

# IN THE Clutch of Rome.

(Copyrighted.)  
BY "GONZALES."

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

"Today, two of those boys have asked me to get them places to work in the country. I don't confine myself to that class, though," said Mr. Stafford. "I visit a great deal among the more refined poor of the big tenement houses. My wife and I often take whole families out into the country of a Sunday. This is a way we have, my wife and I, of praising our God on the Sabbath; and, now, I've shocked you, sir, haven't I?"

"Not at all," said Father St. John. "I presume the families you take out on Sundays are ground down to the earth by work on week days."

"So close to earth," said Mr. Stafford, "that the society of people means, to which I belong, believe our way the surest way to lift their thoughts to heaven on the Sabbath."

"The society to which I belong is composed of men and women who are pledged to give no money to churches, nor to foreign missions. We never cry down the churches, and we would scorn to hold back the hand that thinks it is its duty to give a Bible or a dollar to the distant heathen. I think God will take care of the heathen as he takes care of the sparrows, which fall not to the earth without his knowledge; but that is neither here nor there; and we are a society who believe in absolute liberty of religious views. I can give you our creed in a few words. First, we believe in the Gospel as Christ taught it, without the embellishments of men; we believe in the communion of mankind, for the mutual good and improvement, rather than the communion of saints; we believe that the beautiful earth with its groves of trees for shelter, its sublime ocean shores and its dome of blue is the only temple He asks His creatures to worship Him in.

"Therefore, we do not see the need of the grand edifices men call churches. We think the vast sums of money which it takes to build them could be put to better use by being paid out in some judicious way to enable the poor to take up lands, or to be taught useful trades, and the money it takes to maintain them in their luxury would give thousands of such dark little minds as those yonder, a glimpse of the actual existence of the Supreme Being who created us all. But, as I said before, I don't wish to cry down the churches, and I don't. Perhaps the majority of the world find a need for them; I do not; but, in my humble eyesight, the greatest work of God I see in these grand structures is, that the building of them gave employment to men who needed it. So the great sums of money in them drew some interest.

"But what are we going to do with the people who have to be restrained from evil-doing by these churches and these ministers?"

"Supposing we abolish them," said Father St. John.

"The civil law would take care of them, sir, just as it does now. Some of the people today who are confined in our prisons for crime, are those who have never been under the influence of the churches, and others have been taken right from its sheltering arms to the places of the law's vindication. I am not prepared to say we should be better off without the church. It is a hard and delicate matter to judge what is best for humanity, and it would be a presumptuous thing for one man to say, 'don't go to the churches, you are better off to stay away.' I have never said that to any human being. I can only say that the society to which I belong, and my blessed wife and I, who have grown old together—our children died in infancy—feel no need of them. Let those who do, go to them and support them."

"Some years ago, I passed a few days in a little town in the interior. On my first evening, I saw great crowds of people going into the public hall of the place. In answer to my inquiries, I was told that a big talker from a distant state was going to do up the Advents. Asking for an explanation, I learned that the five Protestant churches of the place, the Episcopalian excepted, had arrayed their forces against the Seventh-day Adventists, whom, I afterwards learned, have a large number of adherents in the town—the state headquarters, I believe it is. I went in with the crowd. I didn't stay long, you may be sure, for such storms of religious invective as were made use of, on both sides, I had never listened to before, and I hope never to hear again.

"Each Christian labored hard to convince the other that he and his followers were an abomination in the sight of the Lord each believed he was serving. These meetings, which I have no doubt strengthened the infidels in their unbelief, without strengthening the Christians in their presumed belief, lasted a week. What the outcome was, I never learned; but I looked at the town nestling in one of the most beautiful valleys the lofty foothills of our state ever formed; the lovely river flowing back of it, the green fields, the green trees, and

the big fruit farms, vineyards, and hop yards, all around it; and I marvelled that these people living in a spot so surrounded by the purest and best gifts of the Creator, could find space in their hearts to wage such bitter war on each other and call it serving God."

