

The Son of His Father.

Now I ask you in the name of common sense, in the name of decency, in the name of the honor of manhood and sacredness of womanhood, has any man got the right to say anything against my mother? Priest as I am, I would tell him to the ground; and if he has not the right to speak against my mother, has he the right to speak against my sisters? Will any man say so?—Tom Sherman.

I could go, if I would, into any Grand Army lodge, into any Free Mason lodge, for they are manly, brave and fair, and if I would go into any of these lodges and tell one-tenth of what I know, one-thousandth part of what I know, it would arouse the fire of manhood in them so that in five minutes they would be ready to tear these fellows limb from limb, and throw the limbs in the sewer that they might be carried out to sea, that they might be lost forever in the surf.—Tom Sherman.

I say this, a month before election, or two weeks before election, apply for an injunction against those lodges, against everybody, everyone from any such action. Further, I say, send your detectives to find out who these men are, and brand them; put out lists of them; put lists in your Catholic papers, put lists on the fences that men may know who these men are who dare to be traitors in America. Is there a man now that would dare call himself a knownothing? Is there one? These men are simply knownothings.—Tom Sherman.

Further, remember this: The world knows that though the Jesuit order has been subject to a thousand accusations, nobody yet ever put a cowl on his head, for a cowl belongs to the monk, and we are not monks. And nobody ever put a rosary around our neck, a rosary is not worn around the neck, and therefore you show absolute ignorance of what you are talking about.—Tom Sherman.

LOYAL ORANGE INSTITUTION.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Supreme Grand Lodge.

The annual convention of the Supreme Grand Orange lodge was held in Minneapolis last week, and a great deal of important business was transacted. There were over two hundred delegates present from various parts of the United States, representing in all over 650,000 members of the order in good standing.

The meeting was called to order by Most Worshipful Grand Master Paden, of Pittsburgh, who delivered his annual address, which was well received, and 10,000 copies ordered printed for general distribution.

This was responded to by an address of welcome by Rev. A. W. Wright, of Minneapolis, and others.

After the standing committees had been announced, an adjournment was taken till 2 p.m., when the annual report of Secretary Milligan was read. The past year had been one of the most prosperous of any in the history of the order in the United States, and the lodge's finances are in excellent condition.

Twenty-five new lodges were organized in Michigan during the past year. This lead was followed by Minnesota, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other states in succession.

The report of Grand Treasurer Caldwell showed a good fat balance in the treasury, with all bills paid.

The Wednesday morning session was addressed by Hon. Robt. Birmingham, M.P., of Toronto, Can., secretary of the Tribune Council of the Universe, in which he gave many interesting facts regarding the order throughout the world, especially dwelling upon its growth in this country and Canada. His address was responded to by J. C. McIntyre, of Minneapolis. Both addresses were very instructive.

The afternoon was taken up by the annual election of officers, which resulted as follows: Most Worshipful Grand Master, Francis C. Campbell, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Most Worshipful Grand Deputy Master, William Gillen, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Most Worshipful Grand Chaplain, M. L. Zook, of Omaha, Neb.; Grand Secretary, Thomas Milligan, of Everett, Mass.; Assistant Grand Secretary, Wm. Dawson, Boston, Mass.; Grand Treasurer, Jas. Caldwell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Grand Lecturer, A. J. MacLeod, Boston, Mass.; Grand Director of Ceremonies, Wm. McCullough, Pittsburgh, Pa. This election took up all of the afternoon until the time of adjournment.

The first business after the new officers were installed was the disposal of the reports of various committees. W. J. H. Traynor, from the committee on ritual, reported a revised set of obligations in the various degrees which were adopted with a few changes.

