THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

stretching out beyond. There was

showed against the sky and came to

ward the porch. Joan was not a ner-

her, and she rose to call her father.

Just then the moon straggled out and

fell on the man's upturned face, and

she saw it was Jack Redman. To un-

do the lattice was the work of an in-

stant, and leaning out she called

"Come down, my lass, quick, it"

A moment later she was in his arms. "Why, what have you been doing,

you have no cap on, and you are we

"Hush, Joan !" he said, hoarsely

"Oh, Jack," she cried, piteously

you did not-kill him ! Say you did

"I didn't give 'un his death blow.

that I'll swear, but I was close to 'un, and he called out twice : 'I know ye,

Jack Redman,' just as he dropped ; and

t'other keepers heard 'un, an' they'll

" My God ! how terrible ! And are

"Nay, I made upon t' Fells, and then

they after you now, lad, and coming

doubled back, whilst the whole crew

kept on, with t' squire at th' head, so

I'se safe for an hour or so. But t

chance is to get ower t' Sands.

ountry side'll soon be oop, an'my only

be a brave lass, and pit me ower t

and bring it back so as noan'll know

whar th' trail ligs, an' I get away

I'll get you something to eat and some

dry gear of father's. "I daren't, dearie ; every minute as "I daren't, dearie ; every minute as

seizing her hand, he dragged her to

Stumbling down over the rocks, they

reached the strip of sands at the edge of the deep channel, where the boat lay

like a blot on the steely water, which

was tossing it up and down like a troubled spirit. To find the mooring

ope and haul it in did not take th guide's daughter long, and then, rapidly pushing off, they headed her

The usually placid Kelvin wa

broke against the bows as Redman

one galloping down Cart lane," cried

The sound of hoof beats grew louder

A loud shout

"Pull! pull! Jack! there is so

wind, and the waves leapt up

orced the boat through them.

I now lose may hang me-come-

"Yes, yes, but come away in, and

South?" and he kissed her cold lips.

Wilt

Wilt'ee, Joan, dear

show me no mercy, so I mun run,

ot, for mercy's sake.'

here ?" she sobbed.

chaneel in't boat.

ward the shore.

down stream.

gear of father's.

'There has been a fight up in Merle

'Jack-Jack, what is it?"

vous girl,

softly

but that night she was

One of God's Little Herces.

A TRUE INCIDENT. The patter of feet was on the stair, As the Editor turned in his sanctum chair, And said-for werey the day had been-"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words, before A face peeped in at the half closed door. And a child solbed out—" Sir, mother said, I should come and tell you, that Dan is dead.

"And pray who is 'Dan'?" The streaming Looked questioning up, with a strange sur prise : "Not know him '-Why, sir, all day he sold The papers you print, through wet and cold.

"The newsboys say that they could not tell The reason his stock went off so well ; I knew !-with his voice so sweet and low, Could any one bear to say him 'No ?'"

" And the money he made, whatever it be, He carried straight home to mother and me; No matter about his rags, he said. If only he kept us clothed and fed.

cold. Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold But he's dead-he's dead ! and we miss him sol And mother-she thought you might like to know !" "And he did it, sir-trudging through rain and

In the paper, next morning, as "leader," ran A paragraph thus: "The newsboy, Dan, One of Gods little heroes, who Did nobly the duty he had to do— For mother and sister earning bread. By patient endurance and toff—is dead."

A STORY OF THE SANDS.

Away up among the fells of Westrises the Kelvin, an inde pendent little river that will have nothing whatever to do with the beauties of Lake-land proper, but turns its back upon "mere" and "water" and strikes away toward the low lands and For the first few miles of its the sea. course it is a gladsome, careless stream, laughing and singing as it runs, unti it reaches the town of Kelton, where contact with mankind and his civilization makes it sober and sad, and all its merriment disappears. Once or twice hereafter it makes an effort to becom its own bright self again, but its spirit has been broken and it flows sullenly onward till it rounds a curve and open out into the wide estuary to which it gives a name. Kelvin bay is twice daily alternately

a great salt water loch and a wide waste of sand, as the mighty tidal wave flows up or down the coast. See it at low water and it is a golden brown plain, with the Kelvin river looking like a ribbon of silver trailed and twisted across it, bounded by green uplands north and south, shut into eastward by a barrier of lofty peaks, and ending westward in a faint blue line which marks the distant sea. few hours later is a vast expanse of tossing wavelets, for the tide has sud-

