

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

Told So The He Who Runs May Read.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

The story of "The Wealer" which is found below, and which appeared in the Arena for May presents to the reading public a thoughtful picture skillfully drawn. The portrayal of the mill owner and the mill worker will be recognized by every one. Both types are familiar. The closing of the mill with the incidents that follow form a narrative pathetic for its very truth.

Peter Hinson was a millhand. He was a steady man, a good worker. He had been for twenty-two years in one situation and had always made good wages. He was married, and had a little home, rented, of course. There had been too many children to admit of his buying a house, but they had a very comfortable home. His wife was frugal and industrious. The children went to school. The pair had more than a hundred dollars in the bank.

One day the proprietor of the mill where Peter worked made a little speech to his men. He was a kind, just man. The men all liked and respected him. He had never cut wages in all his business career; not even in slack times. He told the men the mill was to shut down. Work was not to be done. They were running full time. He was very sorry to tell them this piece of bad news, but he could not help himself. It was this way. He had joined a milling trust. The manufacturers in his line had all combined, and he had combined with them. They had thought it would be a good thing to have a centralization of interests among mill owners. He had himself thought so. The trust had decided to concentrate their efforts, and limit the output of manufacture. They had voted to close the mill. He was very sorry. He was sorry for each one of his two hundred employees. He hoped they would soon find employment elsewhere. Fortunately it was the summer season. They would have several months before winter set in, in which to look for work. But he was sorry to sever the relations which had so long existed between him and his men. He was sorry to say "Good by." His voice faltered as he spoke the words. He had been proud of his business. He hated to see it closed up. The change meant no loss to him financially. He was an officer in the trust and shared in the profits of the combine with the rest; but he was sorry for his men. He shook hands with each one of them as they filed to the cashier's desk to receive their pay.

The mill was shut down next day, and Peter started in to look for work. He had gone into the mill when he was eighteen years old. He was now forty. He tried to get a job in some other mill, but there were no chances open to him. Then he tried in other directions. He was strong and willing, and he picked up a number of odd jobs, but nothing permanent. Finally even the odd jobs became few and far between. The city was full of idle men. One month he had but two days' work. The summer was gone; it was the middle of autumn; winter was near at hand.

Then Peter heard that mill men were wanted in a neighboring State. He and his wife divided what was left of their scanty capital. Peter took barely enough to pay his train fare. The family would find the balance little enough. When he arrived at his destination there was no work to be had. A detachment of the Industrial Army had passed through the section and a number of the "soldiers" had found employment.

As Peter passed through the streets of a town one street urchin called to another,—"Hi, Jimmie! Git on ter de wealer!" This decided him. He would push forward and join the Industrial Army. Who knew what good might not come of the march to Washington? He had no money for travelling. He had only a little silver in his pocket. He started out, however, and walked to the next town. There, too, no work was to be had. He was footsore and dusty from his journey, and he was a stranger. One man said to him: "We've had enough of the wealers here. What the country ought to do is to put you all in the workhouse. You'd get enough exercise then, without tramping the State this way." The next day he struck out into the country. He remembered, vaguely, having often read in the papers that there is always work for a man on the land. He inquired at every farmhouse for work, but the season was over. Farmers were letting men go instead of taking new ones on.

At the end of a week his money was gone, and he had found no work. One farmer gave him a job at wood cutting. He took it, gladly, but he was a miller, and city bred. He had never cut down a tree in his life. At the close of the day the farmer discharged him and told him that he had never yet seen a tramp who was worth his salt to work.

On Thanksgiving day he found himself on the outskirts of a small town. It was raining miserably. He had eaten nothing the day before. His bed that night had been the damp ground in the shelter of a strawstack. He was wet to the skin. He went to a farmhouse and asked for food. He was dirty and unkempt. His eyes were bloodshot from cold and weeping. Straws clung to his coat. He had a straggly stubble of unevenly growing beard. His features were sodden with the rain. The farmer's wife who opened the door to him shut it again and ran back. Then a man came and

ordered him off the premises. As he was leaving the man suddenly called out,— "Did you sleep in my barn last night?"

