

## THE MYSTERIOUS WINDOWS.

Relating to the Strange Experience of Dr. Windom.

BY EDWARD CLARK.

In the year 1895 Dr. John Windom, big, 28 and a bachelor, lived in apartments overlooking Jackson Park from the south. Dr. Windom was troubled. He thought some one was looking at him. "Thought it? He knew it."

The Doctor had turned his largest room into a library. It had one great window opening on to the park. It was at night after he lighted his library lamp that the curious sensation that he was being stared at came over the physician. When he went into the next room the feeling passed off. He was a nervous fellow, the Doctor, but after a week of the thing he began to get "creepy."

Every night somebody's eyes were going through and through him. It was either that or else he was losing his mental balance, and that Dr. Windom wouldn't admit for a minute. He examined the walls of the library, and thumped them hard. They were solid. There was no transom over the door leading into the hall, and there was a key in the lock that fitted perfectly. He went to the window. It was thirty feet from the ground. The nearest house in the line of sight was at Fifty-seventh street, a mile and a half away. No Peeping Tom could be in a tree, for the trees had been cut down to make room for the fair buildings, and those that remained since the exposition's structures had been razed were little more than saplings.

Windom began taking nerve tonics. Then he pulled himself together and quit. One night he looked from his library window far off into the blackness that hung over the north end of the park. He saw a faint light appear. He put it down mentally for a light in one of the houses in far-off Fifty-seventh street. For some reason he instantly connected the feeling that he was being watched with that light. Dr. Windom left his apartments and struck across the park to Fifty-seventh street. On the north side of the street facing the pleasure ground was a block of brick residences. It was nearly midnight. The houses were as black as Calcutta's Hole.

Windom paced up and down for an hour. No light appeared. He started homeward, made a hundred yards, stepped and looked back. Recent experiences had unstrung him. He saw something now that staggered him. From one of the houses light was streaming through two circular windows set in the same horizontal plane just under the roof. The appearance was that of two great eyes staring redly out into the blackness of the night. A heavy curtain began to descend over the window. It had the seeming of a big eyelid slowly closing. To the physician's highly wrought imagination it seemed as though some monster of the night was giving him a leering wink. The light died from both windows. Windom mastered his nerves and went to bed.

In the morning he stood in front of the house once more. The windows were there and Windom noticed their unusual size and that each was composed of little round panes set in metal sashes as are cathedral windows. After that he went to the place often. All he could find out from the nearby tradesman was that an old man and his daughter lived in the house and kept no servants. "They have been there but a short time," said the grocer.

The time being fixed, Windom discovered that it was but a few days prior to the night that he first felt that he was being stared at.

One-half hour after midnight, Nov. 5, 1895, Dr. John Windom was returning from a visit to the bedside of a patient on Everett avenue. An irresistible impulse made him walk toward the "house with the eyes."

"The eyes," he muttered, as he stopped directly in front of the house. At this instant the front door opened and a girl rushed out. She almost ran into Windom. The flickering street lamp showed him a face. It was a beautiful face, but pale and tear wet. Its owner might have been nineteen years. At the sight of Windom the girl sprang back, frightened. Then, as she saw his face, she cried: "Oh, it's you!" and, seizing his hand, she said: "Come."

Shed him swiftly up the stairs into the hallway and thence up three flights of stairs into a great room. It was feebly lighted. Windom was dimly conscious that some huge object occupied a large part of the great apartment. Then everything else was sunk in the physician, for on a lounge lay an old man gasping for breath, but with a convulsive joy in his face.

"I think my father is dying," whispered the girl. "He had a stroke only a few minutes ago. I carried him to the couch."

A look told Windom that it was a case of paralysis. He took a flask of brandy and was about to apply it to the old man's lips. The stricken man looked at him with glittering eyes. "No brandy," he said; "one sight of you is stimulant enough. This night I have seen the men on Mars. Show him, Mary, let he see—show him!"

An enthusiasm like that which lighted the countenance of the sufferer came into the girl's face. She turned a great chair about, sprang into it lightly and bending forward looked intently into a small tube.

