CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.

WRITTEN BY MUSON TUTTLE FOR THE PROGRESSIVE VISITOR.

CHAPTER II.

The next scene in this story is laid in the parlor of the residence of the Joslyn's, situated on a fashionable street in San Algero. The reader must be content if the name of the street is not given, for to do so would reveal too much of the personelle of the narrative, which rests on facts, and can be vouched for by living witnesses. Mr. Joslyn had been among the earliest pioneers in the golden state, coming over the plains with an ox team, with his wife and household goods. He worked in the placer mines, getting something ahead, and then invested in hydraulic mining, where he gained more, and later he changed his occupation to that of merchant. Such a change is always accompanied with great risk, for habits are formed, and the connections and adaptations, the acquaintanceship and inner ways of the new business are all to be acquired. But Mr. Joslyn secured an able partner, and, as in everything else, he was successful, and the firm became a leading wholesale and retail dry goods house of the city. His wife had contributed largely to his success, for she had been a steady support, bearing adversity and prosperity with equal bravery. They both felt the deficiency of an early education and resolved that their child should have every advantage. As the only child she received their undivided love, which came near adoration. Zelda was born on the plains, during the memorable overland journey, when the unwieldly canvas wagon was their home. They rested for two days, the horizon meeting the expanse of grey sage and brown grass, except where the Sierras stretched like a line of clouds against the sky. What a responsibility was the wee babe on that wearisome journey, in the heat and exposure, and absence of all the comforts of civilized life! Yet she throve well in that free air, and grew strong, and in the restrained atmosphere of the city retained the impetus received in the beginning. A great burden; but how one's strength grows with such burdens! The man is not a true man, or woman a true woman, until fatherhood and motherhood. The child, the blended product of their being, calls with a voice which is irresistible for their best, most earnest efforts. Love itself has not drank its goblet of nectar until its smile is reflected by its incarnation. When in the states, Mrs. Joslyn had been an active member of the Congregational church and teacher in the Sunday school. Mr. Joslyn was outside the church, and what might be called a free-thinker. He, however, did not interfere with his wife, or in the training of their child, who grew up into a beautiful maiden, beloved by a wide circle of friends, and the life of the social gatherings where she chanced to be. She was earnestly religious, inheriting her zeal, as her father jokingly said, from her pious ancestors, and his mild remonstrance and cogent argument were alike unavailing to turn the course of her thoughts.

Her hair was a dark brown, her eyes a dark blue, large and expressive of every emotion; a mouth sweet, with the corners drawn slightly up into a dimpled smile. Altogether her face was not beautiful, but became exceedingly so because of its expressiveness; it was as mobile as the surface of a lake, reflecting every passing cloud or gleam of light and shadow. She was strong in her feelings, and firm in her conscientious zeal, which gave her strength of character and at the same itme proved her greatest weakness and source of danger.

Thus introduced to the family, we may give attention to the residence. It is not externally different from the long blocks of buildings of which it forms a part. There are bronze railings at the side of the stone steps, while those on either side are iron, and this, aside from the number, is the only distinction. The parlor is exquisitely appointed. There are paintings by the old masters, and by renowned modern artists, cast bronze statutes, antique cabinets of bric-a-brac, and by the piano, resting its foot on a tiger's skin, a large harp. The very atmosphere has a breadth of refinement and culture. A lady is sitting in an easy chair, reading the morning paper. Time has dealt generously with her, and only ripened the promises of her youth. The lines trouble, pain, care and anxiety cause deeply in the face, were not there, but a happy smile of contentment and satisfaction. There were sounds of a voice singing low and musingly; the door opened and a young lady entered.

"Alone, dear mamma? You give a great deal of time that ought to be mine to the newspaper."

"Ah! Zelda, you forget how much time I do give you, and as for the papers, I think it the duty of every person to read the news of the day and keep well informed. The newspaper is the mirror in which one sees reflected all the thoughts and events of the hour. To read the daily paper understandingly is to become well-informed."

"Well, so papa says, and it must be so. Just talking about you, papa," she exclaimed, as Mr. Joslyn entered. 'Mamma is becoming a profound scholar by reading the newspapers!"

