Cleaning Out a Gang of Pirates.

BY M. QUAD. During the year 1868 no less than three trading vessels fitted out at Singapore for traffic in the Java Sea eriously disappeared, and no trace mysteriously disap of them could be them could be discovered. Two ore were added to the list early in June 1869, and about July 1 it was whispered around that a nest of pirates had been discovered on an island off the north coast of Java. If the news were true the chieftain of the gang be a bold fellow indeed, and needed looking after at once.

The merchants at Singapore were talking of fitting out a ship to investi-gate, when H. M.'s crusier The Shark She was one of the old fashioned ten-gun brigs once so numer ous, and at that time was engaged in a survey of the south coast of Borneo, or about to be. As I was one of her crew I can relate what happened during the next two weeks first-handed.

It seems that the story of the pirate was accepted as a fact, for we overhauled our armament, took in a lot of ammunition and strengthened our crew by fourteen men before sailing.

These men were drafted out of a new crew belonging to a man-of-war which had been wrecked on the Malay coast, and all were old hands. The Captain got his bearings from some source unknown to us, and when we left Singapore the brig was headed to the east. We jogged along down the coast of Sumatra for a week without any unusual incident, and though we spoke a score of crafts none of them had any information about the pirate. The crew had begun to ridicule the idea when something occurred to open our eyes very

One morning, about an hour after daylight, we came up with a Dutch trader, which was taking care of her-All her sails had been cut away ropes were flying in every direction and she was so low in the water that we wondered why she didn't go down. When a boat pulled off to her it was to find the captain mortally wounded and his wife and two sailors stiff and dead and horribly mutulated on the deck beside him. We got him off, but had no time to give the bodies burial before the little craft went down. The captain was a man about forty years of age, and though hardly alive when found him he rallied enough to tell

his story The trader had been trafficking along the Java coast and had finally completed his cargo and headed for Singapore. Just at sunset on the previous evening he had been overhauled by a native craft carrying about forty men. He was then about ten miles off the coast and about five miles south of the island known as the "Queen's Bower." He had no suspicion whatever of the natives, and the first thing he knew they boarded his craft and began to cut and slash. When they had finished the crew they began to plunder and strip the vessel, and were with her until midnight. Before leaving they bored her full of holes, and we had reached her just in time to rescue the captain. The first craft was joined by two others later on, and the three carried at least a hundred desperate fellows. The captain heard and understood enough to satisfy him that they were an organized gang of pirates and that they were also well equipped for their bloody business.

Sea was and is a great highway i did not seem possible that men would take such a risk as those pirates had. The trader said that no less than three friendly sails were in sight when he was attacked, but all too far away to signal, even had he been warned in time to do something. Owing to the shoals surrounding the island our craft could not approach near enough to use her guns and shell the fellows out, and we were not strong enough to land from our boats and deal with them. The sight of our armed vessel nosing around would put the pirates on their guard, and it was resolved to play them a Yankee trick. We ran into a bay on the coast and set to work

You are probably aware of the facthat an English man-of-war, no matter how large or how small, is a pattern of neatness and regulation, and the her sails will alone establish her identity while her hull is yet below the We had, therefore, to undo and overhaul a great deal. put everything in seeming confusion disguised her hull as much as possible, and when we left the bay. The Shark had the look of a merchant man which had been through a typhon and was too short-handed to make repairs. The Dutch Captain died on the day after we found him, and his last words were a prayer that we might fall in with and punish the pirates.