Windom turned from his patient. The huge object by which the girl sat took his eye. It was a telescope with an objective three greater than the largest he had ever seen.

"Show him, Mary."

The girl sprang from the chair with a great wonder in her face. "Quick!" she said.

Half believing the whole thing a dream, Windom took the chair and bent over the eyepiece of the telescope. His senses were staggered by what he saw. He was looking upon a world. A soft light suffused everything. He saw seas and mountains, even buildings—and men; yes, living men, minute as the life that is picked out of the water drop by the microscope but

still men. Windom felt benumbed. He turned to the sufferer. "You have solved the problems of the universe," he said.

"Aye, so I have. I, Caleb Strong, crank, as the scientists call me. They made forty-inch lenses that cost a million, and can't see beyond the ends of their noses with them—the fools! I built that," and his eyes looked at the telescope. "I made the multiple lens that science has scoffed at for ages. Each lens does its work separately, but the results come into one. There is no limit. I can pick up a pin on the nethermost star."

There was a triumph in the man's tone and face as he continued, "These small lenses had to be so joined that the light would not interfere. 'Impossible,' said the wiseacres. I did it. Two years ago Louis Gathmann just missed the secret. It is mine and there is the perfected work."

"I know you, Doctor. I owe you an explanation. I came here with my daughter Mary and built my telescope. The tools hereabouts thought the objective was a window. I dared not look at a star at first for fear of disappointment. For a mile and a half to the south the ground was open. I focused on the light in your library. Small though the flame was it answered my purpose, and by it I proved my theory of how to prevent interference. Did I see you? Why practically you were in this room with me. At times I made Mary look, though she shrank from it, for the steady gaze hurt my old eyes. As she counted the reflections I adjusted the lenses, but at times her attention wandered from the light. She has lived alone with me and shared my toil and privation, and she made a friend of you in your far-away library. When I knew I was right I changed the window lens to the roof. This night I have seen the men on Mars, and tomorrow, nay, to-day, the world—"

At that instant the earth trembled and the building swayed. There was a crashing of glass and a rending of iron. A section of the roof was crushed in and carried lenses and telescope to ruin. The shock gave the stricken man momentary strength. "Gone!" he said. Windom caught him as he fell backward. The secret had gone with his owner.

The Chicago evening papers of that day, Nov. 5, 1895, gave a scant half-column account of the slight earthquake shock that early that morning had visited the southern section of the city.

"The only property damage," they said, "was the breaking of a hole in the roof of a Fifty-seventh street residence by the fall of a partition wall that rose above the building's eaves."

Three years later a man and a woman were bending over a cradle in which was sleeping a baby boy.

"Mary," said the man, "as a physician I am a firm believer in heredity. Who knows but that one day our boy may show to the world the men on Mars?"

A False Idea.

Is not that our idea of God's discovery as to the means of happiness, what we really believe concerning the method which He and the Church have used people throughout the ages have declared did bring peace of mind and soul, real and heart-filling happiness in all the vicissitudes of life? Which is it, that we believe God, or that we do not?

The trouble is that we neither believe, nor do we know just what He has said. Who has written into His declaration the things we say about it? Christ said: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things will be added unto you."

We seem to think that He meant, "and all these things will be taken from you." He said that if we wish to be happy, we are to love God above all things. We say that this means we are to make ourselves as miserable as we can.

The Pursue.

Here is a story from one of the old divines: Christ left His clothes to the soldiers; He left His mother to John; He left His pardon to His disciples; He left His promise of the Holy Spirit to all who would seek and wait for him, but He left His purse to Judas. It is the Judas character that affiliates with the purse. The things before each one—to choose. Pardon, peace, the seal of the robe, the mother of Jesus, i. e., association with the great related to Christ, that you may give help and sympathy, the indwelling of the Spirit of God, or the purse. Which do you choose? Only the purse. This is the least of all. That becomes Judas Iscariot. That is the antipodes of the indwelling of the Spirit of Power.

