

A VOICE FROM THE CHURCH OF ROME.

We came from the souls of old Ireland.
Smoking shales and rest, and a home:
For this, you will know, was desired us.

To understand your day by day.
Our pope, and our cardinals, and bishops.
Our laymen, and priests, every one.

We would seek to root out disbelievers.
We would torture, and burn, and destroy.
As in days of the old inquisition.

Then we'd ask you, and surely 'tis little—
Our wishes are modest, I hope—
That you'll let the great seat of this nation

Be occupied soon by the pope.
He is wise, far beyond your conception;
The' our gain may perhaps be your loss;

And he'll govern this country and people.
At least, that's a part of his plan.
For he fears that he soon must be moving

Then we'd ask that the shamrocks of Ireland
Might be trained with the greatest of care.
On the grave of America's eagle—

You'll agree with me, this is but fair.
And your great flag, the bright starry emblem,
You worship today with such zest,

Now these are a few modest wishes.
Which we trust that you will not deny.
For should you not willingly grant them.

We do not intend to be thwarted.
In the plans we have laid with such care;
And to those who might wish to oppose us,

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.
WRITTEN BY HUDSON TULLER FOR THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.
You are surprised at my asking your attention,

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"Your immortal soul is of more consequence than your father's frown.
Your heavenly father is more worthy of obedience than your earthly. Besides,

"There was a low rap at the door: it was pushed open and a priest entered.
You are just in time Holy Father,"

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"You are just in time Holy Father,"
exclaimed the superior. "Here is a poor child, a lost lamb of the fold."

"Disobedience to an ungodly parent is commendable. The crucified one said that we must leave father, mother and friends for His sake. Many are the dear saints who have deserted luxurious homes, for the rude life of beggary, and by suffering and humiliation of the flesh, become stars in the Saviour's crown. Your father will see the error of his ways, and be brought to repentance. Perhaps you will be the means of his salvation. You should write him and ask him if he greatly cares."

"I will do so at once."
"Sit down at my desk, my daughter, for now I may truly call you such; write your father, and I will at once send it to him by a trusty messenger."

Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn sat late in the afternoon in easy chairs on opposite sides of the grate. The atmosphere was raw with chilly ocean wind, and a fire was agreeable. He had had an unusually hard week's work. Since Zelda had been away, he attempted to forget her absence in the routine of business, and had enlarged so as to occupy his entire time and attention. "Let us see," said he, musingly, "in a month more Zelda comes home. Only a month, and I shall not allow her to return. I think I see a marked change in her mind, by her letters, and however much she may be interested, I will send her to the states, to a liberal college, I'll not patronize an institution I detest, and always have detested."

"I regret that we allowed her to go at all," responded Mrs. Joslyn, "for she has been further away in reality than she would have been on the other side of the Rockies."

The bell rang, and Mr. Kensett was announced. After the salutation he said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Joslyn, for this intrusion, and I should not have ventured but interest in your daughter's welfare prompted." As he spoke his eyes turned from the father to the heavily-framed portrait of Zelda which hung on the wall.

"That work of yours, Mr. Kensett, is a masterpiece, and gives you the freedom of this house. You should have made use of the privilege before. I do not know how I should have managed without her had I not had this picture. Just like the darling girl—almost speaks. I sometimes think I see her smile!"

"I came to inquire of her," said the visitor. "She's all right—all right. A girl like her, with my training, could not be otherwise. But somehow, her letters of late are queer. There is a loosening, a yielding, I tell you, Kensett, I don't like it. I believe I have let my girl child go among wolves."

"So I fear! I was brought up with a prejudice against the Catholic church. I am of the Huguenot stock. You remember how they were dastardly betrayed and butchered! I have the hereditary hate of that massacre in my veins."

