

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The First Bishop.

Mr. Pecci. Much has been written, for and against the belief that Peter was at Rome and that he was a bishop there for twenty-five years. I do not believe he was a bishop there for twenty-five years any more than I believe that I have been a cardinal of your church in Assis for twenty-five years. I will quote from a standard author: "In the course of his (Peter's) labors, which were shared by Mark, he penetrated, according to I Peter, 5:13, as far as Babylon. That he also labored in Asia Minor and Greece is doubtful. That he was crucified under the reign of Nero at Rome, A. D. 64, the same year when Paul was beheaded, may well be questioned, and the legend that for twenty-five years before his death he was bishop of Rome, is a certain fact. Indeed it is by no means clear that Peter was ever in Rome." Again we quote from the same author: "The legend about Peter's bishopric at Rome (according to Eusebius, from the year 42-67) is derived from the heretical, pseudo-epigraphic Clementines and recognitions—an authority entirely untrustworthy. (2: 37, 4.) The silence both of the letter to the Romans and Acts XXVIII, prove that Peter could not have labored in Rome before A. D. 60 when Paul arrived there as a prisoner."

Now, Mr. Pecci, I think you have fastened your ship to an iceberg and it is floating down toward the equator, and when the heat of a tropical sun shines upon it there will be nothing left but the sea (ice). You are an old man, and I suppose if I were to come to Rome and attempt to prove to you the false position in which you, with your church, are standing, I would not be successful in opening your eyes that you might see your true surroundings. You are an old man, with an old church, and you seem to be playing blind-man-buff, and I do not understand why more who are playing with you do not yell "Hot."

No, Peter was not bishop at Rome for twenty-five years. He was an apostle to the Jews. If you wish to fish for mountain trout you must not go to the bay, and Peter knew what kind of fish he was trying to catch. As my quotation has suggested, if Peter had been bishop of Rome, at least John, who lived to the end of the first Christian century, or some of the writers of the New Testament would have said something about it. The United States has been noted for inventors of a certain class, but I think the devotees of the certain class are also noted for a certain class of inventions, and their inventions have been many because there has been a great demand for them in order to place the Roman Catholic church in such a false position as she is at the present time.

Now, Mr. Pecci, you should admire the truth wherever you see it. If you see that Peter was not a bishop of Rome, or first pope, if you please make arrangements to have the church you represent change that tenet. It might cause the trouble and expense of convening an ecumenical council. It might cause some heated discussions. It might cause thousands of the books of your church to be worthless; but if it is the truth why would it not be practicable? Of course it is inferred a church is seeking truth. When Christ was before Pilate and prior to his condemning Christ, Pilate asked, "What is truth?" and now I wish you to stop a moment, before you finish your life upon earth. Condense my statements in reference to the apostle Peter and ask, "What is truth?"

Mr. Pecci, let me say, An "inventor" showed one day, To a lady down your way, Peter's skull, when young and gay, How could Peter, tell I pray, Have been bishop? Would he stray Back to earth and for you stay? If he did, why then portray To this lady, old and gray, All the power that there lay In this skull? Another, eye.

Yes, Mr. Pecci, a lady in Italy was shown two skulls of the apostle Peter, one when he was a boy and one when he was old. If he died when he was a boy how could he have been pope for twenty-five years? And if this two skull business is a farce and your followers tell it to deceive, why would they not tell the Peter scheme and let all who were foolish enough believe it and yearly send in their "Peter's pence."

We will meet again in a few days and see if we cannot prove more fully the devotion of your followers to your "inventors." Yours respectfully, ALEPH.

FOR THE AMERICAN: Pro Aris et Locis.

Oh bigotry, bigotry, who can explain Thy hold upon man, though a thousand times slain? Though reason belabors and pummels thy head, Thou livest, exhaling the stench of the dead! Where Rome can dictate The laws for a state, Its biggest creed to extend, It gains the control Of man, body and soul, And leaves him a serf in the end. See history's "Dark Ages," Macaulay's late pages, Fox, Draper, and martyrdoms, read, And note with what gale This church controls all, Where statutes are based on its creed. Since Constantine's creed Was adopted the creed Of this Catholic organization Has been to acquire By statute and fire Control of the way of salvation. The honest and pure, Though simple and poor, Who fail to respond to the bell, Are sent by the pope Without mercy or hope, To writhe in the torments of hell. Our fathers who fought For freedom of thought And honor our soil with their graves, Developed the birth Of a nation on earth That will not be fetter'd like slaves.

