The Peeler's Story

There were about a doz n of us seat-ed round a cozy fire in the commercial room of the Trafton's and domain hotel at Edinburgh. much of the talk turn-ed on crime and criminals, detectives and police. I know that my friend, Desmond O'Reilly, who represents the great whiskey firm of Broderick's and Co., had once been in the Irish Constab-bulary, and I thought it meant that he would be able to give us such a story from his experiences as would help us to pass the evening pleasant-ably. Mr O'Reilly had three distinct manners of talking. When endeavor-ing to persuade an Englishman that Broderick's whiskey was the best in the world and that there was not a headache in a gallon of it, he assumed a nice blend of the South of England and South of Ireland accents ; when dealing with Scotchmen, he made a very creditable effort to talk Gaelic, but when treating with his own country people or in the easy abandon of the commercial room he spoke the brogue pure and simple.

When, on the evening in question, he consented to tell us a story, I knew by the sly look in his eye that we were to be treated to an exhibition of his native Doric. To give him in its full flavor, however, would only make the compositors swear, or perhaps exhaust the apostrophes in the linotype machine. So, in transcribing his words I will not attempt a phonographic ac-curacy, but be charitable to the com-positors and to myself.

"Ye ask me," began Mr O'Reilly, "to tell a story about meself. Now, if it was Murphy there my name is Murphy, and I represent a rival firm he'd be sure to make himself the hero of his own story—an a very poor hero he'd make—but bein' meself, I'll choose me frind, Sergeant O'Brien, for me haro. O'Brien was one of the quarest divils in the R.I.C., an' how he got to be sergeant was more than any of us could tell, particularly as we knew well enough that tho' when firin' at an Orangeman in a 12th of July or 15th of August row no one had a straighter aim, he could not hit a South of Ire-land man at twelve paces. Still, a sergeant he was, and that's more to the point, he was the man that put us through me thrill' every mornin'. We were the best of friends for all that—that is, we were until Peggy Doyle, bad luck to her, came between us. Peggy was very like that other Peggy who used to ride in a low back car long ago an' knock him down in the market town with darts from her right eye—or maybe her bright eye— divil a wan o' me knows. But the worst of this sweet Peggy was that she made a dead set on the members of the R.I.C., subjugatin' thim at her will (for they've all tindher hearts) an' thin throwin' thim away like squeezed limons. Now, I hadn't been in Rath-cannon for a fortnight when I was convinced that Peggy had fallen a victim to me charms. Without any flatthery I may say that I was the best lookin' man in the barracks, though the sergeant thought otherwise an' I did not wonder in the laste that Peggy should roast sheep's eyes in my direction. It's three that the sergeant was in a position to marry at wanst, an' I'd have to wait a little before the gintlemin of Phanix Park would allow me to indulge in the luxury of a wife. But there was something of that in the jealousy in Dublin know nothin', an', I suppose, cared less, which was that Peggy was sole owner of a tidy farm as well as a dacent little public house which once a month or so did a roar-in' tr ide. With Peggy an' the farm an' the public-house, what the dick-ens did I care about the R.I.C.? I'm not ashamed to confess that I spint many hours in her back parlor whin I was supposed to be somewhere else, but, sure, the district except for an oc-castonal murther of a landlord was in-tirely free from crime, an' what was the use o' paradin' up an' down for no-thin'? Sub-Constable Godkin, who used to accompany me on such occa-sions, tho' he was as married with a thought the same as meself, an' was much foindher of a rubber of twenty-fives than of protectin' landlords. I was just on the point of proposin' whin Peggy all of a sudden turned her attintion to the sergeant,—an' if you'll believe me, and it took two months with-out seein' me, as if I was no more than a ghost. 'Twas enough to make a man, not to say a peeler, turn teeto-taller, an' I began to discover that Peggy's whiskey was no better than it should be, somethin' like the raw stuff that Murphy here is 'cryin' to palm off on the innocent British public. Ser-geant O'Brien, of course, was mighty delighted, an' whin we began to occupy my sate in Peggy's back parlor I felt so annoyed that I was on the point of reportin' him to the County Inspec-thor. I didn't however, an' I was glad of it after, for Peggy got both of us, not to spake of poor Godkin and sev-eral others, into the deuce of a row. It was the time when the Plan of Cam-paign was worryin' the life out of every dacent policeman in the country, an' though for a long time it kept away from Rathcannon, the agitators at last made their appearance, an' gave us little time to think about Peggy. The local landlord, Mr. Trant, divin' fallen out with his tenants, was not under police protection, an' it often fell to my duty to parade up an' down beside his house at night. It was at this time that Peggy began to show signs of relentin', and wanst whin I wint into her shop on some necessary business she looked at me in the old way, an' asked me if I did not think Sergeant O'Brien was a fool. Maybe I did, but I was not going to tell Peggy so, havin' by this time got a whole-some distrust of her ; but I defy any man in Ireland to resist for any length of time the blandishments of Peggy. As for an Englishman he'd have no chance at all with her—he'd turn the whole male population of Great Britain round her fingers in a week. Well, at any rate, I fell a second time, an' this time bein' a good dale away, took to writin' her love letthers and poethry. Bad luck to that same poethry, it all got into the newspapers afther, and Murphy knows, an' made the laughin' stock for the whole of Ireland. But that's nather here nor there, an' I

