we can palaver enuf arter."
"We're on the safe side now, man;
and camp we will. Now, look here,
boys, ther's an Irish fellow here, and I boys, ther's an Irish reliow here, and think he will hardly bar the door against us. If he does we will knock himself and his bars into shucks; take eare, though, and if he says nothing,

don't you. man dismounted and pegged out the horses. The two that the Cap-tain and Black Tom rode were brought together and fixed firmly and carefully they, at any rate, should be safe.
"Will we take the saddles and th

other thing with us?" questioned Black Tom.

Black Tom.

"No," replied the Captain; "they are safe enough that way. The horses won't break loose, never you fear; and if by any chance an alarm is given, it is the quickest way. Come

The Captain walked quickly to the door of the herder's hut, the others fol-lowing in a line. A strong double knock brought no response — the healthy air of the bush brought deep sleep to the weary; -but Black Tom, who came second, bringing his foot forward, sent the echoes rolling with a vigorous kick. A grunt and a long drawn yawn came from within, and the Captain again knocking heavily, a voice suddenly cried out-

"Who is that?" "A friend, answered the Captain

"open, please."
There was a pause, and then there came a sound of shuffling from within; foot sounded on the earthen floor, a bolt was drawn, a bar pulled, and the next instant the door was open.
"We've ridden hard from Koora-

walla, and our horses are run out We were going to camp down there on the creek until we saw your shanty. Could you give us quarters for a few

Of course you can put up here, " You're welcome he answered.

Walk in. As the candle flared up, Tom looked curiously towards the men, and for the first time he noticed the wicked glinting eyes, the fierce brown faces, the deadly weapens and all the marks of a wild life. "These are no cattlemen." wild life. "These are no cattlemen."
"Knights of the bush, or I'm a Dutch-

Well, boys," he said, coolly; it' not a very warm welcome; here is the fire out; but 'tis easy to remedy that; there is plenty of wood outside; - just

wait a moment.

He placed the candle on the shelf near the fire-place and went out. He was not gone, half a minute, but in that time he could not help noticing the

position of the horses.
"Could you sell us some tea and flour?" the Captain asked blundy. 'We have not eaten anything for several hours and our appetites are on an edge. You can name any price you like and we'll be satisfied."

"I'd swaller my boots a'most," put in Tumbledown; " an' if I'd only borrowed some pison at Koorawalla Whare's the use of a single ole flask

atween four?"
"Well, boys," answered Tom, "I won't sell my provisions; but I'll invite you to take some. I got in a new supply lately, and can afford to be munificent. And," said he, turning to Tumbledown, "I happen to have a demijohn of not the best whiskey, a share of which you are welcome to

Hurrah! young feller. You're right sort. Walk out the pison an' the right sort. th' other stuff, an' we'll do our own

"We're much obliged to you," said bridle was off with a cheer. cookin', you bet you get us the stuff, you can turn in ;

ve'll not disturb you." Tom answered nothing. He got out the flour, tea and demijohn (containing perhaps a gallon) and showed them the water vessel and went to the further end of the hut, and turned into his bunk, all standing as he was. He endeavored to forget in sleep the ad vent of the night. After all it was but a common place occurrence, he thought. But it would not do. He could not help racking his brains as to the identity of his visitors, and the errand that could bring them in his direction. That they were cattlemen he doubted-their dress, bearing and talk opposed that idea. And then there was another thing that struck him just at that moment. The last time he had ridden into Koorawalla he had heard curious tales of a desperate gang of bushrangers that haunted the serub west of Cooper's Creek. He re-membered those stories now. Cooper's Creek flowed past his door : four miles distant the scrub spread away to the and in sequence came the horizon ; thought that these men were the identi cal bushrangers spoken of. It was not at all improbable; and, as the minutes flew by, Tom felt his suspic-

ions grow into a certainty. The men had finished their supper of half baked damper and strong tea, and were feeling quite at home and very comfortable. Pipes were lit, and Barker had produced his flack; so that, in the enjoyment of these characteristic luxuries, an hour went by without notice. Wiskey lossened their tongues, quickened their imaginations, and dulled their watchfulness.

They spoke without the least hesita-tion; and so, when the flask had been drained out, and the jar robbed of some began to boast of of its contents, they their last evening's exploit, and extol their own particular performances.

The bushrangers had performed a deed that, for daring, had few parallels. They had "held up" the bank of Koorawalla and thoroughly rifled it. The town was a little one, with only two welfare, and the bank was a small, in- the bushranger. Then, once! twice! may use them to our salvation or abuse lief.