"Right! Right!" exclaimed Mr. Joslyn. "And last night I had a dream," continued Kensett. "It was a frightful dream about your daughter. I was standing by a river. Just above the point where it rolled down a wild rapids, whirled into waves by the rocks and lashed into white foam—as I stood there I heard some one call my name far up the river. The voice I knew well as that of your daughter. My heart stood still when a small boat came in sight, bearing her swiftly onward. I saw she had one broken oar in her hand, but was allowing the boat to take its own course. I shouted to her to use the oar in turning the boat toward me, and clasping a point of rock with one hand I stepped as far into the water as I dared, and made ready to grasp the prow of the boat when it reached me. Fortunately an eddy assisted and turned the boat so that I caught the prow, and for a moment stayed its career. As I did so, Zelda leaped on the rock, and the boat, escaping my grasp, was caught by the current and disappeared. I awoke in agony of fear, and have been so haunted all the day that I have come that I might hear directly from her as to her present safety."

"A singular dream, which I hope may have come from indigestion. I've had awful dreams from that. Dreamed of having the trunk of a big redwood rolled on me, and awoke up shouting for some one to roll it off!"

Mr. Joslyn made believe this was a good joke, but his laugh was a failure, and found no second with his wife or visitor.

The servant brought a letter and presented to him. He looked at the address, and exclaimed with delight: "A letter from Zelda, just in the nick of time, when we all want to hear from her. The blessed girl; she always thinks of us."

With hasty hand he tore open the envelope and read aloud:
DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: A great event has come to me; whether fortunate or unfortunate depends on how you regard it. I was strangely affected by the sermon of the bishop today. I think I am growing morbidly sensitive. I do not know what is the matter with me. I was, as I said, greatly affected, and the superior, after dinner, called me to her room. While there, a priest entered, and sprinkling me with holy water, told me I was a member of the Catholic church. I do not regret being a Catholic, for they are all excellent people, and the novices live pure,

sweet lives. I hope you will not think that I have changed, or blame me for not committing you. I had no time to ask your advice, or I should have done so. I fully intended to have written to you.

With my loving regards, affectionately,
ZELDA.

He read to the end without appearing to comprehend the words, which smote like flame the ears of his listeners. He held it out in his hand, and gazed with the other, as though seeking support. He staggered to a chair, and sank heavily down. Then he gazed up wildly to his wife, and said in a dry and grating voice:

"What does it mean? Is this from Zelda? Does Zelda write this? Has she trampled under foot the implicit confidence I reposed in her? Oh! I thought her strong and true! She writes like an idiot. She can be no daughter of mine!"

"I pray you, Mr. Joslyn," interposed Kensett, "do not blame your daughter. She has been subjected to influences which a child like her could not resist. You have overestimated her endurance."

"Yes, the dear girl," said Mrs. Joslyn through her tears; "we ought to have known; we did know. We did not wish to appear prejudiced, and were over-persuaded. Oh! we did know."

Mr. Joslyn turned to Kensett, whose strength of will was shown by the manner in which he received the news, for there was no perceptible change except a gleam in his eyes and a compression of the lips.

"This is the bitterest hour of my life," he answered. "I could bear anything better than this. I would that every dollar I possessed were gone, and I could go out to the placers and wash gold, even in this old age—wash gold to give my little daughter bread. A crust for myself, but she should have the heart of the loaf! Oh, anything! I'll sell myself for a slave, to work at the most menial toil until these withered hands fall lifeless, if it only gives her happiness. What shall I do?" he asked, turning helplessly to Kensett.

"Do! why man, the case is not hopeless. Go this night and demand your daughter. Bring her home at once, and under your superior influence she will forget this alliance."

"The messenger awaits an answer," interrupted the servant. "An answer! Then I will write, instead of going tonight. The morning will be as well. I dare not trust myself tonight. Tomorrow I will write to have Zelda come home, and I will go for her tomorrow!"

