

**McGovern Not Much of a Prophet.**  
According to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Bishop McGovern delivered a lecture on March 14th in Harrisburg, Pa. He jumbled the religious-garb bill with hot shells from the arsenal of his episcopal arguments. He talks about Rome during persecutions, how she always prospered, ending her sufferings by sitting upon the trunks of her persecutors. He, in the course of his remarks, pays a tribute to his spleen and hatred to the great Bismarck: "Bismarck of the iron hand, in our time, but with a manly chivalry which recoiled from stripping the religious of their dress, yet drove them out of the schools, hospitals, and asylums, and expelled them from their homes, kindred and native land, and in the flood-tide of persecution, when cautioned against resorting to these extreme measures, in the self-confidence of a tyrant he boasted that he would not go to Canossa. Yet he did go, and paid homage to the power he had defied, and returned, but not with the penitential spirit of Henry IV., and was hurled from office and now moulders in obscurity. The Emperor of Germany seats at his right hand Cardinal Ledochowski, whom Bismarck expelled from his see in Posen, and, with royal munificence, presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with jewels. The religious in their garb are returning to Germany and doing business at the old stand; a Catholic, for the first time in the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns, is Chancellor."

If Brother McGovern only would have waited a few days longer, he would have spared himself this humiliation. Bismarck mouldering away? Well, the fetes in his honor on April 1st, his emperor passing in military review before him; twenty-two universities of Europe sending their delegations to congratulate him on his 80th birthday, 6,000 students giving him an ovation never equalled in the history of the world, hundreds of thousands of people flocking from all parts of the empire to regale themselves with a view of the old man on his birthday. All this does not look like mouldering away in obscurity, Mr. McGovern. The Romanists and socialists in the reichstag were the only ones who refused to share in the general outbreak of enthusiasm to honor the old maker of the destinies of Europe. The antics of the latter will serve as an eye-opener to Emperor William, who will relegate them, with their tin orders but awarded the other day, to the oblivion they so well deserve.

Bismarck gone to Canossa? When? At the time that William gave the red eagle to a brace of cardinals? All right, have it your own way.

One refreshing thing McGovern says in connection with Canossa, namely, that Henry IV. returned from his Canossa with a penitential spirit. So even you, Mr. McGovern, are not slow to attribute the treachery of those days to Gregory VII. We'll shake hands, old man; nature will out sometimes in spite of Rome's muzzling the thought and speech.

But we nearly forgot to mention that Bismarck received another shock of disapproval, marring the honors bestowed on him, the like of which have never been recorded in history. We refer to the scathing demonstrations made by Herr Most and his unkempt, beer-drinking gang at Clarendon Hall on the last day of March. The fates have favored you to some extent, Mr. McG., and you ought never to forget Mr. Most and others of the hiding-under-the-bed fraternity.

Yet, after all, you'd better give up your posing as prophet; it is not your forte; the increase of your cathedraticum will suit you better. Bismarck is on top, Ledochowski got the snuff-box and Krupp and Krentzsch their tin decorations. And the Jesuits are far from home, though the religious garb bill has been passed in the lower house. *Au revoir, my Lord!—Primitive Catholic.*

**Boycott in Brooklyn.**  
Mayor Schieren is getting a beautiful reputation in Brooklyn. Under the new regulations governing the speed of trolley cars, which is limited to eight miles an hour, every motorman who runs his car beyond that speed is spotted and arrested. On Friday three men were arrested and seven indicted, under complaints for running cars faster than the law allowed. These men were thrown in jail, refused bail, and subjected to the insults and abuse of the Romish ruffians employed as keepers by the papist sheriff of Kings county, William J. Butling. Now it transpires that every man arrested and indicted is accused of being an A. P. A. man, and that they have been spotted as such by the labor unions of Brooklyn. Whether they are members of the A. P. A. or not is an open question; but there is no doubt but what they are being persecuted because they are accused of being members of that organization, and that the inspectors hired by the city are carefully picking out the men whom the Irish Roman Catholic labor unions report as being A. P. A. suspects. Mayor Schieren has been appealed to, but refuses to interfere, and the persecution of these probably innocent men continues. The A. P. A. councils of Brooklyn intend to take a hand in the dispute, and when the informer appears against these men in

**Unworthy Priest Deposed.**  
DENVER, May 11.—Father Mariano Lepore, pastor of the Mount Carmel Roman Catholic Church, North Den-

ver, is no longer a priest. The ecclesiastical court appointed by Bishop Metz to inquire into the charges against him has arrived at a decision. They find that he has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a priest of the Roman Catholic church.

