

Mrs. Dorsey's Warning

BY JOHN WILKINSON

"I'll bet you, Captain Benner, and I'll put up five dollars to one on it, that this eloquent preacher that we've been listening to, paying him a high salary for the last year to give us good, sound doctrine, is after all nothing but a Jesuit in disguise. What do you say? Now don't you think so yourself?" and John Stanton of the town named after his grandfather, standing on the street corner and looking into the eyes of his neighbor and fellow-churchman, Captain Benner, a retired sea officer, waited some time for an answer.

"I don't know," and the captain spoke slowly, "but you may be right, Mr. Stanton, but so far he's proved himself all right, and what he said last Sunday about the schools, the immorality of the age, divorce and so on, and saying that it all sprang from a godless education, I'm beginning to think there's a good deal in it. And as for being a Jesuit in disguise, as you say, I've been sailing around the world from a cabin boy up, have seen some of the work the Jesuits accomplished, read something about them, but never of there being anything but priests. I look upon Rev. Edward Naylor as a man true to his faith and in every way fitted for the chairmanship of the School Board, and will vote for him to have it at tonight's meeting of the committee."

A crowd was gathering, Captain Benner's voice being strong and forgetting himself by pitching it too high, he felt he was saying too much, so turning upon his heel he walked away. Enough had been said, however, to give the wagging tongues of the town material for further clatter as high on barrels in grocery stores, they talked of the contention in the School Board, the Episcopal minister's last Sunday sermon and the probability of his being "a Jesuit in disguise." The last thought was a horrible one. Would not the town go up in smoke some night — burnt to the ground by this insidious, smiling, dark villain whose trade was dark plots and counter-plots?

Leaving the village centre in an excitable state of mind, Captain Benner reached his home, as Miss Goulding, the new teacher, who was to board at the captain's was going out. Looking at the pleasant-faced girl as she was drawing on her gloves, he was tempted to ask what church she belonged to — Episcopal, Baptist or Congregational. Not that he cared about it himself, but hoped on her own account as there was a dark cloud coming up, she should prove to be as far from Catholic as possible. It was her first day, she having come to fill out a vacancy. The captain repressed his curiosity, only saying he hoped she would find all pleasant at the school. He was surprised and taken somewhat aback to see her go out by way of the porch, where she stopped to speak to the washerwoman, Mrs. Dorsey. Had he heard the question asked the woman at the tub, his heart would have almost stopped beating.

"Are you a Catholic?" Such were the words that Mrs. Dorsey heard, as, not noticing the approaching footsteps, she was bearing her strength on the washboard. Looking into the blue eyes that met hers she reddened — stopped her washing, and looking steadfastly at the questioner, answered, "And what else would I be?"

"Will you kindly tell me when you will have services — evening services?" Mrs. Dorsey resumed her washing, and, as she drew the garment back and forth slowly on the washboard, said — all the time looking at her work: "Be on your guard, Miss. The one ye are taking the place of was told to go when it was found out on her that she was a Catholic. Himself here is good enough, but they're not all that way — there's a minister on the Board an' he's black. It's serious and Benediction to-night at eight. But be on yer guard."

In the same low voice Mary Goulding answered, thanked the woman at the tub and passed on. Mrs. Dorsey did not know it was the minister whom she dominated as "black" who was the friend of the girl she was speaking to, and had brought her name forward at the last meeting of the school committee before its reorganization. On the other hand, Mary Goulding had found by what Mrs. Dorsey said that in Captain Benner she would be apt to find a friend, if the test should come before the School Board. And Captain Benner himself, never thinking to include the fourth and last "meeting house in town," the one on High Hill, when wondering to himself which was Miss Goulding's church, was only thinking of the fight he would have that night in the meeting of the committee to place at its head Rev. Mr. Naylor.

The three Protestant church bells were ringing that night, and Mrs. Benner, preparing to attend the Episcopal, was to have her husband's company down the street.

They were asking each other the propriety of asking Miss Goulding which of the three she attended, when the young teacher came into the room.

"We are going out, Miss Goulding," said Mrs. Benner, "I to attend church and Mr. Benner to go to a meeting of the School Board, so we will have to leave you alone — without you are also going out."

"Yes, Mrs. Benner," she said, "I am going out, too. I am going to my church and you are going to yours." She turned back into the parlor with a sweet smile as she said this, a smile that captivated, while the words were pronounced with firmness and dignity. "Our churches," she continued, "are different, Mrs. Benner. I am a Catholic and 'm going to the Catholic Church to-night. I feel I ought to tell you at first the whole story."

