ly sou. on his way to Mass, strug gling in a ditch by the read-ide. When the last pealm was sung at Vespers I went to the spot with him and found, as I expected, the ergie. A leg and wing had been broken, and he beat savagely with the other as I attempted to raise him. Justin Vairos raised his crook to beat out his brains, but I stopped him; and in the end we got him rolled into my wadded like a great bundle?"

"What a novel sort of tran."

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"What a novel sort of trap."

"One must use what is at hard. Well, I mended the broken bones, and kept him while they heald in an old hen coop, strengthened by wooden bars and iron hoops, which I had brought into my room. Day after day I went among the farm houses to get the fresh meat we as seldom tasted ourselves for my proteg; and I cannot express my joy when he first began to move those beautiful, fearful wings and show signs of healing. One day, after he was quite sound egain, another eagle appeared above my roof. It gave a shrick that cut through the air, and made the hundred and sixty four little birds I had then in the house fall from their perches. An answering cry rang from the coop— "Certaility, but not igside the should he are, and for house fall from their perches.

An answering cry rang from their perches.

An answering cry rang from their perches.

An answering cry rang from the read-in the farm house fall from their perches.

An answering cry rang from the read-in the farm the manual congregation?" I taked. "Do they come to the Mass?"

"Certaility and in deed in the coop— "Certaility, but not igside the church holds Him should be approached with fear, and for the stream. It was like some strange sighting present in the head the will keepen the will he some strange sighting present to a stranger sighting on the height to a stranger sighting on the serious disparation of farm the present sight and the strange with the weight he said on said the interest and thither to keep them in order. The film is reselved to the farm of the file of the flocks."

I we hundred and sixty four little birds I had then in the house fall from their perches. An answeing cry rang from the coop—terrible, strong, plercing—from the croature who through all his confinement had been voiceless. Must I confesse it? While my poor little pets trembled, white my housekeeper fled crying, I was filled with a sort of pride to hear the defiant roar of my awful prisoner. I began to doubt whether it was right to keep this glori us creature from freedom. Prompt to obey my weak head, my hand undid the bar from gate, and with a bound he shook himself free. He seemed to fill my little himself free. He seemed to fill my little room. Twice I was thrown down; his giant wings struck the walls, the celling. My only engraving—Christ Raising Lazarus—was shattered and torn; and it was only —was shattered and torn; and it was only when, tired of hurtling against the bed, the buffet, the chimney, he rested for a moment on the back of my chair that I thought of opening the window. As I passed him he raised bis right wing, the one I had healed—and—O the foolishness! the weakness!—I could not forbear to lay my hand upon the plumage, now so rich and shining. The next instant he turned, burtled his iron beak in my left eye, and

which was carried in the hand. Meantline the flocks and herds were pouring through the entrance arch into the yard, the leaders walking proudly as if knowing the dignity of their position. "Volros!" the Atbe called to the handsome young nearly tore it from its socket."
"Horrible!"
"The blood et fled me, but I managed to reach the window and fling it wide open. With another cry the creature darted forward, and "—

buried his iron beak in my left eye, and

to reach the window and fling it wide open. With another cry the creature darted forward, and "—

At this tragic instant Angeline Bourel appeared at the door of the room, and in a calm voice announced:

"Monsteur, dinner is ready."

The little table, drawn up before the fire, was resplendent in a enowy cloth, a service of coarse crockery with big blue and red flowers, and a steaming turced of peaseoup, yellow as the golden comb of our honey-bees of the Cevennes.

"What a pity that your first visit should door came four alter boys in coarse red

"What a pity that your first visit should chance upon a fast day," said my friend, as his spoon travelled from plate to lip with the energy that marked his every movement. "You remember we are at the vigil of a feast. But you come under the dispensation for travellers, and Angel the shall display to her store for the fields of her white paralle. line shall dip into her stores for to-" Really, I am embarrassed. This pea

coup of your house keeper is so good that, to use the country phrase, one could lick one's fir gere after it."

"Don't tell her so. Vanity is the one weak point in her estimable character."

chasuble.

time, under a rude roof of it boughs fast ened over the canopy used in the proces sions of the Blessed Sacrament, and orna-mented with leaves and barries of holly, I could not turn my eyes from the Holy

Family in their stable of Bethlehem Correggio alone could have done justice to its sweet simplicity. The young

and fair."
"Yes! Our Lord in the real stable must

have looked like him; and then the voices of the singers filled my ears like a whirlwind until the "Dei Patris, Amen"

invited the Abbe to go on with his Mass. The infant slept like an angel in Jeanne's

arms; its rose leaf face half buried in the frilled cap of the country side, with broad white ribbons falling to the hem of it-dress. One little hand, plock and dimpled, rested on the mother's breast, who touched it now and again with her lips as it was daying homes.

proaching him with the consecrated Host, looked down on the fair young fellow

"I suppose she was not sorry to be rid of the eagle?" "She is lifted up by angels since my birds, big and little, were sent out of the

"And you? Are you lifted up by angels, according to your picturesque

angels, according to your picturesque phrase?"