denly risen over the banks, and with a hiss and swirl has swept its flood twelve miles inland. Across the Kelvin sands lay the old

coach road from Lancaster to Carlisle and the border, and though the railway which skirts the curving shore line has long since drawn away all the traffic, yet there still exists the ancient office of "guide of the sands," held directly under the crown. Receiving some £80 a year, the guide inhabits comfortable farmhouse on the edge of the bay, and is bound to pilot any traveller who may choose to cross the sands between tides. Fifty years ago the "guide's farm" was held by John Newby, whose forbears for five or six generations had been there before him : in fact, so regular had father been suc ceeded by son that the country side had almost come to look upon it as belong-ing to them, and to believe that the of guide was hereditary in the Newby himself quite held it family. to be so, and his one great trouble was that he had no one to follow him, fo his only child was a girl, and he always felt that fortune had treated him very unkindly in the matter. But if the

"Oh, Mr. Gerald, I can't say yes-I The young squire was not easily beaten, and had a knack of holding on really can't. rushed wailing on over the dim, ghostly sands. Joan sat at the window the tighter the more he was repulsed. But in spite of all his pleadings the girl would only shake her head. He changed his plan of attack with "Joan, ghostly sands. of her room, listening to its weird sighs and dismal moanings. The house was dark and quiet, for the other inmates had long since gone to bed, but an in-You are not in earnest definable dread haunted her, and a ook at me. You dare not say that you do not care sense of impending evil would not let for me-you are too honest-" "No," she said suddenly, "I can't her rest. The young moon was hidden

say it, for I do care for you-a great deal perhaps - but-oh! Mr. Gerald, let me go, let me go, for I love some one else.

For a second he was stunned, but the grand old pride of race, which has helped so many a man to face disaster with a smile, rallied him. He might be badly hit, but he scorned to wince

at the pain. "Joan, dear, you are not playing with me !

'No, no, Mr. Gerald, how can you think it?

"And I have not a chance?"

She shook her head. "Then good by, little one. God keep you always bonnie and happy."

bent down and twice kissed the He little hands he still held prisoners, and

next moment was away up the path which led to the open moorland. Joan stood looking out over the bay

life and death wi' me this neet. and away toward the distant Yorkshire hills, but she saw nothing of the fair panorama of hill and dale before her, for she was thinking of what she had and covered with mud-oh, Jack, what deliberately refused to become mistress of Kelvin Towers, with all its grand is the matter?" rooms and many servants. Ah ! how grand it would be to ride in a carriage wood, old Tom Bayley has gotten killed, an' I mun be off across counwith a footman to do your slightes bidding, and to sit in the squire's big square pew at church, and she had given it all up for what? A vision ame before her of a little cottage And Mr. Gerald, how dearly he loved her, and how brave he was--but yet yet-yet-was not Jack Redman. Ah how dearly she did love him. What a contrast they were, these two, to be sure-one the lord of the manor, and the other a poaching village blackmith ; one so courteous and gentle, th other rough in manners and speechthey were not to be compared, the gentleman and the peasant, and yet for the first she felt only a warm feel-

ing of liking, while her whole soul went out in passionate love for his inferior rival. Owoman ! woman ! who shall under stand the waywardness of your affec-tions—why one day you will only sell your heart for gold, and the next bar-

er it away in exchange for one that is not worth the having. Why a here cannot win you, and yet you give yourself to some pitiable poltroon. Well. thank goodness you are so illogical after all, or else many of us poor com monplace mortals would never know the elevating and refining influence of your love.

The autumn haze was rapidly veiling the landscape, and so, with a shiver, Joan roused herself and went down the path, crossed the foldyard and entered the rose-hung porch. Her father was in the kitchen, just back from putting he peddlers over the river.

" Any yan been sin I left ?" he asked, cheerily

"Young Mr. Radcliffe, dear," she

answered carelessly. "Ay, ay, he be getting fond of coming down. Well, there be noan whipped into anger to-night by the welcomer," and the guide laughed softly to himself. Little did he think, as h watched his bonny daughter busily getting ready the supper, that she had just shattered his one fond dream, and ent a gentleman lover to the right and a horseman dashed out of the gloom which lay over the land and about.

given him as sweet and winsome a daughter as ever mortal man could bad indeed gone down below the hori-Poor Gerald had a bad half hour up for him, and life seemed a dull,

