Ael.

"Look not long on the face of the dead; Leave the Past in the Past" they said. "Dig some grave for the old despair; Bury it far out of sight and sound; The years bring nothing but sorrow and care— Bury the last ere the next comes round, Or the burden will grow too great to bear."

dead;
I covered their places with new-turned mold;
I watched and watered the empty bed
Thro' the dark and the dearth and the biting

But, lo! no others came up instead.

er in agree mperor Na-was nothing of Rome, to Tivoli, Pianciani it up; ac-ntention of ng upon it, mber passed ire, and at g the army di, and had entana,situa-

Rotondo to in a large Tiburtina. about, and ositions, to The attack elve in the a numerous his men to eath. Garidiers of the knew the ntana. But

le: it is en-alled La Ri-Garibaldism the 6th of tive written the Italian f Garibaldi e the first tive: "Very our repeated the 3d of Volunteers. ese at five in nt that the arriving; in nen, chosen

ive the Ital-lieve in the

n this occa-

ned for our Correse at g. Now, I along the Correse, as t yesterday, did weather, k me three es of Menassured me he arrived er past two; ence at three ir hours in I, moreover. r at Correse, took me to iself. Open November. The French ce from the e Pontifical the facts of

t which we certain; the ought Gari-ited to the

esuits years have ere expelled possessions, outh Ameri-e then, conany Repub-f reparation hen it came , it is the nich we find tus of a com-dit Foncier ranslate the all Spanish the missions y. Thirty ich harbored 150,000 peoentirely xpulsion of

o this pro Argentine se name we to find sub-the French ject "to take there it was find it conhering their Paramount Would they .

mother sau-r unkindly, ster. Never en they are Never steal th. Never alls you to r "Let Jim," ou are told sleep withlast chance idneys. Dia-

make you mplete cure, t rats, mice.

he Kidneys

ng so fright-e only thing atly prevent

I locked the door on the unused stair;
I broke in pieces the vacant chair;
I looked not back as the days went by;
I let the grass grow over the Past.
I could not smile, and I would not sigh—
I thought that I should forget at last;
I would not believe that I wished to die. I wandered back to the desolate place;
I looked again on the dear dead face.
I counted the sorrows the years had sown;
I kissed them and gathered them into my
heart;
And I felt they were mine, my all, my Own,
That I and my Past could never part,
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.
MAY PROBYN. A "STRANGE HOUSE."

An Editorial Pen That Brought Down the Curse of the Price of Blood.

"It's a strange house, sure enough, with its traditions and its memories. I remem-ber when it was one of the finest places in town," said Mr. Henry Russel yester-

national reputation. A charming talker, a brilliant writer, and a man of transcendant power of wit and humor. He came to write the life of Henry Clay, who then ruled bentucky as the Plantagenets ruled England, or the Bourbons France. The bourbons France is thus to Kentuckians, Prentice and his body riddled with bullets. The storm that the leaders had aroused was now beyond all human control. Strange had little difficulty in gaining their ear. One bright September morning he found himself in Louisville. Soon afterwards himself in Louisville. Soon afterwards he started the Journal, and driving every competitor from the field, he soon ruled the literary world with all the capricious tyranny and iron firmnesswith which his dol, Clay, ruled the political world. It

THE ERA OF PERSONALITY. and over the personal writers of that day upon Penn, who was the ablest writer in the South. At length Penn adm tted his defeat. Other fights followed, for fighting was then the order of the day. Jackson had killed Dickinson; Randolph had done his best to kill Clay. Every man worth anything was a politician; and there were few politicians who had not killed their man, and who were not willing to kill another. No abuse was too foul for an another. No abuse was too foul for an enemy; no flattery too gross for a friend. Prentice entered into the very spirit of the times. His paper soon became all powerful in Kentucky. It made and unmade Governors and Congressmen. His wit burned like a hot iron, and he was not at all sparing in his use of it. at all sparing in his use of it.

This was Prentice previous to that ever-memorable year of 1856 when he entered the door of that house across whose threshold was the trail of the serpent. Up to this time he was temperate and happy. Years before he had married a brilliant wears before he had married a brilliant woman, a Miss Benham, daughter of Joseph S. Benham, a prominent lawyer of this city. They lived together very happily, and two sons, Clarence and Courtland, had come to seal their union. From the day be

ENTERED ITS ACCURSED WALLS misery marked him for her own. The way he became possessed of the house was too singular to be passed over hastily. It may in some means account for that con-tinuous stream of ill-fortune which ever afterward followed him.