The bells of the three churches were ringing more clamorously than ever as the school teacher said this. The face of the captain's wife lengthened and clouded, and he himself saw the mountain of bigotry he would have to contend with that night at the meeting of the Board, if this last work of "the Jesuit in disguise" should become known. And it was known. Leaving the house together, Mary Goulding parted with the Benners in the village and turned to St. Michael's Church, the cross of which she had seen glittering in the sun the moment she left the train on coming to the town.

The meeting of the Board was a stormy one. John Stanton in passing the Catholic Church had seen the new school teacher entering its door. Rev. Mr. Naylor not being present, he was attacked on all sides, save by the captain. The sailor's words for his clergyman were strong, but he was breasting a sea deeper and wilder than any the oceans had given him, and his craft "Fair Play" with "Merit" lettered at the masthead, went down. Not only was Rev. Mr. Naylor defeated for the office of Chairman of the Board, but a resolution was passed, with only one dissenting voice, that he should resign. In the case of Miss Shields there was no one who knew what her religion was until she came and no one was to blame. But here a teacher was brought forward by one who knew her unfitness to teach American children, one who himself was as far from the spirit of true Americanism as was the teacher he imposed upon them. So said, in effect, John Stanton, and Captain Benner, thinking of the much-discussed sermon of the previous Sunday, thought of the modern Americanism it denounced. But it was not the place at that meeting to use words of reason, and the captain allowed the next vote, calling upon the new teacher to give up her position forthwith, without expressing his disapproval.

Silence reigned at Captain Benner's table the next morning, until it was at last broken by the old tailor, who feelingly told Mary Goulding the decision of the School Board. He was still speaking of it, and that while she might teach that day, still he hoped she would not — for the sake of her own dignity, when the doorbell rang and the servant announced Rev. Mr. Naylor. Meeting the captain and Miss Goulding in the parlor, he said that the ever's of last night had hurried him to the final step. Next Sunday he would announce to his congregation his determination of entering the Catholic Church. The bigotry that was outside it and pressed around it had forced him to this. He had hoped to live in the religion of his parents, to preach it, and, occupying a middle ground, offer when occasion would admit, an equal chance to all. But the hollowness of the self-styled "defenders of our institutions" had been at last brought out so bare, had shown him that as long as he believed in the Catholic Church, now was his time, when it was weak and its believers were being wronged, to be instantly and without further hesitation a postulant for admission to her fold.

"You, Mary," he said, turning his eyes upon the young teacher, while Captain Benner's heart beat warm at the words he heard, "when my father met your father forty years ago, both on the same ship coming to America, my father was English and your father was Irish. But when you and I were born, although near each other — your father being our gardener — you were born and grew up an Irish child and I an American — at least that is the distinction given us by those to the manner born because one child is Protestant and one Catholic. And it is for this that you are called to-day to resign your position in this town, and it is because I championed your cause that I, too, am asked to resign my place on the town's School Board."

The warm-hearted and impulsive old sea captain could contain himself no longer, and springing to his

feet grasped the hand of Mr. Naylor.

"I believe with you — almost want to go with you," he said. "You have made me look at things around us in a different light than I have ever before seen them."

"Think well upon it," replied Edward Naylor. "Your heart is in the right place, captain, and whether you come into the light of the Church or not, I'm sure God will reward you. And you, Mary Goulding, did not think when I brought you here that your coming would cause the storm it did. I thought your popularity would tide you over. But I did not think you would be so indiscreet as to go to Father Fay's church the first night. Edward Naylor laughed as he said this, and Mary Goulding smiled her reply:

"I only did what I was brought up to do."

An hour later, as Captain Benner was helping Mary Goulding into the carriage, she saw the washerwoman, Mrs. Dorsey, entering the side gate. The heavy little woman as she was going by looked neither to the right nor the left, but straight ahead, as she said in an undertone:

"I told ye to be on yer guard that minister's black." — From Dominica.

