

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An Aerial Story.

From the French.

At the foot of Mont Blanc, in the valley of Sallanches, many years ago stood a little cottage inhabited by Bernard, the Swiss guide, and his three sons. One ever-to-be-remembered morning the sturdy mountaineer found himself for perhaps the first time in his life unable to rise and walk abroad. Burning with fever he lay in bed and watched anxiously for the return of his son, Jean, who had gone to Sallanches for the doctor. At last he heard the welcome sound of hoof beats on the road, and in another moment the busy, fat little doctor was in the sick room.

"Ah-ha, down at last, my never-sick friend!" cried the little man, cheerily, almost boastfully, as who should say, "I have the better of you now, you see!" He did not take the patient's temperature with a little mouth thermometer, as your modern city doctor does, but he placed his hand on the burning forehead, timed the galloping pulse and examined the dry tongue, just as every medical man has treated a fever case any time these hundreds of years. When he had completed his examination he patted Bernard's cheek. "It will be nothing, nothing worth while," he said, encouragingly.

At the same time, however, he made a contradictory sign to the three lads, who, pale with suppressed anxiety, were grouped at the foot of their father's sick bed. All four withdrew to an outer room, and then the little doctor shook his head and said gravely: "A serious attack, yes, very serious. Fever, very high—hum! Yes, he must have sulphate of quinine, nothing else will allay the feverish symptoms."

Now, you must know that seventy-five or a hundred years ago quinine was almost unknown to the world at large. It was then so expensive that doctors seldom prescribed it except for their wealthy patients or in cases of extreme danger among the poorer class.

"Sulphate-of-quinine," repeated Guillaume, slowly. "What is that, doctor?" Guillaume, who was something of a scholar, felt that he had some right to make the inquiry.

"Quinine, my friend, is a very dear medicine, and not easy to get in these parts. But I know of a limited supply at a chemist's in Sallanches. Your father is now in the height of the first fit. Another will set in to-morrow. Between the two attacks he must take at least three francs worth of quinine. I will write the dose and the time of taking. You can read, Guillaume, and you will see that my good old friend gets his medicine regularly."

"Self-absorbed creature!" cried Jean, where the prescriber had left. "Where shall we find three francs? There's but a franc and a half in the house."

"He might have offered to lend us money—" Guillaume was beginning, when Pierre interrupted him impatiently. "How could he know we are so poor? The season has been unusually bad. You see, he did not charge us for the visit, but, of course, I mean to pay him as soon as I get what Mr. Albert owes me. But the three francs for father's medicine—we must compass that somehow—somehow! I have it. Listen!"

Guillaume and Jean were all attention. They knew that Pierre was resourceful.

"Brothers, I know of a way of getting twenty francs from the mountain before nightfall."

"From the mountain—twenty francs?"

"Ay, lads, I have discovered an eagle's nest—my eyes, you know, are as good as any eagle's. The nest, however, is on the wall of a terrible chasm; I would say that it is inaccessible but for our need of money to save our father's life. In the hotel at Sallanches there is an American gentleman who has offered to pay me my own price for two or three young eagles. Leon Albert laughed when he heard the offer, and said, 'Mon-sieur, the Yankee doubtless loves his national bird, but does he not know that eagles are not to be taught like domestic?' Ay, lads, it is a great risk of life to climb to the eagle's airy. But what is that? Would not any of us risk his life to save father? And we may have the birds within these two hours."

"Let me go!" cried Guillaume, eagerly.

"You are a great scholar, but over delicate for a climber," said Jean, squaring his young shoulders. "I am the youngest, the lightest—and see how strong I am!"

"I have the best right to venture, since the discovery is mine," said Pierre. "Besides, I am the best climber this side of the mountain, as you well know."

But they were all so eager to go that the matter had to be decided by lot. On bits of old cardboard Guillaume with a charred splinter wrote one, two and three. One was the deciding lot. The three bits of paper were shuffled in Jean's hat. Pierre, the eldest, was the first to draw, and he drew—one! The others went, but Pierre was gay. "Come, let us take leave of father," said he.

But Bernard was delirious, and leaving him in charge of granny, the brothers prepared to depart. "We shall be absent only a few hours, Granny," said Pierre, cheerfully, as they went away. The others were silent. Guillaume took down from the wall his father's war-honored sabre; Jean secured one of the cable-like

ropes which mountaineers use when cutting down heavy trees, and Pierre—Pierre turned his footsteps to the little shrine outside the cottage door. There at the foot of the crucifix the brave youth commended his life and his soul to God.

The three set out together, and in a short time they had mounted to the brink of the dreadful precipice, upon the wall of which was the eagle's nest. Jean and Guillaume looked over the verge of the abyss and shuddered. Besides the imminent danger of falling headlong to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, there was also the peril of an attack by the wild birds of prey who had so often blinded and slain rash climbers.

