The breeze had moderated, and as our progress against the current of the river was slow, the attacking party had time to reload and again salute us as we

time to reload and again save to reload and again save as a save another street. A rent was made in one of our sails, but no other damage was done. We sent back no response, but a hearty cheer and a prosponse, but a hearty tapping of our drum.

sponse, but a hearty cheer and a protest in the sharp tapping of our drum. At a third volley, however, our men could be with difficulty restrained.

"By old Nerens, commander," cried the captain to me, "let us give them a

slap!"
"Steady, men, and silence," I replied.
"Wait for your orders."
From the Queen's Wharf a small steamer now put out to intercept us. We reserved our fire still, but a fourth round of shot from the town told upon us. One

of our men was disabled, another slightly wounded. The sight of blood shed in

ly wounded. The sight of blood shed in conflict rouses the wolf in a man. My little band were muttering their impatience in curses, and our ship was in position to bring one of our guns directly to bear upon the crowd ashore.

"Now," I shouted, and let loose the loose in war.

dogs of war.
The effect of this return fire we could

The effect of this return fire we could not tell, but it must have spread either have or fear. We had a fifer as well as a drummer among us, and these musicians struck up the stirring tune of "Yankee Doodle." With all possible speed the steamer ordered out to drive us away altered her course and, wheeling around, made up the river. We sent one or two shots after her and followed as if in chase, but only with the view

as if in chase, but only with the view of getting about the head of the island.

We afterwards heard that she put into the shore at a point far above, where her erew and the men who had volun-

NOT AFRAID.

teered against us took to the woods.

time it was nearly midnight. TO BE CONTINUED.

The man looked up.

to shoes. "Minin' engineer?"

1909.

nted pieces of we placed one r, making them neans of ropes. hister and pre-l, for whatever ow lay on the and from the Sutherland and cluded he had idly by, Cam

they were to ave fled to Malintarily. "With orrow, and then the place is de-

in a canoe with the forces on a

e bade me come mpau, glumly. xample of insubrder to the men.
soldier is to obey
thall comply with
unced. pose we fight our anel rather than

onel rather than e hour? Othermorning to reach led the captain. He, but I was nog anchor we once on, chiefly Englishe well armed with , and emboldered spirit. Selecting add these lie down t I directed to ret I directed to reep in readiness to cant should necesg in, the wind was e toward the Can-pard we were as

asleep. The least eard as the helms-toward the head of slowly along we course was arousing ong the inhabitants Across the water burch bells ringing ple together. drums summoning shore, evidently resist the attack

rontier. As we ap-saw the wharves the river lined with ere, plainly, ready to re so close the and?" asked Ramon

"There is a signal ugh the gathering

aving lantern that at there are many

s a signal from some the code at the fort, hope that we may certain chance, no med two or three of ably. So far as I can 'Do not land. This I will obey it, come sh! No one but our-

d it. Whoever our ay be, he must not be instant, beyond the dashed and again dis-raised his head.

light was waved by , and even in that the fellow laughed a

Even with him, for commander, not the ski," I replied curtly,

the enemy I should ismissal from the ser-ssible." ne sharply and at once ere?" cried out some

y tone. sketry here punctuated n. It passed over our e of our men who had nted gunpowder learned

sic made by bullets as

the air.

rom the shore.
of your affair," I called

er is that? Are you ag and decide for your-

we shall fire on you," \mathbf{me} voice. \mathbf{d} be \mathbf{d} — \mathbf{d} ," I returned, quick laugh. "I'll promise to walk beside the wagon. It might make the haul a little easier for the horses."
"Sit still," said the driver. "Th' team's all right. This piece o' climbin' don't last much longer." He paused. "I'm takin' quite a fancy to yon, young fellow." He laughed. "That's a good deal for Jim Haskins to say." deal for Jim Haskins to say."

"Thank you," said the passenger.

"I'll rely on you to say a good word for ma."

The stout man suddenly smiled.

"Ever since I was a small boy."
The stout man moved his head again.
"What are you—minin' engineer?"

"Goin' to stay for any length o' time?"

"I hope so."
The stout man shook his head.
"I dunno as you'll like it," he said
"I dunno as you'll he is now to

"They gen'ly don't. An' jest now the boys are a good deal stirred up over th' old superintendent bein' fired."