He was accused of being unduly intimate with a woman on the North Side, and also with being dishonest in politics. Affidavits were presented to the court from the citizens of Jersey City, N. J., containing serious charges against the priest.

The trouble which led to these accusations originated about a month ago. The Italian paper, *La Roma*, published a cartoon of Father Lepore and made a number of allegations against his character. Father Lepore had the editor arrested, but he was discharged.

**The Man With a Fishing Rod**  
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.

No section of the United States so well repays the hunter and fisher. Game is plentiful in the mountains, and the streams fairly swarm with trout, whitefish and pike.

Just to illustrate things: In 1892, Mr. Richard Kimball, of Omaha, caught 598 trout in four days; his best record for a day was 235 fish, all of them hooked in less than eight hours. And Mr. E. A. Whitney, president of the First National Bank, of Sheridan, has in his possession a trout which, when caught, weighed six pounds and nine ounces, and which was deemed worthy of exhibition at the World's Fair.

Sheridan, the gateway to these "happy hunting grounds" is only a day's ride from Omaha, Lincoln, Kansas City and St. Joseph; round trip tickets at very low rates are at all times on sale at Burlington Route ticket offices, and the extreme advisability of this summer spending a fortnight in the Big Horns is respectfully urged upon every man who loves the excitement of the chase or the restful pleasure of the rod.

J. Francis, general passenger and ticket agent, Omaha, Neb., will gladly furnish further information.

**The Pope's Mistake.**  
The late encyclical of the Roman Pontiff to the archbishops and bishops of the "Italian mission" in the United States speaks of "the well-known friendship and familiar intercourse which subsisted between" the first Roman bishop in the United States—the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Carroll, of Baltimore—and Washington. In the interest of historical accuracy it may be well to state that it is yet to be known that these two men ever met, or corresponded, or, in fact ever had any intercourse, familiar or otherwise, whatever. In this statement of his holiness infallibility has erred; and it is indicative of the growing spirit of independence even among Roman Catholic writers and students in our land that the attention to this historical inaccuracy was first of all called in the columns of a Roman Catholic newspaper—Griffin's Journal, Philadelphia—and the blunder of his holiness pointed out in the interest of historical truth.—Churchman.

**Invention vs. the Corporation.**  
Invention is th' Almighty's plan. He, last of all, created man; (I do not mean the "laws" of space I mean the first of human race). The sum and substance of His skill Endow'd with art to do His will. 'Tis progress speaks the will Divine. Let man, His thought, then all combine. There is no limit to its ways. The more diverse, the more the praise.

By grace and kindness it is won. For want of this, is not begun; All pow'r is given at their command. Thus peoples live, thus nations stand. Let fools, the proud, the rich, deride. Invention, lays these all aside; And points with everlasting pride. That where those live, 'tis most denied. Man's not a beast, to breed and thrive, Man's here to keep all thought alive.

Now give to talent all its claim. A million talents, knowledge, name. 'Tis knowledge writes inventions ways. And poets bow to sing her praise; Our epics, our inventions, grand. To fill, all time, and air, and land; To tread their name in thought and verse. That future times may oft rehearse; Our Bible's theme instructing man, And man's inventions, all its plan.

Invention is blest nature's child. Necessity was thus beguiled. As Tubal's Miss—Rome—Sabine, stole— And poet fools dehaunched the whole! 'Twas thus they made a church in state, Debauching thought, defying fate; This is the monster, breeding hell. As history all through should tell: "Where'er can corporation dwell. 'Tis there they're on the way to hell"— An "Idol," formed for greed and gain, All "Bible's" hate, will best explain. Its "treasure" page was wrote by Sage. Against the "Corporation Age;" How soon all learning passed away Beneath the corporation's way! 'Tis now reviv'd, again assail'd; Arise! and write: Again has fall'd.