"You exaggerate, Zelda. I said we ought to read the newspapers in order to understand the events of our time."

"Why not have a class in school and read the morning paper for an hour?" asked the enthusiastic girl.

"The plan has been proposed," said her father; "but the papers at present are not edited for such use. They are prepared to please a vulgar, coarse taste, and the minds of children would be contaminated by the horrible accounts of crime they admit. I hope some day to see the daily paper edited in the cause of intelligence and culture, and not to please the political bush-whacker and prize-ring." Mr. Joslyn said this with strong emphasis. He stood by the side of his wife's chair, a type of the strong man of business; one who had given every energy to the great undertakings of commerce, and retained the warmth of home, the love of wife and child, whereby he had been kept nearer to humanity with unabated charity and benevolence. His modulated voice and kindly face showed that he had not grown hard and cold by business contact, but full of youthful generosity and interest in those around him. He turned to Zelda, and his expression showed what a depth of devotion was in his love for her, mingled with a father's pride. She had seated herself on an ottoman and taken up her harp. Her fingers glided, though unconsciously, over the strings, making chords as weird as those sung by the wind on an Æolian's strings.

"You would make a pretty picture, my daughter," he exclaimed. "If there were a painter in the city who could at all approach a perfect delineation, he might fix his own price on his work."

"How fortunate, for Mr. Kensett, my teacher in painting, proposed this very thing to me."

"He is not a great artist, and none other need make the attempt."

"Oh! no, he is young, but he has remarkable skill, and if he succeeds it will assist him to be recognized."

"Well, arrange with him, and state that his reward depends entirely on his success. If the picture is not like you, I'll not have it. I detest caricatures, and especially would I one of you."

Here the servant announced a visitor —Mrs. LaFarge. The lady who entered was tall, with erect and faultless bearing, a self-possession and ease which came from continuous contact with society. Her face was a perfect oval that would have delighted an artist; her complexion olive, her hair and eyes dark; her mouth drawn back slightly at the corners, compressing her thin lips over her white, perfect teeth. Her face was a study, so perfect in its parts, and yet not beautiful. She was magnetic and attractive, never intrusive, apparently retiring and sympathetic to the slightest shade of feeling. Her seemingly contradictory characteristics made her zealous in the cause she thought right, unscrupulous as to means; a jesuit to every intent and purpose in her sphere of activity.

After the usual salutations, Mrs. LaFarge, turning to Zelda, said: "I hear charming reports of you, my dear girl; how you easily won first honors in your class and the prize in the school contest."

"It is true I gained these honors, but I think others deserved them quite as well as I."

"Do not disparage yourself, dear girl. We get none too many honors, any of us. You deserve the prize. And does this finish your school days?" She asked blandly.

"Oh! I hope not! I have only begun."

"The fact is," said Mr. Joslyn, "there is no academy or college in this city which gives sufficiently wide range of studies. I am thinking of sending her east, to the states, where she can attend one of the long-established colleges."

"We are exceedingly anxious that she should continue her education, for she gives such promise of high attainments," said Mrs. Joslyn, "much as it would pain us to have her absent, and the great distance that would be between us."

"Zelda has already acquired a ruputation for scholarship," interposed Mrs. LaFarge, "and I do not wonder at your desire to have her go on, or at your solicitude for her. It is quite unnecessary for you to send her to the states for a higher education."

"It is quite unobtainable on this coast," replied Mr. Joslyn.

"I admit it has been until recently, but since the opening of the seminary of the Sacred Heart, every advantage is afforded which can be by any institution of learning."

"That is Catholic?" asked Mrs. Joslyn hesitatingly.

"Yes, it is Catholic, and I had my prejudice at first, but wishing to give my own daughter superior advantages, I examined the school, and for the past month she has been attending, and is delighted. It is so secluded. The thoughts of the world which fill the minds of young girls are cast out. The mind and body are disciplined as nowhere else. It seems to me that the graduates have a refinement and grace of culture given by no other institution."

