A Lovers' Quarrel.

- I might have passed it by, my love,
 As if I saw it not—
 As if I could not feel your hand
 Was tremulous and hot;
 Nor knew the drink fiend on your soul
 A cruel hold had got.
- I might have chid you gently, dear, With words of playful blame. And you had sot been angry then, But loved me still the same; Nor said these words of hasty pride— The pride that springs from shame
- Ah, no! the love is selfishness,
- I am glad I spoke-and yet, and yet-
- I am glad I spoke—and yes, and So near—now severed quite—Come in. A letter, and from him! "My darling, you were right;
 No more until we meet but this:
 I sign the pledge to-night."

 ETHEL TANE.

-Illustrated Catholic American

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

At the close of my last letter I merely wrote of my visit to Westminster Abbey - the most ancient shrine of England begun more than twelve hundred years upon the ruins of a heathen temple which the conquering Romans built upon the Isle of Thorney. The Catholic Saxon, faithful children of St. Augustine, up-rooted every stone of heathen workmanreared to the honor of the Prince of the Apostles the corner-stone upon which the Man-God built this immortal church, a temple that has outlived the Saxon Heptarchy, the dynasty of Danish Vikings, the turbulent days of the Norsemen, the long illustrious line of Plantagenets, the absolution of the Tudors, the weakness of the Stuarts, the stupidity of the transplanted Hanoverians. It has survived the wreck of countless changesthe ruin of numberless political wars— and now stands in the midst of a modern city, surrounded by the short-lived splen-dor and show of the nineteenth century, the carved devices are most strange and an emblem of an imperishable faith in its age, in its beauty as imperishable as the stones which the art of the sculptor has literally glorified. What strange memories, what holy thoughts, and, alas! what sad feelings the sight of this cloister of cloisters, this fairest of ministers awakens! It speaks to you, as you stand before the tomb of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, tomb of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who began this wonderous house of worship and died in 616, of the whole history of the nation, which, more than any other, has swayed the destiny of the world. It tells of the royal and princely saints of the Saxon line without number, whose sacred relies make this Abbey doubly venerable, pro-claiming even in the dust of death the holiness of the faith that England so madly cast away. You move down the where so many Catholic generations of the past have trodden, and expect to of the past have trodden, and expect to hear from the oaken, dust-covered stalls the chant of the monk, filling, as it filled through centuries, that glorious church. But the monk is gone—his blood, which heresy shed, is heard in heaven asking mercy for unhappy England. The altar has been torn down, the light of the sanctuary extinguished, the faith of Edward the Confessor expelled, and poor shame-tuary extensions are considered to the same to the confessor expelled, and poor shame-tuary extinguished. the Contessor expense, and poor, sname-less Protestantism mocks with its presence this stolen, desecrated Abbey. The change has been so terrible, the sacrilege so heart-rending, the national misfortune which this Abbey reveals has been so measureless, that you can understand, here, and here alone, the touching request of Adehaide Proctor for her nature island. The whole length of the great cloister, which I walked again and again, unwilling to quit it, is three hundred and seventy-five feet, stolen a place in death from a Church which is the control of the church, facing the tomb of so-called bishops, deans, and dignitaries, who have stolen a place in death from a Church its breadth two hundred. ment to the roof, where the carving is, I am told, as exquisite as the finest lace, visible only to God and His saints in worse than worthless lives. In St. Benedict's Chapel, for example, is the tomb of Langton, one of the many great primates of Canterbury, and near it is a preten-tious mounment of Dr. Bill, if you please, whose honor it was done, is over one hundred feet. But the length to me seemed one of Stanley's predecessors as Dean of Westminster, a servile tool of Queen Bess. This strange relation is repeated again far greater; perhaps this deception, which others have noticed, is due to the admir-able proportions of the whole building, from nave to the western entrance. The building as it now stands was the work of different periods. It owes, however, most of its architectural grace and beauty to Edward the Confessor. His intense love for the faith, and the purity of his life, and the purity of his lower than the property of the confessor. made it a congenial occupation to continue and perfect what the rude but pious Sebert had begun six centuries before. To its construction he devoted all the wealth he could gather—and when the great work was done, he tried to secure its preservation by a royal charter which contains the most solemn denunciations against all who would dare to deface or destroy any part of the building. The charter is still preserved in the Chapter destroy any part of the building. The charter is still preserved in the Chapter House of the Abbey, where the Commons of England long held their Sessions. I wonder if the free-thinking Dean Stanley, or any of his associates in the sacrilegious pation of the Abbey, ever read Did the first Reformers think of it when they sent its cowled occupants to the Tower of Tyburn, and trampled to the Tower of Tyburn, and trampled under foot the Holy of Holies? Does the fear of Divine vengence ever enter the hearts of those who to-day enter the chancel where long ago royal hands built an altar for the awful myster of Calvary? When I thought mystery of Calvary? When I thought mystery of Caivary! When I thought of that polluted sanctuary from which God was driven, and when I heard the voices of the choristers performing in that place an heretical service, I thought of the place an nereucal service, I thought of the imprecation of the Jews around Pilates' Hall—"His blood be upon us and upon our children." Yes, they have put in the place of the altar a new reredos of rare workmanship, of colored alabaster; but infinitely more precious to the souls of infinitely more precious to the souls of men was the altar which for six centurie men was the attar which for six centeries was colored with the blood of a Divine Victim. Now, where Edward the Confessor and his believing people once knelt to receive the Bread of Life, stands a desk from which Dean Stanley preaches polished infidelity, and a table of black and green marble, but there is no Living Bread quicken the famishing souls of the children of Catholic ancestors into everlasting life. Heresy has tried to make up for the absence of the altar and Victim, without which the Abbey Westminster would never have existed, by a display of wealth in bronze and mar-ble. But this only makes the desecration appear more hideous—the poverty, the hollowness of Protestantism is the more painfully revealed, and the crime of the sacrilege here perpetrated is blacker.