'Drat it !" quoth the head keeper,

ome to a bit themselves, if only they

ase their fists and a good cudgel, you

toward the boat, bridle in hand, the country side, but the squire let It was a wild, gusty night, and the west wind was freshening fast as it swept past the lonely guide's farm and "Come, up with you and off, there is no time to lose." The poacher hung back, still grasp-

knew the truth was John Newby. Gerald wanted to pension him off, thinking he would feel lonely at the ing the ash scull, suspicious, desperate inclined to fight it out. farm, but the stout-hearted, guide was "Be off, say ye—an' leave her for ye wed, eh? Not me, ha, ha." true to the memory of his ancestors, and did his duty until the day he was

to wed, eh? Nay, hearken, Jack, love," and the laid beside them under the turf of God'

girl spoke softly to him ; the wild beast nature yielded to her influence, and he laid down his weapon. A dozen hot kisses and he loosed her arms from about by great bunches of driving scud, but there was a pale, misty light in the him, jumped overboard, took the bridle sky, and she could see the elms waving which Gerald held out to him, and sprang into the saddle. "Tak care on her, Mr. Radeliffe in the wind, and the lonely estuary

lull in the gale, and in the moment's quiet she heard distinctly the click of poor lassie. As there is a God above, I didn't kill Tom Bayley. An', squire, I'll never forget what you've done for the farm-yard gate, and then from the me this neet. corner of the house, which stood in Then he turned his horse's head and shadow, the dusky figure of a man

dashed off into the darkness which hid the Sands. Gerald watched him disappear, and utterly unstrung ; a cold shiver seized

came that a dying man in the village wanted to see the squire. then, laying hold of the boat, began "Ah, squire, ye doan't know me, to haul her toward deeper water. After but I ken ye. I'se not likely to forget the man as lent me his own horse to a few minutes' hard work he felt the little craft lift, and crumbling inboard cross th' sands and get away, the night Tom Bayley died in Marlewood. I'se poled her afloat. The girl was cowering in the stern, weeping bitterly, so been pretty nigh over t' world sin' then, he got out the sculls and silently began and now I'se come to my native place to pull for the shore, but the wind was to die. And oh, squire, if ye would ease a dying man's blessing-though dead ahead and the gale mocked all his efforts. Setting his teeth hard, he put mine's noan likely to do ye or onybody his back into the stroke-he would not gude-promise to put me i' t' grave where my bonnie Joan is-I canna be beaten - and next morning was lying in the bottom of the boat with his where my bonnie Joan is - canna bide easy elsewhere. God bless you, squire. I knew you'd promise't. I can die quiet now. An' I swear to ye I didna kill Tom Bayley--I didna, neels in the air, for one of the tole pins had snapped short off by the gunwale.

"Hullo, Joan, I've done it now, and our father will have to cut a new peg morrow," he cried, with a merry laugh to rouse her. She raised her head, but instead of

nswering, listened intently with her ace turned eagerly seawards. Was it he beating of her heart that made that uzzing in her ears, or was it all fancy to, it was growing louder, coming learer.

"Gerald-Mr. Gerald-the tide-the

The laugh died on his lips, for he knew too well what that meant in such a gale as was blowing, with the boat crippled by the broken pin. Henever ost nerve, but instantly tried to get her round so as to meet the rush he knew was coming, stem on. Too late! There was a hiss and a roar, and, out out of the darkness, a wall of water eapt, broke over the gig, and, half fill ing her, swept her broadside on, in the very front of the mighty tide, a help ess speck in a whirl of frothing, tum oling foam

among the pine trees at Arcachon, and "Sit still for your life," he cried, to-day her lover, the pleasure-seeking, fighting desperately to get the bow keptical and worldly Guy de Brissa ound who had disappeared from all his

But she had utterly given way, and accustomed haunts since her death lung convulsively to the rail of the turns up at Biskra, on the borders of after thwart.

the great desert, in the guise of the newly consecrated Warrior Monks of Don't lose heart, Joan. See, she is bonning to. Move just a little, dear, nd let me try and steer her a bit." He watched his chance, and scram-

ing art, got an oar out over the stern. nd then by degrees lifted the gig ead round to the rushing water.