"Here is an omelette," said the Abbe, reddening like a child surprised in mischief. "It is Angeline's master piece."

"Thanks. I will accept the omelette, which looks delicious, when you answer me. Are you lifted up by angels?"

"No! no!" he murmured in a broken release.

Then quickly: "I cannot become ed. The less of my eye made a resigned. The less of my eye made a candal in the diocece. No one pitted me among our clergy, I had been so long insubordinate. At last the Bishop himself came and gave me his sentence. There were twenty six large cages at the time, all overflowing: one by one I had to let my little creatures go—all, all—even to a blackbird which had been taught to speak my name, and who called 'Cou pi ac!' whenever he wanted food H<sub>2</sub> few slowly away; then came back

"Yes! Our Lord in the real stable must

"If he could only nurse a bit!"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Oh! do you thick he might, Monsieur?

"Hush!" murmured Abbe Coupiac, who overheard us whisperlug; and the next moment we too were bending before the Holy Family and the Unseen Presence beyond.

But the poor little Bambino! He was weeping tears bigger than the biggest dry peas ever seen in Cabrecolles! In vain Gou plac! whenever he wanted food
H3 flew slowly away; then came back
and rested for a moment on that thorn
bush outside the window. 'Cou-plac?'
Cou plac!' he said, and vanished after the
others. My dear birds! It was still cold.
I was trembiling when it was over, and the
Bishop did not go away too soon. Before his carriage had entered the village
streat! was grying like a child."

"Monsieur le Cure told me to call him when the first bell rang," said Angeline, entering. "It has just sounded."
"Take the costumes into the sacristy.

"Take the costumes into the sacristy. When Jeanne comes let me know. Goon with your dinner, dear friend. When the beasts begin to leave their stables I will tell you."

"The beasts! What beasts?"

"In the Black Espinonze all the animals which belong to us take part in our Corlsimas. They come to rejoice that a Child is born unto us. You remember the introit, Parvulus natus est novis'—and his wrinkled face became suddenly bright as he chauted the passage in his dry as he chanted the passage in his dry "wren's" voice. He drew me after him

as he chanted the passage in his dry "wren's" voice. He drew me after him to a small terrace outside the window. The bitter wind had dropped into perfect calm. The moon shed a faint transparent light into the valley beneath us, and lit the snowy peaks above with silvery radiance until they shone like mystic torches. A few stray gleams showed here and there through the shadows about the farmhouses, and a mountain brook shot like a silver arrow through the pines.

"I must be ef. You will excuse me. I hope our simple festival to-night will be more beautiful than ever."

The beloved little msn gave me a final embrace as he hurried away, and I turned again to the prospect. A confused sound began to creep through the night silence. The distant twinkling lights began to move toward certain directions, and then, messing tegether, threw certain spots into brilliant relief. Human voices made themselves occasionally heard, and the stoft muffled tumult sped back from the

plicity.

At length the Abbe's step sounded be hind me. "What are you to do with this unusual congregation?" I asked. "Do they come to the Mass?"

"Certainly, but not inside the church. We gather them in the great court-yard outside. The deors are not closed; they can hear the hymns and canticles, and warm with their breath the spot where the infant Saviour rests. They will make Then, turning toward the ciborium, with its gilt rays shining on the altar:

"Yes, my dearest brothers, my good friends, God is here. And the spot which holds Him should be approached with fear, for it is terrible—'terribilis est locus isie,' as the Holy Scriptures say. But it is beautiful also and full of rejoicing, and it is in this angith that Hadestra you to approach this spirit that He desires you to approach Hun Come then, come to adore Him and rejoice Venue adoremus et exultemus?

Pere Targan, proud of his authority as

master of ceremonies, arranged the crowd, who were preparing to hur y pell mell toward the grotto. He placed two of the toward the grotto. He placed two of the elder singers in front, and off went the long procession, each pair pausing for an instant to bow deeply before the Lafant Jesus, before the Half Virgin, before St. Joseph, immovable all three in their celestial digatty, and then marching slowly through the dim sisles, singing as loadly as their well, were threats would allow. son-in law are ready if you wish to begin"
"We will follow you at once, Targan," said the Abbe; and with the gesture of a boy dragging a comrade he loves he hurried me after him.

