## JANUARY 11, 1896.

## ere doin'! Get up of Heaven. Ochone! I chance ye'll have,

JARY 11, 1896.

From what?" cried indignation at the stonishment, as the sited her bundle on d her on to her feet. an' slaughterin' an es to the like o' you ed, her rough hands rs.Clare's little bare shoes, and flinging happened to come muslin wrapper t the Sepoy devils depot, an' our solshand, and no shot Hark to thim Och, hurry,

in' woman! There an hour hince, nor ot from here !" ?" stammered Mrs. mean our batallion

a couple of hun-Misthress, dear, stan' there. There as wasn't drugged, he was, an' the er at the gate was n hacked thro' and turned straight

yez bed ye were, ye." said . Mrs. Clare ale, but still holdyourself; I could ther, far and Capck in a few hour nd if he does not I

ed till I got here,

here. d Mary, contemptthink I would be , if that was all? etther for the Capave to the black ild's brains dashed they did with the Missus, I'm flyin ie boy's here, an' t you, for the Cap nd kind to Jim. ! Ye'll walk bet ye were tied to a Here, take hould o' wl the childer toem, an' kape close spake above yer so !"

ish girl was para-the lady followed of a child in her

was red as blood of her own house ters ; and in that re could see the th black figures. seemed alive and armoil of shrieks, gony or triumph. ient, and then, as f their successful r mind, Gertrude to the side of the ry existence she ly ignored, and

ing: escape ! What

foller me, or it'll y uttered in curt ed into a dense pear and jungle ath in front with leaving many a gged garments, od on the thorny fering a touch to brown · skinned. r the tiny infant any days, which

y on her right

her so much as the look of horror on the girl's face.

"Follow me-so?" the latter whispered, and crawling behind her Ger hide there till the return of the regitrude came to a point where, peeping through the sheltered stack of the ment from Susi.

And she did. As the eastern sky flushed into a delicate rose color, tint-ing earth and clouds with an ineffable Indian corn, they could see the valley beneath. They were not more than half a mile, as the bee flies, from the opaline glory, her sore, weary feet stumbled heavily into the thicket of mosque. It lay just below them, its white domes gleaming out of the tufts which she had been in search, and she of palms like a globe of frosted silver in the moonbeams. Mary pointed to dropped upon the damp earth within, it silently, and Gertrude felt her blood audible, from fatigue. grow chill within her veins as she They were safe.

CHAPTER IV.

she tried not to express in words-

ye've been afther doin' for yours, I'll

be bound, the purty, wee craythur ! So I'd the clane right to say to Our

now, so take care of him till I'm com-

ing back, for it's meself is takin' care

of a poor unbelavin' sowl for You,' I

have not !-- it will be too late, too late

'an' where would that be ef I

an'

said.

saw five armed figures, their black faces and white faces plainly dis cernible in the pure white light, as they stole through the garden to the took the brown hands, to which she owed her life, in her little fingers, door from which the two women had

so recently escaped. "Hark!" Mary whispered, and even with the words there came to them covering them with tears and kisses, and again and again she poured thanks and blessings on her preserver. upon the wind the faint cry of baffled Mary checked her. rage as the murderers found that their prey had escaped. The next moment breath ! Shure it's scarce a hundred they came rushing out into the garden yards we are from the road, an' I'm again, beating about in search of hearing something passin' the now. eir victim ; Mary's hand closed over Men's voices were indeed, audible, her companion.

"If they find our thrack, an' come road. There might have been half a shtraight afther us, they'll be ten minutes gettin' here," she said huskdozen by the noise, but whether they were deserters, or only coolies on their ily ; "an' if we are not gone, Misses way to labor, the women could not tell, dear, I only ax ye to run ten minutes and they cowered in the inmost recess If we can but get through this of their sanctuary, not even venturing field an' down on the other side towards for the next half hour to creep out to the river I know where we can hide, drink at a little muddy pool among the an' they'll not be follering fur fear o' being cut off by our men. Only kape reeds, though their lips and throat were so parched and swollen by this time that during the period of waiting they up yer heart for the love o' God, an' thry had hardly been able even to whisper