"And why should the miners have such a high regard for the old superintendent." the young man asked.

tendent?" the young man asked.
"They're a queer lot," the driver answered. "They like Jack Barclay

cause he wuz a good deal of a man when

he wuz sober. Jack was the fust feller down the shaft after the explosion two

years ago. He wasn't 'fraid o' nuthin'
—an' that's what th' boys liked in him."

He bent forward a little more, his eyes on the laboring team. They were wind ing around the side of the mountsin, a

somewhat stiff grade, and the team was feeling the weight of the load.

"Shall I get out?" the young man presently salved

"No," replied the passenger with a quick laugh. "I'll promise to walk beside the results of the property of the promise to walk be-

presently asked.
"Afraid?" chuckled the driver.

longer. Like hosses?"
"Very much"

"Handled 'em any?"

"Why do you want my good word?".
The passenger laughed lightly.

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Huron & Erie

"Why? Because I'm the new super-

stopped obediently.
"It's all down hill th' rest of th' way,"
he said. "I always give 'em a little
breather here. You can get out an' walk to the level of you want to."
"No," said George Guthrie. "I'll

teered against us took to the woods.

As for us, we soon rounded Bois Blanc, and discovering by the watch fires where Sutherland had encamped, we made for the smaller island and landed. By this time it was a search with the statement of the same production. ride. "Th' road would be purty good et 'twasn't for th' bowlders, an' we ain't in no condition to stand a sudden jar.

holding them in firmly, his short figure thrust forward, his keen eyes on the

And then something happened. It was not the unexpected. Quite likely the old driver had carried the thought of this emergency down the hill with him

As the passenger train drew alongside the station a slender young man stepped to the platform. He was less than thirty, a boyish looking fellow, a little above medium height, straight and square shouldered. The newcomer paused and looked about him. The few shabby idlers rehorse suddenly slipped and fell. As the animal went down, Haskins, who was leaning well forward, was jerked from his seat and half turning fell heavily across the sharp edge of the dashboard. He gave a low groan and turned white. George Guthrie reached forward and drew the old man back to his seat, his hands still clutching the reins. As the driver dropped the fallen horse scrambled to its feet and both horses plunged forward. The plunge was so sudden that the reins would have been dragged from the old man's hands had not George caught them.

Give him a mighty cheer of welcome, boys. Now!"

A wild roar went up from the excited throng as the old man, limp and trembling, fell back in George Guthrie's arms. "You've won 'em, lad," he gasped. "It's all right now."—W. R. Ross, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE CAUSE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

ARCHBISHOF MOELLER'S STRONG ENDORSEMENT OF THE MOYEMENT.

Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller sent about him. The few sharby laters regarded him curiously. He stepped up to a stout man in an oily jacket who was endeavoring to decipher the markings on a box of freight.

"Station Master?"

'I want to get to the mines. What's The man looked him over from derby The place ain't bad, but it's a mighty tough gang to handle. Jest now, they're all stirred up over the firin' of the old suprintendent. Got drunk and

the old suprintendent. Got drunk and let some property get destroyed an came near killing a lot o' the men. Then the old man Guthrie fired him. But th' miners didn't want him to go."

The stranger only nodded and passed on.

"The stout man suddenly similed.
"They understand the bizness they're engaged in," he said with a dry chuckle.
"Gettin' a little old now, an' I'm afeared th' nigh hoss won't stand it much leaves." Like become?" figure gripping the reins.
"Cut them loose," cried the stranger

"Cut them loose," cried the stranger as he drew the team to a standstill. George Guthrie stooped and lifted the old man to the seat.
"Haskins has been hurt," he told them. "A little brandy will revive him." A flask was quickly passed up and pressed to the driver's lips.