There is a blackness here which no white-

ness of modern marble, no richness of cedar wood, embellished with foliage and monograms, no mosaic pictures, however gracefully wrought, can hide or even diminish. The stone pavement of the lovely devastated chancel re-echoes the curse of the Charter of centle Edward. The blackness of that curse has settled every-where, never to disappear until heresy gives back what it stole with violence and gives back what it stole with violence and cruelty, until England becomes again "Our Lady's Dower," when Jesus, Marr, and Joseph shall dwell of old with her people again. In the enlargement of the Abbey, Henry III. built a chapel to the Blassed Virgin but to tree of the stolength of the stoleng Blessed Virgin, but no trace of it now remains. During the wars of the Roses it into decay. When Henry VII. first of the Tudor line winning his crown on Bosworth field, ascended the throne, one of the first acts of his reign was to rebuild, on the same site, a more beautiful chapel to the Queen of Heaven. Of the nine chapels forming a part of the Abbey it is by far the most beautiful. By a decree of the kingly founder none but those of blood royal can be buried there. You enter this church, latest and most elaborate specimen of the Gothic style in England from the east end of the Abbey. The gates, like the one of the Jewish Tem-The gates, like the one of the Jewish Temple at which the beggar sat might well be called beautiful. They are of brass, most wonderfully wrought, the panels filled with the armorial bearings of the Duke of Beauty and Pane dear Alexand the Richmond—three fleur de lis—and the white and red Roses of York and Lancaster intertwined emblematic of the peace that followed the victory of Bosworth. On the threshold you look up to the lofty ceiling, and are lost in wonder over not so much at its loftiness, but at the groups of figures, so many and so various that they bewilder the eye and baffle all description. Under your feet is a pavement of black and white marble that vies with the arched ceiling in its richness. Though called a chapel of the abbey, it is over one hundred feet in length, filled with slats of brown wainscot with Gothic canopies upon which

men and women famous or infamous in England's history. All are of royal kith and kin. Henry III. has a magnificent tomb in the body of the chapel, surrounded by a most curious chantry of brass. Here are buried the haughty, crime-stained Elizabeth, and her unfortunate innocent victim, Mary Queen of Scots. Death has reduced to the same earthly level the proud persecutor who died vomiting the execrations of the damned, and the persecuted who drew from the crucifix the silently kissed as she laid her head upon the block, the first state of sweet eternal rest. side by side lie Richard of Gloster whom side by side lie Richard of Gloster whom uragedy has painted in such hideous colors, and the princess whom he murdered. Everywhere is royal dust; the splendid tombs tell the visitor, but the lowly, helpless, silent dust for all that, as mean as the clod of the valley. Great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, stops a Læsar dead and turned to clay, stops a Confessor expelled, and poor, shame- for the remaining time, to atone for my containing special objects of interest to the lovers of antiquity or of history. Scattered through all of them are sacred treasured mementoes of Catholic ages, tombs of bishops, canons, priests, whose

