

MARCH 5, 1892.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Little Despatch Bearer. When the detachment neared the town at evening, the Captain commanding was surprised to see that it was already occupied by a small infantry regiment of the enemy, who had hastily thrown up earthworks on the side accessible by land.

So the Captain made a halt and sent back an orderly to the Colonel for reinforcements or orders. The night was spent in digging trenches and raising a rude temporary fortification within a musket shot of the enemy.

All the next day, sunless day the opposing forces irregularly rattled forth their mutual malevolence across neglected fields, like two dogs barking at each other from behind fences on opposite sides of a street.

At 7 o'clock, when the dusk was gathering a man was wanted to risk his life. The mounted orderly, returning with the Colonel's dispatch from another direction than that in which he had set out, had foolishly ridden up across the line of the enemy's fire.

When within a few hundred yards of the trenches he had thrown back his head, clapped one hand to his side, held his message aloft in the other hand and fallen forward—dead—upon his horse. Fifty feet nearer the animal had plunged in pain and rolled over upon his bleeding rider.

Both lay in the dust, and the Captain cried: "A volunteer to bring in the Colonel's dispatch!" Four tired and dusty privates shuffled forward. The Captain looked from one to the other of their gaunt faces.

Before he had made a selection a shrill voice was heard from somewhere crying: "I'm off, Captain!" At the same time a form was seen to scramble to the top of the embankment, to leap forward, and to disappear outside.

"Someone's gone without orders," Captain, said the Sergeant. The Captain thought for a moment, then addressed the four volunteers. "Wait till we see how this one makes out. Who is he, Sergeant?"

"He's reached the body, an' he's on his knees this side the horse, loosenin' the dispatch from the dead fellow's hand. Now he's got it, an' now he's skinnin' back on all fours! The dispatch is in his mouth."

"Their bullets are knocking up the dust around him," said the Lieutenant. "They have sense enough to aim low. It looks like Private Connor."

"Can't be him," burst the Captain. "Private Connor's over yonder. He just went on guard."

"Whew! Listen to the firing!" said the Lieutenant. "They're bargin' at him with every musket they've got behind their old mud-pile," added the Sergeant.

"Our man's all right now," said the Lieutenant. "He's up and running."

"But the Sergeant shouted: 'No, by gum! Down he goes!'"

"The four volunteers sailed forth at the Captain's command and brought him in. They tore the dispatch from between his teeth, and the Captain hastily read it in the light of a torch that one brought.

The Lieutenant knelt down to examine the man who had carried in the dispatch from the orderly's body. He had died without a groan, pierced by a minnie ball to the heart.

"Shot in the back," said the Sergeant; "but he got his discharge honorably, nevertheless."

"Hello! Here's another bit of paper fallen from his pocket, cried the Lieutenant rising. "Perhaps he found two dispatches on the messenger's body."

The Captain, having perused the Colonel's order, took the paper handed him by the Lieutenant. Something impelled him, when he had glanced at it, to read it aloud; and, having begun to do so, he was moved to continue to the end of the page.

"P. S.—Above all, my boy, never shrink from a dangerous duty on any account, even mine. Show yourself a hero, as your father was, and his father and mine. Remember that night and day I pray for you, my darling. YOUR LOVING MOTHER."

The Captain looked up from the sheet and said: "I reckon this ain't a dispatch. It's a letter. Who is the man, Lieutenant?"

The Captain, Lieutenant and Sergeant grouped around the dead man's head, and a Corporal lowered a flickering torch so that it lighted up the face. The Lieutenant exclaimed: "It's Billy!"

The Captain looked long and silently at the boyish features, and then said quietly: "He told you the truth the other day, Lieutenant. It was his mother he thought of. This letter came since then. 'Show yourself a hero,' it says; and he obeyed orders. Have him buried with every honor."

The Captain walked away, to write to the boy's mother. And the Sergeant, a kinsman, who had been musing, with his arms folded, now remarked to the Lieutenant: "I've larnt one thing to night that always puzzled me—why many a brave man so often gets taken for a coward."