N. A. LIST.

**The "Universal Prayer"—A Dollar or Two.**  
This intricate world, as we trudge our way through. And seek for contentment as other folks do— May we ever be blest with, and able to view The benevolent face of a dollar or two. For an excellent thing is a dollar or two— No friend is so true as a dollar or two. Through country and town, as we pass up and down, No passport so good as a dollar or two. Would you read yourself out of the bachelor's crew, And the hand of a gentle divinity sue? You must always be ready the handsome to do.

Although it may cost you a dollar or two. Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two. And wedlock is gained by a dollar or two— Should you wish to withdraw from your mother-in-law. There is nothing will draw like a dollar or two.

Would you join in the throng of the sanctified few, And seek for salvation, as many folks do? To enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned pew You must freely come down with a dollar or two.

The gospel is preached for a dollar or two. Salvation is reached by a dollar or two— You may sin at some times, but the worst of all crimes, Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two. A BIMESTALLIST.

**Pamphlet.**  
Extracts from United States Congressional Record, containing address of Hon. W. S. Linton and discussion in congress upon sectarian appropriations of national money to Indian education, and the vote thereon; also remarks made respecting a requirement to teach the English language in New Mexico after admission to statehood, and two separate votes rejecting such a requirement.

Address, Gen. Green Clay Smith, P. O. Box 333, Washington, D. C. Price, postage paid, \$2.50 per thousand, or 5 copies 10 cents.

**Angry Man's Deed.**  
In the city of Lowell, Mass., recently, the children of Mr. Thomas Richardson, a section boss on the Boston & Maine railroad, raised a white flag inscribed "A. P. A." in the yard of their residence. Next morning Patrick Conroy threw two handfuls of lime into Richardson's face, saying: "Now will you take down your— A. P. A. flag?" Physicians think Richardson will lose the sight of one eye and that the other will be injured. The police are looking for Conroy.

**What Can't Be Cured**  
must be endured. But before you make up your mind to endure what you think nothing can cure, give the waters of Hot Springs, S. D., a trial. And—take the Burlington Route when you go.

If you want information about rates, trains, etc., write to J. Francis, city passenger and ticket agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Beautifully illustrated folder descriptive of Hot Springs sent to any address on request.

The New York Christian Inquirer says: "The time is coming when there will be an overhauling of things, and we shall see how far the daily press is controlled by Rome. On the staff of every great paper in New York are Roman Catholics, as is shown by the craven tone and supercilious subservience to the papacy. The hidden hand of the 'apostolate of the press' reveals itself in many ways pointed out. Priests and parsons are spoken of in quite different terms. The misdemeanors of the 'good father' are glossed over, and the sins of a Protestant minister are heralded by extravagant headlines and enlarged upon with vulture-like acerbity."

Americans, sleep on! there is no more to fear from Roman Catholics in political power than from a lunatic in a powder mill with a lighted torch in his hand. Vote them into office! The wise shepherd always sets a wolf to watch his sheep, and a cat is a splendid guardian of young mice. That's right! don't bolt the door, the burglar never enters the house by the window when the front door is open. Danger? Why there is no more danger in giving Rome unlimited sway, than in putting a fox in the hen house to watch the chickens. *American Pat. Co.*



**Mrs. J. P. Bell, Ossawatimie, Kan.**  
wife of the editor of The Graphic, the leading local paper of Miami county, writes "I was troubled with heart disease for six years, severe palpitations, shortness of breath, together with such extreme nervousness, that, at times I would walk the floor nearly all night. We consulted the best medical talent. They said there was no help for me, that I had organic disease of the heart for which there was no remedy. I had read your advertisement in The Graphic and a year ago, as a last resort, tried one bottle of Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart, which convinced me that there was true merit in it. I took three bottles each of the Heart Cure and Restorative Nerve and It completely cured me. I sleep well at night, my heart beats regularly and I have no more smothering spells. I wish to say to all who are suffering as I did; there's relief untold for them if they will only give your remedies just one trial."

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