McKinley's "Rebel" Ancestry

In no country outside the Federal Union will the tragic end of President McKinley awake a keener sympathy than here in Ireland. Says The Ulster Examiner. It is fitting that this should be so for many reasons. The country of which William McKinley was ruler has given shelter to thousands and thousands of Irishmen, and he himself comes of a stock that gave a martyr to the Irish cause. Far away in the north of Ireland lies the grave of a kinsman and namesake who died a hero's death for Ireland a little more than a hundred years ago, in the stirring times of '98. The William McKinley who has just died was the chief executive of the greatest nation in the world. The William McKinley of 1798 fought in the war for Irish independence sustained in hope, no doubt, by the example of American independence already achieved; and defeated in the unequal strife, was not treated as a prisoner of war, but shot in Coleraine market place on the finding of a drumhead court-martial. Of course he was a Protestant, one of the race that gave McCracken and Monroe to Ireland. Nothing is better in these days than to recall to mind the fact that in Ulster and Leinster — at Balynahinch and Antrim, as well as on the hills of Wexford — Protestants and Catholics fought and fell together for the cause of human liberty. The revolutionary idea arose in the north, and its first adherents were the Protestant friends of the Catholic cause. The great struggle was fought out in Wexford, and with Father Murphy and Father Roche during that terrible brief campaign were Baginell Harvey and many other Protestants whose

LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR IRELAND.

There is nothing wonderful, then, in the fact that William McKinley, of the McKinleys of Dervock, County Antrim, went to his death with the United Irishmen in 1798, although Antrim is the ultimate county of Ulster, that farthest lung bit of Irish soil that parts the fretting foam of the northern sea. The McKinleys of Dervock were a substantial family. The sturdy stone farmhouse in Dervock, "four square to all the winds that blow," still stands just as it did when they lived in it, the stone chimneys untroubled by time, the thick walls solid as a fortress against the assaults of age. The roof of the house was thatched until at a recent date the three feet thick of matted straw was replaced with slate. The wide doorway is filled by the familiar "hall door." The house is not old, as substantial Irish houses go. It was probably built in 1765 by the William McKinley of that date, who left his initials cut on an old stone seat that still serves the visitor to rest upon by Dervock door:

W. McK., 1765.

But long before 1765 the McKinleys had lived on the spot, probably in a ruder dwelling torn down to make room for the present house. Their precise origin is in dispute. Some say that the McKinleys were a Scottish race that settled in Antrim during James I.'s plantation of Ulster; others stoutly maintain that they were of pure Irish stock, and a sub-tribe, or branch family, of the great house of O'Neill. However this may be, it is fairly certain that during the reign of Charles II. James McKinley, son of another James McKinley, called "Shamus Oge," or "James the Younger," settled upon the lands of Dervock.

THE NAME OF "SHAMUS OGE"

may be found among the list of those to whom a contract for the making of a road along the shores of Lough Neagh was issued in the year 1688. In 1709 David McKinley of Dervock was a collector of the hearth tax in Antrim. From his time the names of David and William reappear in the successive generations of McKinleys of Dervock. It was the grand son of David McKinley, the hearth-tax collector, who went with the United Irishmen, and so met death. Of David of the hearth-tax, and his wife Hannah, were born four stalwart sons, James, John, Peter and William. They were smart, stern men of strong bodies and resolute minds, and with bold brows and prominent noses, such as have for generations marked the McKinley men.

The oldest son, James McKinley, went to America, and from him descended in regular line the present William, who, by a strange coincidence, became Washington's successor 100 years after 1798. It was by a junior line of the family that the William McKinley of 1798 inherited the family home of the McKinleys of Dervock. And he was, as his forbears had been, a sturdy yeoman, tilling his acres, fearing his God and fearing naught else. This William McKinley was a close friend of Henry Joy McCracken, leader of the Ulster "rebels," and an ardent admirer of the Emmets, the Shearers, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone. When the great organizer was in France, plying his quest for efficient French aid, the United Irishmen of Ulster were among those who strained the eye, day by day, for the sight of the French ships with their braided-up sails, and floating proudly at their peaks the tri-color, which was then all over Europe the emblem of liberty. But bright hopes faded, and in wild desperation the people took the field in Ulster and Ulster, trusting to themselves alone. It was not given to William McKinley to die in battle. A quantity of arms and ammunition destined for

lay concealed in Dervock House one day when a party of troops came upon it unawares, and captured the stores and their guardian as well. For William McKinley's offence there was but one punishment recognized as adequate in those stern days of brutal tyranny and deliberate persecution. It was death — death to fight or to stand, to run or to plot — death to have in one's possession arms or ammunition. McKinley was arrested by a detachment of troops headed by a Captain Hanna, and away to the town of Coleraine went the procession. There the soldiers took possession of the market place, while the unarmed people stood around with swelling hearts, but unable to save or succor. It was the day of the short shrift and the swift bullet — not so very far past the time when English hunters returning to some lord's keep after a day's sport would toss blazing torches into the thatch of cabins, in pure sport, to see the half-naked children pour out at the low door, their blue eyes wild with terror, their dark hair falling about their faces. And woe betide the prisoners captured by the yeas!

