CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

OCTOBER 17, 1891.

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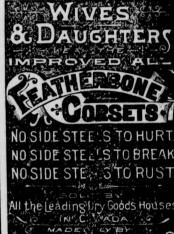
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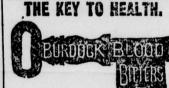
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the "whirr and whizz " began, superintended by the noble man whose life was proving that in spite of the ill luck of his family it was possible to step up and out of the ruts that had borne them only down.

In the following summer, on a clear-ing in the midst of what is yet a forest surrounded by huge trees, some of them, perhaps a century old, stood two Suddenly their hands clasped men. and with tears intermingling with smiles, Mr. Brown, a magnificent specimen of manhood, said : "My dear brother, it recalls so vividly the turning point in my life. This is the very spot where we camped, and Ged grant that the towering tree just yonder that o'ertops all others has not grant put out better growth than this humble follower, who has sought to do His will. I shall leave you in your new home, proud that the little sister whom I had never seen till, I trust, the washing away of sin scars had commenced, is with you, your dear and honored wife A story of a life can never really

end, and it may be as well to take our leaving just at this point as at any other—in the sunshine which we trust may follow them through life.

A STORY THAT IS TRUE.

How the Worst Boy in the School Saved the Life of the Teacher.

Ruth McDougal, the prettiest schoolma'am in Hartford county, Conn., lies on a little cot at her Burnside homeher cheeks pallid, great dark circles under her eyes, and an ugly, greenish yellow spot on her right forearm. She passed through a very unpleasant experience yesterday morning. She was bitten by a rattlesnake, then made very drunk on whiskey, and carried to her home in a springless wood wagon. Miss McDougal is blue-eyed and nine teen, and began teaching the young people who attend the "Cottouwood district" school in the village of Burnside, five miles from Hartford, on Sept. 2 last, when the fall term was begun Her father was killed on the New York and New England road a year ago, and since that time she has been endeavoring to support her widowed mother.

Last Tuesday morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, Miss Mc-Dougal started from her home to walk to the schoolhouse, nearly two miles away. Her journey led through the Burnside woods. While passing Burnside woods. While passing this miniature forest, she espied some late fall wild flowers growing about twenty feet from the pathside. Miss McDougal loves flowers, and she started to gather the blossoms, thinking to place them in the belt that spanned her slender waist. Before doing so, how-ever, she placed her little lunch basket beside an old tree. This lunch basket, which has for a fastening a dilapidated wicker clasp, contained two boiled eggs, a cruller or two, some cold meat, a paper of salt, and bread and butter. The pretty schoolma'am gathered the flowers, placed them in her belt, picked up her lunch basket and continued her journey to school.

The morning session being over, she seated herself at her desk and prepared to eat her luncheon. There were several small boys in the room, who remained indoors to their luncheon also. Miss McDougal reached for the basket, raised the cover, and put one white hand into the receptacle. Then the small boys were startled by a loud

Respect Towards the Blessed Sacra-ment.

making a respectful genuficction be-fore the Blessed Sacrament. It was his custom to go every evening and pay a visit to the church, trim the lamp, see the doors were securely fastened, and that nobody remained hidden, for they were always afraid of a sacrilege. He returned to the of a sacrilege. He returned to the foot of the altar, made a devout genuflection and in leaving kissed the ground as a mark of perfect adoration One evening believing himself quite alone, he was in the act of rising after concluding his devotions when he heard a noise, the confessional door opened and a lady came out. "What are you doing here at this hour, Madam?" "1 am a Protestant," she replied, "as you know; I have attended the Lenton services and listened to the instructions which you gave on the Real Presence. I was convinced by your arguments; one doubt alone remained - forgive me for expressing it-'Does he believe,'

one's-self. "Sunlight Soap" enables you to do this. No hard work ; lovely white clothes ; nice soft hands ! What can be more desirable? Try "Sunlight."

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Newspaper Dead Beats.

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> Does this cap fit any of the subscribers of the CATHOLIC RECORD?



Farewells! They are so sad to say : no poem tells The agony of hearts that dwells In lone and last farewells.