"I will do my best," answered Mrs. a word to one another. Clare, Clare, "but if I drop, leave me. It will not be your fault, and I shall not Mrs. Clare, with great discretion, drank sparing, and would fain have coaxed Mary to do the same; but the latter plunged her hot face deep into suffer long Mary said nothing, but squeezed the

slim, white hand in her brown and the water, swallowing it in gulps, and horny one, and then, only waiting to only replying when she had slacked lift the mercifully sleeping children, her thirst to the full. they resumed their flight. At the extremity of the cornfield,

me till I get back." Mrs. Clare thrice stumbled, and Mary " Back ! stooped of her own accord, warned by but was abashed by the reply : the long drawn, gasping breath that her companion's strength had well nigh for good I'd be doin'?" come to an end. Gertrude burst into tears.

A new idea seized her, and, taking off her cloak, she succeeded in strapping the infants on to her back ; then making Mrs. Clare take her arm, led her on, cheering the sinking woman every now and then with an encourag ing whisper. It was down hill now, but every step

was a stumble, every breath a prayer, and they had gained such a little dis tance Suddenly Mrs. Clare reeled, and the

hold on Mary's arm gave way. The red spots on her cheeks had died out, mortal pallor was there instead. and "Mary," she said, every breath com-ing with a mean, "leave me now-I

command it. You've done your best-God bless you- go, take your child and give me mine. It could not live long without me, and I can go no furthernot one step. And looking in her face Mary Kir-

win saw it was true. What was to be done? For a moment she stood still then a scarlet colour and mute ; rushed into her cheeks and she fell on her knees.

"Oh, thank God, I see a way, but it's hard, hard. May God help me to do it, for there's no other at all." didn't ?' It was a moment's prayer, and no

sooner uttered than she rose, undid the children from her back, handed Mrs. Clare her own, and tenderly wrapping the other up in her cloak, darted away with it among the corn stalks without saying a word. When she came back her arms were then we will go back together under empty, and her face was white as

good guard and search for him, and death he shall never want for anything "Mary ?" cried the English mother, again if I can help it, or you either. "where is it? What have you done Oaly stay !"