THE CATHOLICS OF EGYPT

Those who are directing the Cath-olic missions of Egypt are at present trying to arouse interest in the coun-try in the work they are carrying on, and we have received a very in-teresting pamphlet, which can be ob-tained from Messrs Brown and Nol-an, which has been written by one of the workers, and which gives an idea of the labors of these devoted people and the difficulties they have to face in carrying on their propa-ganda. A great deal has been said an f a titte about the Protestant mis-sions in Egypt and the Soudan, and the success with which they have been carried on has been loudly proclaimed. But the Catholic missions throw a diff-ferent light upon the character of the operations which these organisations carry on. In the past they have greatly devoted themselves to wholly useless attempts to convert the Mos-lems. These attempts have been re-sponsible in no small degree for the political troubles which England has had to face, for the Moslems would not be converted, and they came to the conclusion that an attack was being made on their religion, and fought against it. One of the first things the Sirdar had to do was to assure the Moslem sheiks that their religion would not be interfered with as a con-sequence of the victory of the Brit-ish, and he found that the only way in which he could keep his word was to keep missionaries out of the Sou-dan. Meanwhile the Catholic missions have been confining themselves to two fields of operation, namely, the con-version of heathens, pure and simple—this was the work upon which Father Ledwaller was engaged—and upon bringing about so far as possible the adherence to the Church of the Coptic schismatics an Egyptian members of the Greek communion. The Pro-testant missionaries are almost entire-ly devoting themselves now to an at-tempt to counteract this work and to prosely tise Egyptian Catholics, and schismatics and Moslems won't be con-verted ; they take their education and medicine, and remain the same), while no more their advocates are posing as persons who are carrying on a great work for Christianity on Egyptian soil Intelligent Protestants appar-ently do not know that their money hastes t of being spent in missionary work properly so called, is being used to obstruct the work of other mis-sionaries and to proselytise those who have accepted their teachings. The creed of the Copts is one which prac-tically does not differ from that of Catholics save in the non-acceptance of the authority of the Church, and it is simply amazing that Great Brit-ain shoul 1 be subsidising missions for the purpose of destroying the work of unity which is being accomplished by the Catholic missions—all this being done under the guise of teaching the truths o' the Bible to a benighted race What the Catholic missions are now endeavoring to do is funds to help them to establish scho ls to enable the young to be taught without these religious beliefs being tampered with, which is being done in the schools established by the wealthy Protestant missions. Such an object is well worthy the at-tention of the charitable We would advise anybody interested in the ques-tion to procure the pamphlet entitled 'Gleanings from Egyptian Fields,' which from every point of view is a publication of the highest interest from a historical and political as well as from the religious standpoint.