Cheerfulness Requisite in the Master's Service.

We often make our duties harder by thinking them hard. We dwell on the things we do not like till they grow before our eyes, and at last perhaps shut out heaven itself. But this is not following our Master, and He, who may be sure, will value little the obedience of a discontented heart. The moment we see that anything to be done is a plain duty we must resolutely trample out every rising impulse of discontent. We must not merely prevent our discontent from interfering with the duty itself; we must not merely prevent it from breaking into our murmuring; we must get rid of the discontent itself.

Cheerfulness in the service of Christ is one of the first requisites to make that service Christian.—Frederick Temple.

The Catholics who Count.

Writing of Catholic statistics the Ave Maria truly says: "It is well for individuals to remember that for practical, consistent Catholic is worth, for God's purposes, a score of lax, indifferent, nominal members of the Church."

Your heart is only a tiny room after all, and if you cram it full of the world, you relegate your Master to the stable outside.

## THE BIBLE.

Significance of a Recent Suggestion That it be Studied in the Public Schools Simply as "a Literary Work."

From the New York Sun. Because of the passing away of the old-time "familiarity with the English Bible," the National Educational Association, in session at Minneapolis last week, passed a resolution expressive of its "hope" and wish that public sentiment would permit the Bible "to be read and studied" in the public schools generally, but simply "as a literary work of the highest and purest type, which it had inspired and in large part formed."

This association would not have the Bible treated as a "theological book merely" of supreme religious authority, but only as "a masterpiece of literature." For that very reason, however, the study it advises would be without avail even for the secular purpose of giving purely literary instruction, and its introduction would be opposed not less earnestly than was the purely perfunctory reading of passages from the Bible with which the daily sessions of State schools usually were once opened. Of course, children gave little heed to the readings, yet even that slight attention to the Bible proved that both religious and infidel opposition of a single race would once have aroused the whole English-speaking world, believing and infidel, as a momentous surrender of pivotal religious position. Now it is taken as a matter of course.

In a baccalaureate sermon preached not long ago to college students in this city a preacher of the Church whose sole foundation is supernatural Biblical authority spoke of the Bible as a book "through which runs a thread of myth and legend." And no one in his very orthodox audience seemed surprised. The Bible is practically a fairy book in this modern pulp conception, and under one guise or another of evasive language and illogical conclusion the teaching of a large part of our theological schools leads to that conception; but the popular taste prefers to get its myths and legends from other and more amusing sources. If people do not go to the Bible for their religion they will not go to it at all.

That the old familiarity with the Bible has been lost by this generation is very apparent in both current speech and writing. Quotations which formerly came to the tongue of every speaker, whether religious believer or unbeliever, because embalmed in their memory by early study of the Scriptures, are heard no longer, except from people of the older generation, and their source and application are not understood by contemporary audiences. Sunday schools, according to official statistics, are losing ground, and the part of the children of New York at least, they are not the flourishing institutions they once were, unless it be as philanthropic enterprises among the poor as "mission" schools. How large is the part of the children of Fifth avenue and of the districts of New York generally where fashion resides who attend Sunday schools and are drilled in the Bible?

People read passages of the Scripture read as lessons of the churches on Sunday, but they listen to them only perfunctorily. The aestheticism of the services appeals to them more powerfully. Even Protestant churches which have always rejected forms of appeal to the sense of a pagan superstition are now importing vested choirs and musical litanyes into their services, as a cover behind which to hide poverty of belief in the Bible as the sole authority for their faith.

The mere adoption of the Bible as a text book in schools, on the ground that it is "a masterpiece of literature," will be powerless to check this revolutionary tendency the most remarkable in the whole history of Christianity.

When the Fools are Dead.

Over in Kansas City an unfeeling court has four "divine healers" in its grasp because they caused the death of a patient, and couldn't restore her to life after three days' prayer. After all the fools are dead, sensible people will know that those mountbanks are neither healers nor divine.—Union and Times.

The Cardinal's Reasons.

