MI ULTIOL

mough to deese."
Thank you. I will do as you say."

drie We Da.

Mrs. Hart sent Josephine to assist the lady and to put her hair in her comb. That evening Mrs. Hart was very considreste, and would not tax the poor young girl's strongth, avoiding conversation that night be painful to her. But with great Angelius was an only child and had no relatives of whom she had ever heard who were now living, except her mother; and that they had always been all in all to one

Poor Mrs. Hart could scarcely conceal her motherly sympathy. Once or twice she was obliged to leave the room and relieve her heart in tears. How could they to morrow tell the child that this mother, so dear to her. was dead ?

The next day, time passed more rapidly than Angelina supposed it could do, while she was imputient to be clasped in her mother's

arms. "There, there on mother's heart," she said to herself, "I can find a little peace denied me by all the world beside. Oh come, sweet moments, and I will try to forget the terrible past." And so she went on feeding her hungry heart with these sweet anticipations, till they seemed to her already realities.

When the Captain returned that evening he saw such a change in Angelina's tace he wondered what medicine his good wife had

given to her.
"To morrow, Captain Hart," said Angelina, "I'll show you to my mother. You will say she is handsome. And how she will will say she is nanusome. And now she will bless you. How we will both cry for joy." The Captain turned towards the window and Mrs. Hart left the room. "Captain Hart, she continued, "What can I do to repay you for your kindness to me? My mother will thank you so much for it." will thank you so much for it. Poor mother! She did not think I'd come back so soon. Poor mother! How she cried when we parted !"

The Captain could not speak. "I am afraid that it will take too much of your time to go with me to-morrow. It may be some trouble to find the new residence." "No, no, not too much time, child, or trouble wither; but could you not put it off a

Angelina looked into his face, and her eyes filled with tears when she answered : "I do not think I could wait another day, Captain. I do so long for ---. I do so

need my dear mother !" The Captain sat down by her side and

" Miss Raymond, if it is necessary for you to wait a little, would you not be all the stronger after a day or two?

"Oh, Captain, I can't be well until I am to morrow. I can go alone." The Captain turned uncasily in his chair

from side to side. He seemed greatly distressed in mind. " De not be afraid, Captain, I can find her.

loves me as mothers love their only child. I must so; I must be with my mother. The exptain looked irresolute, and she appealed again to him. "I am, oh, so wrotched-very, very uu-

The Captain fairly grouned. It started Angelina. She looked into his face as if she sere reading his very soul.

'Miss Raymond," he said, no longer able to conceal the news from her, "You have to icar sad news."

"More, more, more !" she shricked, "I cannot bear more !" " He calm, my child, one moment !"

"Tell me anything, anything, but that I annot see my mother!" she cried. "She is very ill."

She rushed to the door. "Let me was richer than anyone in Havre. I will go to night. Where is she? Let

The Captain took hold of her hands to keep ter from rushing out. Mrs. Hart came in. "Let me go," she said, trying to break sway from him. "My mother is sick, I must

"Miss Raymond," said Mrs. Hart, coming to her, "child, my dear child..."
"Your mother," said the Captain.
"Is where? What -tell me quickly."

"Is-prepare for the worst-

"Is dead ?" asked Angelina. "Yes, she is dead, darling," said Mrs. "Oh, mother, mother, mother! Can you

hear your child?" screamed the poor They carried her to her room. She was unconscious !

CHAPTER IX.

Tures months had passed since Angelina had come to the hospitable home of Captain Hart and to the motherly arms of histender-hearted wife It was midsummer. The balmy air, the lovely environs of Havre, the tasteful and comfortable surroundings in this bower home, could only give a little rest to the tired heart, but they could not cure its pain. Angelina dreaded going out of this tclue into the cold world again. She had no courage left, she said to herself. She had no strength to brave the gaze of strangers, and where, where to go, was the perplexing thought. With whom, was the fearful dread. Who could receive so cold, so sad, so unfortunate a being as 1 am? she asked herself. And then, when alone, she would cry till she could cry no more. Mrs. Hart seldom saw the paroxyams of grief. Augelina was careful to him them from her good friends. After a couple of months she overcame them entirely, and then she could not shed a tear. Her heart seemed turned to stone, and the outward show of grief was subdued, if not alto-