CONSOLING.

Fond mother. —What do you think of little Freddie ? He's the very image of his father, isn't he ?"

Visitor (cynically)—Well, Freddie needn't mind that as long as he has good health.—Tit-Bits.

Mother's advice is worth more than the advice of any other woman to the daughter who is perplexed by the prob-lems of physical health and comfort. There's no need therefore to "write to a woman," who is a stranger.

There may, however, be need for a physician's advice to supplement the ad-vice of the mother. In such a case the offer of free consultation by letter, made by Dr. Pierce, opens the way to health, and at the same time avoids the un-pleasant questionings, the repulsive ex-aminations and offensive local treatments which less experienced physicians often insist on.

Any sick or ailing woman is invited to write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, in the strict-est privacy. Each letter is held as a sacred confidence and its answer is sent in a plain envelope, bearing no printing upon it.

Do not be misled by advertisements offering "medical advice," which are published by those who not being phy-sicians are not qualified to give such ad-vice. Any physician or doctor who has a legal and professional right to the title will publicly claim that title. Those who offer "medical advice" and invite you to "write to a woman" do not claim that the woman is a doctor. The "medi-cal advice" of an unprofessional woman is just as dangerous as the "medical advice" of an unprofessional man. In more than thirty years Dr. Pierce and his staff of nearly a score of medical special-ists, have successfully treated over half a million women. You can write without fear as without fee to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

Rome and the United States

Henr y Edgeworth Jr., contributes to "The Atlantic Monthly" for Septem-ber one of the most remarkable arti-cles dealing with religion that has ap-peared for a long time in the great magazine of New England. We give some extracts hereunder :

COSMOPOLITAN ROME.

The Roman church has always been cos-mopolit in. There have been Popes from Englan d, Ireland, Germany, France, Spain and Italy. Nor therefore raise their spears from Nor-way to Sicily, from Quebec to Pata-gonia. Her missionaries have sacri-ficed their lives over all the world. Her strength has been that she is the one to whom all come as to a refuge. The centurey may have a greater scope of truth. That a bond institu-tion has acquired a tough fibre and deep root. which g v it enduring strength generations have grown up in its rhine and shadow. It can num-ber the horizon, and every man has adjusted his course by it, every young or organ has been effected by it, every nation has framed its government and laws in fondness or fear of it. An tique custom has a thousand crutches one may level the Alps or flood the desert of Sahara, but the very people who shall benefit most first be over-come. Men will not suffer you to de-stroy their dieties or their devils. In its long life the Church has learned means to supply the needs of all, of the pious, the wayward, the ambitious and the meek, the libertine and the an-chorite, the skeptic and the believer, the active and those that do nothing. Those old hands have a strength, and their softness a touch beside which the young are rude and incapable. History pronounces that no man can safely say taut the Church is unequal to the requirements of latter-day success. . . . Anti-popes and Babylonish captivity, rebellion and reformation have shak-en the great edifice, but have left its foundations seemingly as strong as ever.

ROME THE HOLY MEDIATOR.