The Lieutenant, a young man, thought of his own people at home, and without knowing exactly why stooped and brushed the dust from the forehead of the boy.

They buried him in the flag.—R. N. Stephens in St. Louis Republic.

The Angelus.

The custom of ringing the Angelus bell in the middle of the day is due, in part, to a remarkable event. In 1156, the city of Belgrade, on the Danube, on the frontier of Turkey, was besieged by the Turks, who kept battering its walls for four months without avail.

The Sultan, desperate at seeing so many efforts remain unfruitful, resolved to make a general assault. For twenty hours they fought with unequalled fury, and those who defended the city were exhausted and overcome by a long and obstinate resistance. At that moment there was seen advancing a pious and courageous Franciscan, St. John de Capistran. He presented himself to the soldiers, crucifix in hand, and prayed God and the Blessed Virgin to come to their assistance.

ANOTHER "ESCAPED" PRIEST.

The latest acquisition to the band of escaped or converted "Romish priests" is Luigi Angelini, who is described as a "short, swarthy, very black-eyed and black-bearded Italian."

"turned up" recently in Detroit, Mich., where he proceeded to establish his headquarters at a first-class hotel. Having accomplished this, he next had himself interviewed for advertising purposes. In his interview he made several statements which to the ordinary Catholic mind sound slightly "fishy."

For instance, he said: "Twenty years ago I was a Roman Catholic parish priest, and pastor of a flourishing church at Foravo, twenty miles from Rome. I spent seven years prior to that in a convent with the Capuchin monks, and when barely twenty-two years old was given the pastorate referred to."

Well-informed Catholics are aware, if others are not, that rarely, if ever, is a priest ordained until after his twenty-third year. Mr. Angelini was ordained very young, and he must have been taken out and assigned to the charge of a parish at once. It will be remembered that, according to his story, for seven years prior to his ordination he had been in a Capuchin convent. Assuming that he was ordained at twenty-two, he must have entered the convent at fifteen.

Such training as the Capuchin novitiates receive is not the best calculated to prepare for pastoral labors. In old countries like Italy, where there is an abundance of priests, it is not the custom of the Church to elevate immature youths of twenty-two to the dignity of parish priests just after their ordination. But our Protestant brethren, who are always ready to believe the yarn concocted by an "escapee," however silly and improbable it may be, will swallow this one without wincing, and learn, perhaps too late, that they have been duped again.

The story of Mr. Luigi Angelini's conversion is as interesting as the story of his early labors in the Church. It is short and simple too. "When I was in Rome," he says, "one afternoon I was attracted by singing to a meeting being held by a converted monk. I went in, listened and was converted to Protestantism." Let us examine this statement a little. Here is a man who had spent seven years of his life in a convent, who was ordained a priest at twenty-two, and who was honored by an assignment as pastor of a parish at once, and yet he wanders about the streets of Rome and is converted to Protestantism by a song. The thoughtful man who changes his religion generally studies for years before he is finally convinced. Those who have read the stories of the conversion of Newman, Manning, Kent Stone, Lathrop, Spalding and others will recall how earnestly, prayerfully and anxiously they read and studied and weighed the arguments for and against Catholicity. Mr. Angelini required only an hour's thought to determine his course. The teaching and training of years were nullified by a chance song heard in a side street in Rome. We seriously fear, friend Luigi, that there was something more that you have not cared to tell.

Perhaps the solution of the mystery may be found in the further statement volunteered, as part of the autobiography, that there is a Mrs. Angelina. Whenever you hear of a "converted" or "escaped" priest, make up your mind that there is a woman somewhere in the case. Mrs. Angelini is an American. Doubtless, she knows what a profitable field there is in this country for "escapees," and has induced him to try his luck.