" Men," he cried, and his voice sud-The old driver held in the horses with a sudden tightening of the reins. They topped obediently.

denly grew strong. "You all know me, old Jim Haskins. I've been hurt, and I've topped obediently. rve rubbed elbows with dean, and something to tell you. The horse fell on th' hill yonder an' the team ran away —ran away with all that death behind —ran away with all that death behind

ran away with all that death behind us—an' I was hurt an 'helpless—an' this boy caught the reins away from me'—
"No," said George Guthrie. "I'll tide."
"Th' road would be purty good ef twasn't for th' bowlders, an' we ain't in condition to stand a sudden jar. Bitap."
The horses moved ahead, the driver holding them in firmly, his short figure

—ran away with all that death behind us—an' I was hurt an 'helpless—an' this boy caught the reins away from me'—be looked up—"caught th' reins an' gripped 'em fast, an' I cried to him to jump and save himself—an' he wouldn't do it, men—he wouldn't leave me—he clung fast to th' lines an' kept the team on th' road—an' me lying there helpless an' all that death behind us—an' he swung 'em round the curve, there helpless an all that death behind us—an he swung 'em round the curve, men—you know th' place—an' he brought the team down here." His voice, which had faltered suddenly grew

of this emergency down the hill with him many times.

As the team, firmly held back by Haskins, felt their way downward, the nighthorse suddenly slipped and fell. As the animal went down, Haskins, who was leaning well forward, was jerked from

caught them.

"Jump!" shrieked the old man.

"Jump for your life! Never mind man.

"Jump for your life! Never mind more it may be too late. Jump!"

He clutched at Guthrie's coat, his leaves the convention held at Delaware recently:

Dear Friends, — You have banded to grifting with pain. But the young!

may be too late. Jump?"

The stranger only nodded and passed on.
When he neared a wagon under a tree a stout man suddenly confronted him. "Hullo," said the stout man. He was short in stature, unshaven and roughly clad.
"Hullo," said the traveler. "Are you Mr. Haskins."

The station master suggested than you might take me over to the Gloria mines.
The stout man frowned.
"The station master suggested than you might take me over to the Gloria mines.
The stout man jerked his thumb toward the wagon.
The stout man jerked his thumb toward the wagon.
Thet's dynamite in there," he said.
The stout man stared at him. Then he went to the horses' heads.
"Get in," he growled.
"All right," he quietly said.
"Get in," he growled.
"Chat's ago deteam you have there," he said.
The stout man stared at him toward the bisness they're.
"That's a good team you have there," he said.
The stout man stared at him toward the hisness at dock his seat.
"That's a good team you have there," he said.
The stout man stared at him toward the load behind him shifting, the old man cried out again and covered being and resident out again and covered by the stout that to the stranger, and took his seat.

"That's a good team you have there," he said.
The stout man stared a thim the he went to the horses' heads.
"Get in," he growled.
"That's a good team you have there," he said.
The stout man stared at him the he went to the horses' heads.
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"That's a good team you have there, he said.
The stout man stared at him the he went to the horses' heads.
"Get in," he growled.
"Th

ing himself for the happiness like the Christian; he does not think and reason like a man; he keeps not his appetie within the bounds of nature, like a brute. What then, is the drunkard? The drunkard is nothing but the drunkard is nothing but the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to the fall of the control of drunkard is nothing but the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened."

Moreover, he brings upon himself temporal and eternal, physical and spiritual misery. He causes beauty and health to wither by his intemperance; he makes himself a physical wreck; he

he makes himself a physical wreck; he causes his neighbors to crown his head with scorn; he makes those who are dearest and nearest to him turn away in disgust. Terrible, indeed, are the woes of the drunkard in this life, but who can

describe his misery after death. St. Paul compares the drunkard's sin to that of the offenders against God's law, that of the offenders against God's law, who will be deprived of a place in the kingdom of heaven. "Be not deceived, neither fornicators nor drunkards shall possess the kingdom of Heaven."

One of the best and most effective cures of the vice of intemperance is the practice of total abstinence. We must take care, however, while encouraging and advocating total abstinence, that we exceed not the bounds of charity and moderation, and hurl anathemas at all who refuse to be teetotalers. who refuse to be teetotalers.

He who has unfortunately fallen a vic-He who has unfortunately taffen a vic-tim to the vice of intemperance, is, as a rule, under the obligation of letting all intoxicants alone. It is usually the only way in which he can hope to get rid of the drink habit. He who fears he will become addicted to this vice, especially if he removabers that he has, at times. he remembers that he has, at times, see eded the bounds of moderation, will if he has proper self respect, if he dehat follow in the drunkard's career, if loves his dear and near onesine not to allow any intoxicants to ass his lips. These two classes of per-ons should resolve not to indulge in y intoxicants.