It was just at daylight that we approached off the north coast of the land and anchored on a bank about three miles from the beach. Men were sent aloft as if engaged in repairs, a boat was got down as if to work on the hull, and the crew remained in hiding below. No doubt the fellows ashore had a lookout in some tree, and pro-vided with a good glass could see everything going on abroad. It was hardly sunrise when a small native craft, with four men in her, came out to within pistol-shot of us to make an investigation. Our captain hailed them and they replied with gestures to signify that they would return to the shore for help. They evidently took us for what we pretended to be, and we were piped to breakfast feeling that would succeed.

put out for us. A man aloft glass reported that each craft York World.

was crowded with natives, and it was now our plan to weigh anchor and make a little sail and pretend to be standing away from them as if alarmed. The object was to draw them as far away from shore as possible, and we had added a mile to the distance when the foremost boat came within hail. She hadn't a gun of any sort in sight, but she had forty-eight desperate looking villains in plain view, and every one of them had a cutlass and pistol. While her captain was hailing us in a language no one could under stand, she was slowly edging along down upon our starboard quarter. At the same time a second craft was drawing ahead on the port side, and the third kept in our wake.

Only seven or eight men were in sight on our decks, and the natives emed to have no suspicions of a trick. The breeze was a little bit too strong for their manœuvring at first, but after we were about six miles off shore the two suddenly closed in to board us. Our captain had been closely watching them and waiting for this move, and of a sudden the drum beat to quarters, and our decks were alive with men. was captain of No. 3 gun crew, and had the honor of firing the first shot. It was a solid ball, and it struck the craft on her port bow, and went clean through her and dropped into the sea beyond. This opened the fight; the natives instantly realized that they had caught a Tartar, and they saw, that their only means of escape lay in capturing the ship. Therefore, away, as instead of running away, as we had looked for, each craft bore down on us to board. bore They were handled as easily as an Indian manœuvres a canoe, and it like wolves seeking to hamstring a deer. I fired another solid shot, and

wasn't five minutes after the first gun was fired ere they were on our quarters then loaded with grape, and this last charge was fired right into a mass of natives waiting to clamber up the side. The gun next to me fired a solid shot, which tore through her bottom, and two minutes later she foundered right alongside of us. The second craft got near enough to grapple, but the irons were thrown off, and two guns played solid shot into her hull until she went down stern foremost, leaving thirty men struggling in the waves. The third craft had forged ahead sailing five feet to our one, and would have boarded us at the bows but for

he sudden destruction of the others. Their fate frightened her off, but she had scarcely laid her head for the island than it was brought around, as if her crew had made some desperate resolve. Now occurred a curious thing. She had about thirty men on board, and she came down on with every one of them shouting and screaming, and tried to lay us aboard. We could have sunk he with one gun even, or we could have picked off the whole crev with our muskets before they had crossed the rail. Word was passed to give her a full broadside at command and when the smoke cleared away she was not to be seen. There were over twenty of the pirates hanging to the wreckage around us, however, and oat was lowered to pick them up You can indge of their desperatio when I tell you that every one of then fought like a tiger against being picked up, and that we got only five out of the lot. The others we had to kill as they floated about with the The island mentioned was not over sharks snapping at them. Two twenty miles away, and as the Java of the five leaped out of the boat after being pulled in, and were seen no more, and the others gave us so much trouble that the captain swung them up to the yard-arm. Thus, not one single man of the hundred or more who came out to attack us escaped with his life I was in one of the two boats afterwards ent ashore to see what sort of a lair the pirates had made for themselves. The only human beings ashore were an old native woman, a one-armed Japanese, and a white boy about foureen years of age. This boy was off an English trader captured the year before, and had been held prisone ever since. He said there were one hundred and seven men in the gang, and we found enough plunder on the island to load our ship. They had cap tured about a dozen different vessels They had cap large and small, and in every case had plundered and sunk them. They did not always kill all the crew. Soon after the boy was captured they brought in an American sailor off a spice trader The boy knew him only by the name of William, but remembered that his home was in Boston. It turned out that they had spared his life to make use of him as a blacksmith, but when they found he had no knowledge of that work he was put to death. By order of the chief he was hung in

The boy went with us and showed us his bones still hanging. The one-armed man and the old woman, assisted by the boy, where the cooks for the gang. They at first seemed very much alarmed, and protested their innocence of any com plicity in the crimes of the pirates, bu when they came to understand that all the villains had met their fate, and that we had come ashore to clear the sland of its last bale of plunder, they suddenly ran into a rude store-house blocked up the doorway with boxe and opened fire on us with pistols. We had two men wounded before we could dislodge them, and they were then hanged to the same limb and their bodies left to the birds. What plunder we could not bring off we burned on the island, and before leav ing we set the forest on fire in a dozen About 8 o'clock, with the wind places, and the flames did not die out until the whole length and breadth had been swept clean of vegetation .- New

chains on a tree about a quarter of a

mile away, and was eleven days in

A CANDID PROTESTANT.