Mrs. Hart desired that the child should not leave them. "She is so unhappy after her mother's death, John," she said, "Poor little creature, we will be patient with her, and in time she

will look up." The Captain agreed with his wife;" and more than once Mrs. Hart threw out a hint to the stranger of what a comfort she would be to them; indeed, they needed a daughter like her. The Captain was so much of the time absent and Mrs. Hart was so often alone, that even Ange-line understood that her company could brighten the life of the good woman when her usband was on the sea. But whenever the desire was expressed by them, Angelina met it with such an earnest, spirited determina-tion to be independent, that Mrs. Hart desuited from urging her, lest she should hasten her departure. One of the deepest wounds n the wanderer's heart was giving up her child for ever to Daniel. She could have been sconer consoled had death taken Pura from

The return of the Neptune was daily apected, and Angelina dared not read that she would hear something of Mr. Courtney. It must be her endeavor to drive net been a part of her life. This would be the only way she could fit herself for going forth

Keep on your wrapper; you are not rested into the world to depend upon her own exertions for support and respectability. She reasoned that her life must be a painfully humble one; but this would be preferable to dwelling under the roof of a husband, who would find in her presence a continual subject of regret that he was bound to ber by marriage vows. From this humilist-ing position Angelina's nature revolted, without considering whether it was a question of duty or not to bear the trial.

She had promised Daniel to free him so far as she could from the bond by her absence, and by not publishing the fact that she was his wife. This freedom, she supposed, would make him happier. The loss of his society was no pain to her, because in place of the the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, dislike, amounting to a bitter hatred. was with the Angel a multitude of the She was wounded intensely by his heavenly army, praising God and saying, injustice to her; and not to endure the torment of revengeful feelings towards him, she peace to men of good will." The memorable must never think of him, nover speak of him, if such were possible. These were vain resolves. Every circumstance in her new and of the religious services held in the Catholic wandering life brought with it the conscious. Church on the feast of Christmas when the ness to her mind that Daniel's denial of the reading of the Gospel of Saint Luke causes marriage had produced the bitter experience of which it was a part; and where would these consequences end?

Again the good Captain had returned home fom New Orleans. Mrs. Hart and Angelina were some time previous making preparations welcome him, as he deserved to be received by them. And now there the three were around the centre table, after dinner, Bethlehem is located, stands even in our talking over the haps and mishaps of the past days, a small village, which bears the name three mooths since he had sailed the last of Beit-Sahour—House of the good Shep-

"Miss Raymond, you look better than when I left home." said the Captain.
"Thank you, Captain Hart, I am quite well."

"Not quite, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Hart, "but much better. The next time you will come, John, you will find her quite well, I think."

"If I am here," said Angelina smiling. "Are you not happy with Bess, dear?" asked the Captain.

"She will tell you, Captain, that I am not happy, and that I must not be such a kill-joy in your sweet home as I should be."
"Darling, listen to us," said Mrs. Hart.
"Yes, listen to us," the Captain repeated.

Mrs. Hart continued :-

"I can only be a second mother to you; no I do love you, dear, and all the more, because you are so alone in this country.'

and heartless now."

" Miss Raymond, you are not cold nor heartless. Poor little bird ! you've been thrown from the mother-nest, and a warm with my mother. I can find her. I must go one, no doubt ; your wings have been broken, and you are on the cold ground yet. You can't sing nor fly. But you will sing again by and by, if my Bess, dear, holds you in her arms and loves you, ch, Bess?"

"We must keep you with us," said Mrs. She is all I have on earth to leve, and she | Blatt. "I am not going to part with my child yet."

"I will only make you sad. It has been so very kind in you to let me stay so long."
"Hear the child!" said the Captain. Tears "I am, oh, so wretched—very, very un-fortunate and wretched. Captain; and only not know that it is a great favor to you to my mother can give me any comfort. I can't stay with us. Tell her Bess dear. I don't wait: I must go to her—I must, I must." know how nor what to say. I don't want know how nor what to say. I don't want her to feel thankful."

Augelina left the room.

"In a little time, John : do not urge her now to stay with us. She will listen to us bye and tye when she is not so grieved. Where could she go? We must be patient."