Pierre remained cool and serene. Having measured with his eye the distance he would have to descend, he ordered his brothers to secure the ropes about his waist and let him down.

Down, down the dizzy depths. Now the sharp eye, the steady nerve, the cool, confident judgment came into play as the boy swung himself into space and signaled when he had reached the airy. Holding the sabre in his right hand to ward off possible attacks, he grasped the great nest in the clutch of his other arm. To his delight the daring hunter found that he had captured four beautiful brown eaglets. Joyfully he shouted to his brothers:

"Draw me up, lads! I have them, I have them!"

Ah! Already the first upward tug had been given to the rope, when he felt wings, claws and beaks. The parent birds had that moment returned, two enormous eagles, who attacked the young Swiss with furious cries.

Guillaume and Jean cried out in dismay, and then attempted to encourage their poor brother, even though hope was dead in their own hearts.

"Courage, courage, Pierre! Defend yourself! Fear nothing, brother—thou shalt win, please the good God!"

Pierre still held the nest within the bend of his left arm, which he pressed against his breast, while with his right hand he made the sabre play slashing around his head. It was a thrilling combat. The great eagles screamed piercingly, the young mountaineer shouted hoarsely and brandished his sword continually. The blade flashed like lightning still farther struck the monstrous birds. The boy struck the rock with the sword and sent forth a shower of sparks which for an instant repelled the eagles. At that moment he looked up, and to his horror perceived that he had half severed the rope with his sword blade. His brothers were hauling it up slowly, surely, but he felt already dead with terror. Then he thought of his father, and prayed wildly. "Oh, God, protect me!" One of the eagles pounced on his head and tried to pick out his eyes.

The cruel beak pierced the defending arm as the boy attempted to shield his face. He almost lost consciousness, and thought that he had dropped the nest and the sabre, and that his enemies had succeeded in blinding him. Still he seemed to be floating upward. Was it the motion of soul and not of body?

No, no, no! he heard beloved voices. Nearer, nearer, and then, thank God! the summit at last. Pierre knew no more for some minutes. When he opened his eyes he was stretched on the sward between his kneeling brothers, and the rope, severed to a single strand, lay beside him.

"Safe, safe! blessed be God!" cried Guillaume, but the boy Jean had no speech so overcome was he with the triumph of joy over fear. The nest was there and two of the eaglets; the parent birds had captured the others.

"I am glad," murmured Pierre, as tender as he was brave. "I am glad that they have two nestlings left. They were wild with rage, poor birds, for did I not rob them of their young? It was for father's sake, for father's sake!" and he drifted off into unconsciousness once more.

So the little fat doctor had another patient, but not for long. In a few days Pierre was himself again, to find that his father's fever had vanished, thanks to the so hardily earned and precious quinine. When the wealthy American heard the story, he paid Pierre one hundred francs for the eaglets. The incident reached the ears of other rich sportsmen and scientists, and the young mountaineer was offered a generous bounty for live eagles. Steadily he refused all offers.

"Not entirely because of the danger," he explained. "But, you see, it came to me in that dreadful time that it was cruel to rob the present birds. I never thought much of their feelings before, I'm afraid. But I've robbed a nest for the last time, messieurs. For the last time, and then it was for father's sake!"

But Pierre never was in need of a franc again. In his nickname, L'Aigle, his own name was forgotten. And L'Aigle became the most popular and the best paid of Alpine guides. In his old age he was pensioned by the Government for his service to the army in time of war. Guillaume became a priest, and Jean followed Pierre's profession. Pierre's children and grand-children delighted the heart of Uncle Jean, who had never married and who was a famous teller of tales. What the children loved best to hear was the Story of the Eagles' Nest, when Papa Pierre paid so dearly for medicine to save the life of grandfather Bernard. —Jod in Catholic Standard and Times.

Even in the merest worldly sense, there is no wiser maxim than that, "Look to the end."—Percy Fitzgerald.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Honor makes a man scrupulously exact in keeping engagements and promises, explicit and implicit. It is large, generous and prompt, going beyond the strict obligations of law and conscience. To be sordid or mean, tricky or sharp, would be more painful than any loss.—Cardinal Manning.

The Man Who Succeeds.

The man who makes a success of an important venture never waits for the crowd. He strikes out for himself. It takes nerve. It takes a great lot of grit. But the man who succeeds has both. Any one can fail. The public admires the man who has enough confidence in himself to take a chance. These chances are the main thing after all. The man who tries to succeed, must expect to be criticised. Nothing important was ever done, but the greater number consulted previously, doubted the possibility. Success is the accomplishment of what most people think can't be done.

Get Insured.

A young man asks: "Do you think that young men should have their life insured?"