Interesting Impressions Gleaned in Great Catholic Capital.

The following letter, written by Dr. Don M. Bosworth, a Protestant physic ian, of Atlanta, who is now in Austria, was published in the Atlanta Journal: Vienna, Austria. — The silence that prevails in the university and the reat Austrian hospital at this hour is emarkable; and in the silence and essation of work I have time to give a ew lines to the Journal.

At present Easter is on, and this great city, of over 1,000,000 inhabitants, is giving religious attention in the many churches here. Speaking of free churches, one should see some of these Vienna church buildings especially see inside of and take in their magnificent appointment decorations and furnishings, by the side of which all the churches of our own lovable city of Atlanta sink into shadows. And in these magnificent churches, too, there is spiritual worship, or, to me, impressive worship for I have visited many of them, no altogether through curiosity, but actuated by a wish to observe the Sabbath and be benefited, if possible, by the worship. The longer one lives and the more

one sees and reads, the more one be comes, not liberal-minded, but really nformed, and the less one is preindiced or envious against others do not believe just as they believe. Here the Catholic Church is greatly in the ascendency, being many more in number and in strength than all other denominations together. Their churches and church property are the finest in the city—numbering sixty churches in all, including chapels; while there are only three Protest and three Greek churches, with a few synagogues; and with all their splen lor, numbers, influence and great wealth, they are certainly a goodly and spiritual people, as is evidenced by their worship. Yesterday the death by their worship. Yesterday the death of our Blessed Saviour was illustrated by an image lying in the tomb with al around decorations of mourning, and over the tomb was the cross upon which He was crucified. This was such an impressive scene that it imprints on the minds of children, to say nothing of a grown person, a scene of crucifix ion that they can never forget; its sad ness, and the fully apparent sufferings that had been endured by our Blessed Lord, is indelibly fixed upon the mind so strong that the mind ever reverts to t with pity when it is referred to Thus, when one is listening to a ser mon in which the crucifixion of our Saviour is spoken of (and no religious denomination teaches the story of the cross more than do these Catholics) this impressive scene flashes in the mind and helps the listener to better comprehend the readings of the Scriptures or the speaker. I stood and b neld this scene and I wondered to my elf, noting the sadness, expressive of ove, depicted on the thousands of faces present, "do these Catholic people lov our Saviour better than we Protest ants?" Gazing at the wonderful archi ecture of their church buildings, the finish within and the grandeur with out, and the impressive lessons taught here by solemn worship, prayers, songs and sermons, illustrated by such cenes as just described, fittingly teach ing all ages and all grades of intell gence the great truths which our Pro testant ministers are always striving to explain, and our catechism and Sur day-school literature teaches, I could not help but espouse the full belief that

row, that leads toward the pearly To-day these many churches are filled with people who go to worship. and, of course, go fasting. It is strange thing, nevertheless true, that the churches of the Catholic people everywhere are the finest, the most ubstantial buildings possible; partic ularly is this true here in Vienna Good church buildings are a contribu tion to the Lord, and is evidence of the faith of the people. While most of the churches here are buildings of almost antiquity, still there is an archtectural style of magnificence about them which is scarcely to be repre duced to-day. largest in the city and the oldest. ower ranks, I believe, fourth height with the churches of the world. and it was here where the Turks atacked, tunnelled under and destroyed the city. Of course, this makes this nagnificent church very historical, and ts style of architecture is not surbassed by the church here known Votivkirche, which was recently opened to worship. It is, of course, a nodern in architecture as human skill of the present day could devise, being built by the Emperor on a spot where ne came near being assasinated, and t is praiseworthy of him, as one of the great rulers in Europe, that he in this way openly expressed his gratitude to the Great Cretor for his timely deliverance. It impresses his millions of sub ects of his own recognition of the hand of Providence, which was a fine object Think of it! an emperor thus signifying his gratitude toward his Maker so fittingly and openly is enough to impress his subjects and lease His all-seeing eye.