"No," Peter said. "Lucky for you," growled the man. "I'd have turned you over to the constable this morning if you had."

At the next house the door was not opened. A servant girl appeared at the upper window with a gun in her hands and threatened to shoot if he did not go away. The people of the house had all gone to church and she was afraid of him.

He went on, and presently sat down by the roadside. Some young men who drove by gazed him, sitting there in the rain. One of them asked him where he had left Coxy. Peter made no reply. He was light-headed and dizzy from hunger. His hands trembled so from the cold that he could hardly draw his coat together to shut out a little of the drenching rain. He rose to his feet and staggered a little further along the road. It was past noon. People were coming from the church where they had been returning thanks to God for the blessings of the year. Peter accosted a man who was walking.

"In the name of God," he said, "give me work or money, for I am starving!"

The man eyed him as he stood trembling in the rain. "You look as if you wanted work, you do," he said. "What you want is whisky. Come now, own up, isn't it? I don't mind standing a drink for you on Thanksgiving day."

Peter shook his head. "I've eaten nothing since the day before yesterday," he said.

The man drew back the hand he had put into his pocket. "That story won't wash in this country," he said. "You could get a meal at any house along the road. No, I've nothing for you. You'd have been more polite to tell the truth, my friend." And he went on.

Peter stumbled along toward the town. He met several people, but they were all driving. They were all going to spend Thanksgiving with friends, or else hurrying home to receive guests. The rain was slacking some. As Peter shambled over the road his downcast eyes caught the gleam of something in the mud. It was a silver dime. He stooped and picked it up. He turned it over and over, gazing at it. He bit it to see if it was good, and finally kissed the coin as it lay in his palm.

It was raining scarcely any now, and he hurried forward with a light heart. In the town he would buy food. He reached the town and hurried down its one little street looking for a bakery. When he reached it it was closed; the baker had gone home to eat his Thanksgiving dinner. He travelled the thoroughfare. A Sabbath stillness reigned. Every store and shop was closed. Here was a hotel on the street—a country tavern, with a bar-room. Peter went in and demanded food. The proprietor was playing cards with some men. He asked Peter where his money was. Peter showed the dime. The man laughed, and without rising from his chair the landlord told him to get out.

He wandered back along the street, and at the end of it came to a place that was open. There was a card in the window that read:

FREE TURKEY LUNCH TO-DAY.

Peter went in. "What'll you have?" the barkeeper asked.

Peter stared at him, stupidly, saying not a word. He put his dime down on the counter.

"Whiskey?" asked the barkeeper, and Peter nodded.

"Straight?" and Peter nodded again.

He gulped the whiskey down, raw and burning, and clutched eagerly at the big turkey sandwich the barkeeper put before him, on a wooden plate.

The place was very warm. The unwanted stimulant set his blood to tingling and filled his brain with bright fancies. He finished his sandwich.

"Have another," the barkeeper said, noting his famished look. While he stood eating it two men came in. They ordered brandy and the barkeeper set out a bottle for them. They stood chaffing with him as they poured it into their glasses. One of them set the bottle down close at Peter's hand. As Peter saw it a mad desire seized upon him for more of the cheering stuff. Unconsciously his hand stole nearer the bottle. The barkeeper turned to reach for a box of cigars.

The two men were busy talking, seeing nothing but their glasses. With a quick movement he grasped the bottle and filled his glass to the brim. The barkeeper turned back just in time to see him drain it off. He set down the cigars and, rushing from behind his bar, seized Peter by the collar, dragged him to the door and kicked him into the street.