A resolution recognizing the Grand Ladies' Orange Association of the United States as an auxiliary of the Grand Orange Institution, was adopted, and a committee consisting of McIntyre, of Minneapolis, Zook, of Omaha, Bryant, of Minneapolis, and Reynolds, of Chicago, were appointed to act in conjunction with a like committee from the Ladies' L. O. A. to agree upon a plan for such recognition. The committee were also instructed to invite the ladies to hold their next annual

Against this we will place the declaration of Pius VII, 1808, which was reaffirmed by Pius IX, 1855, that the wives of Protestants were concubines and their children bastards. This is the doctrine of the church today.

The attention of Tommy is called to Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical "Humanae Genus," given to the world in 1884. He could not get into a single Masonic lodge room without being anathematized by the pope and without having to rest under the ban as every Mason does.

Our friends will notice Tommy is several years behind the times. All this has been done.

Look at myself, a month ago a quiet student; a month ago a monk, and now ready to give the last drop of my blood for any Roman Catholic in the land.—Tom Sherman.

When did he lie?

convention at the same time and in the same city where the next grand lodge shall meet.

On Thursday morning Grand Master Paden, after a year's efficient and honorable service, surrendered the gavel and affairs of his office to Past Grand Master Harvey, as is the usual custom in the Orange order, who proceeded at once to install the various officers-elect.

Captain Harvey, an old resident of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Bro. Knox, of Boston, are veteran Orangemen and have attended almost every supreme grand lodge meeting in the past twenty-five years or more.

In this connection it may be well to call attention to the fact that Grand Master Campbell is probably the young man who has ever held that chair since the supreme grand lodge was organized in the United States. He is a native American and is possessed of considerable ability as a presiding officer.

Wm. Gillen, the grand deputy, is an extensive harness manufacturer of Philadelphia, Pa. He is one of the old "war horses" in Orangism in the United States.

M. L. Zook, the grand chaplain, is a native born American, and has never been east of the Mississippi river. He is also chairman of the committee appointed to compile the constitution and laws, which meets in Cleveland, O., in September next.

Thomas Milligan, grand secretary, and James Caldwell, grand treasurer, are re-elected for the third time to their respective offices. They have proven to be efficient officers, and their re-election is a special mark of the confidence reposed in them.

The remaining officers are all men who would be a credit to any organization to which they might belong.

The special committee on constitution and laws reported, recommending that a committee be appointed to compile the same and have it printed and submitted to the various subordinate lodges for their approval or rejection, which was adopted, and Messrs. Zook, Traynor, Bryant and Harvey were appointed, the expense for printing, traveling, etc., to be borne by the supreme lodge.

Resolutions of thanks were unanimously extended to the citizens and brethren in Minneapolis, also the press, police department, and Acting-Mayor Snyder for the kind treatment received at their hands.

An open meeting was held Wednesday evening at the Lyceum theatre, preceded by a parade composed of 500 Orangemen on foot and sixty-four carriages of the Ladies' Loyal Orange Association, headed by a platoon of police, which was presided over by Grand Master Campbell.

Acting-Mayor Snyder delivered the welcoming address, and judging from the manner it was received and numerous complimentary remarks, it is but fair to predict that it will be "Major Snyder" before another year rolls around. He was followed by Rev. A. W. Wright and Charles N. Hunt, one of Minneapolis' rising young lawyers, who is not afraid to be known among patriotic people.

Gen. Reynolds, of Chicago, known as one of the fathers of Orangism in the west, and especially in Chicago, gave a very interesting lecture upon the progress of the order.

The programme was interspersed by some excellent music.

The last speaker was W. J. H. Traynor, editor of the Patriotic American, of Detroit. He is an interesting speaker, and set forth in an able and eloquent manner the beauties and benefits of the Loyal Orange Institution. In winding up his address he paid a glowing tribute to THE AMERICAN, of Omaha, and the Loyal American, of Minneapolis.

WHEN HE BROUGHT THE BLACK SILK.

The One Thing In Life For Which Mrs. Young Loaged Came Too Late.