(To be Continued.)

do not like our public schools, else they would not build and maintain parochial schools in opposition to them; else they would not denounce them from nation and pulpit, through press and pamphlet. Roman Catholic priests unhesitatingly assert that it is difficult to hold their children strictly to the faith when they are educated in the public schools. The association with the American-born Protestant boy, and the daily course of studies seem to relegate Catholic teachings and precepts to a subordinate place in the minds of Catholic children. In other words the light of modern truth and the power of modern thought, as taught in free America, conflict with and undermine the teachings of papal supremacy as expounded from Rome. Therefore the Roman church wishes its children educated in Roman parochial schools, which it has the absolute right to do under our free institutions. On the other hand any body of American citizens, native or foreign born, have an undisputed right to band themselves together in societies to protect our common schools from the sect which opposes them. This movement has nothing new or strange in it. It seems rather to be quite a natural result of the abuses that have of late characterized our school government in this city. A little clique of democrats, in order to placate the Roman Catholic vote, have given places as teachers to Catholics living outside the city when there were scores of capable Protestant girls in the city, waiting for positions. Young women, just graduated from parochial schools, who had never yet seen the inside of a public school building, have been appointed teachers, while scores of girls educated in our public schools were rejected. They were appointed by democrats because not less than 98 per cent. of the Roman Catholic church votes the democratic ticket. The democratic papers of Cleveland know this, and therefore they have brought this subject into this campaign, and are heaping denunciation and abuse upon a body of men, who, so far as we can learn, have no object in view except to protect the rights of the graduates of our public schools to positions as teachers in the same schools where they have passed most of their days, and around which cluster all the most cheerful associations of their lives. Really the Leader cannot see anything in this society which ought to drive the democratic editors into such a chorus of lamentation and woe.

Public officials must, from the very nature of our politics, show some favor to the party that elects them. The only difference between the two parties in this respect is that one contains practically all the Roman Catholic voters, and the other the bulk of the Protestant voters. The first would be bound to use its power, in a large measure, to recompense Roman Catholics for their influence, and to appoint them to teach in schools which they have been taught to abhor as unfit places for their own education. The second would be compelled, from the very nature of its membership, to appoint teachers who had been educated in our public schools, who love and cherish our public school system, and who believe that the perpetuity of our free institutions depends upon making our public schools the nurseries of a broad and deep spirit of American patriotism. Between these two parties the voters of Cleveland will choose on Monday next, and we think we can predict what their choice will be.—Cleveland Leader.

The friends of the public schools and good government decided by their little ballots on Monday, that all men owing allegiance to Rome, who are the enemies of good government and the institutions of this country—should have no voice in the management of affairs.—Patriotic American.

"EXETER EYE" OPENERS.
America for Americans; and every resident of the proper age and education should be a full fledged American citizen.

There is no room in America but for Americans. One country; one flag; one undivided American nation. No rights reserved; no foreign potentates acknowledged, but all thoroughly ignored.

The campaign is now over in South Omaha and the Ed. Johnston gang was left, thanks to the South Omaha Tribune tirad. It was one of the foulest campaigns ever waged in any civilized community.

It should be remembered that denominational schools can never supplant the public schools in America. Our government is not one of church and never can be. If you love liberty help to improve and perpetuate the public school.

Some strong testimony as to the need of further restriction on immigration crept into press dispatches a few days ago. It was in the form of a telegram telling about two confessed murderers from Italy, who were prevented from landing at New York, and will be sent back to their native shore. Nineteen other ex-convicts were admitted, however, and hereafter will be numbered among the criminal classes of the United States.—Looking Glass.

Fine watch repairing, John Rudd, 305 north Sixteenth street.