"Come, cheer up, lassie, we shall weather it yet ; the tide must slacken

He threw his left arm round her a he spoke to support and comfort her, while with his right he held grimly to the oar, which kept the boat from broaching to. Instinctively she laid laid her hand upon his shoulder, and then, poor fool, he felt as if he would like drift on thus forever, and danger and

death seemed far away. Suddenly he was brought back to his sober senses by wail from Joan. "Oh, Jack, my bonnie lad you are

anything go wrong, or be out of tune, or disagreeable there, it is made drowning-drowning and I cannot get the best of, not the worst ; even efforts What a fool he was! She cared

are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt ; or, if felt, it is attributed nothing for him. It was no time for love-lorn dreaming if either of them to accident, not design ; and this is not only easy but natural in the house of

GROWTH OF UNBELIEF.

folks think what they would, and kept his own counsel, and the only one who

Joan sleeps a little way beyond her

poor Joan's spirit is abroad. Years after, when Gerald Radcliffe's

children were grown up about him, and

a grandson was the spoilt darling of the nursery at Kelvin Towers, a message

squire."-Belgravia.

A Warrior Monk.

cophytes who started to join Cardinal

Lavigerie, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, was the Vicomte Guy de Bris

sac, one of the best known and most

chievements on the turf as the owner

f a small but exceedingly choice stable

were only equalled by his successes in

the salons and boudoirs of the gay

capital, and if there ever has been on

who has merited description as a

poiled child of fortune, Guy de Brissac

was the man. A year ago his fiancee,

whom he worshipped, died of a rapid

decline-that strange malady which

eems to enhance and etherealize the

beauty of its victims, and to illumine

their eyes with a strange light. She

rests beneath a snowy marble cross in

the pretty little cemetery that nestles

Making Home Happy.

ach other's wants ; each

o many houses are unhappy.

It is just as possible to keep a calm

Where is the difficulty of consult-

empers as well as each other's health ;

ach other's comfort as well as each

other's character? Oh ! it is by leav-

ng and patient in a neighbor's house

friend. I will not, therefore, believe

but

another, is impossible at home, bu maintain, without fear, that all the

in domestic societies. A husband as willing to be pleased at home, and as

anxious to please as in his neighbor'

things comfortable every day to her

family as on set days to her guests

Let us not evade the point of these

Blood Poison

the Sahara.

His

popular of Parisian club men.

Probably the most notable

The Sunday Democrat of New York, an able Catholic journal, apprehends an advance in strength by the apostles of infidelity in this country. The breaking up of the Protestant sects, through fatal disagreements upon through doctrinal points, tends, our contemporary argues, to bring discredit upon religion in general and to encourage the advocates of unbelief. At the same time this chaotic condition does not kin in a corner of the old churchyard help the Catholic Church as much might be expected upon a superficial study of the conditions. Whatever which looks to the setting sun ; and her story is yet told by the toothless old sexton to the visitor who will endure tends to injure religion injures all his garrulous telling. And to-day, religious forms and bodies in proporwhen the wind moans over Kelvin tion as they are liable to be affected by sands, the villagers will whisper that

atmospheric pressure. Our contemporary thus states the results of its diagnosis of the religious situation : "The perplexed multitude of contradictory teachings by the Potters, the Briggses, the Dixons, the Talmages and other lights of the non-Catholic world have combined, with a number of other causes on which we need not dwell, to place the advocates of unbelief on a more favorable ground in the public view than they have before occupied. Hell has not been idle new forms of deceit and delusion are permitted to walk the earth-a hundred new Utopias, promising earthly felicity, the indulgence of the passions, and then either annihilation or universal salvation to their votaries, solicit the unwary, who have no faith to guide and steady them, and the age which has rejected the Christian miracles sits at the feet of the high priests of modern paganism and drinks with open mouth and eyes their lying wonders-lying wonders which tend directly to the support of false doctrines and the

denial of Christianity. There is much truth in these observations, and it is incumbent upon the Catholie pulpit and its ally, the Catholic press, to lend every effort to stem the tide of infidelity and to hold fast that which has been gained. The ranks of unbelief must not be increased by recruits from Catholicity, but Catholicity must hold out inducements to those who, despairing of any settlement of the conflict of creeds in the Protestant sects, seek a haven of rest outside of their pale. Unbelief is merely a protest. The soul that finds no peace or contentment or comfort in its religious environment either seeks another or abandons all religion in disgust. The Catholic Church can win over many such who are now irretrievably drifting into Agnosticism. This should be the ambition, as it is the mission, of the pulpit and the press. -Boston Republic.

Boys Who Smoke.