On every side are tombs of

and again, and the Catholic visitor almost wonders that the stone crozier on the episcopal tombs, and scatter the dust, of these defenders of sacrilege. The only chapel free from this intrusion of Protestantism is the one erected by Henry III. in honor of Edward the Confessor. It was built as a reliquary to receive the hallowed dust of England's King after Rome had enrolled his name upon her Dyptics.

The words of the bull of canonization which Alexander III. issued are partly fulfilled. 'His soul is glorified in Heaven, but, alas! his body is no longer honored upon earth." In that grand Abbey petitions are no longer afforded to the saints of God, and no prayers are said for England's dead. Here lie six kings, five queens, two princesses and one bishop; but they were buried when the Requiem Mass was

ssessions supported

and the Catholic visitor almost

whose

said and the Dies Irae was daily sung in the royal chapel centuries ago. In the north and south transepts are found the tombs or monumental records of war or literature. Most of the names are modern, and most of them deserve some recogniand most of them deserve some recogni-tion of the services they have rendered their native land, but their epitaphs seem sedly out of place in a Catholic cloister. Here hundreds of historic names appear. Here is told in statues of warriors, statesmen, poets, historians, scientists, the source of the greatness of the British Empire. From the statue of Sir Robert Empire. From the statue of Sir Rober Peel addressing the House of Common till you reach the Poets' Corner there is a continuous record of the power and ver-satility of the English mind, the depth and richness of English thought, which make the English race masters in every

walk of literature. Unsurpassed intellec-tual as well as material wealth is exhibited. With just pride England takes the stranger to Westminster Abbey, and silently points to those tombs as so many pages upon which are written the greatest deeds of men. From many of those here entomed it might be truly said, on ac-

count of their achievements, that sculp ture borrowed from them immortality instead of best wing it. But mere human greatness should be enshrined and commemorated elsewhere; the Church of St. Peter, the Abbey of Westminster, is God's own house, and was not built to be a national mausoleum. — Catholic Telegraph.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cures all diseases of the blood, and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

A PROTESTANT CRITIC ON FATHER BURKE, O. P.

On Sunday, though it was known to few, one of the first of living English orators was speaking in Liverpool. Father Tom Burke, as he is commonly called, has a great reputation in his own Church, and especially among the Irish people. And he deserves it. There are few who can declaim as he can declaim people. And he deserves it. There are few who can declaim as he can declaim so gracefully, so calmly, so deliberately, with such noble gestures, or whose minds in suppleness and creativeness are as well able as his to meet the demands of such elecutionary powers. He would be a great man even if he were only reciting the thoughts of others. But his own

the thoughts of others. But his own thought provides, and seems to provide extemporaneously, the material which his voice and action so nobly employ.

In appear-nce Father Burke is essentially the Dominican friar. Most people have some notion of this type. The preaching Dominicans have stamped themselves on the graphic literature of all ages as burly men fram whose massive ages as burly men, from whose massive heads and boldly hewn faces the tonsure and fashion of their order have abstracted anything that in appearance makes for gentleness and refinement. Open Dore's "Contes Drolatiques" and in a page or two you will stumble on a likeness of a friar which, allowing for exaggeration, might be the likeness of Father Tom Burke himself. In a crowd and in common costume you might perhaps pass him by, for the grandeur of his head is very rude, and the prominent rather rubi-cund nose, and the full protruding under lip, though they tell of latent power, tell it in unattractive symbols. Standing the pulpit in the habit of his order, Standing Father Burke's aspect needs no interpreter. He is a great Dominican preacher, and you feel it before he opens his lips. In broad, deep characters there are inscribed upon his countenance unction and