Turning around she saw Angelina coming in with her arms full. A dressing gown, slippers and smoking cap, all for Captain Hart, the work of Mrs. Hart and Angelina in his absence. They were presented by Mrs. Hart with mock ceremony and a speech. "How can you be so crael as to keep me The Captain put them on and declared he

"If the king came, I don't believe I'd take off this smoking cap to him," he said laughing. We need not say that Mrs. Hart was nearly smothered with thanks and Angelina received a hearty "bless the child."

The delicacy and respect with which the Captain treated the chance necessity that had thrown this young girl under his care, was chivalrous. He was by nature noble in every way, though born in humble life. He had made his own way to a respectable position and independence. Beyond this he had no nawise ambitions, and was free from everything like a sycophantic following of men above him in power. On his ship he little offering that the place may be prewas the dignified, it may be over-reserved, but warm-hearted commander. His word was law and must be obeyed. His sailors were kept in subjection through respect of him more than through fear, and they were well treated in return. His officers were attached to Captain Hart, and it was considered a privilege to gain a post on the Neptune; but he required men who knew their business, and they must be men of integrity. When on land and in his own home, Captain Hart was quite another man. He was like a coy, so gay and so contented. It was said that his "Bess dear" led him with a silken thread! She thought she gave him his own sweet

He had seated himself in a large chair, dressed in his gown, cap and slippers, and laid his head back upon the soft cushions, declaring that nothing should disturb his royal highness. At this declaration Mrs. Hart advanced towards him and placed herself at a little distance, demanding if there was anything his lordship further ordered for his comfort, holding some cigars on a silver plate. He gave her one glance and she beat a retreat, knowing there would be a chase about the room.

Angelina looked ou, and there was just the slightest shadow of enjoyment reflected in her face. She envied these good people their domestic happiness, and pitied her own sad want of it. The frolic was soon ever, and the precious gifts were carefully laid aside for another occasion, after their merits had been noted by the Captain to the satisfaction of

the ladies. And now the three were sitting by the centre table, talking over the events in the voyage of the Neptune from America.

"We had a pleasant company this trip," said the Captain. "One of the most agreeable were a little party with Mr. Crawford and

able was a little party with Mr. Crawford and his daughter, from Washington." Angelina started but checked herself.

" Are you cold, child?" inquired Mrs. Hart Angelina shook her head, and listened to

the Captain.
"Miss Crawford is a queenly young lady. She was the admiration of every one in the ship. Rather reserved, and spoke to few, because she is in great trouble."

Angelina held her breath, and leaned forward to hear every word. "Her mother died a short time ago, and she is travelling with her father to save his life in this grief. They said on board that

American papers nor listen to conversation on she is going to marry."

American news of any kind. She dreaded "Whom?" inquired Angelina, eagerly.

that she would hear something of Mr. The color was, by this time, brilliant in

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

THE RIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST.

THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM. (From Pilgrim of Palestine.)

It was midnight; the Shepheros were keeping the night watch over the flock when the Angel stood in their midst as the messenger of good tidings of great joy. Fear not, he said, for I have come to announce that this day is horn to you a Saviour, whe is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. You shall find love she had once had for him, was now a and laid in a manger. Then suddenly there event which happened nineteen centuries ago is brought back to our mind in the celebration Church on the feast of Christmas when the such religious emotions in our heart, as if an Angel were autouncing to us the good tidings

of great joy. To foster even more the pious emotions in the heart of our readers, we propose giving in this number a description of the place where

the Angel appeared to the Shepherds. On the slope of the hill whereon the city of herds.

The village is held in veneration not only because it was the dwelling place of the men to whom the birth of Christ was first revealed, but also because it is connected with the life of the Blessed Virgin, the Immaculate Mother of God made man.

In the middle of the viliage there exists cistern, called the Bir-Mariam.

Ancient tradition has handed down to us the fact that, one day the Blessed Virgin passing by saw a man just after drawing water from the cistern. She asked tor a drink, which was refused to her, for, point ing to the cistern, the man said : "There is the cistern, and there you can quench your thirst."

Without means to reach the water, yet full of confidence, Mary approached the cistern ; one can ever take an own mother's place, but but no sooner had she approached the edge of it, than the water raised up to she edge, and allowed her to drink, and then fell again "But I can't love you in return. I am to its usual level (Doubdam, p. 145. Sograteful, do believe that I am; but I am cold brino, p. 468.