her. with it-your child ?" And then at last, all at once, the ut Mary shook her rough head dog "I've put it down "- her lips were weight rolled off her brain, and the gedly. quivering as she raised the other. "I could trust Him above to help red mist from before her eyes. She was on her knees in the maize field. Maybe they'll not be after him (for me when I was thryin' to help Him, and in front of her was the infant with its in a hole he is among the corn she said, "but of 'twas caring for me the rusty plaid cloak crumpled on the self I was, an' shure anyhow how is it widout he cries, an' he'll not do that, the darlin', when I've nursed him but edge of it. I could sit here an' me purty, brightthe now, an' wrapped him up warm to eyed boy, Jim's own bairn, tugging at me heart strings a the while ?" But the child ? slape." "But, Mary, my child, what do you For a moment an awful despain seized her, and a cry broke from her And yet it was with a stern, beautilips, so shrill and unearthly that it ful patience that she delayed another "Mane ! sure, that I can't carry scared away a couple of vultures who ten minutes to feed Mrs Clare's tiny were hovering low over something a yard or two distant. A little cooing, infant which had awakened, crying you and the childher too," said Mary simply ; "an' it's thrue ye can't walk any further. Och ! don't be talkin', with hunger which was no longer pecially their clergygurgling note of pleasure answered. warded off by rapid movement, and and turning, she saw a round, rosy but hold yer own tight while I lift ye; shure it's not the feather weight ye are. which its poor young mother had no face among the corn-stalks, and a pair power to relieve. of tat hands, and naked, dimpled fee Don't be talkin', I say," checking with Then, her work of charity comtrying, by stretching and crawling to an almost fierce authority the resistpleted, the private's wife gave the babe back to its mother, and cautionget at the mother who had left ance which Mrs. Clare would fain have When Captain Clare, accompanied offered as she was lifted from the ing the latter to keep well within shelter till she saw relief at hand and, by four of his men, entered the same field in search of his wife's preserver, "But if ye never axed the ground. mother of God to pray for ye and undaunted by the growing fatigue, our people been here?" they found Mary quietly seated on the yours, as you're a mother yersel', ax her now for me !" and bleeding feet, untroubled even by ground, nursing her baby, and the ringing cheer which greeted the sight the almost certain prospect of dis-covery, she sallied forth on the return And on she strode as she spoke, must have shown her how her heroism walking far more swiftly now under search for the child. was appreciated by brave. rugged her burden than when she had to ac-Leftalone, the hours passed wearying of the Yankees." "Do you? Well, sir, my people came over in 1770. My great grand She hardly heeded it ; but hearts. comodate her steps to the fragile to the officer's wife. She was worn out just stood up, dropping her curtsey to creature behind her, though now and with fatigue and agitation. She was then a sob broke from her bosom, rending the heart of the prostrate the officer, and then looked round at faint with hunger, and, do what she the others. "An' where's my Jim at all ?" would, her child wailed and fretted. woman she carried. The hours wore on. The sun rose There was no immediate answer. Yet it was not the weight which dishigher and higher, till the yellow en-trance to the ruin glowed like the yel-The men did not seem to hear, and d her. It was the mother's heart Captain Clare began thanking her in in her fighting and breaking for that low mouth of a furnace. The child, tired with crying, fell asleep again ; in 1812. an agitated way for all that she had sturdy, brown-skinned infant, whom done, and urging her to hasten with him to the carriage at the foot of the every step put farther and farther and she herself was resting in a sort of away from her, and still she hurried half-slumber of exhaustion when a noise from without startled her into a hill, where Mrs. Clare was waiting for her, which was to take them both under on more swiftly for the agony in her mind, sometimes running, sometimes stumbling, sometimes nearly falling, sitting position, her heart sick with strong guard to Susi and thence as terror. arian ?" soon as possible to Calcutta. Mary never daring to pause, or lift her head There was a tramp of horses' feet, curtsied again. once for a single breath. and the regular tramp of many men "Thank ye, sir. It's very good ye Mary felt sure that, could she only "Thank ye, sir. It's very good ye you are, for I've taken you for a are to me, but I'm not wanting to lave clergyman all along ?" coming up the road. reach a shelter she knew of, namely, Was it the Sixth ; or was it a party me husband, though t's not 'on the an ancient tomb half hidden among the jungle and creepers in a thicket of mutineers which had separated from strength 'I am. Sure, I'll go down to Jesuit scholastic. their fellows? If it were the former the river, and which, though and she remained in her hiding place, often used as a sleeping place by they might pass on and leave her to tramps, fakirs and smugglers, had by perish of hunger and weakness. If perish of hunger and weakness. If the latter, and she were to show herself, to the natives become unclean, and God only could foresee her fate in its her eager, excited, blue eyes lifted

had been shunned henceforth as an full horror. And the tramp, tramp, to the officer's kindly accursed spot by Mohammedan and came nearer and nearer. She could gently he took her arm. Brahmin alike. They might safely hear the murmur of voices now and Come to the carriage often the gleam of arms among the anyway. Mrs. Clare wants to - to

trees which hid the ruin. The suspense became intolerable. Laying her child gently in a dark corner, she crawled to the entrance and looked out. A body of troops were passing, had almost passed. She could see the scarlet uniforms of the Sixth, and the Scotch caps and gray jackets with a cry of thankfulness, half in- of Captain Donaldson's men. She could almost hear the words of the soldiers, as at quick march and in double file they passed along, their sternly vengeful faces telling of the work they

had been doing, the work they were And Mrs. Clare, rising to her knees, about to do ; and yet when she tried to call them her tongue clove to her mouth, a mist rose before her eyes, and with a faint cry she sank face foremost on the ground.