The four following truths, said his Eminence Cardinal Manning, are the four corners of my faith:

1. A necessity of my reason constrains me to believe the existence of God.
2. My moral sense, or moral reason, constrains me to believe that God has revealed Himself to me.
3. My reason and moral sense constrain me to believe this revelation is Christianity.
4. My reason is convinced that historical Christianity is the Catholic Faith.

A Cath lic Journalist.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan, editor of Harper's Bazaar, is a Catholic young woman who has made earnest strides in successful journalism. She went to New York from the West several years ago and soon made a reputation as one of the ablest newspaper women in America. She has found time with all her duties to write three books, the latest being, "Tales of Destiny," which has received some favorable notices.

## MORMON MISSIONS IN IDAHO AND WYOMING.

Rev. W. J. Hendrickx of The Catholic Missionary Union.

On the second Sunday in Lent a mission for non-Catholics was opened in Kemmerer, Wyo. For three days sermons were preached on the True Church, Sin, Confession, Eternal Punishment, and the Bible. A great number of questions were also answered, some of them very interesting and to the point. The result was that eleven were enrolled in the instruction class.

Then for two days a similar mission was begun in Diamondville. A great many non-Catholics attended, but no converts were made. However, the mission had one good result, because the Catholics were so aroused that they commenced to build a church in that place.

The Camera, a local newspaper, said on the occasion of the mission: "Some very interesting questions were asked at the meeting held by Father Hendrickx last Wednesday evening. Any one was allowed to put a question in the box that related to religion or science, and the Father answered them all. Some of his answers were very ingenious if not convincing. The question box will be a feature of the Sunday evening meeting."

Rev. Father Hendrickx, of Montpelier, delivered three highly interesting sermons and three lectures in St. Patrick's Church in Kemmerer this week. The Father is a finely educated man and one of the most noted clergymen in the mountain country.

On May 25 another mission will be inaugurated in the Dempsey Valley. Report of this will be sent afterwards. Some of the Mormon authorities are alarmed at my visits into that valley. You can imagine the incredible stupidity of some of them, when they proposed in one of their meetings, to hand in a petition to the Idaho legislature to enact a law forbidding me to come into that valley!

The Puritan laws of New England, and the abominable laws of old England, for Ireland, would be in order again in Idaho!

The following appeared in the Inter-mountain Catholic, and is given as an impartial statement of the good effects of my mission at American Falls: "American Falls, Ida., April 30. The visit of the Rev. Father Hendrickx to this place was in every sense a grand success. Not only did the Catholic community of the Falls receive spiritual comfort and inspiration, but Protestants, atheists, and infidels, who heretofore have heard nothing but slander and calumny about our holy Church, are today in a state of doubt and perplexity. It will not, I hope, be considered presumptuous on the part of your correspondent to say that as the result of Father Hendrickx's visit a few more souls will be received into the Church of Jesus Christ."

"It is hardly possible for any one to convey anything like an adequate idea of the impression made by Father Hendrickx on the Protestant community of this place. The Reverend Father arrived on Saturday evening, April 26. On Sunday morning Mass was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Twomey. In the evening he delivered a most eloquent lecture at the school-house (which place was filled almost to its fullest capacity) on 'The Origin and End of the Universe.' To say that the theories of Darwin and Huxley, and also the fallacious doctrine of that idol of American infidelity, Bob Ingersoll, were torn into shreds, would be putting it very lightly; not only those whom I have mentioned, but every infidel or atheist that ever gained any notoriety in the world were attacked and their teachings repudiated by Father Hendrickx in his lecture on Sunday night."

"On Monday morning Mass was again celebrated at Mr. Twomey's house, and in the evening the school-house was again filled to standing-room only, to hear the Reverend Father deliver a lecture on 'True Church of Jesus Christ.'"

The non-Catholic mission in Gentle Valley was a decided success. Never a priest penetrated into that stronghold of Mormonism. The valley is situated in the Bear River Mountains, twenty miles from the railway station of Soda Springs. Preaching commenced upon the arrival of the Father in this house of Dennis Collins, whose grandfather as a boy had been "hooked in" to the Mormon delusion some in the beginning of Joseph Smith's and Sydney Rigdon's preachings. Several funny questions were asked and answered.