The shrill scream of a locomotive echoed around the hills, and a coil of smoke gave warning that the train was coming, and the boys came clattering up on the platform. One ragged urchin had a last year's bird's-nest in his hand, and another a big bundle of flowers and brake.

"What are you going to do with that, my boy?" said Father St. John to the one with the nest.

"I've got a little sister at home, sir, who has never seen one in her life. I'm going to take it to her."

"And you, with that?" pointing to the bundle of flowers.

"I'm taking 'em to my mother. She told me, once, she used to live in the country when she was a girl, so I thought maybe she'd be glad to see some wild flowers again."

The kind old gentleman threw a meaning look at the priest as the train came dashing up, and he marshaled his crew into the cars.

The Gospel of Christ as He taught it, without the embellishments of man, thought Father St. John, as the train bore him back to the city, and he thought of the archbishop's silver jubilee of some six months ago. He saw again the architectural beauty of the cathedral brought out by wreaths of flowers and festoons of green, and the altar blazing with tapers, and with tiny crimson lamps gleaming among the white lilies and shining bright on the gold and silver vessels.

The music of the high pontifical mass, which had filled him with religious ecstasy, rang in his ears above the rumble of the train. The slow, thrilling cadence of the Miserere and the O Cor Amoris at the elevation. This scene had deeply impressed the mind of the young priest, and he had thought it then a glorious tribute paid to God. To-day it came back to him in the long rebound as a grand ovation to the haughty prelate in whose honor it was celebrated, and it came to him forcibly now that the sermon he had listened to that day was one long eulogy on the Archbishop, the Church and the priesthood, and their divine power and infallibility. On that day he had been filled with great pride of heart that he was one of that holy, infallible body. To-day he had the audacity to wonder if all that pomp of worship and that burning incense had ever reached higher than the gilded dome of the Cathedral.

"We believe in the Gospel as Christ taught it," the old man had said.

In the history of those Gospels the meek and lowly Christ had never preached in robes of cloth of gold and silver, nor purple and fine linen; and Father St. John thought of the fifteen magnificent robes of office the wealthy apostle of to-day had been presented with, representing in their masses of priceless lace and silk, and gold and silver embroideries thousands of dollars, and the Son of God had walked barefooted, and coarsely clad, doing the work allotted him to do on earth, and preaching the truth, in the green fields, on the heights of mountains, and beside the murmuring sea. What need had He for a gold crozier in His healing hands, and a jeweled miter on His noble, humble head; and at that solemn, sad last Supper, was the wine served in a golden vessel, and did this self-sacrificing Master and his sad, weary twelve drink their last wine together in gold and silver cups, that were worth a king's ransom?

"Do ye this, ever in remembrance of me," said that sweet, sad voice that had brought the balm of Gilead to so many wounded hearts, when the pall of darkness that should be raised to give light to the world was about to fall on this devoted head. "The Gospel, without the embellishments of man," screamed the engine, as the train dashed into San Francisco; and as the priest left the station, he caught a glimpse of a tall man with a crowd of boys at his heels, vanishing around a corner.

"I believe the world would be the better with more such cranks," he murmured, as he, too, hurried along.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEMON OF JEALOUSY.

It was the eve of the Lenten season. Society was obliged to say an evensong for forty long days to the darling gods of fashion and revelry, but it had determined to have at last madly, merry, gorgeous frolic with them, and call it the Mardi Gras ball.

Father St. John, his mind divided by the thoughts of the solemn duties and ceremonies of the church to be performed by him during the coming Lenten season, and the ever-present image of Flora Hume, sought the air and freedom of the streets. He had not seen the girl for several days, and he did not mean to see her tonight; but, instinctively, he sought the direction of her home. As he neared the house, a coupe dashed up to the gate. Father St. John hastened his steps; he reached the gate just in time to see a youth, who looked like a Venetian gentleman out of some old painting, alight and hasten into the house. Like a sudden chill, the thought of the Mardi Gras

ball came to the priest. Could Flora be going to the ball with that fantastically arrayed youth? Impelled by his unreasoning jealousy and love, Father St. John hastened into the house. In response to his ring, Margaret, in black silk evening dress, came to the door.