Peter picked himself up. The rain had ceased and the sun was shining. He felt like a different man. He did not mind that he had been kicked into the street. He did not care for his wet garments. He was no longer hungry; he was no longer cold; his heart was as light as a feather. He could scarcely feel the ground beneath his feet. He snapped his fingers at the hotel as he passed it. He went through the little town and out again into the country. His way skirted a wood. As he walked he picked up a stout oak cudgel and went on, twirling it joyously and striking it against the trunks of the trees he passed. He met no one, for all were within doors, celebrating Thanksgiving.

His thoughts ran confusedly from one thing to another. He was growing drunk; he did not know this—he only knew he felt like a king.

He sat down by the roadside to think about it. When he arose, an hour later, the liquor was in his feet as well as in his head. He walked at random, and his thoughts were very thick. He left the main road and followed a foot-path into the wood. A little distance along it he saw some one approaching—a little girl about thirteen years old.

At sight of her the brute in Peter's body awoke. The liquor was burning in his brain. He was no longer a man, only a beast. He stepped across the child's path and stopped her progress. She was startled, but not frightened. She had never seen a drunken man before. Peter seized her by the shoulder and drew her from the pathway. At this she was filled with terror, and opened her mouth to scream, but he covered it with his hand. He was like a savage. His face was distorted out of all human semblance. He told her he would kill her if she made a sound. He dragged her swiftly after him, a little distance into the woods. Then he turned and released her for an instant.

Crazed with terror the child started and ran, shrieking like a wild creature as she did so. Instantly Peter rushed after her and caught her again. He struck her with the cudgel he still carried, and she fell forward, unconscious. To his brute passion was now added brute rage. He became a mad man, and rained blow after blow upon her, until her skull was beaten in, and his hands and face were spattered with her blood.

Suddenly, in the midst of his fury, his ear caught the sound of a hall. It was repeated, sounding nearer. Some one was answering the child's scream. He could hear footsteps breaking through the brush. For an instant his frenzied brain cleared. Horror-stricken at what he had done, he turned and fled into the depths of the forest. After running for a few minutes he plunged down a ravine and hid in a dense tangle of brambles. Far in the distance he could hear cries, and the noise of breaking branches. It grew dark, but the woods became alive with voices. He could distinguish the shouts and curses of angry men, the screams of excited women. The whole countryside was searching the woods. They were looking for him. Once or twice he saw lights gleam through the trees, but they always faded again. No one stumbled upon his hiding place.

Then the brandy resumed control of his brain, and he slept.

It was broad daylight when they found him and dragged him forth. He was covered with mud from the stream in the ravine. His face and hands were red, with blood, and he was still besotted with the brandy he had drunk.

"Send all the women home!" cried a voice from the crowd. In a moment every woman had disappeared. He did not know what was being done to him. His brain had not yet recalled the incidents of the day before. He thought the farmer had had him arrested for sleeping in his barn.

From somewhere in the crowd a rope appeared. They had gathered under a tall sycamore tree. One man remonstrated. "Le: The law deal with him," he said.

"No, no!" echoed a dozen voices. "We've had enough of The Law's dealings with tramps. We will take The Law in our own hands this time." Presently they all went away and left him hanging under the sycamore tree.

MARGIOTTA'S LEMMI.

V.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Lemmi proved himself worthy of the confidence of Mazzini, the Italian archconspirator who had pointed him out to General Pike as a worthy successor in the political leadership. Garibaldi, too, was loud in Lemmi's praises, saying that without him (Lemmi) nothing serious could have been done in the destruction of the Catholic Church. Hence Lemmi received abundant means from the English and American Masons to establish lodges all over Italy and to uproot the Church. But Lemmi, like a good Jew, used over 400,000 francs of this money in private, in unscrupulous speculations, with the connivance of Phileas Wader.

In 1881 Lemmi held a Masonic conference at Milan under the sanction of General Pike, at which strong anti-Catholic resolutions were adopted, among which the following are the most important:

I. The Pious Works (that is, institutions founded by the Church for assisting the poor) must be taken over by the government.