When she recovered she was in her husband's arms, and his grateful tears were on her face. Little did that "Whist! Not a word above yer young officer, who had heard of the attack on Futterhabad and the wholesale massacre, expect to to see his wife alive and safe. The Sixth had indeed laughing and talking loudly along the met and defeated the party of which they were in search, with more ease than they had expected, and were in consequence returning rather earlier, when met en route by the body of mutineers dispatched for that purpose, and who by first harassing and then leading them in pursuit, had without the loss of more than two or three good men, contrived to delay them two good hours on their way.

CHAPTER V.

But what of Mary ?

No one can tell what she endured in her return search for her child. It was then in the last week of May, and ing at my ease, I listened to the dash that it seemed to fizzle the brains in "Leave me alone. It's got to last her uncovered head. She had lost a Where?" Mrs. Clare asked, shoe, and her feet were cut and swollen. Her head felt swollen, too, and her eyes dim and distended. It was the "Shure, an' is it to lave me child effect of the too hearty drink in the hot sun and of the want Her long, fainting fit had confused her,

of food, which was besides making her sick and giddy; and as the sun and she now reproached herself bittergrew hotter and hotter, a species of delirium seemed to seize her. She saw "Ah, how could I let you ! She saw before her a crowd of Sepoys with in-And you whom I've so often looked flamed eyes and dark, ferocious faces, down on. Why didn't you leave me instead?" and in the midst of them her baby held on high by one of the miscreants, "You're a woman yersel'," said ary, gently. "An' could you be Mary, gently. "An' could you be afther lavin' a feller-woman now to in the act of dashing its brains out upon the ground. She shrieked aloud the marcy o' thim black devils? As to in her agony, darted wildly forward. stumbled, fell headlong to the ground, the boy, acushla "-her plain features staggering to her feet again ; and lo working unrestrainedly with the sorrow the Sepoys were gone, and instead the child was wailing, wailing, somewhere in front of her. Yes, she saw it dis-the line world the d cloak, that's for all the world the ur o' the groun? Shure, I tuck had left it among the corn stalks, and hear it creating for the second states of the second the second states of the second states of the second the second states of the second states of the second the second states of the second states of the second the second states of the second states 'wasn't it better to lave him awhile, ould cloak, that's for all the world the colour o' the groun'? Shure, I tuck near it, crouching for the spring, a him to the font myself afore iver we huge Bengal tiger. Again she screamed and sprang forward, throw left Calcutta, as is more than ever ing out her arms wildly to scare the animal, and again the horrible vision vanished, only to be renewed a thou Blessed Lord : 'It's You he belongs to

sand times in a thousand different ways. Once she met a gentle-looking Parsee face to face, who stopped her and gave her some "chuppatties" (coarse meal cakes) and a drink of sour milk, and

"But Mary, Mary, dear," cried Mrs. Clare, weeping more freely for the girl's simplicity and confidence, "don't warned her earnestly against return ing to the town signifying by gesture as well as by words, the fate which go now. It will be only throwing had befallen her friends. She ate and away your own life, and if they have drank ravenously of what he gave discovered him-Oh ! please God, they but only shook her head at his advlc and hastened on. The Parsee went to save. Don't, Mary ! The Sixth his way shaking his head. Evidently will be here a few hours hence, and the poor woman had been driven mad by the slaughter of those belonging to her, and he should only embarrass and compromise himself by trying to detain

speak to you. My good girl, my brave

accompanied Mrs. Clare to England, and was ever after her constant companion. The two boys became fast riends, and when young Xyle-Mary' -grew to man's estate Mrs. Clare had him established in a small business, for, as she said, "she could

never do enough for the son of the woman who had so generously saved her life.

THE JESUITS. How They Gained Their World-wide

Reputation. L. W. Reilly in Catholic Columbian.

Eventide on the ocean ! A steamer, ound from New York to Baltimore, was speeding through a summer sea. Although the hour was not yet 9 most of the passengers had gone below, because the wind was chilly for an August night and the clouds betokened rain.