Many people indentify oratory with Many people indentify oratory with great speed of speech and much flourish of gesture. Yet, of the great orators of our time—perhaps of all time—there have been few who answer to this popular idea. When people hear Mr. Bright f.r the first time they always wonder he speaks so slowly. M'Neile was always majestic. Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Peterborough, the late Earl of Derby, and the Duke of Argyll fulfil much more nearly the common preconception of oratory; the common preconception of oratory but not one of them, with all their great has attained that combination of simplicity, majesty, and finish which is the perfection of oratory, and of which Bright, M'Neile, and Father Tom Burke are in their several ways examples. Father Burke is never in a hurry, and never imagines his audience can be. Gracefully, and without slips or trips, does he roll forth his splendid sentences—then pauses easily, and resumes at leisure his oration, which seems to need this regal calmness to do justice to its nobility of conception and expression. We of this later generation must suppose it was somewhat thus that O'Connell spoke. If so, it is not difficult to understand his mastery over his susceptible and imaginative countrymen.

The great Dominican's voice has a rare ange without break of deficiency in any part of the compass. In the portions of his speeches which are more easily deliv-ered it is a mellow bass, heard without effort, over the area of a large building, In the passages which are delivered with rising energy Father Burke's voice is a very fine rich alto with a slightly nasal timbre, such as is often observed in great tragedians. And having mentioned great tragedians it may be permitted us to add that if the late G. V. Brooke had suffered the tonsure towards the latter part of his life and donned the black and white habit of the Dominicans he would have been very much such a man as Father Burke is; but Father Burke's bass is never sepulchral or artificial as Brooke's was ap

Passing to the interesting border region where in all natural orators the qualities physique and manner co-operate with those of mind, we notice in Father Burke as one of his most essential peculiarities a gliding sequence of connection. It as alien from his style to exhibit a and explicit logical scheme as to indulge in mere unconnected bursts of emotions xuberance. There is a reason for every exuberance. There is a reason for every-thing Father Burke says, and for its being said when he says it; but he trusts for the feeling of sequence somewhat to the im-agination of his hearers and to his own uccess in exciting and feeding that imagination.

Thus in his sermon yesterday morning which was preached to aid in freeing St.

Joseph's Church from debt, the text and
the leading idea were skilfully used to
associate the houselessness and shelterlessness of our Saviour with the Catholic duty of building and sustaining houses for His worship. With this the preacher began; with this he ended; and the whole sermon kept alive the practical and affecting analogy. "That our Lord may dwell in a house and on an altar that He may really call His own." A beautiful and daring idea; and it was beautifully and daringly carried out. From many sources of ancient Scriptural nurrative and allu sion were brought illustrations of the sacredness of the abodes of God, metaphor and fact being resorted to with equal confidence and impressiveness. The price-lessness of these same abodes of the Divinity as shelters and resting-places of weary and troubled human spirits was brought out with equal sweetness and beauty. And then, in a succession of eloquent mellow word-pictures, was told the story of church building in every age, and of how, even where faith had vanished and civilisation had disappeared in her train, the sacred edifices erected by early Chris-tians still remained to tell of their love

and devotion.

This sketch must not be lengthened by specimens, but it is impossible not to bear itness to the incidental evidence yielded by Father Burke's discourse of his power using lauguage at once to conjure up various images, to express meaning in such ripeness as only great and well-resuch ripeness as only great and well-re-strained oratorical power can produce, and to dignify the purport of what is said by grace and majesty in delivering it. Under this description must come the vivid picture of the Virgin holding the

Saviour dead upon her knees while she drew from his brow the thorns and washed the blood. So also the description of the Church emerging from her cata-

combs to build up again laboriously the civilisation of the Pagan world which the barbarians had just destroyed. So again the magnificent patriotic description of reland, and the contrasted duration of erearly church buildings with the pre-ent aspect of the hill in the heart of Midsent aspect of the hill in the heart of Mid-Meath, once crowned with the glory of Ireland's kings. So again a fine picture, painted with a sweeping but luminous brush, of the rise and fall of civilisation, where the slopes of the Andes sweep down to the sweet Pacific. In these and many other passages—notably a fine and unex-aggrated eulogy of the solemn sweet stateliness of the church itself in which stateliness of the church itself in which the sermo was delivered—the great ora-tor exemplified that wealth of chaste description which denotes and expends, imaginatively and almost though not quite creatively, some of the highest intelle owers that can be illustrated in eloqu-