Unions of workingmen will not only spread all over the United States, but will include Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans. The great cause of dia-sension among men will no longer coin-cide with national divisions ; there will be no fellow-countrymen of all the dis-putants ; cosmopolitan quarrels must be made up by cosmopolitan councils. Then the mediation of the great or-ganization to which specially belongs the task of mediation will be of great value to mankind, and most to the workingmen who suffer most from dis-agreement with capitalists. Ministers of the Church of England will not be acceptable mediators in matters which concern Frenchmen : the clergy of the Greek Church will not be welcome to the Germans : but the priests of a cos-mopolitan church, free from temporal sovereignty, and national bias, will be fit to intervene and give counsel in cosmopolitan disputes. The creed of the Catholic Church naturally bleads with mediation and peacemaking, in labor troubles as in others : witness Manning in England, Lavigerie in France, Ireland in America, and in Italy the Pope himself. Let the Church of Rome once join in the public mind her creed, and active mediation to se-cure justice and peace, and she shall carry a thousand slogans on her back. The poor are the most ignorant. Dog-ma presents no difficulties to them. Help the poor and they will believe that the sun revolves around the earth. The Church has always deemed the poor her little children. Poverty in her eyes is freedom from temptation. As the poor always will be among us, that Church, without regard to dog-ma, which shall open her arms the most generously toward them will have a multitude at her heels. A minister-ing church will receive unexpected friends. Many men now spend them-selves in little attempts at social im-provement here and there, they frit-ter away their high purposes in scat-tered efforts. . . . With their eyes fix-ed on physical ills, their ears hear only cries of physical distress. They regard religion as superstition and deception. But when the great church of the poor, bent though she be with ancient creeds, shall support the cause of the poor, social reformers will not only forget their former disbeliefs, but will asso-ciate with every word of her creed their own measures of reform, and murmur Amen. Limited now to the knowledge that increase of wates is good, they will learn through the church that not the goods which dimin-ish but those which multiply by shar-ing, make the happiness of mankind.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

A halo of romance, says Miss Mary Proctor, in the October St. Nicholas, has woven itself about the stars of the Southern Cross—one of the most picturesque objects in the southern skies. At one time these stars formed part of the constellation named "Cen-taur," which was once included under that called "Argo," the Great Ship : but towards the end of the eighteenth century the Southern Cross became a constellation of its own account. Nev-ertheless, its resemblance to a cross must have been observed long before this time, since an Arabian globe has been found on which an outline of a cross if marked about this group of stars.

The longer bar of the cross points nearly to the south pole, the situation of which in the heavens is not marked by any brilliant star, but which is about four and a half cross lengths from the foot of the cross. For this reason Alpha and Gamma are some-times called the "pointers." In fact, the Southern Cross may be looked up-on not for the want of a great clock, which goes round once in twenty-four hours, moving in the same direction as the hands of a clock, unlike our Great Bear or Dipper in the northern heavens which appears to go round the north-

PROTESTANTS ARE RETURNING TO ROME.

Twenty years ago Protestants and Agnostics would have banded together against the Roman Church. They would have felt that they must strug-gle side by side against gross ignorance and grosser superstition. But Pro-testant prejudices against the Roman Church are falling off. Calvin and Knox are losing worship. Jonathan Edwards has become a signboard of ob-solete notions. Our old jealousies of the Roman Church were part of our inheritance from England. That her-heritance has lost its relative conse-quence, and in the changing character of the United States those jealousies are disappearing. Old feuds between Protestant and Catholic have ceased to be as important as their united bat-tles against moral decay. Churches of all kinds draw closer together as they feel that their fight is to be against vulgar cynicism, gross pleasures, the cruelty of greed. More and more churches separate religion from their own individual tenets and associate it with what all hold dear, the dignity of labor, the sanctity of self-sacrifice, the holiness of marriage, the preservation of noble purposes. They begin to re-gard religion as a bulwark to guard the spirit from the wastes of shame. . . . Even the strong Protestant sects of the Methodists and Baptists are growing less antagonistic to the Church of Rome. The Presbyterians show signs of conciliation towards the Episcopalians ; they build churches in the likeness of Magdalene Tower ; they put stained glass in their windows ; they are less rigorous to heresy.

The Episcopal Church, nearer to Rome by far than the other Protes-tant sects, is constantly gaining ground. Her prelates, her hierarchy, her liturgy, are continually, little by little, making the more recalcitrant Protestant sects more accustom-ed to the structure and rites of Rome. In the Episcopal Church itself attempt has been made to bring all Christian churches into union : with the idea that the middle path of the Anglican creed and practice would be the means of reconciliation and the meeting place for the dissenting churches and the mother church. But every idea of union prepares the road to Rome. The great original church may open her arms to receive : but she will never turn aside her feet to tread the via media. How shall we ask the church that claims its authority from the Apostle Peter to humble itself before the church which derives its independ-ence from Henry "III. ?

DEMOCRACY OF THE CHURCH.