In the spring of 1854 a crowd of disso-lute young College boys at Nashville formed a secret society whose object was the extinction of the Roman Catholic and foreign influence in this country. A few lesigning politicians in that city saw the influence of such questions over the minds of the ignorant and bigoted and they determined to profit by them. The doctrine was heralded abroad that America was for Americans; that the Catholics were engaged in secret and treasonable plots; that the foreigners were ruling and ruining the land. The effect of this was immediate and terrible, The whole country became inflamed. It was like England during one of the no-Popery riots of the Eighteenth century. A secret society was formed whose sole object was the destruction of the Catholic and foreign influence. influence of such questions over the minds teenth century. A secret society was formed whose sole object was the destruction of the Catholic and foreign influence.

While the excitement was great all over the Union it was intense in Kentucky. We can have no idea at this late date of the wild fanaticism preached and practiced. Know-nothingism was something worse than civil war; it was a struggle into which all the worst elements of politics and religion entered.

INITIATED A KNOW NOTHING.

I said not yea, and I said not nay,
But I wept when they carried the corpse
away.
I flung to the wind the flowers that were
dead: Prentice soon joined the society.
"We initiated him into the order at the "We initiated him into the order at the old engine-house, near Shelby and Main streets," said Mr. Robert F. Baird, one of the ablest leaders of the party, to the reporter, "and I remember well the night. He was called on to speak, but he was no speaker. He told them he approved of the order, and would pour forth his feelings in the Journal."

"Did many others join?"

"All the wealth and talent in the city were in it. I remember we induced Mr. W. H. Haldsman, now proprietor of the Courier Journal. But he wanted it done yery secretly and quietly, and no fuss was

very secretly and quietly, and no fuss was made about it. There were eight lodges in the city, and all of them were attended."

Prentice did not forget his promise. Day after day he thundered forth his denunci-ations of the foreigners. Article after article, incendiary and bitter, served but as fresh fuel to the fire. The excitement became greater and greater. Into the remotest part of the State the inflammatory articles of Prentice had penetrated and everywhere they had aroused the people to

the highest pitch.

The summer of 1855 came, and the Knownothings nominated Charles Moorhead for in town," said Mr. Henry Russel yesterday to a Commercial reporter. The
place he alluded to was the old George D.
Prentice house on the north side of Walnut street, just above Floyd, which had
been sold by Marshal Bailey a few days
ago. The purchaser was Mr. G. W. Conway, and the price he paid for it was
see 500. was the life and soul of the party. As the was the life and soul of the party. As the race drew near its close all men saw that not perhaps in the whole city a place about which hangs more gruesome tales. It stands there near the centre of this busy workaday city, and has nothing in common with the dull, monotonous houses about it. For sixteen years it shaped the destinies of George D. Prentice. He crossed its threshold young, vigorous, in the

tinies of George D. Prentice. He crossed its threshold young, vigorous, in the noonday of his glory, and he left it shattered by disease and with his splendid intellect shaken, after enduring all the tortures of the damned. A strange place it is indeed.

To explain the influence of this most singular house upon the life, and thought, and actions of Prentice, it will be necessary to go back a little beyond his first entrance withm its ill-omened walls.

In the spring of 1880 there came to Kentucky from the North, a man who, though 28 years of age, had gained a national reputation. A charming talker, the streets. Here and there an Irishman or a German darted out of an alley-way or a yard, and the fierce mob howled after him. If he was caught he was immediated. faces were seen at the polls, and the more ignorant of the foreigners, in accents of horror, whispered that they were lost spirits. All the slums and alleys of the city were emptied. The country round about sent in its quota of human butchers. Robert Baird and Prentice and some of the other leaders did what they could to stop the butchery. But the mob was now beyond all control. As night approached they became wilder. A fine

But a dozen burly ruffians stood at every avenue of escape to shoot them and push by his si them back into the flames. Old Frank Quin, with his flowing gray hair and his kind old face, was thrown back into the flames with a bullet in his breast.

The dying shrieks of women and children rang out loud above the roar of the flames. The scene was awful. The mad mob without; the burning human beings within. It would require a volume to tell all the incidents of that day. No calculation can be made of the murdered. Sixteen charred bodies were found under the ruins of "Quin's Row." Nearly a score were found hanging to the lamp posts, with the gas light making fantastic figures on their dead faces. Hundreds were wounded. Prentice, one of the kindest hearted men in the world, never forgot the day, and never forgot that he did more than any other man living to

provoke it. The news went abroad, and it was whis-The news went abroad, and it was wins-pered in the quaint old village of the Fatherland and murmured among the lakes of Killarney that a frightful mas-sacre had occurred to their countrymen in the far-off mysterious America, and for years afterward, while every other town along the Ohio prospered, Louisville was avoided like a pestilence. And even to this day many a kind-hearted old Irishmer the control of the contr man and many a thrifty old German will gather his awe stricken little ones around his knees and, while the fire roars within and the town rages without the curtained windows, he will tell them of his escapes during the dreadful day and still more dreadful night of "Bloody Monday."