Certainly. They can get lower rates than if they wait till they are older; the need of paying the premiums will train them in thrift; if they get a paid up policy, it is as good as so much capital and they can borrow money on it; the possession of life insurance is a recommendation when they go courting among sensible young women; if they die young, they will make a big profit, and if they die old, they will have had their money's worth in the comfort of being insured.

Chivalric Young Men Needed.

The days of chivalry are not at an end, if by chivalry we mean the spirit that performs great deeds, that animated knights to lofty aims, self-denying courage, heroic self-sacrifice; if we mean unblemished character, truthfulness, integrity and a high standard of personal honor. Great souls may be born now as before. The race of Moore, O'Connell, Montalembert, Ozanam, Garcia Moreno and Windthorst is not extinct. Be up and doing then, Catholic young men of deep human sympathy and strong faith! Come forth from your isolation, Catholic laymen; get into contact with the needs of your times. Bring your character and force to bear on vexed questions everywhere confronting you; labor at the task of enlightenment and social regeneration; be

"Active, doer, noble liver,
Strong to labor, sure to conquer."

—Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., (Milwaukee) to Young Men's Sodality of the Church of the Gesù.

Prompt People.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in, and going right through it from the beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it squarely, then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between.

It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they pick up the moments which dawdlers lose. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first thing that comes to hand and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after, like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

The Poor Man's Chance.

There hangs up in the store of a rich New York merchant a placard which notifies visitors that "The capitalists of to-day were poor men twenty years ago," and that "Many a fellow facing poverty to-day may be a capitalist a quarter of a century hence, if he will." This first statement will be generally accepted as true. The accuracy of the second will be disputed vehemently by many. One hears continually the complaint nowadays that the doors of the temple of wealth are not to be opened hereafter to poor young men—that the millionaires of the future, the magnates of commerce and of industry, are to be the heirs of their fathers' fortunes instead of the architects of their own.

It is said incessantly, and it is unquestionably true, that the consolidating tendencies of modern industrial life are making it more and more difficult for a man to become independent, even in a small way: that the most he can hope for is to be a superintendant or assistant superintendent in the employ of some great manufacturing combination instead of the proprietor of a small factory or mill, or to be the head of a department in a department store instead of the owner of a small shop which is all his own. Economy and close attention to business used to be enough to enable a man to set up in business for himself on a small scale, and thus place his foot on the first round of the ladder of success. It is contended that those qualities are no longer of any value except to make men good employees.

Since history began taking notice of capitalists it has been recording steadily from age to age instances of men who, breaking through the barriers of poverty, caste, or race, have accumulated so much wealth as to become the millionaires of their day. They succeeded in doing so not merely because they were industrious and economical, but because they had the innate ability to make money. There is no reason

to believe that this special faculty, the possession of which has made millionaires of most of the men who are so today, is either going to be unknown among the poor young men of the present and the future or that the conditions are to be such that those who may have that faculty will be unable to utilize it. It is more reasonable to assume that in the future, as in the past, poor young men who have a genius for acquiring will continue to develop into capitalists.

The percentage of persons who are large or small capitalists is considerably greater than ever before. That is only natural, for there are more opportunities than at any other time. There are so many more fields of human endeavor. Prior to 1840 there were no railroad or telegraph capitalists. There was no chance for a poor young man to get rich in those lines of industry, for they were practically non-existent. There are telephone capitalists now. There were none before 1876.

It may be more difficult for a poor young man to become a great merchant or manufacturer or railroad magnate in the future than it has been in the past, though this is by no means certain. But new fields of labor and of money-making are being developed with startling rapidity, furnishing new opportunities to poor young men to become capitalists and employers instead of employees. "The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be," says the preacher. For many centuries men have begun poor and ended rich. They have begun wage-earners and have become wage-payers. The progress from poverty to riches of those who have the money-making faculty bids fair to continue indefinitely.

The Hill Difficulty in Wheeling.

A. A. Zimmerman, the world's champion bicycle rider, gives this good advice to wheelmen:

The climbing of hills is a matter that deserves some study. One can scarcely proceed in any direction for a long ride without being obliged to go either up or down a hill. Sometimes the grade is steep and at others slight. But a slight up-grade when long will tire the novice and turn wheeling from a pleasure to a task. Hills should be avoided as much as possible by the beginner, as they are tiresome to climb and dangerous to descend.

As a general thing it will be well to follow these suggestions in negotiating hills:

Sprint up a short, steep hill.

Go slowly up a long hill that is not steep.

Walk up the long hill that is steep. This walking up hills is not pleasant, but it is often safest and results in making the ride home more pleasant. It is possible to so exhaust one's reserve of muscular force and nervous energy in the ascent of a hill that it takes hours of rest to overcome the fatigue. A short, brisk walk is actually resting to the tired rider, and if any walking is to be done it is better to do it up hill.

