south, are now clinging to the Roman Catholic church in any exclusive manner. Even Austria has shown a tendency to shake off the influence of the priests. No headway has been made in the project for reuniting the eastern and the western churches, and no new country has taken up with the tenets of Rome.

In such a situation, what is more natural than the policy which it has pleased the pope to inaugurate? The first question with him is how to hold together the old power of the church, or what is left of it, which is represented by church worshippers. Second, he is compelled to look ahead and secure new means of obtaining power for the support of the popes who are to come after him. That this is not a minor matter may be inferred from the financial straits which the church is in. Within a year the chief organ of the papal power at Rome has been forced to undergo an almost fatal reduction of its subsidy. The amount of the Peter's pence collected, as officially reported, last year was greatly below what it was formerly. Now, when fortune is as unfavorable as that, when, too, the old methods of strengthening the church have conspicuously failed, why should not new methods be tried? Does anybody believe that any other pope would have been able to bring the church into the enjoyment of happier conditions than those which surround it in these days when Leo XIII.'s reign is drawing to a close? How would such a one have accomplished it? How will his successor restore prosperous times to the church unless he proceeds to win over converts—and not converts from paganism, but from the sects which have fallen away from the holy see?—

Providence (R. I.) Daily Journal.

GREENWAY ASKS FOR MORE DELAY

Manitoba's Premier Dodges Definite Action on the Separate Schools Issue.

WINNIPEG, Man., May 9.—The separate schools dispute was reopened this afternoon when the Manitoba legislature reassembled to deal with the remedial order issued by the dominion government at Ottawa. Contrary to general expectation, Premier Greenway did not take a defiant attitude, but moved that a further recess of the legislature be taken till June 13. This motion was opposed by A. F. Martin, leader of the opposition, who demanded the reasons for delaying such an important subject. He alleged that the members of the government had had ample time to make up their minds, and should make some definite announcement of policy. The house at 10 a. m. took the adjournment requested by Mr. Greenway. Rumors as to the causes of the government's action in requesting further delay are many. It is said the government is acting slowly, as it fears, should it reject the Ottawa demand, it might result in the federal parliament removing educational matters entirely from the control of the legislature.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 9.—Elected Gov. Schultz of Manitoba, was savagely attacked in the house today for his recent action in coming to Ottawa and seeking advice from Dr. Bourinot, the constitutional authority, in reference to the Manitoba school question, the alleged object being to obtain an opinion on which to dismiss the Greenway ministry.

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J. Francis, general passenger and ticket agent, Omaha, Neb., will gladly furnish further information.

"For Charity Suffereth Long."



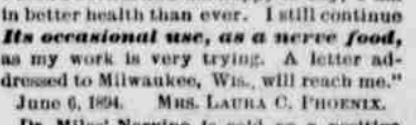
Mrs. Laura C. Phoenix, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Matron of a Benevolent Home and knowing the good Dr. Miles' Nervine has done me, my wish to help others, overcomes my dislike for the publicity, this letter may give me. In Nov. and Dec., 1893, The inmates had the 'LaGrippe,' and I was one of the first. Resuming duty too soon, with the care of so many sick, I did not regain my health, and in a month I became so debilitated and nervous from sleeplessness and the drafts made on my vitality, that it was a question if I could go on. A dear friend advised me to try Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. I took 2 bottles and am happy to say, I am in better health than ever. I still continue to use it as a nerve food, as my work is very trying. A letter addressed to Milwaukee, Wis., will reach me." June 6, 1894. MRS. LAURA C. PHOENIX.

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