"It is a long way from my agnosticism to Catholicism," replied Mr. Joslyn, "but a term cannot harm my daughter. I did not know before of this school. There are no attempts to force religion on the pupils?"

"Oh! no, not the least. The pupil is expected to attend prayers, but even that is not compulsory."

"I have taught my daughter to think for herself, and now, while my work is not finished, it would be the one great misfortune of my life if she should be turned aside."

"Oh! you need have no fear of any influence being exerted to alienate her from you. The love of children for their parents is enforced by the church as a cardinal virtue," softly spoke the visitor.

"What say you, Zelda?" asked her father. "Do you wish to sip wisdom from this proffered cup of the Catholics?"

"You know best, papa; but let us not be hasty. Perhaps it is prejudice; we have heard so much against the Catholics."

"My acquaintance with the members of that church," softly said the visitor, "has been invaluable in removing my prejudice. I have found them such exemplary christian people, and if we are good, what matters it what name is given us?"

As with all liberal-minded people, the Joslyns were weak to the charge of prejudice, which was a quality they despised.

"You will form delightful acquaintances, my dear Zelda. There are now over a hundred young ladies of your age in attendance. Such sweet ladies for teachers, ladies who received their education in the best schools of Europe. You will, I am sure, be delighted."

It must be confessed that the one point of advantage, seclusion, surpassed all others combined in the mind of Mr. Joslyn. He had a father's anxiety, not to say jealousy, about the future of his daughter, and knowing that if she remained heart whole until she had completed her education, she might be more safely trusted to choose for herself, it struck him as highly advantageous to have her in a school where this disturbing element was excluded. Hence he quickly determined, and resolved to persuade his daughter, if possible, to attend the seminary of the Sacred Heart. The mother was influenced by other motives.

"It will leave you with us," she said to her daughter, "and that alone removes a load from my heart."

"Well, dear mamma, anything to make you happy," laughingly said the loving girl.

"You will find one attraction, my dear, I have not mentioned," said Mrs. LaFarge. "There is a teacher on the harp, a most finished player, the Sister Magdalene, with a voice like an angel from heaven."

"Indeed, that would be an attraction for me," replied Zelda, for the first time manifesting interest. "To become proficient on my harp, and in vocal music, would indeed be delightful."

And thus it was arranged before the suave visitor departed, that with the new term, commencing in about a month, Zelda shall enter the seminary of the Sacred Heart. How blind are human eyes! The Joslyns thought they were advised by a friend, at the time they were influenced by an interested spy, whose object was to steal away ther daughter and bring ruin and desolation to that bright home! Why did not some kind angel, some dear departed friend, bend low and whisper a warning word?

If we cannot avert the decrees of fate, it is well we know not the future nor feel the shadow of evil, before the actual overtakes us.

(To be Continued.)

Archbishop Ireland Defends the Catholic Church.

BOSTON, MASS., March 16.—The Pilot contains an interview between Archbishop Ireland and its correspondent in Rome, from which this important passage is extracted:

"I am glad to be able to say that the Roman authorities, both at the vatican and the propaganda, declare themselves determined to maintain the hierarchial unity of the church in America and to allow no effort to be made in the name of religion toward retarding the assimilation of the different populations in America and encouraging the political and social unification of all the citizens of the land. But, strange to say, this determination of Rome does not prevent constant renewal of efforts to defeat this end. There are people in America and Europe who are under the positive belief that the country is a wild Congo, to be partitioned off into so many foreign colonies as distinct from one another as language, ideas and customs can make them. Many of the European Catholic papers are enlisted to the movement. *The Catholic papers of Germany are today a veritable curiosity, teeming week after week with statements most false about the church in America and the bishops of America, who are supposed to be at all times tinged with a patriotic American feeling.* I am sorry to say that most of the articles written in this spirit appear as correspondence from America, and manifestly are such, as evidence the local coloring given to the misrepresentations contained in them. A short time ago at a general Catholic international congress at Liege, Belgium, two gentlemen appeared, Mr. Peter Cahensly and Rev. Mr. Villenouve, daring to moke in open session the statement that the church in America, had lost 20,000,000. Cahensly repeated the lie in his famous memorial of last summer, although reduced somewhat in its proportions. Rev. Mr. Villenuve is at present in Rome and I have no reason whatever to put trust in his movements; his virulence I may say showing itself particularly in opposition to the bishops of the New England states."