"For them was hot times for an honest gossoon, If missed by the judges he'd meet a dragoon. And whether the sojers or judges gave sentence, The diva a much time was allowed for repentence."

McKINLEY'S TRIAL

No record remains. Yet well enough we know how it must have fared. It was not long later, in trials supposed to be civil, that one man achieved fame by sentencing 12 men in one day in Kildare. William McKinley, called, was confronted with his witnesses. They were the men in red coats, whose tongues burred with alien speech, who had taken the ammunition from Dervock and held its stout-hearted owner to such justice as the wolves give the stricken deer. Witnesses for the defence there were none — could be none. There was no defence. The facts were obvious in ten minutes the prisoner was sentenced. The young lieutenant who acted as secretary jotted six lines of record, flitted the ink from his left quill pen to the cobblestones of the market place, and the trial was over. Within the half hour its verdict was carried out. With three others William McKinley stood up facing the firing squad. One can imagine the scene — the cruel red line of soldiers; behind them the glowering people; some fierce voice on the outskirts, its owner out of sight, shouting out in the Gaelic curses and cries of anger against the murderous red coats and their callous officers. Then the four men, their hands and legs tied, but no bandage hiding from their eyes the last sweet look at the blessed day, their backs braced to some bit of dead wall, looking all about for the help that could not come. The firing squad of fifteen or twenty men, armed with flint-lock muskets, stood very near, looking with curious eyes, in which there was little hint of kindly feeling, upon the doomed victims. The muskets, held at the shoulder with the eye glancing down the brown barrel, were aimed at the condemned. So when "the schooling bullet leaped across and taught them whence they came," it may be that because of

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the uncertain aim in the little group some muscle twitched, some tense form writhed, STAINED WITH GUSHING BLOOD,

some low voice moaned for mercy. Then all was over. After that what happened? Who knows? What usually happened in such cases, no doubt — the family hurried from the old home, dispersed over the earth. Presently another name was known in local circles by the added words, "of Dervock." The children of a happier time played about the huge stone slab that bears the initials of William McKinley. or in riot glee chased each other up and down the long boreen and about the tall blackthorn hedge. The family disappeared and were remembered only by the "sheanachie" of the remote district, or by those others whose business led them to examine the records of the church — until lately, when the old McKinley home has become an object of more than local interest.

But before the McKinleys of Dervock were scattered far, one sacred duty they performed. Home from Coleraine they brought the broken body of the Irish patriot, and buried it in the churchyard, where to this day the headstone over William McKinley's grave reminds the passers-by of the stormy times in Ireland's history.

A FAIRY TALE.

The chief mark of the old-time fairy tale was its improbability. That also is a mark of this fairy tale. Another invariable mark of the old fairy tale was a lovely maiden in this. But that is about all the similarity.

Once there was a lovely maiden and she lived in a beautiful city by the sea. In time a brave young man came to woo her, and, as he seemed to be a good and sensible young man, who could work hard, the maiden's parents, being also usually good and sensible, did not object, nor ask her to wait for some one who had more money. Thereupon the wedding-day was set. But the beautiful maid reflected somewhat in this way: "A woman," says the old proverb, "can throw more out of the window than a man can bring in at the door." Now what can I do to keep from being that kind of a woman? I know how to play the piano, to play tennis, to dance and to play golf, and I can embroider, but I do not know how to buy, to

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cook, to plan, to sew, nor how to take care of children." Thereupon she went to cooking school, bought the supplies for her father's house, took charge of some orphan children in a ward in the asylum and learned to sew. After that she and the good young man were married and lived happily ever after. This last they also did in the old fairy tales, but in a different way.

CHILLED TO THE BONE? A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in a cup of hot water sweetened will do you ten times more good than rum or whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Often, without knowing any particular cause, we feel special influences — such as the nearness of God and the holy angels. Sometimes, when watching before the Blessed Sacrament, or at other times when engaged in ordinary duties, there comes on us a hush, a sense of peace, as though the world were removed a million miles from us. All disturbing thoughts have vanished; the air is full of a kind of balm; and we wonder if it may not be that an angel has been by our side and dropped the dewy fragrance from his wings before he passed back to Heaven.

JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful. was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Farmalee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study and are scientifically prepared as one laxative and an alternative in one