I had retired early to my stateroom. which was one of twr on the upper deck overlooking the stern, and had sought my bed for relief from a faintness caused by the swell of the ocean. But the window of my room I had left open, as I had not yet disrobed and the deck of the waves as they tumbled and broke like manner." on one another, and I gazed over the illimitable waste to the darkling line "A splendid course, truly. But I notice that you speak only of Latin, where the water seemed to give sup-port to the bending sky. Presently I heard voices, the voices of two men, on it if you speak it exclusively in and fancying that one of them was familiar to me as that of a friend whom I ask if you take any Greek ?"

had not met for years and who I had before no reason to suppose was on Greek yourself ?" board, I listened to make sure one way "I've had the ordinary Harvard or the other, as it said : ourse-some Demosthenes, Xenophon and Homer, with bits from one or two 'That? That's a vessel, sir, that has been keeping us company since we left port. It is making, probably, for Savannah. Isn't it beautiful?" other authors." "Well, I've read all the classical

authors of Greek literature." I was not yet certain of my man, for the tone, although like that of my old chum's, was pitched in a lower Herodotus, Plato, Demosthenes, Iso key. To satisfy myself I got up and crates, Lysius, Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus-" "My, you do get a thorough course looked out. There was no one visible to me, for a pile of chairs and campstools hear my window hid from my "We do for a fact. We have to write Greek, too, and I had one proview the greater part of the deck. But off in the distance I saw a double fessor who talked it to us in his class line of lights, a sheen on the surge be low them, and two smokestacks above. explanations." dimly discernible through the deepenations would have been Greek to me in ing darkness. a double sense."

"It is indeed a fine sight !" said the other voice, long before I had got through making my survey. "At through making my survey. first I took the lights for stars as I came up just now from the brilliant salon below-the first time I've been outside since I came on board. I'm worn out with a hard year's work."

languages but below par at figures." "What were you taught in mathe-"Then this ocean trip ought to do matics in your years at Harvard ?" you good."

I was positive now that the speaker was unknown to me ; but I felt so revived by the fresh breeze and so confident that strangers would not touch of geometry, plane and solid trigonoon private matters in their casual chat, metry, analytical geometry, calculus, that I was loth to shut down my windeterminants, quaternians and the dow to keep out their talk. theory of equations." So, returning to my bunk, I lay qualmish in the gathering gloom, while this dia-

Well, your society does certainly give its men a grand training. But, now, ogue went on. "I hope it will," said the second in physicsvoice, "it is for health's sake that I m "What did you get at Harvard ?" taking it. I'm principal of a college "About two hours a week for a year, n New Jersey. It is supposed to be a as near as I can remember at the in Presbyterian institution, but we have representatives of all denominations stant.

to the officer's kindly face. Very quaintance, sir. Do you know I've always had a desire to meet a real stock, Maryland, to finish our course, Jesuit? I've read so much about your are some who have gone in for lan-Order that I've wanted to see the real guages, others for antiquities, others fiesh and blood before me and to know for history, others for some department of the natural sciences, and so on.

speak to you. My good girl, my brave girl, you're not going to give way "'Is it kilt he is?" she asked hoarse-ly; and then, before any reply could be given save the mute answer of the reeled suddenly, and dropped, a sense-less, crumpled heap, at the command er's feet. "'Your society has a great name of the special suddenly and you evidently put your seventeen and you evidently put your seventeen

"Your society has a great name among Catholics, I understand, for learning; it certainly has among us Protestants. I'm a Harvard man, myrept so busy you can't find time 1 sup-pose for English literature. " "Oh. yes, we do; that is indispen-sable for men who have to teach the ordinary college course. espacially self, a graduate of a half dozen years. Now what is the extent of your course?