This country, thank heaven To mankind is given Where Rome forms no part of the plan, Where youth may attend Its free schools, and defend Their brains from this bigoted clan. Unfurl then the glorious Banner victorious, That represents free men abroad, And swear that no pope Shall shadow our hope By creeping between us and God. OMAHA, January 16, 1893. DOX BOX.

After the Press. FRANKFORT, N. Y., January 8, 1893.—EDITOR THE AMERICAN.—Dear Sir: As I was looking over a few of the several papers at the Y. M. C. A. rooms here in Frankfort, I discovered an article in the Church Union of New York, December 15th, 1892. It is composed by Rev.

Second T. Carter, and if you can spare space in THE AMERICAN for a few of the most interesting lines it will reach the hands of a good many friends of the A. T. A. and others. I can readily envision that your paper is the only one exposing so much of the deceits done by Roman Catholicism throughout this country. Your paper being such an outspoken one, deserves the support of all loyal citizens in every section of the country. Here is the issue I wish to call your attention to. When Rev. Layden, an ex-priest of Boston, Mass., lectured in Rochester, N. Y., not long ago, exposing Roman Catholicism, the papers of that city barely mentioned the subject. The next morning the papers were searched but no account could be seen of the lecture, only that Rev. Layden had lectured at Washington rink. The Protestant subscribers of the morning papers were surprised not to see any more of an account, but they were sacrificed for a few Roman Catholics whom the editors thought would discontinue their paper if they had published the lecture, which was a most interesting one—exposing to all who were there the rottenness of the whole Roman Catholic machine—purge and confession. Hoping that those lines will find space in your column, I remain respectfully your friend. I. A. JACOBS.

Signs its Own Death Warrant.

Only meagre details of the proceedings of the convention of Roman Catholic archbishops have been allowed to become public, and there is a suspicion, even, that such matter as was given to the press was rather for effect than for the truth of it. One rather surprising piece of information thus conveyed, is that the public schools are henceforth to be "tolerated." We are not vouching for the truth of this at all; in fact, we are not prepared to accept it as the position of the Roman Catholic church, for it does not agree with the policy of that church in any particular. If, however, the report is correct, we are of the opinion that this alleged "toleration" will consist merely in a change of methods. The fight against the public schools will be conducted in a less public manner, but no less bitter—a subtle and silent warfare, vastly more dangerous than the bolder and open attacks indulged in by ex-Judge Dunne and his faction.

It was when the Greeks bore gifts that they were most to be feared, for then under guise of friendship, they struck their most deadly blow, and it is thus we must guard against such overtures as the Catholic church proposes to make towards our schools. There is need now for even greater vigilance and preparation. Another noteworthy feature of this convention is the proposition to establish a papal nuncio at Washington. A nuncio, or legate, is simply an ambassador, representing the pope, and through him the Catholic church. The reception by our government of such a personage, would be a formal recognition of the temporal sovereignty of the pope, and would place him in diplomatic affairs upon a level with all other foreign powers.

Need we say that this must never come to pass? Is there any reason why the United States government should thus exalt and prefer any religious body, especially when there is a suspicion, and in many quarters a well-founded belief, that this institution is by no means friendly to our government? Why should the Catholics be given this recognition above the Methodists, Presbyterians, or other equally numerous sects? If the Catholic church is, as it sometimes claims, only a religious organization, why does it crave for a civil position?

These questions are very easily answered. We need not answer them here, for the response will naturally arise in the minds of all who read them. This much we will say. The political party, or its representatives, that allows such an innovation, or admits to any degree of special favor, the Catholics or any church, practically signs its own death warrant. However careless and indifferent the people of America may appear to be, such a step would be the signal for a political revolt that would be more than a landslide—it would be an avalanche.

Until the opportunity to turn out such party would be offered, however, much damage might be done, and it would be a wiser and much safer policy to prevent the consummation of the plan now, than to encounter the difficulties of destroying it later. The warning has gone forth. All may know what is threatened and each will have a duty to perform. Agitation is the best way to meet the crisis. Turn on the light, strongly and continuously, that all may see, and thus create so powerful a public sentiment in advance, that those in power will not dare to disregard it. Thus America can be saved.—Pittsburgh American.

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WHY THE SEA IS SALT

IT RECEIVES MINERAL SALT FROM LAND AND LOSES NONE.