Black Tom; "it's gloomy in here; an' dependent concern, having no connection with the larger banks of the Colony "We're on the safe side now, man; and camp we will. Now, look here, Logan discovered from the bushrangers' talk. For a very long time he thought—it was not really more than from one to two minutes—he lay than from one to two minutesthere, dazed in body and mind, and a mocking voice seemed to ring in his

"Ruined! Ruined! Ruined!" "Your money is mocked the voice. "Your money is gone with the rest. You had your hard won earnings in the Koorawalla hard won earnings in the Robrawana bank. It is gone. What recompense can you expect from the owner? He is ruined himself. The same old hard fight over again — long years of struggle; and Mary, Mary Annesly out of reach and out of hope. Ruin! Ruin! Ruin!"

"I'll hev a look at the hosses," said a voice, and Black Tom got on his feet and moved towards the door. Tom Logan was snoring very realistically as the bushranger passed by the foot of his bunk. He was back in a few moments, leaving the door sjar.
"The hosses are all right," he said,

as he seated himself.
"That's not to be wondered at," an-

"Who is there swered the Captain. to run away with them?"

Black Tom grunted out something, but what it was Tom Logan never knew. The mocking voice was gone and a new glad voice was crying in The horses and the booty were outside-and "who is there to run away with them?" The voice seemed to shout in his ears, and in a strain it took up the words of the Cap tain-"Who is there to run away with them? Who is there to run away with them ?"

Tom Logan was a new man. had a plan now-a rough, unscientific plan-but still one that might be successful when a more elacorate one might fail.

His plan was simply to run away with the horses—to steal out and dash away with those that carried the Two horses he knew wore the money. booty, because he remembered that the bushrangers had mentioned two canvas bags, and he could easily run

away with a pair of horses. Moving away the clothes with hardly a rustle, and getting one leg over the edge of the bunk, he slipped as noiselessly as a cat on the floor, and crouched down almost beneath the The bush rangers made not frame. not the least move towards him; and crawling on his hands and knees, he reached the door, which was still ajar, and getting it half open, he crept out, and made a silent rush for the horses which were forty yards from the hut, and Tom had no difficulty in finding the two that bore the money; he saw the bags and felt the gold. Noiselessly he got the animals released from their halters, and brought them abreast of

each other. One of the other horses seeing his comrades about to depart neighed out loudly; and immediately the whole four answered back. It brought on There was a rush of footsteps within the hut, and in an instant the Captain was at the door. With a yell he dashed forward, the others on the crists. Tumbledown, with a druck his heels. en stagger, pitched head foremost over the threshold, and Barker tumbled right on top; but the other two rushed

Tom made not the least pause ; in a leap he was in the saddle, and gather-ing up the reins in his left hand he struck his bare heels vigor into the horse's ribs, and tugging at the other's

Whir-r! Something whistled over the Captain. "As Tumbledown has whire! Something whistled over said, 'we'll do our own cooking." If his head and a sharp crack rang out behind. They had brought their revolvers to bear, but their chance of hitting him, in the moonlight, on a galloping horse, was very little.

As he topped the slope he glanced back over his shoulder, and what he saw made him gather all his energies and sit down to ride in his best fashion. The Captain had just got into the saddle.

Onwards went the chase with a clat ter of hoofs and a creak of harness and a jingle of the gold that was being raced to death for; and still the pur-suer was gaining. Tom Logan, as he suer was gaining. Tom Logan, as he now and then glanced over his shoul der, saw that, yard by yard, he was being overtaken, and he felt that he could not stave off a struggle. Now he was only fifty years ahead, and he could distinctly hear the deep breath ing and the thud of the hoofs of the One last rush bushranger's horse. might drop the pursuer. But though the animals responded nobly to his call, and went forward with a racing stride, they could never drop the des

perate man behind. Tom Logan, looking back, saw the bushranger coming up hand over hand. He could see the white set face of the rider and the steaming nostrils of the horse.

Now for it," Tom muttered, and taking the reins in his left hand, he brought the horses back into the old sing song gallop. He drew his re-veiver, cocked it, and fixed himself firmly in the saddle; then he cast a look backwards

But the Captain was again too quick for him. Just as Tom swung himself round in the saddle to bring his revolver to bear, a shot rang out behind and simultaneously a sharp pang rang across Tom's bip and the bullet whis tled beyond. He knew it was only a grazs, and he saw at once that the bushranger was firing low to hit man

or horse. Then there was a change. If the shooting was all one sided it would be a tight place for Tom Logan. Now he took hie share of it. Steadying him-self in the saddle he brought his weapon to the level, low down, like

time there was a double report, as the two men fired together.