We have known of boys who failed to secure good business positions be-cause they smoked. And it is reported f a prominent merchant in Georgia that he promptly rejected an applicant who appeared with a cigar in his mouth, saying to him: "The next time you want a place do not go into a house as a clean house; a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house smoking one of those things If all the employers should take a simi-, if the heads set themselves to do lar stand it would have more influence upon boys than any amount of legislaing each other's weakness as well as ive action, or of appeal front parents and pulpit. In another instance we heard of a young girl who applied for and secured a situation as a ceeper which had been denied her ing the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that brother because he was addicted to the ise of cigarettes. These cases furnish practical argument against smoking, It deserves notice, also, that almost iny one can be courteous and forbearwhich, if more general, would rouse boys to see what they are in danger of osing if they persist in the harmful and expensive habit.

From the Stage to the Cloister.

The news that Mlle. Donadio has left and hegun h

long for. There was not a prettie maid in all the brave north countre than Joan Newby, and many a gallant Westmoreland lad would go long miles to get a glimpse of her bonnie face and if by any chance there was ever se faint a smile in those hazel eyes for him, he was happy for a week, at least.

"Ay, ay, the lile lassie is a beauty sake, yet it would not have been possible to shield her from many a right enewf, but then she be onlie a lassie," her father would say when petty annoyance, or fend off many some one remarked upon the fresh stinging social arrow. Better that she loveliness of her smooth cheeks, or the should keep her station and that he should impale some worthy coat of wealth of her dark auburn hair. And yet the bluff yeoman was mightily proud of this daughter, who had been arms with the silver swans of the Radcliffes. Many a beauty of high degree the brightness of his life since the day would gladly be mistress of Kelvin, so the gude wife had died, fully sixtee why sigh for this lowly-born cotter's years before, and left him to bring up daughter? And yet-and yet-what glorious eyes she had, and how truethe little four-year old ; and he quit expected that some day or other she hearted she was to refuse his tempting offer. Yes, he was desperately in love would marry well; nay, he openly offer. gave out that the man who came to with her in spite of his rebuff, but he woo must be a gentle born. His own particular cronies would smile and because he could not get the moon-no, shake their heads, and doubt but that he would live it down like a man, and he flew too high. Wise mothers hinted when the October breezes began to that it was a risky business to mate shower the golden beech leaves over lawns and drives, a new interest sprang up to distract his thoughts and out of one's own station, and jealous maidens tossed their chins, and said that no one of gentle birth would even absord his energies, for a gang of poachers were at work, and his keep wed the like of her.

Yet that very moment the chance ers at their wits' end. was hers to marry into one of the oldest families of the North, as she stood when for the second time he had to leaning against the gate of the hazel report a clearance of one of his best copse above the Guide's farm with her spinneys, "they be reglar stiff uns heart going like a sledge hammer, miners and the like fra Boltchester and a wild, half-frightened look in her "Well, Bayley," answered his mas-ter, "if it was only the village fellows, I eyes and listened to the pleadings of young Mr. Radeliffe of Kelvin Tower. would not say anything, for so long as they leave me enough game to show

"Oh, Joan, my darling, you will say yes - won't you?" He had got both her hands in hands in his, and my friends decent sport, they are welwaited bravely for an answer, but don't let me catch them at it. But I none came. am not going to let a lot of professiona

"Come, sweetheart," he went on blackguards sweep the place ; so just "take me, take me-for I love you far get half a dozen likely men who can more than any other fellow ever

understand, and come up here about 10 o'clock to night, and we will see if That broke the spell, and she lifted her eyes and looked for one moment we cannot astonish these sneaks." into his blue ones, which mirrored her

beach, sending the rattling pebbles fly toncless gray. But even in the up and ing, to a spot some yards below them and without a moment's hesitatio think how, after all, it was best for his swam his horse boldly across, so as to own and the girl's sake that he should cut off the boat. not get his way, and outrage pride, and give her the old honorable name :

"Keep her in close to the shore, fo the current runs strongly there, and we may get past," whispered the girl. for though he was ready to brave sneed and chaff of foes and friends for her But it was too late, for the stream had carried them into shoal water, and already the boat was aground and the horseman close upon them. With : fierce oath Redman lifted a scull, and springing to his feet, bade him keep off or he would brain bim.

"You murdering cur. You shall swing for this night's work," cried the rider, as he grasped a heavy hunting crop and rode straight at the stranded

But before Gerald Radcliffe could get within striking distance, his horse shied, as a woman's figure sprang up : and his arm dropped as the voic was not the sort of fellow to howl which he yet thought the sweetest in the world, cried piteously:

"Have mercy, Mr. Gerald, for my ness. sake.

'Great heavens, Joan, what are you doing here? Do you know this ellow has just murdered poor old Bay ey?" he cried, bewilderedly.