One of the Mormon elders said that the truth of the Mormon church was fully proved by Washington's revelation to an apostle of the Church. The story is this: A Mormon apostle in a vision saw George Washington, who asked him to get baptized for him in the temple at Salt Lake City, because he—Washington—had now found out which the true Church was, and that he should not only get baptized for himself, but for his wife and his children. (I suppose you know that the Mormon church teaches baptism for the dead.) I told the man he was telling a lie, a historical lie, because Washington died childless. He was laughed at, "knocked out and done up."

That episode helped not a little to dispose the people toward the Father. After a few days' stay six adults were admitted into the inquiry class, and to this present time (the foregoing happened in April) they are ready for baptism, and seventeen more will follow.—The Missionary.

Bequests.

Every Catholic of means should remember the Church and its institutions, and among the latter our orphan asylums. Signs are not wanting to show that in recent years the practice is becoming a little more general. What an immense amount of good could be done by our Orphan Asylums if they had the means to give a complete education to boys or girls and keep them under training until they had reached an age which would make it safe for them to go out into the world and take up the battle of life.

## When is one Late for Mass?

According to many divines one fulfils the obligation of hearing Mass if one is present from the time of the Offertory to the end. Speaking generally, willful absence from a third part of Mass is a mortal sin, though it is obviously not easy to define precisely what we should regard as a third part. What precedes the Gospel, if taken conjointly with the portion following Communion, is certainly a notable part, and no one who absents himself from so much, discharges the obligation of assisting at Mass.—Irish Rosary.

## The Only Church for the Working-man.

Some years ago Rev. George L. McNutt abandoned the Presbyterian pulpit in New York and became a seaman, in order that he might learn the reason why the American workingman is so indifferent to Protestantism. Well, he has returned to his pulpit, and tells his co-religionists that the Catholic Church is the only Church for the workingman; that she is the greatest democratic force on earth. The reverend gentleman seems to have put his time to good use.—Western Watchman.

## A Public Sign.

It is pleasing to notice the growing custom among Catholics in acknowledging their faith in the Blessed Sacrament by raising their hats when passing a church or chapel where they know it is reserved. This is a sincere mark of respect to our Lord ever present with us. It shows that we are Catholics and not ashamed of our religion. Another pious and practical custom is to say a brief prayer for the holy souls when passing a funeral procession.—Pittsburg Catholic.

## French Premier not an ex-Priest.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, the Paulist, has sent the following self-explanatory note to the editor of the New York Sun: "Sir: The Sun quotes to-day from the London Truth, a statement that the French Premier, M. Combes, is an ex-priest. I beg to say that this statement is not true. My authority in the matter is an eminent French ecclesiastic. In France the word 'Abbe' is applied to ecclesiastical students who wear the soutane and is not necessarily the appellation of a priest."

## Devotion to the Angels.

"Devotion to the angels," says Father Faber, "emancipates the soul from littleness and gives it blissful habits of unearthly thought." It is a devotion of faith, of the faith which pierces the veils that hide from our eyes the wonders of God's spiritual world, of the faith that helps us to hear the eternal truths to which the tumult of earthly sounds deafens our ears. These unseen spirits of whose presence near us faith tells us and of whose help we are more than assured, enjoy his blessed vision of God but minister unto us who are so far beneath them in the scale of creatures."

## The Things that Satisfy.

After all, he says the greatest thing who speaks the word that satisfies. The men who disturb—the Huxleys, the Darwins, the Renans, the Ingersolls, the Paines—what peace have they given the souls of men?

Against the words of the mightiest thinkers that ever lived put the gentle assurance that breathes in the Sermon on the Mount. Against the awful stress and agony that provide the works of Strauss and Bauer and Hilgenfeldt, put the sweet consolation that dwells in the words of Thomas A. Kempis. How pained the soul that rises up from the former! How satisfied the soul that has spent an hour in communion with the latter!

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