

ere doin'! Get up from the ground! Ocho!

From what? cried indignation at the stonishment at the sight of her feet.

My mistress dear, stan' there. There was wasnt' drugged, he was, an' the

At the extremity of the cornfield, Mrs. Clare tripped and fell.

It was down hill now, but every step was a stumble, every breath a prayer, and they had gained such a little distance.

Suddenly Mrs. Clare reeled, and the hold on Mary's arm gave way.

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.

When she came back her arms were empty, and her face was white as death.

"Mary?" cried the English mother, "where is it? What have you done with it—your child?"

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

"Follow me—so?" the latter whispered, and crawling behind her Gertrude came to a point where, peeping through the sheltered stack of the Indian corn, they could see the valley beneath.

"Hark!" Mary whispered, and even with the words there came to them upon the wind the faint cry of baffled rage as the murderers found that their prey had escaped.

"I will do my best," answered Mrs. Clare, "but if I drop, leave me. It will not be your fault, and I shall not suffer long."

Mary said nothing, but squeezed the slim, white hand in her brown and horny one, and then, only waiting to lift the mercifully sleeping children, they resumed their flight.

At the extremity of the cornfield, Mrs. Clare tripped and fell, and Mary stooped of her own accord, warned by the long drawn, gasping breath that her companion's strength had well nigh come to an end.

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 encouraging whisper.

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had been shunned henceforth as an accursed spot by Mohammedan and Brahmin alike.

And she did. As the eastern sky flushed into a delicate rose color, tinting earth and clouds with an ineffable opaline glory, her sore, weary feet stumbled heavily into the thicket of which she had been in search, and she dropped upon the damp earth within, with a cry of thankfulness, half inaudible, from fatigue.

CHAPTER IV. And Mrs. Clare, rising to her knees, took the brown hands, to which she owed her life, in her little fingers, covering them with tears and kisses, and again and again she poured thanks and blessings on her preserver.

"What? Not a word above yer breath! Shure its scarce a hundred yards we are from the road, an' I'm hearing something passin' the now."

"Back! Where?" Mrs. Clare asked, but was abashed by the reply: "Shure, an' its to lave me child for good I'd be doin'?"

Gertrude burst into tears. Her long, fainting fit had confused her, and she now reproached herself bitterly.

"Ah, how could I let you! And you whom I've so often looked down on. Way didn't you leave me instead?"

"You're a woman yersel'," said Mrs. Clare, "an' you could you be after lavin' a feller-woman now to the mercy o' thin black devils? As to the boy, acushla—her plain features working unrestrainedly with the sorrow she tried not to express in words—"

"wasn't it better to lave him awidle, an' be slaping like an angel in me ould cloak, that's for all the world the colour o' the gown? Shure, I tuck him to the font myself afore iver we left Calcutta, as is more than ever ye've been after doin' fer yours. I'll be bound, the purty, wee craythur! So I'll dene right to say to Our Blessed Lord: 'It's You he belongs to now, so take care of him till I'm coming back, for it's meself is takin' care of a poor unbelavin' soul for You, I said, 'an' where would that be if I didn't?'"

"But Mary, Mary, dear," cried Mrs. Clare, weeping more freely for the girl's simplicity and confidence, "don't go now. It will be only throwing away your own life, and if they have discovered him—Oh! please God, they have not!—it will be too late, too late to save. Don't, Mary! The Sixth will be here a few hours hence, and then we will go back together under good guard and search for him, and he shall never want for anything again if I can help it, or you either. Only stay!"

But Mary shook her rough head doggedly.

"I could trust Him above to help me when I was thryin' to help Him," she said, "but 'twas carin' for me, self I was, an' shure anyhow how is it I could sit here an' me purty, bright-eyed boy, Jim's own bairn, tuggin' at me heart-strings a the while?"

full horror. And the tramp, tramp, came nearer and nearer. She could hear the murmur of voices now and then the gleam of arms among the 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 of Captain Donaldson's men.

CHAPTER V. But what of Mary? No one can tell what she endured in her return search for her child.

No one can tell what she endured in her return search for her child. It was then in the last week of May, and the heat at 8 o'clock was so intense that it seemed to fizzle the brains in her uncovered head.

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 warned her earnestly against returning to the town, signifying by gesture as well as by words, the fate which had befallen her friends.

And then at last, all at once, the weight rolled off her brain, and the red mist from before her eyes. She was on her knees in the maize field, and in front of her was the infant with the rusty plaid cloak crumpled on the edge of it.

For a moment an awful despair seized her, and a cry broke from her lips, so shrill and unearthly that it scared away a couple of vultures who were hovering low over something a yard or two distant. A little cooling, gurgling note of pleasure answered, and turning, she saw a round, rosy face among the corn-stalks, and a pair of fat hands, and asked, dimpled trying, by stretching and crawling to get at the mother who had just set it.