The Man achieve determined to your tell of the still the s

formed whose sole object was formed whose sole object was formed whose sole object was a party of proscription. The man who did not belong to it was an enemy and was to be hunted down. The old and was to be hunted down. The old sample was just falling to pieces, and whis family entered the ill-fated house, and his family entered the ill-fated house, and clarence, by his Ger followed him. Many and vague were the rumors that were floating about in regard of Prentice.

to the old house. The Know-nothings elected their man, and none of the other party would pass the house without a shudder. Every devout Catholic crossed himself when he passed the house, "given Prentice for killing our countrymen," as they murmured hardly above their breath. All of them regarded it as a heritage of blood, every stone and brick cemented with human lives. And they said that in the still, dead hours of the night they could see him walking about with the voices of the burned victims of "Ruin's Row" ringing in his ears.

Up to this time Prentice's success had been uninterrupted. Now, however, the tide began to turn. The influence of the house began to be felt. First came family troubles. Then he began to grow more and more intemperate. He became careless about everything he said or did. Paul R. Shipman, keen-witted, satirical, who made every word he wrote cut like a work of the could be fore the gate of the historic old house. But there gate of the historic old house. Opening the gate and going back over the moss-grown pavement to the end, and trying a door of the house. Going up the staircase and of the house. Going up the staircase and the house of the historic old house. Opening the gate and going back over the moss-grown pavement to the end, and trying a door of the house of an arrow winding staircase. This led to the upper part of the rear of the house. Going up the staircase and the ring led to the upper part of the rear of the house. Going up the staircase and the ring led to the upper part of the rear of the house of the burned victims of "Ruin's led to the upper part of the rear of the house of the burned victims of the sum of the burned past rise up at the intruding footsters, he walked on, entering room after room. A heavy atmosphere seemed to hang about the whole place. Stern, deep, predeming footsters, he walked on, entering room after room. A heavy atmosphere seemed to hang about the whole place stem of the hide began to turn. The influence of the high the reporter stood at the foot of

One day the news reached the darkened

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN by his side to the family as his wife. He had gone abroad, and at one of the springs in Germany had married her. She was of noble family—the daughter of a German Prince—and a woman of singular ability and beauty. From the time she entered the house the discord and the strange misfortunes which now seemed to the doomed man continued. A scandal, the true secret of which never has leaked out, arose. The result of it was that Clarence agreed to give up his beautiful German princess and old man Prentice took her to New York and saw her safely on her way to her friends. Then "disaster followed fast and followed faster." A peculiar disease, which bailled the best medical talent of the land, afflic-ted Prentice. His hands became useless. He could not handle his pen. His son Clarence became intemperate. The eld man became little more than a common drunkard. The intellect that had dazzled the whole "nation" seemed fast going to pieces. His clothes were seedy as those of a tramp. He wrote little for his paper. A new generation, having nothing in common with the generation fast passing away, was growing up. All his old friends were dying away. His nerves were shattered, and he might be seen any day lounging around the newspaper offices, the merest wreck of his former self.

him to be conscious of his inmost thoughts. and to watch over him with a sullen male violence. He remained there less and less. In 1868 he said: "I am growing old. Pain and sickness, and trouble and sor-row have laid their corroding fingers

THE DEATH OF PRENTICE. Another year and he was on his deathmiles below the river. There, one stormy night, while the waters of the Ohio were raging around the house and all nature seemed to sympathize with the great man's taking off, he went to his fathers. A few years later Clarence, was thrown from his

affluence the remainder of our days; with \$250,000 we can go abroad and enjoy life.' I shall never forget her reply. She sprung into the middle of the room, clenched her hands till the finger-nails drew blood, and with the look of a pythoness hissed out: 'Stick to your paper; stick to your principles; stick to your country; don't let it go abroad that all the wealth of the Indies could move George D. Prentice a hair-breadth.' I suicide and Mr. Bradley lost his mind and your country; don't let it go abroad that all the wealth of the Indies could move George D. Prentice a hair-breadth. 'I never before,' continued Mr. Prentice to me, 'felt so proud of my wife. To-day I told the committee I could not agree to the bargain.'"