THE FIGHT IN CLEVELAND.
Our esteemed democratic local contemporaries are disturbed over the sudden apparition of an organization in this city called the American Protective association, strongly resembling, we are told, the old Know-nothing order which flourished something like a third of a century ago. The democratic press vouches for the assertion that it is "a dark lantern skull aggregation" organized to "stir up strife," to pit "one class of citizens against another." The senior local organ of the democracy says the aim of this new order is "to keep from participation in all governmental matters Catholics, members of all sects differing in religion from orthodox protestantism, and all foreign-born citizens." Possibly our contemporary thinks he knows whereof he speaks, but we fear he is groping in traditional democratic darkness. In a communication in yesterday's Leader a citizen stated that the order in question admitted Jews and foreign-born citizens of all nationalities. A well-known Irish-born Clevelander called at this office yesterday to inform us that he was a member of the "dark lantern, skull aggregation," and that its objects were to promote "a stronger American sentiment," chiefly by keeping the public schools in the hands of the true friends of common school education. The members of the order will not vote, he said, for any man for the school council who belongs to a political or religious organization which is opposed to the American common school system. In short, the members of the new society in this city are making the same fight that was waged by the people of Boston to rescue their schools from Roman control. In that city the Romanists had grown so arrogant and confident of their power to shape American constitutions that they dictated the choice of text books and expelled teachers for having taught the truths of history as set forth in standard writings. Had not the intelligent, public-spirited citizens of Boston combined against the growing abuses the usefulness of their free schools would have been destroyed. There is nothing remarkable in an American citizens' movement against the aggressions of Romanism. General Grant said that the next great struggle in the United States would be on this question. Possibly we are now in the midst of the first stages of that struggle.

Nothing whatever is to be gained by attempting to disguise the fact that the chief object of the organization which is giving our contemporaries so much annoyance is to prevent Roman Catholics from obtaining control of our schools. Whether this object is wise or not the voters of Cleveland must determine for themselves. Romanists

C. G. AHLQUIST.
DEALER IN
Hardware, Tinware, Cutlery,
NAILS ETC. ETC.
Guttering, Spouting and Roofing a Specialty.
1302 Saunders Street or North 24th Street.

WE'LL TAKE IT BACK.
We'll take back any sack of flour bought at our store which does not give satisfaction in every particular. This guarantee plan, together with the fact that we sell flour for less money than any other dealer dare, has built up for us, the biggest business in this line in Omaha. We make a specialty of Omaha made flour (which is the equal of any on earth, no matter where manufactured) and carry all the different brands. Flour from Sie a sack up.

The Peoples Peerless Purveyors.
W. R. BENNETT CO.,
1508 to 1514 CAPITOL AVE.

THE B. H. OSTERHOUDT SPRING WAGON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
INCORPORATED.
No. 3 Wagon.
For Style, Quality and Price, we will not be outdone.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
1801-1803 Cass St., OMAHA, NEB.
Telephone 1657.

A. HALD
All coal well screened and promptly delivered, weighing on city scales, if so desired.
SOLE AGENT FOR LITTLE TOM COAL
Rock Springs, Ohio, Walnut Block, Hard Coal, Wood Kindling and Coke.
I sell the Best Varieties of Soft Coal for Cooking Purposes.

MOVING EXPRESS.
When you desire to change your place of residence and want your furniture moved without being broken or scratched, look for my wagons
NU BERS 77, AND 207.
and you won't think two moves equal to a fire.
I. GARD, Fourteenth and Douglas Street.

C. H. FORBY,
MANUFACTURER OF
TRUNKS
AND TRAVELING BAGS.
REPAIRING DONE.
1406 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.

DON'T HAWK AND GAG
and make yourself a nuisance, but use
RHINOLIN.
Valuable for CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD and INFLAMED NOSTRILS.
ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS.
RHINOLIN CHEMICAL CO.,
THE ALOE PENFOLD CO., General Agents,
114 South 16th Street, OMAHA, NEB.
PRICE 75c FOR Powder and Blower.

OMAHA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.
ROHRBOUGH BROS., Props., Cor. 16th and Douglas Sts.
Occupies new and elegant quarters. Has the largest attendance in its history. All departments constantly in operation. All business and normal branches taught including Short Hand and Type Writing. In session all the year. Students enter any time. Work for board guaranteed. Normal branches a specialty from April 1st to September 1st. Actual business Department the finest in the state and always running. If you attend a college attend the finest in the state. Send fifty names of school teachers and get the "Modern Educator" one year free. Send 80c in stamps and get one-quarter gross of our college pens, the best made. Address ROHRBAUGH BROS., OMAHA, NEB.