It was no very exacting ambition that Robert Young's mother had cherished all her life. She lived very quietly on the western prairie farm to which she and her husband had gone together when they were both young. She did not expect to be rich or even think about it. She was content with the homely round of her daily life. Sometimes her husband used to say that if they had only happened to go here or there, where some of the friends of his youth had found copper or silver, or struck oil, they also might have been worth millions, but the wife always answered: "It won't be, John; it won't be to be. And we've done pretty well, as things go, but I should 'a' like one good black silk dress."

This was the only wish that Robert Young had ever heard his mother express, and he used to say to himself when he was a boy: "Bless the dear mother! She shall have it the very first money I earn." Robert's father, too, planned in his own mind the same thing, but one year the harvest turned out badly, and another the children had diphtheria, and so it was that the good black silk had never been bought.

It was a strange thing that the son of John and Rachel Young should have been an artist. But Robert began to draw before he could write, and at last he got hold of a box of colors through the kindness of one of his Sunday school teachers, and then he made pictures that dazzled the eyes of his prairie neighbors. As he grew older he got orders for portraits from proud parents who were willing to give \$5 for a daughter's or a son's likeness, and he saved these small sums until by the time he was 18 he had enough money to take him to Boston, where he hoped to find a good teacher and to do something really worth while.

His struggle in the city was hard enough to begin with. Every snowstorm was a friend to him, for wherever he shoveled off steps and sidewalk they were sure to want him again, he did his work so cheerfully and so well.

He paid for his lessons by taking care of the studio of the artist under whom he studied. He was ready to do any honest thing to earn an honest penny, and at last, even in Boston, people found out that he had a special talent of his own and began to buy his pictures.

There were so many things at first to do with the money that he earned! He must have a little studio of his own where people could come, and it would not answer for the artist who had his own studio to live like the youth who used to shovel off sidewalks. He did not forget the good black silk dress or the mother who was to wear it; he only waited.

At last came a spring when he had been fairly prosperous, and he planned to go home for his mother's birthday in August and to carry the dress with him, but just then he received an invitation that flattered him. His former teacher was going to Ipswich for a summer of sketching and asked Robert to go with him.

It seemed an opportunity too good to be lost. So he went to Ipswich, and the summer flew by as if on wings, and Robert did not go home in August; he only wrote a letter.

It was October before he started for the faroff prairie farm. Once on his way, he hurried forward by night and day until he reached the little station that was nearest to his home. He had written when he should arrive, but he did not see his father waiting for him as he had expected.

He felt a momentary sense of injury, but just then an old neighbor came up.

"I suppose you might as well ride home long with me," he said. "I told 'em I'd fetch ye, as long as yer pa couldn't."

"Couldn't! Why?"

"Waal, I sort er hate to tell ye, but yer mother, she had a shock er palss yesterday, and yer father don't like ter leave her jest yet."

There was a strange choking in Robert Young's throat. The good black silk dress was in his valise, but he had brought it too late.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Riches of Uninhabited Nicaragua.

Mr. J. Crawford, a well known resident of Managua, has just completed a tour covering about 12,000 square miles of territory of the republic of Nicaragua. Mr. Crawford reports that the uninhabited central mountainous part of the country is very rich in agricultural lands, excellent for raising coffee, tobacco, grapes, almonds, corn, potatoes, vegetables, sugar cane, rice, cocoa, indigo, plantains, mangos, oranges, limes, bananas, etc. Its lodes are rich in gold and silver, while large deposits of marble, granite and magnesian limestone are to be found.—*Panama Star*.

Rev. G. M. Brown will please accept our thanks for an invitation to attend the central chautauqua assembly in Fremont from June 29 to July 21. Rev. Frank Crane will deliver the Fourth of July oration. If you want to enjoy independence day, go to Fremont and hear Rev. Crane. He always says something worth listening to.

WANTED.—Young man; wages \$30 per month. Inquire at this office.

A Central Sun in the Universe.