"Pardon," he said, "you have guests for the evening, I judge; am I intruding?"

Before Margaret could reply, Flora, at the sound of his voice, came into the hall.

"You can never be an intruder, Father St. John; come in a few moments. We are going to the Mardi Gras ball, but it is yet early."

The priest refused to be seated, saying he would not think of detaining them. He spoke calmly, but in his heart he felt an unreasoning sense of injury, as he looked at the two young people before him. Flora, as a nymph of the sea, was dressed in rippling folds of satin and bright waves of green, flecked here and there with some gauzy white substance. Little bits of coral and pearl hung to her draperies and mingled with the gauze of her head-dress. Under the gaze of the priest, she turned as pink as the band of coral that held her floating tresses back from her brow.

"A sea nymph and a prince of the city in the water; he said pleasantly. "I wish you a merry time with the gray masquers at the carnival," and he took his leave with a smile on his lips, and despair and jealousy in his heart.

Flora had been persuaded by some of her young acquaintances to attend the ball. Margaret, herself, had urged it, gladly sacrificing her quiet, home evening to act as her chaperone. Flora, young as she was, was beginning to be known in the city as a promising artist, aside from the publicity she had gained by her sweet singing, and several society ladies had expressed a wish to be the first to introduce her into fashionable society; but Margaret, while she encouraged an occasional scene of gaiety, deemed her too young for general society, and Flora herself had shrank from it. Once entered into the spirit of it, she had looked forward with pleasure to the festivities of the Mardi Gras ball, but the unexpected appearance of Father St. John just as she was about to mingle with them, robbed the gay scenes of the evening of half their lustre.

It was nearly nine o'clock, but the priest, more perturbed in mind by this last experience than when he had left his own home, signaled a passing hack and ordered the driver to take him to the Cliff house. Arriving there, he gave the man some silver, and telling him to find food and shelter for himself and horse, and to await him at the Cliff house, he plunged down the sandy bank to the sea shore, and flung himself down on the sand under the shelter of some rocks. The moon was at the full, and the tumultuous waves of ing glistening and angry on the shore, and lashing and covering the grim rocks with foam, were in perfect accord with the mood of the unhappy, young priest; and, as he watched the vast writhing body before him, he said aloud:

"Fret and roar as you will, your wild unrest, like mine, must ever beat back upon yourself."

Then he took to thinking of Flora Hume as he had last seen her until his imagination could see her plainly standing in her green robe, coral and pearl decked, on the great rocks, laughing at the waters as they played around her; and as he looked at her, a Venetian prince came and threw his arms around her and they whirled away in a mad dance.

(To Be Continued.)

"IN THE CLUTCH OF ROME," is published in book form, paper cover, and can be had by sending 25 cents in cash to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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or a gun either, for that matter, will find plenty of use for it in the Big Horn Mountains, north and west of Sheridan, Wyo., on the Burlington Route's New Short Line to Montana and the Pacific Northwest.

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**SUPERSTITIOUS RAILROADERS**  
The Effect Which Accidents Have Upon Engineers and Firemen.

Of the superstition of sailors, fishermen and others we have all heard, but that such a distinguishing characteristic should have attached itself to railway men does not appear to be generally known. It savors somewhat of the anomalous that such a pre-eminently practical class of men should be the victims of credulity regarding the supernatural; such, however is the case.