The Process of Evaporation Releases Water from the Ocean, but the Salt Remains. Therefore the Sea is Continually Growing More Salty.

Why is sea water salt? is a question that has been regarded as a mystery and has given rise to some curious speculations, but a little consideration on the subject must, I think, satisfy us all that it would be very wonderful, quite incomprehensible, if the waters of the ocean were otherwise than salt as they are. The following explanation was first suggested to myself many years ago when receiving my first lessons in practical chemical analysis. The problem then to be solved was the separation of the bases dissolved in water by precipitating them one by one in a solid condition, filtering away the water from the first, then from this filtrate precipitating the second, and so on until all were separated or accounted for.

But in doing this there was one base that was always left to the last on account of the difficulty of combining it with any acid that would form a solid compound—a difficulty so great that its presence was determined by a different method. This base is soda, the predominating base of sea salt, where it is combined with hydrochloric acid. Not only is soda the most soluble of all the mineral bases, but the mineral acid with which it is combined forms a remarkably soluble series of salts—the chlorides. Thus the primary fact concerning the salinity of sea water is that it has selected from among the stable chemical elements the two which form the most soluble compounds. Among the earthy bases is one which is exceptionally soluble—that is, magnesia—and this stands next to soda in its abundance in sea water.

Modern research has shown that the ocean contains in solution nearly every element that exists upon the earth, and that these elements exist in the water in proportions nearly corresponding to the mean solubility of their various compounds. Thus gold and silver and most of the other heavy metals exist there. Sonnenstadt found about fourteen grains of gold to the ton of seawater, or a dollar's worth in less than two tons. As the ocean covers all the lower valleys of the earth, it receives all the drainage from the whole of the exposed land. This drainage is the rainwater that has fallen upon this exposed surface, has fallen down its superficial slopes or has sunk into porous land and descended underground. In either case the water must dissolve and carry with it any soluble matter that it meets, the quantity of solid matter which is thus appropriated being proportionate to its solubility and the extent of its exposure to the solvent. Rain when it falls upon the earth is distilled water, nearly pure (its small impurities being what it obtains from the air), but river water when it reaches the ocean contains measurable quantities of dissolved mineral and vegetable matter. These small contributions are ever pouring in and ever accumulating. This continual addition of dissolved mineral salts without any corresponding abstraction by evaporation has been going on ever since the surface of the earth consisted of land and water.

An examination of the composition of other bodies of water which, like the ocean, receive rivers and rivulets and have no other outlet than that afforded by evaporation, confirms this view. All of these are more or less saline, many of them more so than the ocean itself. On the great tableland of Asia, "the roof of the world," there is a multitude of small lakes which receive the waters of rivers and rivulets of that region and have no outlet to the ocean. On a map they appear like bags, with a string attached, the bag being the lake and the string the river. All these lakes are saline, many of them excessively so, simply because they are ever receiving river water of slight salinity and ever giving off vapor which has no salinity at all. There is no wash through these lakes, as in the great American lakes or those of Constance, Geneva, etc.

The sea of Aral and the Caspian are lakes without any other outlet than evaporation, and they are saline accordingly. The Dead sea, which receives the Jordan at one end and a multitude of minor rivers and rivulets at the other end and sides, is a noted example of extreme salinity. It is, as everybody knows, a sea or lake of brine. The total area of land draining into the great ocean does not exceed one-fourth of its own area, while the Dead sea receives the drainage and soluble matter of an area above twenty times greater than its own, and thus it fulfills the demand of the above stated theory by having far greater salinity than has the great ocean. According to this view the salinity of the ocean must be steadily though very slowly increasing, and there must be slowly proceeding a corresponding adaptation of evolution among the inhabitants, both animal and vegetable. The study of this subject and the effect which the increasing salinity of the past must have had upon the progressive modifications of organic life displayed by fossils is, I think, worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received from paleontologists.—W. Mattien Williams in Science.

Her Point of View. A charming lady of the old school, who is a member of one of the historical families of Massachusetts, says that she never goes by a statue of her most distinguished kinsman without wishing it did not stand there in the sun and in the storms. "Other people like statues," she says, "but I do not. I don't like to see my cousin rained on, and I always feel it when the snow falls."—Boston Transcript.

We may render the words of one language literally into those of another and yet lose the very spirit of the whole, but there are cases of what may be called "sympathetic translation."

Proceeded to Work.