They are like deaths : they bring a wintry chill To summer's roses, and to summer's rill ; And yet we breath them still

For pure as altar lights hearts pass away ; Hearts ! we said to them, "Stay with us And they said, sighing as they said it, "Nay." The sunniest days are shortest ; darkness tells The starless story of the night that dwells In lone and last farewells.

Two faces meet here, there, or anywhere ' Each wears the thoughts the other face may

Their hearts may break, breathing, "Fare--Father Ryan.

IN SPITE OF LUCK.

In spite of ill luck, I mean, for of all unlucky people the Armstrongs had been what old Mrs. Ordway called "the beatamost." It had been a gradual come down so far as the oldest inhabitant knew, and old Mrs. Lyons, "nigh onto a hundred," as she said, could well remember the great-great-grand-father of the late Nathan, who was a well-to-do man and represented the town at the general court, and out of courtesy was always called Squire.

The grandfather of Nathan, though standing high in the estimation of the townpeople, being the old Squire's the townpeople, being the old Squire's only son, enjoyed a sort of free and easy life, and having what the exact and prime housewives called a "shift-less wife," as the years went on developed into a seedy looking old man who liked his upon and his come to who liked his pipe and his ease too well for a determined effort in any direction. His sons, as the villagers said, did not amount to much and the time came when the only descendant left was Nathan, a grandson. Nathan's physiognomy showed to the close observer what effect might be expected from such a down hill process. Fortu-nately he wasn't vicious ; he drank nately he wasn't victors, he drame neither cider nor whisky, was honest and good-natured and easy. His wife, a poor girl, who had little education but a good heart, must have seen something to admire, else she would not have slaved twelve years to keep the larder half filled. She would doubtless have gone on slaving many more had not the good Lord taken her up higher and mercifully, too, removed Nathan only a few days later.

The clergyman who officiated at the obsequies called it "an inscrutable dispensation of Providence," but in the opinion of the village doctor it was a "want of drainage." Little Tommy, their only child, was then about ter years old, long and lank, with ill-fitting clothes from which his wrists and ankles protruded in such a suggestive way the minister's wife, who had a large heart for the heathen in Umzilla's kingdom, said to Mrs. Graham, "it might be necessary to borrow trousers and jacket for the boy to weat to the funeral, since it was to be in the vestry.

Tommy's long hair and sallow skin did not make him specially attractive though the mournful black eyes, full of unshed tears, in a well fed dressed boy who had not lived in the malicious valley that had been his home, might have found toster parents whose hearts would have gone out to him. Instead, poor boy, Deacon Allen, overseer of the poor, wondered if Seth Grattan did not want a boy to help him on his farm the authorities would "bind him out" probably for a term of years and get him off their hands.

"None of that shiftless tribe for me, said Mr. Grattan when interviewed. But," said Deacon Allen, who with

a little opposition was always ready

arm around him, he talked and talked until the stars came out. In the spring, when the men came

down from comp, a red cheeked, black-eved and handsome lad came with them. Wholesome, hearty food, life in the keen, clear air of the hilly forests had worked a miracle. Body and brain had alike received an impetus. Hamil

Brown said to Seth Grattan, who exclaimed over the vigorous looking boy: "Yes, it has been a good thing for him, I think, and I know it has for me and the other men, for what think you of a boy who says his prayers every night and is always obliging and pleasant, who is brave enough to shame us all? Yes, I believe in shame us all? Yes, I believe in heredity, too, and I know whose son I am, and whose grandson, but I know, too, that, with all my opportunities and education, I have been a disgrace to them. Since I was expelled from college, more than sixty years ago, I've roved and wandered, to be brought to my senses by this little fellow, who might have had a home with your pau-

pers, though your taxes would have been increased thereby. Thomas Armstrong, with a wide awake brain and a thirst for knowledge, is going with me where I am going, like the prodigal of old. You have heard of the philanthrophist and millionaire of N-? Well, you may be surprised, but he is my father, and I know him so well, I know the 'fatted calf' will be killed."