Not far from the village is the celebrated field of Booz of which mention is made by Holy Writ, in the Book of Ruth. Here it was that Ruth the Moabite, after

forsaking her native country that she might take care of her old mother in-law Noemi, came under a scorching sun to glean the cars of corn that escaped the hands of the respers. It was in this field that Booz, admiring

the virtues of the widow of his kinsman Chelion, married Rath, by whom he had a son called Obed, who was the grandfather of David, thus becoming connected with the lineage of Christ.

Near by the field of Booz, in the middle of a square ground planted with olive trees and surrounded by stone walls, stands a chapel which is called the "Grotto of the Shep herds," and which is the subject of the present article.

Nicephorons, following the uncient tradition, says that the chapel is the ancient crypt of the church built there by Saint Helena, on the place where the Angel of the Lord announced to the Shepherds the birth of Christ. Descending twenty-one steps, the visitor will find himself in the subterranean chapel, or grotto, where part of the ancient pavement in mosaic form is still in existence. For several centuries the Franciscans had

the place under their custody, beautifying its surroundings with the planting of young olive trees, which are still growing in the place. But in the year 1818, the Greek schismatics by their usual tricks and bribes wrested it from them, and hold possession of it. In closing the narrative of the memorable event, St. Luke says that after the disappearance of the Angel, the Shepherds, having consulted among themselves, resolved, and went in search of the Infant, and that having found him, they returned glorifying God for all they had seen.

It is not given to us to see what the Shepherds saw; nor to visit the place where the Infant Jesus lies in the midst of poverty like an outcast. But can we refuse to give a served as befits the great mystery represented there?

It is safe to say that the Shepherds did not go with their hands empty to visit the new born Saviour; but that they brought him such offerings as their means allowed. Let the Catholics of America follow the example of the Shepherds, and while in their hearts they glorify God for the many blessings they derived from the Incarnation of Christ, let them not forget to give an offering for the preservation of those places, where such a mystery was fulfilled.

GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE.

THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER OF TINY TIM, And so, Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, overy one. From the Christmas Carol.-DICKENS.

He was a little feeble child, And full of care and pain, But yet with blithesome heart he sang His simple Christmas strain. God bless us all, cried Tiny Tim, God bless us, every one; So, too, we pray, this holy day, God bless us, every one.

They sat around their humble board, In Christmas mirth and glee; In very truth, though low their lot, A pleasant group to see.
And Tiny Tim s poor pallid face,
With light and beauty shone,
As looking on them all, he cried,
God bless us, overy one.

Another Christmas day came round, And Tiny Tim lay dead; Yet, as they decked his simple bier, They scarce could think him fled. Upon them still the little face In kindly presence shone, As still they seemed to hear him pray, God bless us, every one.

Though many a place be vacant now,
Though dim be many an eye,
Which erst would greet the Christmas

In gladness flitting by, A golden light comes gleaming down From dear one's who are gone,
As pray we now, with Tiny Tim,
God bless us, every one.
REV. T. J. POTTER,

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THEIR ANTIQUITY-REMEMBER THE POOR AND THE ORPHAN.

Carols are of very early date; indeed, the first Christmas carol may be said to have Couring. It must be her endeavor to drive her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with an been sung by the angels to the shepherds on the memory if possible, as if he had excitement that surprised the Captain and the night of the Nativity, when they chanted in scraphic strains the well-known "Gloria" in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus," mento, Cal.

We have many very early Christian carols TO THE MOTHER OF THE BABE OF founded on the appearance of the angels to the shepherds; and this subject was also, during the early and middle ages, the subject

of public representations.

During the last days of Advent in Catholic countries, more especially in Rome, it is the custom for minstrels to visit every shrine of Our Lady to chant carols and play before her their wild traditionary music; out of respect to St. Joseph, they also play before each

carpenter's shop.

The deep religious feeling and sentiment that pervaded the ancient Christmas carols form their chief subject of admiration. The wild and touching beauty of the following verses cannot fail to be appreciated:

> As Joseph was walking, lie heard an angel sing "This night shall be born Our heavenly King. He neither shall be born In house nor in hall. Nor in the place of paradise, But in an ox's stall."