Tom felt as if a blade of fire had run up his arm and had come out just be-low the elbow. All feeling left his fingers, the revolver dropped from his hand, and his arm fell helplessly and lifelessly to his side. "All up," he moaned, and with steady nerves but quavering flesh he waited to receive his death wound.

But no builet came. For a curious thing had happened. The bushranger's horse—a great brown animal—had taken a mighty leap forward, almost up to the quarters of the other horse, and then reared up on his hind It stood straight up for a moment, pawing wildly at the air, and then with a shrill — almost human scream-toppled backwards.

Tom saw it all. He heard the sickening thud, as the horse fell over and crushed its rider; he saw the animal roll over on him, again and yet again; he saw the horse struggle to his feet, and with a staggering stride gallop away; and he knew that on its course its life blood dropped from the bullet

holes in its breast.

But-the man never sirred. He lay still, with his hands thrown abroad, and his head turned almost beneath him. His position told his own talehe was dead !

A new feeling of indifference came over Tom Logan! His brain got dull, his sight swam, and his fingers became as lifeless as if they had been cut There was a dull terrible pain off. in his arm from wrist to elbow, and when he endeavored to move his arm as usual the pain shot up to his shoulder, and knocked all the sense and

spirit out of him.

And still the ride went on. On and on and on and on for long weary hours with never a halt ; and still the plain stretched away into the distance unending and monotonous. Would the ride never be ended?

But, at last, far away towards the horizon, a thin column of smoke curied up, and here and there a galvanized roof flashed back the sun, and a chimney or two appeared above the curve in the plain. And then the town of Koorawalla came into view, and the horses although deadly weary, neighed gladly, and sprang on with new vigor, and Tom Logan straightened himself in the saddle, and forgot the racking pain that was torturing him. The single, long, straggling street was in sight, and through a gathering haze Tom saw that the whole population was surging opposite the big gilt bank. Then he knew that the manager had been released, and that little explanation would be needed on his explanation would be needed of his part. Suddenly he heard a shout ring out over the few hundred yards that intervened, and he saw the sea of faces turned towards him. He was seen at last. He took the reins in a farmer was attend himself in the firmer grasp, stiffened himself in the saddle, and for the first time since his wound called out to the horses. On he came with a rush, his brain swimming at the unusual speed, and rode straight into the excited crowd. The horses pulled up of their own accord and Tom hung forward limp in the saddle- The crowd gathered round him shouting out questions, and pointing to his wounded arm and the money bags over the saddlebows. Tom raised his hand and the voices became sitent. He gathered himself together with an effort and looking down on the crowd

cried out : "The bushrangers put up at my hut. I heard them tell of the robbery. I ran away with the hotses and the money—and here it is. I can't explain any more now. Where—where

is the banker? And amidst the mighty cheers of the crowd, and cries of "The Reward! The Reward!" Tom Logan fell off the horse into a dead faint

What more is there to tell? Tom only wanted to get to Koorawalla with the money, and he got there. What more? Well, we may say that, though Tom Logan is now a "big farmer" in the old "Kingdom of Kerry" he will never forget that wild adventure amid the back runs of Cooper's Creek. And neither, for the want of telling (and possting perhaps,) will his wife, Mary Annesly.

QUESTION BOX.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Father Doyle will deliver the closing of the Assumption series

sermon of the Assuming It will dear this (Friday) evening. It will dear with the Passion and Death of the with the Passion and Death of the with the Question box feature Saviour, and the question box feature will on this occasion be omitted. queries this week indicated a growing interest, as some questions were pur which had been answered previously, showing the attendance of new seekers after information. A careful perusal of the catechism would remove many difficulties, and the questions asked by some Catholics showed that they had

graduated from that text-book too soon. "Catholic" was one of this class. He (or she) wished to know why there will be another judgment at the last day and whether those in purgatory then or those living in the world will

be alone judged. The answer to this question is one of the first in the catechism, which tells us the general judgment will manifest to all men the wisdom and justice of God, which sometimes permits the wicked to prosper and the good to

suffer on the earth. "One of the Poor" acked: "If riches are a gift from God, how is it that He bestows abundance on some and others He leaves in extreme poverty all their lives."

All good gifts are from God, and we

his revolver cracked, and the third them to our damnation. Riches may therefore, prove a blessing or a curse.
Riches made by sinful means is of the
devil, and not of God. Poverty may be a blessing, as God may withold riches for our soul's salvation. Christ was poor Himself. Lazarus was poor.