"Not at all intruding, sir; the Jesuit course to the priesthood takes seventeen years."

training ; two more in reviewing our literary course, three in philosophy, five in teaching, four in theology and a final twelve month in the study of our laws and the religious life. Usually our young men have gone through college before entering the In our studies we have to society speak Latin throughout. We have four hours of class a day, with but one holiday besides Sunday in the week. Our philosophy is not such as I've been told you get at Harvard-the history of the opinions of philosophical authors, but a thorough mental drill in the deepest problems of logic, metaphysics, natural theology and moral philosophy, given by means of lectures, repetitions the lectures by the students from

what you call the sophomore and junior classes. You rarely meet a Jesnit, especially one who has made his course who has not between whiles gone through the best of the classics of the English literature from Chaucer down

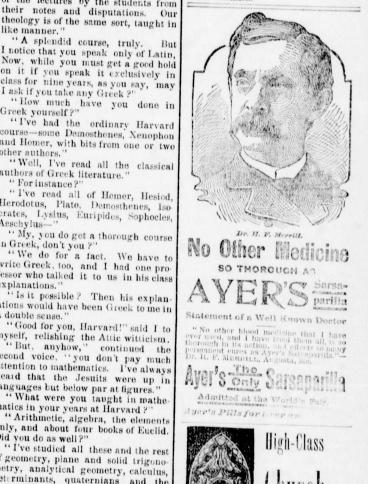
to Longfellow, Tennyson and Holmes. "I no longer wonder at the reputa-tion of you Jesuits. When your men come out of that mill they must be polished scholars. Why, Harvard is only a preparatory school in compari-

3

But here I fell asleep and dreamed of a school of porpoises taught by a mer-maid at the bottom of the deep blue ea. When I awoke in the middle of the night the voices were silent and the Savannah steamer had disappeared from view, leaving the ocean to dark-ness and to me. - Catholic Columbian.

That Pale Face.

For Nervois Prostration and Amemia here is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.



I trust I'm not intruding."

course. I don't wonder at your repu-tation. But what can you be doing all that time ?"

"Seventeen years! My, that is a "We spend two years in spiritual

g their feet and heads low, pray-hole time, they n hour, treading rough the scrub e to put so much them and their Irish girl walkstic tread of one ch, the English and more uneached the outnd found thema large field of vering the sumhere they stood. l lower with her might not show stalks through make her way,

rself. I can do g down, fainted iend's feet. ent the latter's e sudden shock et up a piteous

Mary crouched by to her breast with the other nting woman's ace upward that resh her. re. The There was

near to moisten and parched ile, when her soothed, had she laid both Clare and crept to a little emihave a view of

III.

ne was roused r by something d, opening her over her with y plant in her the seemingly evival recalled

near

" My course was one of seven hours that is, pretty much all except the a week from September 10 to June 10, Catholics. And, strange as it may a longer year than yours, and, besides, seem to you, sir, I've always had a liking for Catholics. There's some-I have spent two years in chemistry, with two and a half hours or so a thing sterling about them - they all week. stand by the same faith and have the

"You have a fair show at the sciences. courage of their convictions. If it too, then, don't you ?" " I should say we do, and we devote

" For instance ?"

"Good for you, Harvard!" said I to

much

nyself, relishing the Attic witticism.

"But, anyhow," continued the second voice, "you don't pay much

attention to mathematics. I've always

heard that the Jesuits were up in

"Arithmetic, algebra, the elements

only, and about four books of Euclid.

"I've studied all these and the rest

"By Jove ! You don't tell me so ?

Did you do as well?"

weren't that they're so foreign, esconsiderable time to geology, astron-"Well, well !" "Besid a every scholastic takes up 'Excuse me, sir, I am a Catholic.' "I beg your pardon, sir."

"O no offence at all, I only wanted to bject that we Catholics are not all so a special stu y Among the hand of us now on board this steamer on the oreign The majority of us, priests and people, are native Americans. I have some claim myself to consider

"The Common People," "The Common People," As Abraham Lincoln called them, do no care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement "I know that Hood's Sarsaparila cured me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and this is what many thousands voluntarily say. this my country. Now, how long have " My folk ? Why, they're genuine down Easters ; came here in 1810 ; settled in Massachusetts ever since, and now we think ourselves Yankees

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for a sheep as a lamb-so I'd hear the

whole story "I'm really glad to make your ac-

belonged to another one of my ancestor who fought under the starry flag "I take off my hat to you, sir, for being so through an American. May I ask if you are a priest?" " No, sir, I'm not a priest." "Surely then you are a semin