The democracy of American institu-tions will be no hindrance to the Church of Rome, for that church has been the greatest democratic power in the western world. With a few excep-tions, the Popes have always been elec-ted, originally by the Roman citizens, subsequently by the college of cardi-nals ; and the papacy has always been open to every Catholic, regardless of his birth. Popes have been chosen from all ranks of society. In the most vig-orous period of the feudal system, the great councils of the Church were great representative assemblies ; their members came together from all Chris-tendom. The Church has always taught the spiritual equality of rich and poor, or has given precedence to the poor. The great monastic orders practiced equality. The Order of Jesus has always set the degree according to talents.

It may still be objected that the Ro-man Church is not modern, it has not adapted to the nation which more than any other lives in the present : it is said that age and youth cannot live together ; that young America will find

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DRINKING POISON.

Many a man who would be startled at the bare thought of sitting down and de-liberately drinking a dose of poison, al-lows himself to be regularly and system-atically poisoned day after day by accum-ulations of bile in the blood.

When the liver fails to do its regular work of alt-ering this bilious poi-son out of the circula-tion, it goes on poison-ing the en-tire constitu-tion just as surely as if a man was drinking prussic acid. Every part of the body is polluted. The diges-tive juices are suppressed and weakened. The kid-neys and skin are clogged with impurities and the lungs and bronchial tubes over-loaded with morbid secretions which eat away the delicate tissues, and bring about bronchitis and consumption.

All the diseases caused by this subtle process of bilious poisoning are cured by the marvelous alterative action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It directly increases the liver's natural ex-cretive and purifying powers ; gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to manufacture an abundance of red, rich, healthy blood.

It drives out all impurities, and vital-izes the circulation with the life-giving elements which restore perfect nutrition and solid muscular power. It makes fresh, pure, rich blood. It brings back ap-petite and nerve force and good healthy flesh. No matter how far gone people seem to be, if there is anything left to build on, the "Golden Medical Discov-ery" will build you up again.

"In August 1895, was taken down in bed with a burning and severe pains in my stomach and under my shoulders, and dis-tress in my head," writes Ira D. Herring, Esq., of Needmore, Levy Co., Fla. "My home physician was called and he said my disease a bilious poisoning while digest, and I had great distress in my stomach. I was persuaded to try some of Dr. Pierce's remedies or to see what he thought of my case. I wrote him and received an answer stating that my suffering was from indiges-tion and torpid liver, and advising me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discov-ery. The first bottle gave pleasing results. I have taken four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and these small vials of the Pleasant Pellets' I am able to do my work and eat what I could not before I took these medicines."

"I was tired all the time," writes J. Edvard Davis, Esq. (Care Geo. F. Lasher), 147 North 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "In the morning felt as if I had never slept, was too languid to eat ; was troubled with pimples, boils, sharp back, and hollow checks. At one time I had seven-eight boils on my back. I became very despondent and said to myself there is no use taking medicine, nothing can cure me. One day a friend of mine told me what a cure he had performed on a child who had a bad disorder of the blood or something to that effect. I was skeptical at first and said it would not do me any good. At last one morning I woke up and found a beating pulsation in my neck, front and back. In three days I had four boils, and that called "Argo," the Great Ship : . When I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine together with Dr. Pierce's Pellets, did wonders for me.

After the first three bottles it was no new thing for folks to say 'Hello, Ed., I didn't know you,' or, 'Say, Dave, what's become of those pimples you used to have?' I took about ten bottles of the 'Golden Med-ical Discovery.'"

It would save doctor bills for any fam-ily to have a copy of Dr. Pierce's splen-did thousand-page free book. "The Peo-ple's Common Sense Medical Adviser," explaining the laws of life and health in clear and interesting language, with many valuable suggestions and receipts for curing common ailments by simple home-treatment. It has over three hun-dred illustrations and colored plates. A strong paper-bound copy will be sent ab-solutely free on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y A handsome cloth-bound, beautifully stamped copy will be sent for 50 stamps.