D ves was rich. Interested One " inquired when Adrain IV., the English Pope, re signed. Adrain IV., who was Nicholas Breaks

peare, of Langley, England, was Pope from 1154 to 1159. "Piety" put these questions: (1) "Is the vocation of man allotted when he is

born ?' The meaning of this is a little obscure, but it was answered that God places each man here with a work to do, the most important of which is the

salvation of his soul.
(2) "If a Mass is heard with attention and devotion, would it be suffici-ent to wipe out the guilt of one mortal

No. The sinner must be sincerely contrite and have a firm intention of going to confession as soon as possible. "White" put this query: "Is it not appointed for us one day to die? If so can prayers or the Sacrament of Extreme Unction prolong one's life when the destined day arrives?"

It is appointed for all men once to die. Here again the distinction arises between God knowing what is to take place and God causing it to take place Man has free will and may shorten his lif by abuses or suicide. It is a fact noted by many physicians that recovery frequently follows the preparation of the soul for death. The content following resignation and a clear conscience being a secondary result of the grace bestowed by the last rites.

"Protestant Partner" sought a reply to this problem: "Where there is a mixed marriage, is it possible for the Catholic parent to save his or her soul when he or she willingly lets the other parent bring up the children in the Protestant faith? The children are grown up now, and the father sees his mistake and is now trying to bend the tree, but it is too old and won't bend The father now says that he is not res ponsible for the children's souls-that all he has to do is to try and save his own soul.'

This is but another proof of the folly of mixed marriages. The father must endeavor to restore the children to their heritage of faith which through his neglect they have lost. It is possible for him to save his soul, nevertheless, because God will forgive the mos grievous sins, of which this is one. must be sincerely sorry, approach the sacraments and use every legitimate means to win the children to the faith

The "Protestant Partner" can not believe in the Real Presence of Christ on the altar, saying she learned to believe that Christ was everywhere. Why should He be in the Catholic altar

more than anywhere else?

posed to have reached the age of reason is able to distinguish between right and wrong and consequently responsible for sins committed. The child should therefore, make confession, and, if in danger of death, should receive Ex-treme Unction. Call in a priest.

"Sister" placed four queries in the box, which were promptly and briefly

answered. "Can a Catholic who allows a child to remain unbaptized consistently attend to his religion, and does his mother or sister neglect their duty in not baptizing the child in case of serious illness ?

If a child is dying, any person could and should baptize it. The Catholic parent neglecting to have a The child baptized is accountable to God for it. Evidently there are circumstances connected with the case which should be made known to a priest. In matters involving the eternal salvation of an immortal soul there should neither be hesitancy nor delay in consulting a priest, especially where the facilities are as good as in this city.

"Can one gain the same indul-(2)rence in saying the Stations of the Cross privately as when they are said with the congregation?

By going from station to station in the church by yourself or with others you gain the indulgence attached. The size of the congregations is all that excuses them from going from station to station at the public exer-

cises. (8) "Is the same indulgence at tached to a High Mass as to a Low

Yes. "Do those who are saved know (4) of the actions of their relatives on earth ?"

God may permit them to know all that is consistent with their happiness and our good. The doctrine of praying to the saints is based on this be

"Sinner" anxiously inquired: "Is Satan at the bedsides of all dying sin ners, ready to accuse them of their

sins? The devil and his imps are ever tempting mankind, and it behooves Christians to be ever on their guard and so live that they may get the grace to die well Satan will certainly make strenous efforts to keep in his service the departing soul which has faithfully served him during life. Better for the sinner to accuse himself of his sins in the tribunal of penance and seek the pardon God is every ready to grant to

the truly penitent.
"Non Catholic" said: "I am not a Catholic and I would like to know why Catholics keep Lent, and what chapter in the Bible can I find it and what does Lent mean?"

The word Lent comes from the Datch "Lente," spring. The Latin name for the fast is "Quadragesima," which indicates the number of days. It is a forty day fast kept in memory of Christ's forty-day fast in the wilderness (see Matthew iv., 2) Fasting is also approved in Matthew vi., 16: ix. 15; xvii., 21; Mark ii, 20; ix., 29; Luke

ii., 37; v., 35; Acts xiii., 2, 3 the rules of the Church for an engaged couple to act as sponsors for the same child at baptism.

The answer was, "No."

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The Demon Dyspersta In addess

THE DEMON, DYSPEPSIA. — In olden time it was a popular belief that demons THE DEMON, DYSPEPSIA.— In olden time it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living in vite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

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