And almost always, without passing into the dangerous region of pantomime, the action of the preacher's hands and arms appropriately heighten the effect. sometimes the varieties of gesture were exceedingly significant, as when Father Burke said he could never banish for a single day from his mind or from his eyes (with a delicate variation of the movement of the hand to the forehead at each of the two words) the horrors of the Irish famine. And only occasionly did his gesture fail, as it certainly did when a picture of the Catholic Church springing up into prosperity was accompanied by a curi-ously weakened fluttering motion of the

The eloquent friar, it must be owned, lives in a simple word. He calls the nine-teenth a contemptible century; and it must have almost provoked a smile even among his own countrymen to hear him say and prove that Irishmen are the peo-ple most after God's own heart. he relations and speculations of a preaching monk, however great he may be, are seldom very profound. But it is not by profundity that oratory must be judged. Dratory is great when we can attribute to of acory is great when we can activate to it strength, grace, unction supply accuracy of expression, chastened splendor of dic-tion. And when to these characters are added charms of voice, power or presence, simple majesty of addicery and constant simple majesty of delivery, and constant unconscious elegance of action, we have to admit that the orator is worthy of his oratory.—Liverpool Daily Post.

HOW RO.LE MAY SUCCEED.

Under the above caption a Boston Baptist paper, The Watchman, expresses some rational ideas in a roundabout way in regard to the perpetuity of the Catholic Church, and the failure of every cher Church, and the failure of every Cher form of Christianity. He thinks Roman-ism, the name bigots wish to give to the Catholic Church, may some day get pos-session of the nations, as she had in the fifteenth century, not by strategy or force, but because the Protestants will have proved themselves untrue to God and

man.
It is not impossible, he says, for the Pro testant denominations to become so dead that Rome will be accepted by the world as its ruler. Let us suppose, for example, that those Protestants who see no inspira-tion in the Bible, who find nothing supernatural in Christianity, who deprive manhattrai in Christianity, who deprive maintain characteristic with a seminating their views throughout the churches. What would happen? There could be no question that Romanism would triumph. The human mind craves would triumph. assurance; the human heart craves

He is right: the mind and heart of man lible guidance. Without it they drift away into the fullness of Protestantism, that is, into total unbelief.

The tendencies to lax views of inspira-tion, says the Watchman, which are manifested in various Protestant denominations particularly among Lutherans and Broad Church Episcopalians, render the attitude of the Baptists doubly important. Never was it more necessary to lift the Bible high as the infallible guide of souls.

The Watchman seems to forget here that the Lutherans and Broad Episcopalions are quite as conversant with the Bible as the Baptists, and find their guidance avowedly in its sacred pages. Let us suppose again, says the Watchman that Protestantism should cease to protect

the family with adequate care. The world would turn to Rome for deliverance from domestic anarchy, and the social vices which domestic anarchy produces.

He is referring to the facility of divorce

Luther, Mahomet, Henry VIII. and Jos Smith approved of the pleurality of wives

Smith approved of the pleurality of wives, which divorces make easy.

"When we look at the statistics of divorce from Massachusetts and Connecticut, to say nothing of those from Illinois and Indiana, we begin to question whether the extreme rigidity of the Papacy will not soon begin to be accepted as a relief from the mischief of such excessive indifference. A year or two ago we were present in the Presbyterian General Assembly when a resolution was before the House declarin Rome to be not a Church of Christ, and Rome to be not a Church of Christ, and her baptism not valid. Those who opposed the resolution pleaded fervently for a certain degree of peace with Rome, because of the need of unity among all Christians who desire to protect the house-hold from the disorganizing efforts of its foes. The speakers seemed to admit the criminal indifference of the great Protestant denomination, and with a certain degree of admiration to the doctrine of Rome concerning magnings and diverse. Christians who desire to protect the houseome concerning marriage and divorce. In this we did not sympathize with them in the least, but we could see how thou-sands of men and women all over the world might be led to look to Rome as a refuge from domestic anarchy and vice if Protestantism should fail to provide them

refuge."
But, neighbor, Protestantism is liberty; But, neighbor, Protestantism is liberty; its great boast is in making people free to believe what they please, and, in short, to do what they please, and not to be governed by "Papal bondage," which insists upon keeping married people for life in the sacred bonds of matrimony, even when the parties, he or she, think he or she would find it more agreeable to have another wife or another husband.