Columbus Before the Doctors of Salamanca.

The story of the discovery of America contains no sadder passage than that which the engraving portrays. Columbus, failing to enlist Portugal in the search for a new continent, had turned to Spain. He quickly gained the ear of Ferdinand and Isabella, although they were then occupied with a war with Morocco. Through the influence of Fermando de Talavera, who had presented Columbus to the king, a council of the most learned ecclesiastics was called, before whom Columbus was to lay his plans, and who were to determine on their practicability.

On the other hand was the learning of all the libraries; the crystalization of all the knowledge of the past; the pomp, pride and authority of the church in the height of its power. On the other hand was a simple Genoese mariner steeped in the traditions of a continent far outlying the Pillars of Hercules, who had listened and gathered up the stories of unknown shores from castaway sailors, and for whom the new knowledge of the rotoundity of the earth, and such familiar things as winds and tides and floating drift, had a significance which to the proud clerics was foolishness and presumption.

We can imagine their dull pedantry, their pragmatical questions, their unyielding bigotry, and their pointless jokes. The discussion lasted for years, while Columbus waited, heart-sore and weary, sustained alone by the continued friendship of the king and queen. At length, spurred to decision, the ecclesiastics brought in their verdict—"Vain and unpracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the government."

It was meant to be crushing. The conclave dissolved, the doctors passed out, and Columbus was left to the Gethsemane through which all lonely souls, isolated by the greatness of their ideas, must pass. At such a moment the pride of learning, the senile wit, and the priestly arrogance could add no additional pang. As Columbus sits there, at his feet the discarded maps, it is not the triumphant priests nor the sculptured magnificence of the halls of Salamanca that he sees, but a vast continent fading before his strained eyes.

We all know how the story ended. On his way to France to lay his cause before the king, he met the large-hearted, open-minded friar Juan Perez, who persuaded him to go back and renew his plea before Ferdinand and Isabella. He did so, aided by Perez, and the king and queen made the cause of Columbus their own. It is hardly possible at this day to realize the nobility of soul and steadfast devotion to a great idea that lifted these four above the haughty dominion of the church and the polished sneers of the wise. But its great results we know and its fruition has been ours.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

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Another American.

Mrs. H. E. Ledyard presented her husband with an 11¼ pound son last Monday morning, March 28, 1892. Both the young American and his mother are doing nicely, and the father will be able to resume his place in the business world in a few days.

A Charity Ball.

The National Association of Stationary Engineers will give a ball in Washington hall, April 18. The proceeds are to be given to the various charitable institutions in the city. A pleasant time is to be expected. Tickets only $1.00.

Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, will lecture in Omaha, Thursday evening, April 7th, at the First M. E. church, on the subject, "Jesuit Aggression in America." He is one of the most powerful thinkers of the day, known throughout Europe and America, a giant for the right in intellect and morals. Buy tickets at THE AMERICAN office, or after April 5th at Max Meyer Bros. & Co.

A religion whose priests baptize dead unborn infants is not the religion of the Bible. This heathenish custom has been practised here in Springfield within the last three years, so we are reliably informed.—Protestant American.

Slee & Viney, the barbers, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Slee opens a new shop at 818 north 16th street, which will be known as American Barber Shop No. 2, where he will be pleased to meet all his friends.

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Oil sardines, can	5 c	Evaporated currants, pound	6¼c
Mustard sardines, can	5½c	Evoporated apricots, pound	10 c
Salmon, can	10 c	German coffee, package	25 c
Condensed milk, can	10 c	Arbuckle's coffee, pound	23 c
String beans, can	8 c	Jamoya coffee, pound	28 c
Lima beans, can	8 c	Our "Private growth" Java, best on earth, pound	35 c
Succotash, can	8 c	Scour soap	3 c
Wax beans, can	8 c	Axle grease	5 c
Pumpkins, can	8½c	Compressed yeast	1 c
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