One of the indies could move that is mind and broke up in business. Mr. Jerry Mentz, who lived there a few years, had his wife to sicken, and himself and child to be brought near to death. Another sign of the country was reached the dark and

ting any young man to get so far as the proposing point. Fight him off and make proposing point. Fight him off and make him wait or go away to somebody who is ready. Don't live under the impression that you must accept the first love sick youth who proposes. Be patient, deliberate, and sagacious. There is a world of happiness for you between sixteen and twenty. The world would be a dreary waste if it were not for the sweet faces of young cirls with their piquant savings and young girls with their piquant sayings and melting smiles. Your father has bought you a piano, and you have learned how to play after many long and wearisome lessons. Don't spoil all by getting married, for after that you won't have much use for your piano. After you have reached twenty, it would be well to consider the matrimonial problem with some serious-ness. And even then, if you have a good home, you need be in no hurry to solve

If girls marry the men they love even though they are poor, they must be willing to work for them, and thus do their share in sustaining the prosperity of the firm. They should certainly know how to cook—and they ought to be ashamed to marry any such men until they have learned the art of cooking. For such a girl to marry sucha man would be neither more nor less than a social fraud, unmore nor less than a social fraud, un-less she shall before engagement inform him fully of her ignorance on this subthe merest wreck of his former self.

Then his wife died and another link was added. He now feared to enter the forbidding old house with its rambling rooms and evil memories. It seemed to him to be conscious of his impost thought of his impost thought the day is near at hard when girls that are candidates for matrimony will pride themselves more on their ability to cook a good dinner than on their ability to a good dinner than on their ability to dance, sing, play, or waste time in any agreeable way. The ideal girl, the consumptive, tight-laced, party-going, pianoplaying, French-talking, fashionable girl, can be no proper wife for a poor man. This language the girls may think unkind, but it is not. It is better for girls that are not fitted to have now man, wife to bed, not in the old house, for he feared to die there, but down on his farm a few are not fitted to be a poor man's wife to remain with their parents than to become such. It will be better for their lovers, too, and better for society.

..... If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running soies, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's buggy and killed, and to-day, a son of Clarence, by his German Princess wife, is the only living creature that bears the "Golden medical Discovery." Sold by all druggists.

"FATHER TOM."

SOUND AND LOYAL TO PETER, AS OF OLD-

with the surface of t

carefully out of all that was pious, best and noblest in the Church—men chosen and noblest in the Church—men chosen for certain gifts and graces of mind that make them prominent amongst their fellow ecclesiastics—men chosen by and retained in the mind and heart of the Pontiff. Many months before the event his Holiness proclaims the itention to create a Cardinal, but no one can tell who is to be the favored one—the right of nomination to the College of Cardinals is one that the Vicar reserves entirely to himself.

that the Vicar reserves entirely to himself. No earthly influence could sway him, no

sive view, and has access to information which no other man had—above all, because he was responsible to God for every act, and is under divine guidance. The language of those who attribute unworthy motives has always been the language of heresy, and the utterance of it is treason to the Church of God. Father Burke december to the characteristic and bistory. eloquently traced the origin and history of the College of Cardinals. Besides the saints on the roll of Cardinals there were others—all illustrious either for immense learning or for great nobility of birth, even including royal and Imperial houses, but in every case the title of Eminence was but the stamp given to one Who was already pre-eminent in the Church. Whenever, therefore, in a Catholic nation one of her sons was elevated to the dignity there was joy spread abroad, because THE HONOR CAME NOT ONLY TO THE MAN,

BUT TO HIS PEOPLE. and came from the supreme fountain of honor. Such joy was theirs in Ireland that day. It came to them in the midst of sor-row and fear. The brightest amongst them had been smitten with sorrow—the whole nation, gentle and simple, rich and poor, had sent forth a cry of horror for great sin and great crime. But the Lord Himself, through His Vicar—through their supreme Father on this earth—had their supreme Father on this earth—had mellowed that sorrow, and in a great measure changed it into joy in sending over the Bishop and pastor of their souls to this ancient land crowned with the highest honor, and robed in all the dignity of a Cardinal, a supreme Prince of the Church. In him Ireland entered into the most sacred councils of the Church of God,—in cred councils of the Church of God-in him Ireland would be called upon to answer the most momentous question ever asked on this earth. "Who amongst those is the man whom the Holy Ghost has chosen to be the Vicar of Gad and the head of the Church ?" Their joy was feather exalted—great because it was a spiritual joy—because of the exalted honor, because of him who conferred that honor, and because of the man who had

THE NEW CARDINAL was no stranger coming amongst them. He was not a man coming with merely a reputation for great knowledge. His life had been a life publicly led for years in the sanctuary in the midst of them. They had looked on him, spoken familiarly with him, and the poorest amongst druggists.

them had been so dear to him as the high-"FATHER TOM."