Carol singing prevailed somewhat in the ixtcenth and seventeenth centuries; but it is worthy of remark that the religious spirit breathed forth in the aucient carols was lost sight of for that of a gross and sensual character. Take the following example from

So now is come our joyful feast, Let every man be jolly; Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed And every post with holly. Though some churls at our mirth repine, Round your forekeads garlands twine; Drown sorrow in a cup of wine, And let us all be merry.

Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking, Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou, English ale, that drives out thinking, Prince of liquors, old or new Every neighbor shares the bowl, Drinks of the spicy liquor deep; Drinks his fill without control, Till be drown his care in sleep.

But among the many peculiar modes of rejoicing which distinguished the celebration of this sacred festival in olden times, there was one that descrees not only to be remembered, but also to be practiced—namely, the bound less hospitality with which the rich at this season were accustomed to supply the wants of their poorer brethren. In former times whole districts met together to celebrate Christmas; the old baronial balls and the mansions of the wealthy were thrown open to friends, tenants and retainers, and the opulent proprietors delighted to distribute their bounty among the humbler members of their immediate neighborhood. This festival was a feast of joy to all, and care and sorrow, as far as possible, were banished from the land. Such indeed was the hospitality of the wealthy in Catho- die. Mrs. Kivelar, the old mother of the lic times while celebrating the Nativity of the Infant of Bethlehem that they seemed not to enjoy fully the viands that loaded their own tables unless the poor were made partakers of their abundance. Beautiful and Christian-like charity! Let us imitate it. Let the poor be remembered at this sacred time; let their hearts be rejaiced by the free offering of a tithe of our abundance. But, above all let not the triendless orphan be forgotten, Kind reader, touch not the Christmas feast until the nearest aboute of the fatherless be honored by an offering from your tableuntil the Christmas dinner be blessed by the orphan's prayer .- Are Maria.

MISSUM REDEMPTOREM POLO. Sent from His heavenly throng on high, Let the whole world beneath the sky

Adore the Saviour newly come.
The Prince born of the Virgin's womb. He who created heaven and earth Is clothed in frame of mortal birth; That flesh by flesh may be set free, Nor His own creatures ruined be. The Word, which ere time's course began, Forth from His Father's bosom ran, Obedient now to time and death A helpless Infant draws its breath On straw the Almighty lays His head, Nor spures the manger for His bed; And he who all creation feeds

The milk of human Mother needs.

They guide the starry spheres, those hands That now are wrapped in swathing-bands;
All weak and weeping there He lies,
That He may raise us to the skies.
Hope of the whole wide earth, that Child. Who calls us to His cradle mild, How of such love our fitness prove Save by return of answering love? All honor, faud and glory be O JESUS, MARY'S Son, to Thee;

To Father and to Spirit praise Now and through endless length of days. W. M. A.

From Cardinal Newman's sympathetic pen comes this version of another ancient song :-

EN CLARA VOX REDARGUIT Hark, a joyful voice is thrilling, And each dim and winding way! Of the ancient temple filling; Dreams depart, for it is day.

Christ is coming—from thy bed
Earth-bound soul awake and spring— With the sun new risen to shed Health on human suffering.

Lo, to grant a pardon free, Comes a willing Lamb from heaven; Sad and tearful, hasten wo, i One and all to be forgiven

Once again He comes in light Girding earth with fear and woe; Lord, be Thou our leving might,

From our guilt and ghostly foe. To the Father and the Son And the Spirit, who in heaven

Ever witness, Three and One, Praise on earth be ever given. CARDINAL NEWWAK.

INSTANTIS ADVENTUM DEL.

The advent of our GoD at hand. Let us with ardent prayer demand, And grasp the gifts of grace sublime,. With psalms and hymns of festal rhyme.

The eternal offspring doth not scorn Of Maiden mother to be born; Is made a servant, that our yoke Of sin and slavery may be broke.

He comes, He comes, the clement child; '9 Haste, Sion, meet thy Saviour mild,
Nor spurn the gracious terms of peace in the offers for thy soul's release,

Soon folded in a cloud of light He will return the world to right, And through the heaven's triumphal arch His feet will speed their radiant march,

Let darkness and her demon spawn Recede before the hastening dawn; Let the old ADAM yield to grace, The Second ADAM hold his place.