Russia and Germany the Papacy to-day is receiving more respectful treatment than it received five years ago, on account of its opposition to Socialism. It ought not to be difficult for the Protestant bodies to excel it in this respect. We have but to study and to teach the Bible in order to throw around the property of every man the sanction of divine law."

According to the general representations

of the sectarian papers, the Lutherans of Germany have the open Bible before them, while among the Catholic Germans the sacred volume is a sealed book, wrap-ped up in chains, and locked up, as we have seen in some of their pictorials. And yet Socialism, which means anarchy and the destruction of law and order, is fostered in the Lutheran, and rejected in the Catholic districts?

the Catholic districts?

"Romanism creates poverty. One cannot pass from England to Ireland without becoming convinced of this. But, on the other hand, Rome does much for the poor whose poverty she creates. Her vast income of money is made up of their mites. Her cathedrals, her churches, her bishops, her wister or is for these and they are her priests, exist for them, and they are governed and directed with as much care governed and directed with as much care as that which is bestowed on the rich and the great. The vast majority of mankind will always be poor, and that Church will have the love of the vast majority which takes the most interest in its fortunes and misfortunes. The Protestant denominations are in some danger of standing too far from the hod-earrier. We may be sure that Rome will exist and flourish and sure that Rome will exist and flourish and grow mighty if we permit her to perform those offices to the poor which we ought

to perform.
"We are not apprehensive. But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, whether of the body or the soul. Thus far in its history, Protestantism has proved, on the whole, infinitely better for mankind than whole, infinitely better for manking than Romanism. We say, on the whole. There are some places where it seems to us to have lost its superiority, and where Romanism is better. There are places Momanism is better. There are places where it is a mere name with which to cover infidelity, immorality, Socialism, cruelty. Let us beware lest it sink in other places to the same low level. Only when it does so, need we fear that Rome will triumph."

Romanism creates poverty about as much in Ireland as Protestantism does in any of the impoverished Southern States. The carpet-bag roguery, which nearly filch-ed all that was left in the Southern States for several years, was but a very feeble re-production of the centuries of robbery per-petrated by her Protestant rulers in Ire-

Otherwise, the Catholic Church foster the poor, and takes them in her sacred keeping. The Watchman bears reluctant testimony to other of her great conservative powers and virtues.—Catholic Mirror.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

One day Charles Dickens, as he sat in the office of All the Year Round, making his wa' through the mass of papers that lay on his table, was attracted and surprised by the singular merit of some lines which had been sent him. Such a dis-covery is always a refreshment to an editor, as he wades among the slough of manuscripts which surround him, and he glanced eagerly at the name with which the verse were signed. It was "Mary Benwick. Dickens had never before, to his know-ledge, either heard this name or seen it in print, but there was the ring of true poetry in Mary Benwick's lines, be she whom she might, and so they were inserted in the next number of the magazine. Months went on, and All the Year Round had frequent contributions of Miss Mary Berwick among its contents. Dickens, however, knew simply nothing about her except that she wrote a legible hand, that he always, by her own wish, address communications to her to a certain circu-

lating library in the west of London, and that, when he sent her a check, she acknowledged it promptly, but in a very short.
matter-of-fact way. At length, one winter
evening, when Dickens went to dine with
the Proctors, he happened to put in his
pocket, to show them, the Christmas number of All the Year Round, which was just coming out. He called their attention especially to what he said was a very pretty poem by Miss Mary Berwick. The author of "Pickwick" remarked, to his astonishment, that these simple words of his were received by the whole family with much uppressed merriment. He could not in east make out what was in the wind, but he took it good-naturedly, supposing it to be some home Christmas joke, and asked no questions. Next day, the mystery of the unaccountable mirth of last night was cleared up in a letter from Barry Cornwall to Dickens. Mary Berwick was Adelaide Proctor. And, from that time forward, Miss Procter took an acknowl-edged place among English poetesses.

AN INDIAN BRIDE'S DEVOTION.

There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's Indian wife to her brave and manly lover. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl with whom he lived very happily. When he was taken ill, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet mustang pony and travelled hundreds of miles to reach him. Night and day she continued her journey, When he was taken ill, a long resting only a few hours on th prairie, flying on her wonderful little steed as soon as she could gather up her forces anew. She forded rivers, she scaled forces anew. She forced fivers are seasons rocky passes, she waded through morasses, and finally arrived, just alive, to find the husband better. But the exposure and husband better. But the exposure and exertion killed her. She was seized with pneumonia and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The shock killed t Carson, the rugged miner. He broke a blood vessel, and they are both buried in one grave.