UND AND LOYAL TO PETER, AS OF OLD—
AN IRISH PATRIOT WHO WILL NOT
TRIFLE WITH IRISH MORALITY—A HINT
AS TO "THE LANGUAGE OF HERESY."

At the first solemn Mass sung by Carnal M'Cabe, Archbishop of Dublin, on s return from Rome, the preacher of the return from Rome, the preacher of the return from Rome, when the reason of peace a message of peace, with authority Peace a message of peace, with authority enormously strengthened and increased to preach the Gospel of peace, to defend the truth, to watch over the people, to save them from all invidious dangers that might be in the land, to warn them against all false teachers and false principles, to uphold their rights, to maintain the eternal laws of justice and authority

might obtain all those rights that belonged to the people and to which they had a right, but that she might obtain them without swerving in the least from the path of lawfulness, justice, and Christian charity. They had one now guiding them whose hand was firm, grasping the staff of St. Lawrence O'Toole, and so long as the mitter rests on that honest head, every soul would be guarded every right of their

How many of you during your hours of study, or work, or of recreation think of those Heavenly spirits which are con-tinually hovering about you, your Guar-THE ERA OF PERSONALITY, and over the personal writers of that day Prentice towered head and shoulders. No man knew better than he how to give point to a paragraph that would rankle point to a paragraph that would rankle moto and makes. A thousand infuriated moto to madness. A thousand infuriated advertiser, opened fire on Prentice. Of advertiser, opened fire on Prentice, of the was returned. The fight which followed was the talk of the "nation" Never before or since was such prilliancy of wit, such well-rounded periods and stately sentences, employed forth all his erudition, all his eloquence, to one Prentice on Periods and stately sentences, employed before a since was such prilliancy of wit, such well-rounded periods and stately sentences, employed before a membrane periods and stately sentences, employed by smoke and searched by flame, sought to change the character of the house and all about it, gathered a little money and left for Europe. He was his father's son—witty, accomplished, eloquent. Unring his absence Prentice sought to change the character of the place by extensive remodeling. Another stand door, and which followed was the ablest writer in the doorned buildings. For an instant the great crowd heistated, then the doorned buildings. For an instant the great crowd heistated, then the doorned buildings. For an instant the great crowd heistated, then the doorned buildings are asked the darkened fonce that Courtland, their pride, was a deal—kilded by a Northern ball. It was a medical with repride, was a deal—kilded by a Northern ball. It was a medical with repride, was a deal—kilded by a Northern ball. It was a medical with risk, on the church of God. Of course the house filled was hire the house of the house and all about it, gathere is never to be forgotten.

In the Dark at some wicked thought which he sees is occupying your mind instead of the meaning of the words you are singing. Saint Frances of Rome was permitted to see her holy guardian angel. Wherever she went he accompanied her in a wonderful halo of light. His place was always at her right hand, and every time she attempted to look at him she seemed to be gazing at the mid-day sun. Wherever she prayed, or wherever temptation assailed her, he acted towards her the part of a friendly, powerful protector. This remarkable apparition she described to her father confessor in the following words: "I was always enveloped in such a halo of light that at any hour of the wight of "I was always enveloped in such a halo of light, that, at any hour of the night, I could read as easily as in the day time. The augel always kept his face turned towards fleaven. His appearance was that of a young boy, his hands folded on his breast, his hair a bright auburn, falling in graceful clusters upon his shoulders. His garments would at times be whiter than snow, and at other times of a delicate snow, and at other times of a delicate purple-glowing color. These robes flowed gracefully down on his ankles. His feet gracefully down on his ankies. His feet were uncovered, of a delicate whiteness, and even when he walked in muddy places

and even when he walked in muddy places they remained unsoiled."

Such are the spirits which God has ap-pointed to watch over our lives. As a good mother loves her child, and guides and protects it, so does the guardian angel act to the child whom God has comnitted to his care.

Besides watching over us here on earth, they beg for mercy for us at the throne of grace. They strengthen our wills, and in the hours of affliction they comfort us. When we wander from the path of duty, and of happiness, they feel great pity for us and seek always with untiring zeal to bring us back to repentance and amendment of life. As the Holy Scripture are "They are ministering spirits" Besides watching over us here on earth, ture says, "They are ministering spirits sent to minister to those who shall gain eternal happiness."

Therefore, in the school-room, at home,

in the street, wherever you may be, re-member an angel of God is at your side.

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescrip-tion" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By