hose are Christians and are traveling

in the middle of the road, if it be nar

Often my mind reverts to my hom n Atlanta and her churches; of the many devices adopted and the scheme put forth there to raise money for varous church purposes. I refer church fairs, concerts, entertainments, ice-cream festivals given by the prominent female members (always by the "society" portion), and, still worse, lotteries and raffles, and I wonder why they don't have them in Vienna. one need tell me that these people are

not good people, honorable and spirit ual, for I mix and mingle with them and while none of them say long pray ers at opening of service by which one can judge of their religion, and none of them that I have heard of profes holiness or sanctification, yet by abso lute contact with them I know that many of them are genuine Christians. Another thing that I have never seen here which I have sometimes though was too common at home, the giving of church entertainments to which admission is charged, and send ing girls of tender years around town with tickets soliciting purchases, which is inducive curious young men to buy, even they not care to attend; yet I know these are Christian people, and if ever my feet are permitted to tread Ameri can soil again my open hand will grasp freely all Catholics, as well as other denominations, saying "my brother," though I am an all-wool Methodist (possibly not a yard wide and expect to always be.

The so-called heathen in many foreign lands need less care and constraint than these young, tender girls who are sent out to tramp, selling tickets to church entertainments, together with those older female sisters who preside over the societies

Here, it seems to me, the people have not the time to get up our fashionable American church entertainments; and I often wonder why when I see them at church in the very act of solemn worship and see then without the walls of the church, living demonstratively of what they profess in church worship, I am forced to the conclusion that they are Christians, and I wonder why they don't have church fairs and take up a collection at every service by passing around the hat or basket. And I am amazed

that they do not catch on. Another thing rather astonishes one who is from America, and that is why the churches and "societies" don't send off missionary money to far away China, Japan, Mexico and the North American Indian reservation. On inquiry of a German friend who is near by while I am writing (for this only came in my mind this hour of this special phase of Vienna life), I learn that the churches, the city and even the Government give liberally to the poor, take care of the sick and afflicted. for which this great hospital is maintained, and that suffering within her own gates is relieved first and that her ministry is sustained fully, not getting in debt around the corne honestly), and failing to meet obligations because their membership won But after those within her pay them. own household are cared for properly then liberal contributions are sent any suffering people or nation, as aid in giving succor to humanity that may stand in need of it.

And thus the mind is ever confused to understand why this liberal-minded people don't harmonize more with American ideas. Still I am firm in my convicton that it is not because they are not Christian, or really good people. Here there is no prohibition party. Drunkenness is not common and yet nearly everybody, both old and young, male and female, drink

Strong drinks are not indulged in and possibly this explains why there is so little crime here, and why there is comparatively no theft here, and nurder is almost unknown. Human life is as safe in the back streets of uburbs of the city on the darkest of nights as on Whitehall street in our own Atlanta at high twelve. It is a act that the law here is vigorously en forced, which is the greatest deterer well as demurrer of crtme.

So much cencerning the churche and the religious expressions and con ditions as I see them in Venna. ing that I have not worried any one, and have not "offended one of these little ones," I close a rather free expression of wandering thoughts, praying that He who doeth all things will may bless every soul in my dear home, Atlanta, and all the people of home, Atianus, dear old Georgia. Don M. Bosworth.

The Little Bootblack.

A hundred years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford, England, whos ousiness it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name wa George, grew rapidly in favor with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, his industriou habits, and faithful deeds, won thei They saw in him the admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they pro osed to teach him a little every Eager to learn, George accepted their proposition; and he soon surprised his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can tudy well," said one of the students.
'Keen as a briar," said another:

Pluck enough to make a hero. But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. n step by step, just as the song goes-

"One step and then another." until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the gos- tained to it, and thought of pel to admiring thousands. bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitfield.