RE VE LIKE FOOLISH.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matthat no doctor count else what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. or another husband.

The Pope opposes Socialism. "In Germany, where Socialism is rife, the Romish (Catholic) districts are free from it, while the Lutherans are more apt to harbor the infection. There is no doubt that both in

"WIPED OUT."

A STORY OF THE PLAINS.

(From the Detroit Free Press.) What is that!

Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cottonwoods towards a buffalo alf gambling around its mother.

Raise your eyes a little more and you see that the prairie beyond is alive with buffalo. Count them. You might as well try to count the leaves on a giant maple! They are moving foot by foot as they creat the prairie. mapie: they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the herd slowly creep on. Afar out to right and left—mere specks Afar out to right and left—mere specks on the plain—are the flankers, brave old ouffaloes, which catch a bite of grass and intimation of danger. They are the senti-nels of the herd, and right well can they

be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer.

All the afternoon the great herd has fed in peace, and as it now slowly moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you well and watch the wolf, for you are going to see such a sight as not one man in ten thousand

such a sight as not one man in ten thousand has ever beheld.

Creep—crawl—skulk—now behind a knoll—now drawing himself over the grass—now raising its head above a thistle to mark the locality of its victim. It is a lone, shambling, skulking wolf, lame, and spiteful, and treacherous. Wounded or ailing, he has been left alone to get on as best he may, and his green eyes light up with fiercer blaze as he draws nearer and nearer to his unconscious prey. neonscious prey. There! No, he is yet too far away.

Creep, creep. Now he is twenty feet away, now fifteen, now ten. He hugs the earth; gathers his feet under him, and ne bounds through the air as if shot from a he bounds through the air as it shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over and over on the grass in three seconds after he springs. Now watch! A cry of pain from the calf—a furious bellow from the mother as she wheels and

charges the wolf-a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and a rush begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand. Short, sharp, bellows, snorts of alarm, a rush and in lifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood that living mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror. The waves rise higher and higher as the confusion spreads. One instant it seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away; again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front, who wait sniff the air and learn the danger. In one minute the alarm runs down the herd to the leaders—further than the eye can see—and the entire herd is go-ing off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling, and no thought but that of escape. If lake Erie were to dash itself against a wall the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of rattling hoofs, sharp horns and hairy dobies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry galloping over a stone-

paved road. Ride out on their trail. Here where the stampede began the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannon had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which have been gored or crushed—here and there older animals with broken legs and disabling wounds. Here, were the herd was fairly off you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt, and dust, and ruts, and furrows, where half an hour ago was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more orrible scares behind.

Miles away, on the banks of the winding, growling river, are three white-topped emigrant wagons. A camp-fire blazes up to boil the kettles; men, women, and children stand about, peering over the setting sun at the distant mountains and glad that their journey is almost done. Butterflies come and go on lazy wing, the crickets chirp cheerily on the grass, and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! is that thunder? Men and women turn in their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again, as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles and afar off comes a pin which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. No! A thousand times better for them if savage Pawnee dared ride down where these l barrelled rifles could speak a defence of the

peaceful camp.

"A stampede of buffaloes! "gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advance-guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are ready for a shot, and the children climb up on the heavy wagon-wheels to see the strange procession gallop by.

Here they come! Crack! crack! crack! from three rfles, and shout as each bullet tells. Next instant a shaggy head, followed

by a dust-browned body, rushed through the camp. Then another, and another. The men shout and wave their arms; the romen and children turn paler yet.

The roar and din shut out every other

sound, and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. Now another shaggy head—another—half-a-dozen—a score—a hundred—a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth more completely than by any power of Heaven. Nothing to be seen—no shout to be heard. Wave followed wave across, the spot—over the bank—into the stream and across, and when the last of the herd had passed, the keenest hunter can find nothing on that spot of iron, or wood or cloth or bone or flesh to prove that a dozen men, women, and children were wiped out of existence, and reduced to shrep and dust.

YOU CAN BE HAPPY

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.