A little later, like the butterfly from the chrysalis, Hamil Brown emerged from his old life, shorn of much that outwardly had made him such a contrast to the youth who, six years before, said his last good-bye to parents, home and friends who with troubled hearts, but never wavering love, had hoped on, never doubting that some time he would return to them.

In all his wanderings he kept his old latch key, and it would be hard to tell of the influence of that voiceless bit of metal. It was a talisman of untold value. It meant an open door, and though led astray by bad habits and wild companions, each look at that key riveted the chain he could not break. Had it been lost it is impossible to conceive of what might have been the effect of the barrier swept away. When at last he turned the key in the familiar door, he forgo

everything but this: it was the hour when the father used to gather the children about him, and in response to his tap the "come in" was so like that of old he thought of nothing except the dear faces before him. The scene that followed is too sacred for pen of mine

To Tommy Armstrong, who accom panied him, the journey was a complete bewilderment, though Mr. Brown had in a measure prepared him for it but the immensity of mountains and prairies was inconceivable, the city blocks and parks with their adornments were hard for such a boy to imagine. With glistening eyes th father gazed upon the boy, who, Hamil said, had taught him the lesson that love and home had failed to, and without transferring the affection that belonged to his own son, he received him with open house and heart. him The tide had turned, and in spite of the luck that had followed the Armstrongs, the uphill march began. Hamil Brown, leaving his sins behind him, bravely struggling back

into the niche that long before should have been his, looked upon Tommy As the with pride as well as love. As the days went by he gazed with astonishteacher standing in her chair, while coiled about her right arm they saw a yellow-brown thing that squirmed and hissed and shot out a long red togond ment at the boy, for each endeavor strengthened the used faculties and his progress was steady and sure. med that from some far-away ancestor an inherent persistency had come down to him, which, with material aid, developed qualities hitherto dormant. A score of years later the little town that had had almost a Rip Van Winkle sleep, awoke from its lethargy. Half a mile north of the village buildings sprang up as if by magic. Ponderous machinery was put in place. The progress of the stream that once lazily meandered through the town stopped by a hugh dam, and the rushing torrent seemed to enter into the spirit of the wide awake projectors Ere many months passed the inhabi tants became somewhat accustomed to the screech of the locomotive, and did not gather daily to look upon th incoming or outgoing trains that the most sanguine had never expected t see till after the advent of the hand some gentleman who had so suddenly appeared in their midst. Withou making himself known, he spent a day or two looking about, his keen ey detecting the possibilities of the place and seeing, in the future, what is now no surprise to many New Englanders. After purchasing a large tract of land he departed, leaving the townspeople to wonder and surmise in their quiet way. "Armstrong — Armstrong !" said Mr. Seth Grattan, when in the country store the men gathered to talk over the unusal occurrence. "Why, "Why, that's the name of the boy who years ago went off with that wild chap, Hamil Brown, don't you remember "It can't be that boy, though," and the old villagers who were present spent an hour calling to mind all they remembered of that peculiarly unlucky family The first families who arrived were a complete surprise, though the people thought themselves prepared for anythis term. thing, after the excitement that had so transformed their little farming town. Mr. Armstrong, with a lovely young wife, took possession of a delightful house on the summit of a hill that overlooked not only what had been accomplished by human ingenuity, but a view almost unparalled, though nature is so lavish with her gifts. Imagina-tion can picture what took place after

Monsignor Mermillod, a holy Bishop and eloquent missionary, tell us that when vicar of Geneva (a long time ago) he was the innocent cause of converting a Protestant by simply

who believed ; I was resolued if I saw your conduct accorded with your teaching to be converted. I came and I believe. Hear my confession." To day she is one of the most fervent

Catholics in Geneva.

We borrow From the sun of some to-morrow Haif the light that gilds to-day; And the splendor Flashes tender O'er hope's footsteps to d-fend her From the fears that haunt the way.