I recently had occasion to interview a prominent railway official, and in the course of the conversation that ensued that gentleman incidentally alluded to two collisions which had lately occurred in the neighborhood, following up his remarks with the announcement that the local men would be in a state of subdued excitement and "furry" till a third mishap took place. Such is the superstition of the railway man. Upon expressing considerable astonishment I was assured that this kind of thing was notorious among railroad men in general, and in this particular instance it was known that the circumstances of the two previous accidents were the chief topics among the workmen in all departments, who were also counting on the possibilities of a third disaster.

Curiously enough, a touch of realism was lent to the information just imparted by the explanation that the second of the two collisions referred to was due to the driver of one of the engines, a reliable servant, noted for his alertness and precision, with an honorable record of some forty years' service, who being, it was believed, so disturbed over the "omen" of the first occurrence and so engrossed with what he felt would be two other catastrophes, that he committed the slight error of judgment which caused his locomotive to crash into another coming in an opposite direction. The statement is given as the conviction of one who has spent upward of a quarter of a century among railway men of all classes, and who has known the driver alluded to for a long period of years. So came about a second collision. Surely superstition could go no further than this.

But here is a tragic sequel—a sequel which, unfortunately, will in all probability do much to strengthen the reprehensible beliefs of these men. Two days after the interview above mentioned, within fifteen minutes' drive from the scene of the second collision, an express mail failed to take the points, a portion of the train with the tender of the engine was violently thrown across the rails and one poor stoker killed. This is what the railway men will term the "third mishap." "There's the third," they say; and now perhaps they will breathe freely for a season.

**A Queer Electric Clock.**  
T. F. Hudson, a convict in the Maryland penitentiary, has constructed a real horological oddity in the shape of an electric clock. The dial is a semicircle of white marble with twelve marked at each corner, the other numerals for the hours being figured along the arc. It has one hour hand and two minute hands, the last two set opposite to each other, and in such a manner that one is seen at noon and the other at midnight, and at no other time. The seconds are marked on a dial that turns from right to left, while the pointer or second hand is stationary. Hudson is a born genius, and nearly every room in the prison is adorned with a specimen of his ingenuity.

**The Loyal Women's Appeal.**  
Some two months ago the Loyal Women of American Liberty heard of a young colored girl who had been betrayed by a Catholic priest, and was penniless and friendless. It had been intimated to her that she was in danger of being put into a convent to destroy the evidence, and the girl was frightened, and hid herself. We employed a gentleman to find her, and we now have the child and the mother in our care. The priest has been arrested and held for trial. The whole Catholic church and its money is defending the priest. We have a good case and need funds to prosecute it. Christian patriots, come to our help, and send contributions at once to our national secretary.

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**MARIA MONK.**  
The Nun Who Escaped From the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, Canada. Fresh Developments.

In the winter of 1890 and 1891 the celebrated Chas. Chiniquy, commonly called Father Chiniquy, and now probably the most famous ex-priest in the world was in Washington, D. C. Here he delivered a course of nineteen lectures on Romanism. He was then in his 82nd year, being now 1895, he would be 86 years old.

It fell to my lot to serve as his assistant and I was with him daily for about three weeks. Being one day alone with him in his room, I asked whether he knew anything about the story of Maria Monk and her famous book, *Awful Disclosures*. Chiniquy was about 26 years old at the time of Miss Monk's escape, in 1835; and I knew that he had been much in Montreal where the Hotel Dieu is situated. He replied that he did, and that one occasion, when he had become too ill to continue his arduous labors as a priest and "Apostle of Temperance," as he was often called, his bishop sent him to that very hotel to take some needed rest, saying to him: "The sisters will give you a room, and nurse you tenderly, and you will soon recover your usual health." While he was there a very old nun often came into his room to minister to his wants; and one day he asked her whether she knew anything of the story of Maria Monk. She replied that she was well informed on that subject, and had read her book, "*Awful Disclosures*." "Well now," says Chiniquy "were you here during the time when she claims to have been here?" "Yes," she said, "I was here and I knew her well." "Then," says he, "I wish you would tell me whether the awful statements she has made of deeds done in this nunnery were true."