O thou who com'st to set us free, O Son, be highest praise to Thee— The Father and the Spirit, Three In undivided Unity. -J. C. Earle.

Two female barbers have located in Sacra;

BETHLEHEM.

Rosy dawn, the Orient flushing, Dews o'er purple flowers that Like the blood ye shed below;
Yet in light celestial glowing—
Gems that pave Jehovah's hall, Eden-streams in music flowing, Rills o'er opal rocks that fall; Lambs of God careering o'er us, Robed in more than rezal sheen. Sing aloud in pealing chorus, "Hail, Holy Queen!"

While she clasps the pretty Lisper To her body Virgin breast. White winged ch rubs round her whisper, Angel armies o'er her rest, "Tis the lip that now on Mary Sweet y shed seraphic smites, Bids the tides of ocean vary,
Lights on high the starry isles.
Ye who from His sun's deminions
Gaze upon that heavenly scene, Sings to harps, with quivering pinions, "Hail, Holy Queen!"

All the spheres behold with wonder. Sleeping on thy bosom lie, Him whose word in cloud and thunder Hurled them flaming through the sky. Mary, sacred Star of Ocean ! Rise thou o'er the stormy bring, Quell the passions' wild commotion— Cheer and save us, Mother mine! Round us, while the tempest rages, Be thy guiding lustre seen,
And our song through endless ages,
"Hail, Holy Queen!"

THE SEARCH ABANDONED.

THE IMPRISONED MINERS LEFT TO THEIR FATE - PAINFUL SCENES ON THE STREETS.

NANTICORE, Pa., Dec. 22,-The officials NANTICOKE, Pa., Dec. 22.—The officials chemists of standing in the community where have decided to abandon further attempts to they live show in what estimation the article is rescue the imprisoned miners. For the present work through the tunnel will be continued, but it is thought it will take two weeks to reach the bodies.

WILKESDARRE, Pa., Dec. 22.—There was no rest for Nanticoke last night. It is impossible to describe in words the consternation, dismay and agony which spread through the village when it was learned after mid-night that all efforts to get the miners out alive had to be abandoned The whole population was out on the streets discussing the decision, and exclamations of despair, cries of agony and mutterings of discontent was heard on every side. Several relatives of the victims were seized with convulsions. Fannie Sarver, sister of the two Sarver brothers, was prostreted with violent lits and at 5 a.m. it was thought she would Kivelar brothers, was at death's door from weakness and shock. Investigations at an early hour this morning show that sand and rock had fallen to such an extent that the mine is now filled to the roof. It is certain that the men are now dead.

A PATHER'S HEROISM.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 22.-Michael Sarver, father of the two Sarver brothers, who are imprisoned in the mine, was among the last who came out of the shaft this morning. He wept like a child. He is very old and has been a lifelong toiler in the mines. He insists on working every moment that the officials will allow him to do so. He to-day expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the efforts made to extricate the men. have two as tine sons as ever a father had lying down there," he said, "and as good a daughter as a man could wish lying dead at home, but it is the will of God and I say His debility will be done. It is a terrible affair and others are suffering as much as I am. I will go down again as soon as they will let me, and I will work day and night to rescue them, dead or alive.

TREATED BY PASTEUR.

HOW THE FOUR NEWARK BOYS STOOD THE OPERATION.