Economy: "100 Doses One Dollar." Merit: "Peculiar to Itself." Purity: Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Purity: Hood starsaparita.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

THEY HAVE A CROZIER, TOO!

Another "Roman Article" added to Bishop Grafton's Creed.—A Catholic Describes the "Services" and the Bishop's Address.

Milwaukee Citizen.

It was rumored in our town, prior to June 23, that on that day his "Lord ship the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac, would confirm a class in the Church of the Nativity, and that the Bishop would wear in addition to the somewhat fantastical (in contras with the robes formerly worn by Bishops of the Protestant Episcopa Church) dress a cope and mitre. Hay ing been under the delusion that the cope and mitre were worn only by Bishops of the Catholic Church, my curiosity led me to attend the services not only to see a Protestant Episcopal Bishop in cope and mitre and also the style and make of them, but to see whether his "lordship' would appear "to the nanor born." I assure you there was no lack in elegance and richness of material used and that the Bishop appeared as much out of his elemen as a Catholic Bishop would in a Protestant Episcopal Church.

The services began by the playing

and singing of what I understand i called a "processional hymn;" during this singing the sacristy door opened a young man in cassock and surplice entered, followed by two of the clergy and at last our eyes were greeted with the sight of a P. E. bishop clad, to all appearance, in the garb of a Catholic ishop, and you may rest assured it was a very unwelcome spectacle to every member of this church composed of very, very Low churchmen. very confusing to know just what nam to apply to the service of the P. F. Church. The Rev. Ritchie, of New York city, calls it "Mass;" Bishop Grafton, "late celebration;" the Lov Church people, "morning prayer; each party resenting the name used 1 any other party as a sort of insult. In trying to find a name inoffensive to all, I referred to their prayer-book and finding masses condemned and forbidden emphatically I gave up the search. When sermon time was reached His "Lordship" removed cope and mitre and coming to the front of the chancel, behold, there was resting on his shoulders a bishop's cape. He seemed so much more at his ease by the removal of cope and mitre that I wondered he did not add to the evident feeling of relief by removing the cape he may have thought the people would be so dazed by his unusual appearance that the cape would pass unnoticed. Well, next came the most extraordinary sermon I ever heard: He said, in substance, that not only

persons but the Church was subject t omnambulism and must be awakened -that there was bodily sleep and spirit al sleep and that at times when the Church was laboring under these spells errors crept in, sins were committed in per name and with her sanction; that t became necessary that she be aroused and purified from them; then began a irade on the Popes, notably those of he tenth century; the Church at that time was sorely afflicted with one of The only inference I could draw from his story was that the Church was spiritually under a "spell from the tenth to the sixteenth century and then began a reform. While try ng to enlighten us as to the benefits derived during this return to spiritua life, he became very obscure in his statements—spoke of being released from the "tyranny of the Pope," giving the "open Bible" to the people restoring the service of the vernacu lar," and wept at the benefit bestowed on all who became Anglicans.

Then he told us the corruptions wer o great that not only in England but on the continent there were great awakenings, the only difference being that while those outside of the Anglican communion followed men such as Luther, Calvin, Wesley and others, and were, therefore, out of the Church we (and it was such a long-drawn-out big we) followed Christ.

I believe this is what has given ris to the so-called "branch-theory"; they are the "Anglican branch," Catholics the "Roman branch"—which would be all right, as far as they are concerned, if they would only show us the tree to which they are attached—this they fail to do, a living (?) branch without a liv

ing tree is an anomaly. He then told us of another spell the Anglican Church had and how she was awakened by what is called the "Ox ford movement:" how under the lead ership of such men as Pusey and Keble they awoke to new life and light. He was so overcome by the glory times that he utterly ignored the greatest, most loved, and holiest man connected with the movement, who at that time left the "branch" and joined the Catholic Church — Cardinal Newman of blessed memory, presumably because he said: "I looked at her; (the Catholic Church) at her rites, her ceremon ials and her precepts, and I said