Upon this question, the old nun was greatly agitated and begged to be excused from answering; but on being pressed for an answer, consented, provided he would promise never to reveal anything she said until after her death. He promised, and she then stated that Miss Monk's statements in that book were true; and says she, "I have seen worse things done here than anything that she has told."

My attention was again turned to the Maria Monk affair, by seeing a little pamphlet recently published in London, Eng., by a Catholic house, endeavoring to prove that Miss Monk's *Awful Disclosures* were a fraud. I read the pamphlet through; but it does not seem to me to disprove any part of her story. Besides, this statement of the Rev. Chiniquy is a direct confirmation of the truth of Miss Monk's story, new evidence, which I have never before seen published.

But I have just received, most unexpectedly, some very interesting and very reliable statements from another source.

While Friend Traynor, State President of the A. P. A., was in this city recently, he gave me the name of a Rev. gentleman now living in New York City, from whom valuable information concerning Miss Monk might be obtained. I wrote to him; and received substantially the following: That it was his mother, who first protected Miss Monk, when she arrived in that city after her escape from Montreal in the year 1835.

He says: "It was extremely difficult to select a refuge with any promise of safety, as spies were alert and numerous, and danger of discovery was increasing." The name of this protectrix was Mrs. Sarae W. Reeves, famous for her beauty, breadth of mind, dauntless courage, and sublimity of character, combined with such lovable traits and womanly graces as commended her for this charge in a time of great peril. Her love of justice, hatred of wrong and unflinching devotion to humanity decided the question, and watchman Hogan seized a favorable opportunity, and secretly hurried Maria Monk to Mrs. Reeves's residence where she and Mrs. Hogan welcomed her at midnight. She was immediately secreted on the top floor, previously prepared for her, which she occupied for months, where she wrote her famous book, *Awful Disclosures*.

"The truths it contained were terribly emphasized by the subsequent excitement, and flood of vituperation with malignant persecution, coupled with threats of assassination."

"It is idle folly to attempt to discredit her book in the face of the venomous fury aroused, and the conspersion which forced the leading minds of the Roman Catholic church into the controversy."

"Maria Monk at length tired of her captivity, and one day incautiously approached a window, and was recognized."

"That night a mob besieged the house, demanding her immediate surrender." "They were dispersed, and another mob appeared the next day."

"The third day, Fifth street from Avenue D to Avenue C was filled by a frenzied mob of howling fanatics (Roman Catholics), who threatened to raze the house to the ground, unless Miss Monk was surrendered at once. Mrs. Reeves preferred to take chances rather than surrender. So the neighbors rallied and guarded the house until Miss Monk was safely conducted to other

quarters three days later. My mother often repeated this story, but had I received your inquiry five weeks sooner, I could have given some startling details," for his mother died just five weeks ago.

"The words quoted are as I received them from the son of this heroic mother. If Miss Monk was not an escaped nun, why did the priests stir up Romish mobs to recapture her? And if those convents are not places of lowliness and wickedness, why did Pope Innocent VIII. publish a bull demanding reformation in monasteries and other religious places, and declare that "members of monasteries and other religious houses lead a lascivious and truly dissolute life."

Why is it that all escaped nuns tell the same story of those prisons?

For my part, I should deem it truly wonderful that these escaped women should all agree so well, though wholly unknown to each other, and living in widely different times and far remote from one another. Every lawyer accustomed to sift and weigh evidence, knows well that witnesses cannot so agree in all the essentials of a story as these escaped nuns do, unless they are telling the truth.

This book should be in every family in the world. The boy or girl who has read it, will not be likely to be beguiled into the dens of Romanism.

Yours truly,  
CHASE ROYS,  
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Maria Monk's Book can be had by sending a postal or express order for 50 cents to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Omaha, Neb., or Chicago, Ill., or Kansas City, Mo. Order from the office nearest your place of residence.

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