Most of the members of the Catholic otal Abstinence Union do not belong of either the first or second class of perto either the first or second class of persons enumerated above. Why, then, do they practice total abstinence? Love of the neighbor is the cause. While they themselves are not obliged to take the pledge, they take it in order that their example will induce those to take it, who need it. There is no doubt that their example will do more to reform their example will do more to reform their example will do more to reform the drunkard, than the most eloquent sermon on the vices and miseries of the drunkard. Examples are more potent han words. The lover of the cup, who will accomplish more by example in will accomplish more by example, in reforming the drunkard and banishing ntemperance from our midst, than can be effected by the most rigid total abnence legislation.

I must not close this letter without aking a word of encouragement and agratulation to the women who have ned the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. They realize wore than man, that drinking wrecks domestic happiness, and usually they feel, in all its severity, the misery springing from intemperance. Hence, it is no wonder they should be induced to practice total bstinence, with a view to restore happiness and peace to the home. But this is not their only, and I venture to say, the not their only, and I venture to say, the principal purpose that animates them. The motive, which dominates above all others, is love for God and the neighbor. The women of Jerusalem wept when they beheld our Lord's anguish, and our they beheld our Lord's anguish, and our Catholic women grieve because of the offenses offered to our Lord, and the disgrace brought on the Church by intemperance. They are also filled with compassion for the drunkard, on account of the misery, present and future, which he brings upon himself. To make reparation to God for the drunkard's excesses, they deny themselves what they lead him back to Christ, to place him again on the way to heaven, they impose upon themselves the task of practicing total abstinence. Shame on the father, son, brother, or friend, who will resist

such an example of devotion. Members of the Catholic Total Ablowers, and He will bestow upon you, here and hereafter, the blessings which He has in store for His followers and

I hope the Catholic Total Abstinence Union will prosper, and that many will join its ranks and fight the demon of

Sincerely yours in Christ, † HENRY MOELLER, Archbishop of Cincinnati. Educational.

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Half of Ireland Belongs to Tillers.

"The American mind can hardly conceive that less than thirty years ago," said Michael J. Ryan, president of the United Irish League of America, in a recent lecture, "half of the land of Ireland was owned by absentee landlords and companies, and the other half was in the hands of 3,000 owners. The land of 5,000,000 of people was in the hands of about 3,700 persons. The re are today 301,000 tenant farmers in the island, and more than half of the land has "The American mind can hardly conand more than half of the land has passed into the possession of those who

"The penal laws have been repealed The penal laws have been repealed and the tithe system has been abolished. Every tenant that has been evicted in Ireland during the last thirty years has been restored to his old home, and the arrears of rent charged against him have been cancelled. The land courts have adjusted the rental of 360,136 farms and have reduced them more than \$7,500,000 a year. More than 126,000 families have been enabled to purchase farms with money advanced by the government, to be repaid in sixty-eight years at nominal interest. Several thousand families have been removed at government expense from unproductive farms to more fertile lands purchase for them by the government, to be paid for by the farmer within sixty-eight

Plain Enough. An original specimen of a Western human being asks us in all seriousness, "What is the difference between the Catholic Church and the Protestant Church? Are they not all Christian Churches? Well, the answer is not very difficult. The Catholic Church is only one church, and the Protestant Church includes a couple of hundred. The Catholic Church was founded by Christ, the Redeemer, when He came upon this earth; just one Church. The other churches were founded by different men at different times and by some paration to God for the drunkard's excesses, they deny themselves what they might without sin, enjoy. To reclaim a father, a son, a brother, or a friend and lead him back to Christ, to place him argin on the way to heaven, they impose women in recent times, on the blasphem

Remarkable Case.

A remarkable case of healing by a sort of Emmanuel movement was cited the other day by a Boston physician. He said that Dr. Weir Mitchell gave stinence Union, go on with the good work in which you are engaged. The charity which animates you, shows that you are Christ's disciples. The mortification of total abstinence which you practice, manifests that you are His followers, and He will bestow upon you, here and hereafter, the blessings which He has in store for His followers and the said that Dr. Weir Mitchell gave one of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like herself. day I had an attack of the old sort—laughing and crying together—and the trouble was brought to an end in two minutes simply by the use of the book. Mamma spanked me with it."—The Catholic Fortnightly Review.

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are men enough on the same without hiring extra help.

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