When Captain Clare, accompanied by four of his men, entered the same field in search of his wife's preserver, they found Mary quietly seated on the ground, nursing her baby, and the ringing cheer which greeted the sight must have shown her how her heroism was appreciated by brave, rugged hearts.

"An' where's my Jim at all?" There was no immediate answer. The men did not seem to hear, and Captain Clare began thanking her in an agitated way for all that she had done, and urging her to hasten with him to the carriage at the foot of the hill, where Mrs. Clare was waiting for her, which was to take them both under strong guard to Susi and thence as soon as possible to Calcutta. Mary curtsied again.

"Thank ye, sir. It's very good ye are to me, but I'm not wanting to lave me husband, though t's not 'on the strength I am. Sure, I'll go down to him the now, since he's no mind to come up to me. Maybe, though, he's not got lave to fall out o' the ranks for that."

The last words were said piteously, her eager, excited, blue eyes lifted to the officer's kindly face. Very gently he took her arm.

Come to the carriage first, Mary, anyway. Mrs. Clare wants to— to speak to you. My good girl, my brave girl, you're not going to give way now."

to the officer's kindly face. Very gently he took her arm.

CHAPTER VI. How They Gained Their World-wide Reputation.

L. W. Reilly in Catholic Columbian. Eventide on the ocean! A steamer, bound from New York to Baltimore, was speeding through a summer sea.

I had retired early to my stateroom, which was one of two on the upper deck overlooking the stern, and had sought my bed for relief from a faintness caused by the swell of the ocean.

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?"

I was not yet certain of my man, for the tone, although like that of my old chums, was pitched in a lower key.

"I hope it will," said the second voice, "it is for health's sake that I'm taking it. I'm principal of a college in New Jersey. It is supposed to be a Presbyterian institution, but we have representatives of all denominations; that is, pretty much all except the Catholics. And strange as it may seem to you, sir, I've always had a liking for Catholics. There's something sterling about them—they all stand by the same faith and have the courage of their convictions. If it weren't that they're so foreign, especially their clergy—"

"Excuse me, sir. I am a Catholic."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"No offence at all, I only wanted to object that we Catholics are not all so foreign. The majority of us, priests and people, are native Americans. I have some claim myself to consider this my country. Now, how long have your people been here?"

"Do you? Well, sir, my people came over in 1770. My great-grand father fought in the Maryland Line of the Continental Army and we have an old gun at home supposed to have belonged to another one of my ancestors who fought under the starry flag in 1812."

"I take off my hat to you, sir, for being so thorough an American. May I ask if you are a priest?"

quaintance, sir. Do you know I've always had a desire to meet a real Jesuit? I've read so much about your Order that I've wanted to see the real flesh and blood before me and to know the truth about you.

"Your society has a great name among Catholics, I understand, for learning; it certainly has among us, Protestants. I'm a Harvard man, myself, a graduate of a half dozen years. Now what is the extent of your course? I trust I'm not intruding."

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

"Seventeen years! My, that is a course. I don't wonder at your reputation. But what can you be doing all that time?"

"We spend two years in spiritual 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."

"A splendid course, truly. But I notice that you speak only of Latin. Now, while you must get a good hold on it if you speak it exclusively in class for nine years, as you say, may I ask if you take any Greek?"

"How much have you done in Greek yourself?"

"I've had the ordinary Harvard course—some Demosthenes, Xenophon and Homer, with bits from one or two other authors."

"Well, I've read all the classical authors of Greek literature."

"For instance?"

"I've read all of Homer, Hesiod, Herodotus, Plato, Demosthenes, Isocrates, Lysias, Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus—"

"My, you do get a thorough course in Greek, don't you?"

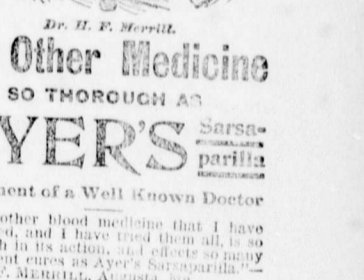
way to our private college at Woodstock, Maryland, to finish our course, are some who have gone in for languages, others for antiquities, others for history, others for some department of the natural sciences, and so on.

"Oh, yes, we do; that is indispensable for men who have to teach the ordinary college course, especially what you call the sophomore and junior classes. You rarely meet a Jesuit, 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 reputation of you Jesuits. When your men come out of that mill they must be polished scholars. Why, Harvard is only a preparatory school in comparison!"

But here I fell asleep and dreamed of a school of porpoises taught by a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea. 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 darkness and to me.—Catholic Columbian.

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