While in Cajamarca in the Cordillera I was sitting with my boots one evening at the door of my house. Suddenly there was a great noise in the quiet street, and a horseman rode up. It was a friend of the family, who was on his way to settle an account with a troublesome debtor. When he hinted that a creditor would hardly be ordinarily received at such an hour, he touched something hanging on the pommel of his saddle, and said that he had something there which would settle the matter.

His debtor was an Indian who lived not far away in the country, and who had promised to make for him 300 or 400 large adobe bricks in payment for some small wares which he had purchased two years before. He seemed perfectly willing to fulfill his contract, and whenever he was reminded of it would promise to be on hand the next day; but he never appeared. The merchant was repairing his house, and according to the custom of the country had taken the law into his own hands. An hour after he left us he returned, calling out triumphantly, "Well, I have my man, you see."

His lasso was unrolled. One end was tied to his saddle; the other was fastened about the wrists of an Indian. I shall never forget the captive's impassive face. His strong features, framed in long locks of hair, expressed neither anger nor astonishment—only philosophical submission to fate. The next day at dawn I saw him cheerfully at work with the air of a man who was glad to pay his debts. Curiously enough, when some time later another man wished to engage his services he declined the offer. He liked his employer and his work and had no desire to better his condition.—Marcel Monnier.

Death to the Horses.

It is a white and dreary plain. There is a line of straggling gum trees beside a feeble water course. Six wild horses—brombies, as they are called—have been driven down, corralled and caught. They have fed on the leaves of the myall and stray bits of salt bush. After a time they are got within the traces. They are all young and they look not so bad. We start. They can scarcely be held in for the first few miles. Then they begin to soak in perspiration. Another five miles and they look drawn about the flanks, and what we thought was flesh is dripping from them.

Another five, and the flesh has gone. The ribs show, the shoulders protrude. Look! A pole's heels are knocking against the whiffletree. It is twenty miles now. There is a gulp in your throat as you see a wreck stagger out of the traces and stumble over the plain, head near the ground and death upon its back. There is no water in that direction, worn out creature. It comes upon you like a sudden blow. These horses are being driven to death. And why? Because it is cheaper to kill them on this stage of thirty miles than to feed them with chaff at \$250 a ton. And now another ways. Look at the shrobbing sides, the quivering limbs. He falls. "Driver, for heaven's sake, can't you see?" "I do; & help me God, I do. But we've got to get there. I'll let them out at another mile."

And you are an Anglo-Saxon, and this is a Christian land.—"Round the Compass in Australia."

Effect of a Compromise.

In a certain Maine town lives a man who for many years has been engaged in the grocery business, but receiving a good offer he sold out to a younger man and retired to private life. But the ruling passion was too strong to let him long be idle, so he commenced building a store on his land, which adjoined that of the Methodist church. For a time everything went harmoniously and the new store neared a state of completion. But just at this point up came one of the trustees of the church and said, "Your store sets over on our land one foot and it will have to be moved." This rather staggered the prospective grocer, and he retired to ponder over the question and study the deeds of his land and test the measurements.

In doing this he discovered that the back of the church rested over on his side of the line three feet. Armed with this new argument he said to the church owners, "If you will move your church three feet I will move my store one." This view of the case was a new one to the church authorities, but recognizing its force they made all haste to effect a compromise.—Lewiston Journal.

Not the Weaker Sex.

To refer to women as the weaker sex, a German scientist says, is surely a mistake, for they have always known how to preserve their dominion over the so called stronger sex. Men are indeed women's most obedient slaves. Solomon said his wives were bitterer than death, and surely there never was a greater slave to woman. Statistics show that seven wives survive every ten famous men. Heloise survived the loss of her beloved Abelard twenty-two years, and similarly the wife of Washington, though she declared she could never get over the death of her husband, outlived him thirty years.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Buried Wealth in France.

In Normandy the English conquest in the Fifteenth century, followed by their ultimate expulsion, has given rise to many traditions of buried treasure, which the least superstitious attribute to the English. Throughout France the Revolution, without doubt, gave occasion to many secret hoards, the owners of which may well have perished in the massacres and proscriptions of the Reign of Terror.—All the Year Round.

Ancient and Modern Fashions.

Dr. Julien Chisholm says that there are engraved stones and monuments in the British museum which prove that the present fashion, both in dress and head-gear, is almost identical with that of the women of Babylon at about the time of the flood.—St. Louis Republic.

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