In going slowly up a long hill that is not too steep care must be exercised to keep the wheel constantly in motion and to keep the power steadily turning the pedals. There should be no vicious kicking of the pedals, no turning to the right and then to the left. The foot should catch the pedal as soon as it is possible and push forward and downward and then downward and backward.

By noticing other riders the beginner will learn how to do it as well as how not to ride. If the other rider makes a good appearance and goes along with apparent ease and grace, then the other rider is riding properly and is safe to follow. But if the other individual wobbles and goes by spurts, turning the wheel first one way and then the other, the other rider is not riding properly and is a good example of the way not to ride.

O'CONNELL'S PIETY.

From "Family Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell" by his granddaughter Alice O'Connell, in Donohoe's for June.

O'Connell's piety was, especially during his later years, one of his strongest characteristics. In all the busy years of his career, many hours a day were given up to his devotions.

His own chaplain celebrated Mass every day, and even at Darrynane this practice was most rigidly observed, permission also being granted him to have the Blessed Sacrament continually in the house, a privilege still enjoyed by his grandson, Daniel O'Connell of Darrynane Abbey. The beauty and mainly simplicity of his fervent prayers are exemplified in the following anecdote. Upon one occasion, when in company with his youngest son, Dan the Liberator attended a monster meeting and received a most enthusiastic welcome. Cheer after cheer went up from the delighted multitude assembled upon the verdant hill slope to meet him, causing his son to ask, "How do you stand this sort of thing, father? It is enough to turn any man's head with pride."

"My dear boy," was the reply, "at such moments as this I always pray doubly hard." His eyes beamed lovingly upon his people: his warm Irish temperament could not but thrill at their triumphant welcoming note of love. Such cheering, the old people say, has never been heard in Ireland since his day, but amid all his enjoyment of the glorious scene of which he was the central figure, he never forgot his God.

Your best friend can give you no better advice than this: "For impure blood, bad stomach and weak nerves take Hood's Sarsaparilla."

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A CATHOLIC SINGER.

Madame Nevada is a fervent Catholic. While she was singing in Paris in 1884 she was baptized in the Church of St. Michael, her godfather being Charles Gounod, the celebrated Catholic musician. Since then she has always been, like Modjeska and Anderson, an exemplary Catholic.

DREADED MEAL TIME.

The Story of a Dyspeptic Who Has Found a Cure.

THERE IS AN INTIMATE CONNECTION BETWEEN GOOD HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND GOOD DIGESTION—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS BRING ABOUT THESE CONDITIONS.

From the Tribune, Des Moines.

Without good digestion there can be neither good health nor happiness. More depends upon the perfect working of the digestive organs than most people imagine, and even slight functional disturbances of the stomach leaves the victim irritable, melancholy and apathetic. In such cases most people resort to laxative medicines, but these only further aggravate the trouble. What is needed is a tonic; something that will build up the system, instead of weakening it as purgative medicines do. For this purpose there is no medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood and strengthen and stimulate the digestive tract from first dose to last. In proof of this assertion the case of Mr. Thomas A. Stewart, the well-known and genial proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, Des Moines, may be quoted. To a reporter of the Tribune who mentioned the fact that he was suffering from dyspepsia, Mr. Stewart said:—"Why don't you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Asked why he gave this advice Mr. Stewart continued:—"Simply because they are the best medicine for that complaint I know of. For years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, and during that time I think I tried a score of medicines. In some cases I got temporary relief, but not a cure. I fairly dreaded meal times and the food that I ate gave me but little nourishment. On the recommendation of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a little over a year ago. I soon experienced relief and no longer dreaded meal time, but as I was determined that the cure should be permanent if possible, I continued taking the pills in light doses for several months. The result is every vestige of the trouble left me and I have as good an appetite now as any boarder in the house, and my digestive organs work like a charm. I may also add that my general health was greatly improved as a result of using the pills."

"Do you object to my publishing this in the Tribune?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have no desire for publicity," said Mr. Stewart, "but if you think it will help anyone who suffers as I did, you may publish the facts."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell by his granddaughter Alice O'Connell, in Donohoe's for June.

O'Connell's piety was, especially during his later years, one of his strongest characteristics. In all the busy years of his career, many hours a day were given up to his devotions. His own chaplain celebrated Mass every day, and even at Darrynane this practice was most rigidly observed, permission also being granted him to have the Blessed Sacrament continually in the house, a privilege still enjoyed by his grandson, Daniel O'Connell of Darrynane Abbey. The beauty and mainly simplicity of his fervent prayers are exemplified in the following anecdote. Upon one occasion, when in company with his youngest son, Dan the Liberator attended a monster meeting and received a most enthusiastic welcome. Cheer after cheer went up from the delighted multitude assembled upon the verdant hill slope to meet him, causing his son to ask, "How do you stand this sort of thing, father? It is enough to turn any man's head with pride."

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