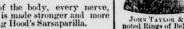
We never Here can sever Any now from the forever Interclasping near and far ! For each minate Hods within it All the hours of the infinite, As one sky holds every star

-Father Ryan

Pittsburg Catholic

lift themselves from our list. The sooner the better. They generally refuse to take the paper from the word or paying a nickel. Or they at once discovered that they never ordered it; never wanted it; never received it regularly (not more than In either case it is a cowardly act; such as no honorable man would be The proper way to stop a newspaper is to pay up first and then stop it any way you please afterward. If you are a gentleman and don't owe a cent, walk into the office, look the gentleman in charge full in the eyes, and tell him you don't wish it or can't

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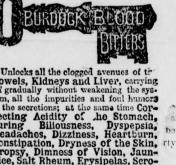
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I asked myself, 'in what he says?' To convince myself, I came here to see if, in secret, you would behave towards the Holy Eucharist as one

with an argument, nothin' agin the boy, and in ten years' time you can git a heap o' work out of -be a good investment.'

I tell ye, I believe in hered-" Hump, ity, and I don't want any such lazy ne'er-do-wells about.'

"His mother wasn't lazy," said the deacon

"Now, don't tell me she was smart, living there as she did." "Well, but what's to be done with

the boy ?" "There's the poor house."

"No, no, Mr. Grattan, don't send the little fellow there," and Hamil Brown wiped away a tear, rough man that he was, for while listening to the above conversation his heart was filled with tender pity. He was one of a gang of men who, with guns and axes, were going into a forest some twenty miles away to spend the winter. him come to the camp with me. I'm going up to-morrow.

going up to-morrow." "Well, well, if you will take him off our hands," said the good deacon, "it will be a great relief. I don't know that there is anything he can do on the town farm to earn his board this winter; he would only be an expense and taxes are high enough now

Hamil Brown looked at the deacon as if he could hardly repress an oath, and the Lord who looks into the heart might have had one to forgive. He shut his teeth for a moment and then proceeded to make arrangements for taking the boy along, "provided he is " said the man. willing

Willing or not, he'll have to go. was the answer. Hamil Brown found him sitting for

lornly on the wooden tops of the little house that had been his home.

"Poor little chap, you here alone? Where are the poor women of this town, I wonder?" He sat down beside him in such a

friendly way, the boy suddenly burst into tears and cried as never before. The dazed condition that had enveloped him had washed away and he was a little sorrowing boy, as full of grief as any other who had lost his all. Mr. Brown let him cry, till he sobbed, "Will not somebody put me in the grave with them?" Then, with one Willie Phelps, the worst fighter and the best speller in the school, ran for-ward. He grasped the snake by the tail and tore it from the teacher's arm. Then with a quick toss about his head he dashed it to the floor and stamped on its head until it was dead.

Then Willie looked at Miss McDougal. She was lying prostrate on the floor. He dashed water in her face, and, see ing a drop of blood just above the wrist of her right arm, he put his mouth to it and sucked at it vigorously. Then, being a boy of action, he called upon one of his schoolmates to run to the Meadow's drug store, half a mile away get a pint of whiskey, and, on his way back, inform Dr. Childs of what had happened. In less than half an hour the schoolmate returned with the whiskey, which Willie forced down his still unconscious teacher's throat. Not long afterwards Dr. Childs' reached the school-house and ordered her removed to her home. Farmer Stough ton was passing on his wood wagon at this time, and volunteered to trans-port her. This he did. In the meantime the teacher had regained her senses, but she was drunk.

To-day she is sober, and the physi-cian thinks that, owing to Willie's prompt measures, she will live.

The snake, probably attracted by the smell of cold meat or boiled eggs, evidently entered her lunch basket vhile she was picking wild fiowers It measured four feet two and a half inches and had eight rattles. It is the first rattlesnake found in the Burnside woods for several years.

Willie is the hero of the school now and has little fear of punishment for his boyish escapdes during the rest of

Mothers, have pity on your pale and suffering daughters. Their system is "run down," and if neglected the consequences may be fatal. Dr. Williams Pink Pills will bring back their rosy cheeks and health and creater the system of the system o

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

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recommended too highly." Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writing about Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, says: George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma, with the best results. It acts like a charm."



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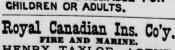
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