II. Female lodges are everywhere to be organized as soon as possible.

III. Lodges of laborers in the cities and country are to be started.

IV. A body of secret messengers depending only on the central authority of Italian Masons is to be constituted.

V. A body of propagandists (walking brothers) shall be created who are to operate throughout Italy without visiting any lodges, so that the fact of their being Masons would remain secret.

VI. Persons of high social standing may be secretly initiated by one of the highest officers alone.

VII. The solution of the social question and the extinction of pauperism is the great object of Freemasonry.

VIII. The liberal powers of Italy must be so organized in secret that the majority of parliamentary representatives be secured in favor of Freemasonry.

IX. For the present Freemasonry must aim: a, to get control of the whole patrimony of the Church; b, to destroy the last vestige of clerical influence in laws and politics; c, at the complete destruction of religious orders.

Lemmi immediately acted in conformity with these resolutions, and in a short time had anti-clerical circles formed in every city and town of Italy and also in foreign countries, which began at will to act under the direction of the great political chief. Margiotta gives the texts of a number of circulars addressed to the lodges of Italy, all breathing the same spirit of hatred against, and destruction of, everything Catholic.

This was not yet enough for Lemmi. On November 21, 1888, he wrote to General Pike: "Help us to fight the Vatican, you whose authority is supreme; and, under your leadership, all the lodges of Europe and America will espouse our cause." General Pike replied: "The Vatican possesses a tremendous power, under the control of a single will. His resources are immense. Freemasonry has placed itself at the head of the armies of the people. It will not lack the means to carry on the war. It can tax its (the churches) wealth, dry up its resources and weaken it in every way. At the instigation of the dissident lodge of Palermo many Masons who did not like Lemmi's means of uniting Freemasons, by bribing its chiefs, went to work, in 1889, to organize an Independent Federation of Italian Masons, in opposition to Lemmi, and at once obtained acknowledgement from foreign Masonry. Lemmi bribed the Scelsi brothers with 10,000 francs to destroy the opposition Federation, in which they succeeded, at least, partially.

In 1890 Lemmi, who enjoyed the profits of the tobacco monopoly in Italy, had privately bought ten million pounds of Kentucky tobacco. Then he made an arrangement with the Italian finance minister to purchase this tobacco, the price of which had in the meantime increased the market price immensely. Thus at one stroke, Lemmi and his agents made several millions at the expense of the Government and people. The facts having become public, an investigation was called for, but ended in nothing, as might be expected from a Freemason parliament. But the press and some honest politicians began to look more closely into Lemmi's record. Then the journals got a hold of his Marcellian theft and condemnation and published some of his other rascalities, in spite of his denials and threats of prosecution.

A few days after Lemmi's tobacco scandal had been suppressed in parliament Tommaso Crudele, one of the members, spoke publicly at Arezzo about Freemasonry, to which he had belonged from his early youth. He was delegated early in the 60's to obtain the union of Sicilian Freemasonry with that of the mainland. He failed, and says, the reason was because "All the brigandage and the Mafia of Sicily formed a part of Masonry." He said, further, that, in 1871, he had left the brotherhood in disgust, because "Masonry had become a band of individuals who joined the society in order to be able to take."

He concluded that same speech, deploring that the brotherhood had penetrated all ranks of society, had seized public administration and was tyrannizing everybody and everything at its pleasure. Another apostate Mason, N. Cavagnari, wrote about the same time: "We shall prove that Freemasonry is threatened by more than forty articles of the penal code and that Adrian Lemmi and all his thirty-three will end, sooner or later, in the penitentiary;—later if they do not commit the folly of ridding themselves of us, sooner if they commit it. We, too, have brothers,—friends who will send our body in pieces into the sixty provinces of Italy if the assassins kill us, and who will use those pieces as a labarum (standard) of vengeance and extermination."