'No, no," she almost shrieked, "in is all a mistake; and if he did, yon must let him go, for my sake.

not do it.

off-

"But you will not plead for such a scoundrel ; you cannot know who he laughing ripples. Tenderly they lifted

her, all dripping, cold and lifeless, and carried her homeward over the sands. "Yes. ves. I do! Oh, Mr. Gerald, ne-he is-my sweetheart-let him go And the rooks, swaying in the elms -let him go!

above the Guide's farm cawed on and For a moment Radeliffe paused. His ook no heed of a broken-hearted father duty was clear, to seize the murderer but to hang Joan's lover-no, he could who wailed.

his

'My bonnie bairn-my lile lassie, "Here, you fellow-for her sake be

Joan." A few hours later Gerald Radeliffe -jump on to my horse and ride like was lifted from a crevice in the black the fury-turn him loose when you get rock and taken up to the home of his over the sands-he'll find his way home. And never let me come across you race. A spark of life was still burning, again, for, by all the saints, I will hand and the doctors pulled him through.

dropped into the water and waded at that wild night's work throughout cians

were to see land again, so he pulled himself resolutely together. ...Redman is safe, Joan, never fear ; that which is so natural in the house of

he would reach Hest bank long before the bore came. Don't tremble so. We, too, shall be safe before long.

"Hush, listen," she said, raising her head again. "Can't you hear waves breaking on the shore?"

"Its only the wind and the roar of the tide," he answered. "We are too far out-

As he spoke the boat began to rock could not fail to make their own home and roll ; there was a heave of waters, happy. a wild plunge, a cataract of foam spout-ing against a black mass right ahead, and a shrick from the girl, "The black remarks by recurring to the maxim vorse than folly to refer to our temper. rocks!

unless we proved that we gained any good by giving way to it. Fits of ill Gerald sprang forward to try and stave the gig off with the oar, but the stout ash stave broke in his hands. humor punish us quite as much, if not He gave one wild stagger and, losing more than those they are vented upon and it actually requires more effort and balance, fell head first overboard into the whirl of waves. For one second the boat hung, and then swing inflicts more pain to give them up than would be requisite to avoid them. ing off, was swept away in the dark

Blood Poison Is very liable to follow contact of the hands or face with what is known as poison ivy, espec-ially in hot weather or if the body is perspir-ing freely. The trouble may subside for a when opportunity offers. The great purify ing powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly eradicate every trace of poison from the blood, as the cures it has accomplished con clasively show. It also cures scrofula, salt heum and all other affections arising from impure or poisoned blood. D. H. CUNNINGHAM, important of Dis-The gale blew itself out toward day dawn, and the sun rose and bathed the sands in golden splendor, as three fisher folk set out across the shallows for the long line of nets off Silverdale. And there they found, among the stakes, the body of a girl, with a tangle of auburn hair floating round her, washed to and fro by the merry

Impure of poisoned bood.
D. H. CUNNINGHAM, importor of Dia monds, Watches and Jewellery. Manufactur-ing and Fine Watch Reparing. 77 Young Street, second door North of King, Toronto Consult Your Neighbor,

ny one may find out just what Burdocl od Bitters is and does by asking a neigh who has tried it. It rarely fails in making

or who has then it. If rarely tails in making complete cure of dyspepsia, constipation (ck-headache, billousness and diseases of the comach, liver, bowels and blood.

stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Can Not Compete. Miss Maud Grant, of Mountain, Om writes : 'I can recommend Dr. Fowler's E tract of Wild Strawberry for summer con plaints and diarrhora. There is nothing compete with it as it succeeds even in the everest cases."

convent has naturally caused some stir both in New York and Paris theatrical circles. "La Donadio," whose real name was Dieudonne, came out under Strakosch at the Italians. She played ourtesies of social life may be upheld La Somnambula " alternately with Albani, and her stage successes have been great and many. This is not by any means the first case of a French house ; and a wife as intent on making actress becoming a nun ; but the news of each transition comes with a great thrill to the Parisian play-goer.

A Chivalrous Shiner.

On the corner of one of the business bout the allowances for temper. It is streets of the city the other morning, says the Detroit Free Press, a shoeblack had just finishing polishing the shoes of a well-dressed and gentle-appearing man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

'How much shall I pay you?" he

asked of the boy. "Five cents, sir."

"Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir," said the boy, "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out o' your hard luck."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a noment and passed on.

Who says the days of chivalry are ver.

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