The whole pepulation of the parish in holiday dress were gathered about the church, which glowed with light from every window. The thiers, led by a withered little woman, were already sing ing the Ceveneee Caristmas hymn, and each one in passing through the porch as their well-worn throats would allow :

"O people of Jerusalem! The Lord is born to-day; Come has en all to Bethlehem To praise Him and 10 pray."

By the time half the parish had performed their act of devotion and the rest were each one in passing through the porch ighted a long candle of yellow wax, which was carried in the hand. Meantime well upon the way, the old man drew near me.

"Moneleur," he whispered in a suppli-

cating voice, "it is my turn now to follow the others and kneel before the Holy Family." "And you must be pleased to do so, Targan. Your daughter is really beauti-

"And my grandson ?" "Lovely enough to represent the Infant Saviour Himself." "Do you know what you ought to do.

Monsteur?"
"What, Targan?" "You ought to come and make your act of adoration, toc." "Certainly, if you would like to have

me."
Monsieur le Care Couplac would be so

pleased."
"Let us go then, at once;" and we followed at the end of the line, the old man rubbing his hands with satisfaction un'il it seemed as if he would crack the

kin.
"The most wonderful thing to me, woman, slight and fair, her pale golden hair failing loose, and a rosy infant held in the folds of her white mantle. And, last of all, the little Abbe, his face trans Monsieur, in all this beautiful midnight Mass is the way our baby takes it. At home, if he isn't nursed every hour and a half, he cries like one possessed and tears as big as dried peas roll down his cheeks; figured, radiant with holy recollection, as he bore aloft the chalice, himself half hidden under a gorgeous gold embroidered here he is quiet as a lamb after three long hours. Certainly the good God Himself must have put it into his head to stry The Mass began, with every one who could sing chanting the responses. Mean time, under a rude roof of fir boughs fast

quiet."
"It does look like a miracle, surely." By this time not more than twenty per sons were between us and the grotto. The Abbe, still on his knees before the little altar, saw us as we approached, and a gleam of pleasure passed over his intent face. The next moment a faint cry, like tate. In a next moment a faint cry, like that of a young builfinch caught in a snare, made itself heard in the stable of Bethelehem. The old farmer stopped, looking at me aghast.

"Ab, Monsieur! I spoke too soon of to its sweet simplicity. The young mother in her vaporous cloud of lace and muslin, the soft glory of her hair shining in the light, was an ideal vision of chasticy and purity, as if the part she played had dowered her with its own beauty. As the Abbe latoned the first words of the Gloria

the little one's goodness! He has waked up and it won't be easy now to quiet him." and turned to seat kimself while the people continued the hymn, Pierre Miguel, until this moment straight as a

"Perhaps be is hungry."
"If he could only nurse a bit!"

beyond.

But the poor little Bambine! He was weeping tears bigger than the biggest day peas ever seen in Cabrecolles! In valu Pierre Miguel called him softly by name, CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.

Personal Liberty

Physical Slavery.

We are all free American citizens, enjoying our personal liberty; but most of us are in physical slavery, suffering from scrofuls, salt rheum or some other form of impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which disolves the bonds of disease, gives health and perfect physical liberty. touched it now and again with her lips as if rendering homage. The service went on, and the congregation in a solid mass pressed forward to the Communion; first of all the blonde young peasant Vairos, his handsome curly head bent in deep de votion. A word from the Abbe in the yard informed me that he was the Vairos of the eagle, who had led him to the quest of the wounded bird that ill-omened Sanday four years ago. I looked at him with close interest Kneeling at the extreme end of the railing he was the first to receive the Sacred Host. The Abbe, in approaching him with the consecrated Host, liberty.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We bave been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used" For Delicate and Delicate And Delicate Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimplant, middly avoiting the secretions. stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

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Bushville, Fairfield Co., Ohio.

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Yours truly,

HANNAH E. DICKSON.

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Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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Root Pills.

Sir: For years I have been afflicted with graved and after trying the best doctors in this locality with out receiving any benefit, I tried Br. Morge's Indian Root Pills with the result that lo-day I am a new man, completely curred. I would not be without them; they are the best Pill I ever used.

Yours, &c., WM. JACKSON.

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Yours, &c., Celia Johnson.

Yours, &c., Celia Johnson,

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not walk a step. I bought a box of your pills and
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W. H. COMSTOCK, MORRISTOWN, N.Y. BROCKVILLE, CNT.

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d men or the It was Guil-