Paris, Dec. 22.-The Newark boys-Lane, Fitzgerald, Reynolds and Ryan-who were bitten by mad dogs, experienced only one day's sea sickness during their voyage from New York to Havre. Their wounds had com-pletely healed, and they were petted and stuffed with sweetments throughout the journey. The train arrived at St. Lazare station at half-past three yesterday afternoon. The boys and Mrs. Ryan were put into a small yellow omnibus, on the top of which their trunks were lashed. They seemed highly amused at the novelty of being in Paris. At four o'clock the omnibus drew up at a small hotel near M. Pasteur's laboratory, where they will be lodged at a cost of about 28 france a day for the whole party. They then washed and put on their clothes. Dr. Billings having seen the flock safely housed, called upon M Pasteur and announced their arrival. M. Pasteur said, "the sooner we begin the better. Bring them all here at half-past six. At the appointed time the children put in an appearance. Looking a little bit frightened, M. Pasteur patted them on their heads and shoulders and said in French, "Now then, suppose we tegin with the biggest and pluckiest?" This being translated to them all, four of the boys jumped forward at once.
M. Pasteur selected William Lane. Dr. Granchet, who performs all inoculations for M. Pasteur, told Lane to unbutton his jacket. At exactly twelve minutes before seven the doctor inserted the point of a silver needle beneath the skin of Lane's abdomen and injected the virus. Lane has thus the honor of being the first American ever inoculated for rabies. As the needle was withdrawn he gave a slight squirm and burst out into a laugh, exclaiming "Why, it's like the bite of a big mosquito. It don't hurt a bit?" Fitzgerald's turn came next, he watched the silver needle intently and when pricked, said: "How it tickles." Patsey Reynolds was next taken in hand. His stomach was bared, and when pricked he cried out, "Golly, is that all we've come so far for." The little Ryan boy was next brought up. He sat on his mother's knee. He winced when he saw the sparkling little instrument and cried, but a moment after he was laughing and joking with his companions. It only took about five minutes to inoculate all four children. The virus used was unusually strong, owing to the length of time that has elapsed since the boys were bitten. M. Pasteur said, "Come here to-morrow at 11 o'clock. The treatment will continue for ten days, then you may all go home to America again. all run back to the hotel, go to bed and sleep as sound as you can." The children then scampered off as cheerful as jay birds. The total number of patients thus far treated by

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Tonic For Overworked Men.

Pasteur is 248.

Dr. O. G. CILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia and derangement of the liver and kidneys."

A shoemaker at Lake View, Ore., has fallen heir to \$92,000.

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sucky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the uit of the stomach, which fixed does not at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few manths it is attended with a greenish coloured expectora-tion. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After and have becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste: this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-thir ! of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others or kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Sergel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield —I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suf-fering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale

is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommonding the Curative Syrup, for I have never knewn a case

in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many grosses.
Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medisines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman. West Auckland:—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicine than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

Let Balbaill. A P. Chapman in the commendity of th pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Balkwill, A.P.S., Kingsbridge:—The
public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armstead, Market Street, Dalton-in-Fur

ness:—It is needless for me to say that you valuable medicineshave great sale in this district -greater than any other I know of, giving Robt. Laine, Melksham: — I can well recom-

mend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.
Friockheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Sept. 23, 1882 Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicales die out with me but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and a still in as a great de

A certain minister in my neighborhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigels Pills are the only pills which suit his compl'aint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-effect. I have much pleasure in commending again to suffering furnanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist.
A J. White, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,

(Signed) N. Webb,

Mr. White.

A. J. White.

(Limited) 57 St. Targette.

Mr. White. Chemist Calne. A. J. White, (Limited) 67 St. James Street, Montreal

For sale by all druggists, and by A. J White limited), 67 St. James street city.

A SORROWFUL CHRISTMAS AT NAN'

TICOKE. WILKESDARRE, Pa., December 25.—Nanti-coke never witnessed a sadder Christmas. The festive gatherings in household and church were overshadowed by the prevailing gloom and sorrow. None could forget the terrible fate of the twenty-six men and boys buried 200 feet below ground in the dark chambers of the fatal slope. After further discussion and consultation by the engineers to-day, the company finally decided to sink a new shaft from the surface at a point directly above where the bodies are supposed to be. This shaft will be about 175 feet deep, and it will take from four to six weeks to complete it, even with the most rapid work. The excavation of the blocked gangway from the foot of the slope goes steadily forward, but it is a very slow process and months will elapse before the mine is cleared. Prayers were offered this morning in every church throughout the Wyoming valley for the unfortunate men.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

The greatest consolation to one growing old is the improved surroundings which come with age, experience and wisdom.

We are reminded of this fact by the appearance of the new Seed Annual of D. M. Ferry & Co., the celebrated seedsmen of Detroit, Mich. (They enjoy the envisible reputation of being the widest and best known firm in any business in the United States.) Millions of people, gardening both for profit and pleasure, have found ever increasing satisfaction and delight in using their seeds.

seeds.

Every one desiring seeds of the highest type and best quality should secure their Annual.

It is sent free on application.

In the land of the Hindoos, who are a very amiable and gentle people, there is in many houses a room called the krodhagars, or chamber of bad humor, which serves the purpose of the corner for naughty children.