Similar evidence of Freemason rascalities and crimes might be indefinitely multiplied—all taken from public speeches, pamphlets and newspapers charging individuals and the whole body of Masons with crimes without number and not one prosecution for defamation or libel has as yet been heard of. Surely, then, Freemasons as a body and as individuals must either care nothing for their reputation or they acknowledge by their silence that they can not clear themselves of those charges.

Through life man is liable to error, and requires check, rebuke and counsel. He should be his own good spirit, hovering over himself in moments of passion, temptation and danger, and reminding himself that he owes a duty to his Maker with which the world has nothing to do.

We, in this world, are like the violins in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune, we lose in fitness of quality, and, when the Great Leader of this earthly orchestra waves his baton, we are found wanting; we make discord. To be at our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune with the best of the instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are good books.—M. F. Egan.

Which is worse, imprisonment for life or a life-long disease, like scrofula, for example? The former, certainly, would be preferable were it not that Ayer's Sarsaparilla can always come to the rescue and give the poor sufferer health, strength and happiness.

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THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

An Interesting Interview With Mrs. (Rev.) F. B. Stratton—Threatened With Paralysis—Weak, Emaciated and Unable to Stand Fatigue—Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Napanee Beaver. The Rev. F. B. Stratton, of Selby, is one of the best known ministers in Bay of Quinte conference, of which body he is the President. During the two years Mr. Stratton has been stationed at Selby, both he and Mrs. Stratton have won hosts of friends among all classes for their unassuming and sincere Christian work. Some time ago Mrs. Stratton was attacked with partial paralysis, and her restoration having been attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Beaver was sent to interview her. In reply to the reporter's question Mrs. Stratton said that she had been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience that those similarly afflicted might be benefited. Mrs. Stratton said that before moving to Selby she had been greatly troubled by a numbness coming over her sides and arms (partial paralysis) which, when she moved, felt as though hundreds of needles were sticking in the flesh. For over a year she had been troubled in this way, with occasionally a dizzy spell. She was becoming emaciated and easily fatigued and was unable to get sleep from this cause. The trouble seemed to be worse at night time. Mr. Stratton had become greatly alarmed at her bad state of health; and it was feared that complete paralysis would ensue, as Mrs. Stratton's mother, the late Mrs. Weaver, of Ingersoll, had been similarly stricken, at about the same age. Knowing a young lady in Trenton, where Mr. Stratton had been previously stationed, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it was determined to give them a fair trial. When Mrs. Stratton began using Pink Pills she was very thin and her system badly run down, but after taking the pills for a time, all symptoms of paralysis disappeared, and she found her health and strength renewed and her weight increased. Mrs. Stratton is about fifty years of age, and a more healthy, robust and younger looking lady is seldom seen at that age.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what Pink Pills had done for his wife, Mr. Stratton said, "Look at her, look at her, doesn't she show it," and the reporter could not but admit the truth of the statement.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes, against which the public is cautioned.

Missions to Non-Catholics. The Rev. Fathers Elliot, Kress and Muehlenbeck will resume their missions to non-Catholics in Cleveland, beginning in October. The excellent results achieved by them in that diocese during the past winter have led to arrangements for their continuance at the work. The sermons will be preached in Music Hall, Cleveland, and funds to defray the expenses have been raised by the Catholics of that city.

That Tired Feeling. Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

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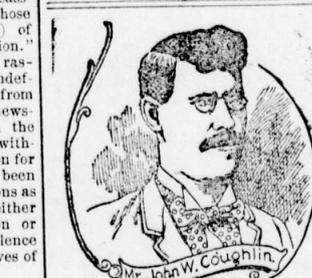
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"For two or three years I was subject to poor spells. I always felt tired, could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not do me any good. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before I had finished two bottles I began to feel better and in a short time I felt all right and had gained 21 pounds in weight. I am stronger and healthier than I have ever been in my life." JOHN W. COUGHLIN, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is the Only True Blood Purifier.

Prominently in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy and other.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

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