'This is a religion, and then, when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church, for which I had labored s hard, and upon all that had appervarious attempts to dress it up doctrinally and asthetically, it seemed to me to be the veriest of nonentities : and again: "As to its possession of an episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles, well, it may have it, and if the Holy See ever so decide, I will believe it, as being the decision of a higher judgment than my own; but, for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, tor myseif, I must have St. Philip's gift, we saw the sacerdotal character on the forehead of a gaily-attired youngster before I can, by my own wit, acquiesce in fore I can, by my own wit, acquiesce in it, for antiquarian arguments are alteclars Liniment is used by Physicians

gether unequal to the urgency of visble facts.

The Bishop soon closed his remarks resumed his cope and mitre and, after confirming a class of six, the "services "-I hope no one is offended-con tinued after much singing and some peculiar ceremonies, such as I had never seen before in that or any other church,

we were dismissed. I returned home indignant that I had even been present at a "service" that ought to be, at least, solemn and impressive and did not have even a semblance of either. A CATHOLIC. Jacksonport, Wis., June 27, 1891.

P. S. Since writing the above, some facts have come to light which if omitted would leave my account unfinished It is fortunate that the validity of the confirmation did not depend on the ab sence or presence of a crozier; i seemed they had one but unintentionally it was left in the carriage, and they had the services without it. Of course the people never having seen one in a Protestant Episcopal Church, did not notice its absence and it could not have been of any great importance to the Bishop or his office or it would not have been forgotten. Another thing which adds to the interest of this affair is, that at Ahnapee, a neighboring town, they had services the 21st of June, and there they had candles on the altar which were lighted for the occasion, and besides those present at the services here, they had two sisters and four seminarians, and of course the crozier, for they could not forget it twice in one tour.

A Royal Devil.

"When Ismail Pasha, the extravarant khedive of Egypt, reigned over that historical land," said an acquaint ance of the notorious ruler to the Chicago Evening Post, "he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak I never tired of looking at them. One day while walkng with his highness in the garden the keeper, accompanied by a pretty ittle girl, entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions. The khedive and walked towards the cage to watch the beasts eat. They were hungry and pounced upon their food with a ravenus fury that chilled me. Standing close by the cage with her hands rest ng on the bars, was the little child. her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze inside the enclosure.

"Why do you permit your daughter go so near the lions?" the khedive asked the keeper.

" 'Oh, replied the keeper, 'they are so accustomed to her they would not

harm her. "'Then open the door and put her nside, 'said the khedive. "My blood froze at the command, for

ommand it was. I tried to speak, but ould not. I was unable even to move. The keeper, with the submissiveness of those who know their lives will pay for feit if they disobey their ruler, made with his eyes a plea for mercy. eeing none in the khedive's face, he kissed the little one tenderly, lifted her up, opened the door, placed her inside and as the door swung he turned his face away and groaned. The little one, though she did not stir, seemed not afraid. The lions appeared surprised and as the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily, the father did not see the beast. The khedive alone was un moved, and stood gazing at the seen calmly and with the curious smile I had often seen play upon his features when watching the dance of a ballet. This lion went up to the child, smelled of her, ooked at her for fully half a minute then lay down at her feet and beat the loor with his tail. Another lion approached. The first one gave an ominion growl and the second lion went back. The others crouched low, and each second I expected them to spring but they did not. This continued, I think, about five minutes, the big lion

ceaselessly lashing the floor. 'The khedive, by this time, was evidently satisfied, and turned to the keeper and commanded him to thrust a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a celerity I have never seen equaled the keeper caught a stray ing lamb and obeyed. As he did so every lion sprang upon the lamb.

never taking his eyes from the girl, and

"'Take out the child,' the khedive commanded, and scare had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage. jerked open the door, snatched the little one out, and clasped her in his The khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and, taking my arm, walked on.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co, Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 15, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$19; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to lith, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Sent St., Toronto not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

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Mothers and Nurses.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhea, dysentery, cranaps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

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