"I have come to this country," said Mr. Angelini, "for the purpose of raising money to help support the Evangelical missionaries in Italy." Of course, he has come out to raise funds. They all do that. He will get what he seeks, too, for the average American Protestant is very liberal with his money when a "converted Romish priest" appeals to his generosity. And Mr. Luigi Angelini has a particular claim upon that class of our citizens. His conversion was one of the most remarkable in history, and he has an American wife. We presume it is quite useless to renew the warnings which we have so often given to our Protestant brethren against quacks and frauds of this stamp. They will continue to patronize them, to fill their purses with money, to invite them to their homes and churches, only to find when too late, that they are base impostors.

They are quite well convinced that Mr. Luigi Angelini is a humbug, if the stories which appeared in the Detroit papers are true. And yet Music Hall will receive him with open arms, just as it received the late Mrs. Shepherd.

"Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," was a line of alliterative nonsense, that the children used to say. Nowadays they can practice on the Perfect, Painless, Powerful Properties of Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. It will impress a fact which will be useful to know. These Pellets cure sick headache, bilious attacks, indigestion, constipation and all stomach, liver, and bowel troubles. They are tiny, sugar coated pills, easy to take, and, as a laxative, one is sufficient for a dose. No more groans and gripes from the old drastic remedies! Pierce's Purgative Pellets are as painless as they are perfect in their effects.

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Society.

When our forefathers thought to form a social order wherewith they could enjoy each other in friendship, they chose their equals, for it was thought among unequals there could be no harmony; and its doors were closed, but to day they have been barred by golden keys which fit the locks of any social order. How many are trying to secure those keys to that sphere, where countless millions are mirrored, and the soft strains entice the young and the old; where they find not the myrtle, nettle and bramble, with its rich, heavy portieres, and mirrors which reflect all the splendor, and trimmings of gold; its brilliantly lighted halls bid a welcome to all, but the poor with their empty pagnagies, can only cast their shadow upon the gravelled walk; yet society jugs along oblivious of all save what occurs in its arena. It is cold and merciless, the rules and regulations are obeyed with due reverence, and the little flowers that lie half hidden and live so unobtrusively are not wanted. They would wither for want of sunlight. Society is made up of foibles and unreasonable prepossessions, which is the inevitable outcome of the restlessness of our women to adopt every new fad, and try to imitate the European leaders of fashion. For instance, if a stranger bearing a title, which sometimes does not belong to him, flashes across the path of society it creates a great furor among the many wealthy mothers who have daughters before the public and are figuring upon a great match for the fair debutantes, thus the scion of foreign aristocracy is feted and given a series of balls, receptions and superb dinners, only to find it is short-lived; after the awakening, they find nothing.

What honor can be derived by mingling in the companionship of so many compared to a little niche where we can gather the few choice ones around us in perfect harmony? He who seeks renown from the whirl of social life, and reaps a harvest, will sooner or later realize that life is empty and full of bitterness. Far happier is he who far from public gaze seeks the quiet sequestered spot where peace reigns supreme.—Cornelia Paffney.

The following couplet contains truth not much appreciated by many of our young girls: A woman oft seen, a crown of worn, Are disesteemed and held in scorn.

Poets sometimes compress a great deal of sense into a very few words; and much as you wish to deny the part concerning the "woman oft seen"—girls will readily admit the part about the girl or woman who does not set a high value on her presence will find nobody whose value exceeds her own. Girls who run to every party, dance, or free show, without an escort, or in questionable company, are sure to be "disesteemed and held in scorn" even by those who pretend to admire them. These girls—all women are girls until they are married—have no dignity and little self-respect. Any male acquaintance may dare to confer the privilege of his company and the invitations of strangers are accepted eagerly. Friends are given broad hints that ice cream or a dancing party would be agreeable to her whose place it is to be sought and won, did she but know it.

Girls who are often seen promenading the street, in the park, and talking with "fellows" on corners are not respected; they are "cheap" and most unlovely in the eyes of every man whose esteem is worth having. It is not always the girl with many beaux that gets the matrimonial prize—a good husband—nor the girl who "is seen everywhere that is respected the most."

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