Suppose that in the wide expanse of the Atlantic ocean there was one individual distinct of a specially interesting character—I do not mean one species with myriad individuals, but one solitary specimen of a particular microscopic organism, which happened to flourish somewhere or other in the north or south Atlantic ocean at some depth or other from the surface.

Suppose that absolutely nothing further was known as to the whereabouts of this individual object, it might, for anything we could tell, lie beneath a mighty ice floe in the arctic regions; it might be miles deep in the Caribbean sea; it might be basking on the surface in the equatorial regions; it might be tossed in the surf on the shores of St. Helena; it might be floating at the mouth of the Amazon; it might be off the Cape of Good Hope or amid the Antarctic icebergs.

Would any reasonable man desire to obtain that unique and extraordinary specimen for his collection imagining that if he went down to the coast of Cornwall and lifted a single drop from the Atlantic he would have such inconceivable good fortune as to find in it this rare diamond of which but a single individual existed throughout the millions of cubic miles of water which compose that mighty ocean? Of course the mere statement of such a case is sufficient to show its absurdity. But the improbability that the ardent naturalist would secure the prize in the way I have described is not one whit greater than the improbability that even if there were a central sun it should lie within the domain of our scrutiny.—*St. Robert Ball in Fortnightly Review*.

People Who Forget Umbrellas.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the clerk as he gathered up the abandoned umbrella; "we find them here every day."

It was in a railroad office, where people came and went every few minutes. And it was raining too.

"Now, you'd think," he continued to an amused gentleman, "that anybody who had sense enough to come in when it rains would have enough left to take their umbrella with them if they didn't want to go in, wouldn't you? But they haven't. There may be reason for a chap going away and leaving his cane on the counter, but I can't exactly place those who deliberately go out into the rain and leave a silk umbrella behind them. Yes, they come back sometimes—sometimes they don't. There must be something in the fact of buying railroad tickets. You see, they are not used to traveling. Buying a railroad ticket is an event to them. They show that by the questions they ask. They have their minds gorged with the important details of the proposed journey, the time the train is to start, the time it gets there, the connections, the checking of baggage and all that sort of thing, and they haven't room for umbrellas and canes and packages. It's the same on the cars."

As he grew older he got orders for portraits from proud parents who were willing to give \$5 for a daughter's or a son's likeness, and he saved these small sums until by the time he was 18 he had enough money to take him to Boston, where he hoped to find a good teacher and to do something really worth while.

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Spontini's Decorations.

Casparo Spontini regarded himself in the light of a demigod, and when inspirations crowded upon him he donned a wide, togalike gown of white silk with a border of gold and a fez of white silk embroidered in gold, from which a heavy tassel hung down. With great dignity he sat down before his desk, and if a grain of dust was visible on the paper on which he penned his music he rang the bell impatiently for his servant to remove the obstacle. Spontini owned so many medals and decorations that they could no longer be accommodated in his breast. At a grand musical reunion at Halle an old musician remarked to a comrade, "See how many decorations Spontini has, while Mozart has not one."

Spontini, who overheard it, replied quickly, "Mozart, my dear friend, does not need them."—*St. Louis Post-Democrat*.

Lucky Pins" the Fad.

"Lucky pins" are the favorite little gifts of the hour, and several special patterns are used to signify good fortune to the wearer. The mysterious virtue of the horseshoe has long been recognized, and of late years the mistletoe sprig has been considered equally fortunous, while, added to the merry thought, it acquires new virtues. This, with the "Campbell Margherita," which is the facsimile of an ancient gold bell found during the present excavations near Rome and presented to the queen of Italy, are the popular mascots of the day. The sides of the latter bear the inscription, "Toi Com, Veo Tet," of which this is the translation: "I (little bell) was made for you."—*New York Tribune*.

Reason For His Affection.

The Wife—Do you really love me more and more every day?

The Husband—Yes, darling, for you do not play the piano nearly as much as you used to.

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