

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

Can you put the spider's web back in its place,
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough,
That fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the lily cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
That was crushed by a cruel blow?

Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flower again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?

You think that these questions are trifling,
Dear;

Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or an unkind deed undone?

THE "WALKING-BEAM BOY."

In 1836 the steam whistle had not yet been introduced on the boats of the western rivers. Upon approaching towns and cities in those days, vessels resorted to all manner of schemes and contrivances to attract attention. They were compelled to do so in order to secure their share of freight and passengers, so spirited was the competition between steamboats from 1836 to 1840. There were no railroads in the West (indeed, there were but one or two in the East), and all traffic was by water. Consequently, steamboat men had all they could do to handle the crowds of passengers and the tons of merchandise offered them.

Shippers and passengers had their favorite pockets. The former had their huge piles of freight stacked upon the wharves, and needed the earliest possible intelligence of the approach of the packet so that they might promptly summon clerks and carriers to the shore. The passengers, loitering in neighboring hotels, demanded some system of warning of a favorite steamer's coming, that they might avoid the disagreeable alternative of pacing the muddy levees for hours at a time, or running the risk of being left behind.

Without a whistle, how was a boat to let the people know it was coming, especially if some of those sharp bends for which the Ohio River is famous intervened to deaden the splashing stroke of its huge paddle-wheels, or the regulation puff, puff, puff, of its steam exhaust pipes?

The necessity originated several crude signs, chief among which was the noise created by a sudden escapement of steam either from the rarely used boiler waste-tubes close to the surface of the river, or through the safety-valve above.

It was reserved for the steamboat Champion to carry this idea a little further. It purposed to catch the eye of the patron as well as his ear. The Champion was one of the best known vessels plying on the Mississippi in 1836. It was propelled by a walking-beam engine.

One day it was discovered that the Champion's escapement-tubes were broken, and no signal could be given to a landing place not far ahead. A rival steamboat was just a little in advance, and bade fair to capture the large amount of freight known to be at the landing.

"I'll make them see us, sir!" cried a bright boy who seemed to be about fourteen years old, who stood on the deck close to where the captain was bewailing his misfortune.

Without another word, the lad climbed up over the roof of the fore-castle, and fearlessly catching hold of the end of the walking-beam when it inclined towards him with the next oscillation of the engine, swung himself lightly on top of the machinery. It was with some difficulty that he maintained his balance, but he succeeded in sticking there for fifteen minutes. He had taken off his coat, and he was swinging it to and fro.

The plan succeeded. Although the other boat beat the Champion into port, the crowd there had seen the odd spectacle of a person mounted on the walking-beam of the second vessel, and wondering over the cause, paid no attention to the landing of the first boat, but awaited the arrival of the other.

The incident gave the master of the Champion an idea. He took the boy as a permanent member of the crew, and assigned him to the post of "walking beam boy" buying for him a large and beautiful flag.—*St. Nicholas.*

Dr. A. T. Slocum's

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Montreal, October 4, 1892
TAILLON, BONIN & PAGNUELO,
13-5 Attorneys for the Petitioner.

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THE "ESCAPED NUN" IN
TROUBLE.

Mrs. Shepard Exposed in Chicago.

Reproduced from the CATHOLIC RECORD of
May 30, 1891.

The following despatch to the Boston Herald, from Chicago, May 11, 1891, has an interest for the public, especially in the Eastern States, where Mrs. Shepard has been doing anti-Catholic work among congenial associates:

Gossips here are busy discussing the case of the national president of the Loyal Women of American Liberty, Mrs. Margaret A. Shepard, who is said to have returned to the Catholic faith, and to have renounced her allegiance to the movement she inaugurated three years ago in Boston—a movement which resulted in a complete revolution of the Public schools in Massachusetts.

That Mrs. Shepard is not in touch with the Chicago branch of the league is very apparent from the recent action of that body. It has seceded. Its members affect to be shocked by what a stealthy investigation of the London life and history of Mrs. Shepard has revealed; and are circulating harmful stories of her inconsistent professions. More than this, Mrs. Shepard is accused of flirting with the Protestants, while playing into the hands of the Catholics.

A Methodist minister's name is scandalously connected with that of Mrs. Shepard, and in a few days he will be called to account by his indignant flock. The name of this unfortunate clergyman is Rev. O. E. Murray. The league and the church people are banded together for the common purpose of proclaiming the alleged shame of the pair.

During the late municipal campaign one of the issues by which men were swayed was what is colloquially known as "the little red school-house" argument. Mr. Murray, who, by the way, was once a Catholic priest, figured conspicuously at every political meeting in his district, and by the vehemence of his talk excited the fierce enmity of those who differed from him. He is at the head of the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church.

In the hands of the ladies of the league are documents which make startling allegations. In London, one of these damning papers states, Mrs. Shepard was arrested for stealing \$12. When, at the meeting which ended in the secession of the Chicago branch, she was granted the opportunity of speech in her own defence, she tearfully admitted the truth of this charge, but pleaded in extenuation the pitiable condition of her little child, who was in the agony of starvation. But the English magistrate sentenced her to imprisonment, and to jail she went. This document also bears testimony to her loose way of living. She did not refute this charge, either, when confronted with it by the league, but with downcast eyes and sorrowful mien she implored her stern sisters to believe that she had repented sorely and reformed. She now lives with a man who says he is her husband, at No. 3226 Graves Place, in a modest little house in a quiet and highly respectable neighborhood of this city. She was in a woeful state of excitement when a reporter called upon her in the evening.

"I must not talk to the press," she said. "My solicitors have ordered me to keep silent. To-morrow I will have prepared a statement of my case. The Boston people know me, and I feel sure they will not prejudge me. I am not as bad as my enemies would have the public believe. I am not bad at all. That should for the present content those who esteem me. The Chicago league numbers two hundreds and fifty members, and of these scarcely a dozen are hostile to me. Still these few seem to rule the rest."

"Have you again become a Catholic?" she was asked.

"I AM A PROTESTANT."

And will remain one. You must be content with what I have told you."

"All this storm and malevolence and persecution," she continued, "are but a repetition of what I have experienced before. You know I am Irish born, and because of this these good, pure and holy Chicagoans dislike my interference in matters which, to their understanding, ought to be taken out of my hands. But wait. I'll surprise these smart people tomorrow."—*London (Ont.) Catholic Record.*

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