guillotined every day simply because they bear titles."
"I am what I am," said Hugh, proudly. "We were in Brittany when these horrors broke out, but my mother hastened hither, believing she could save my grandfather's house, which was in charge of servants, and put me quietly to school. I had been only two

in face, rushed at it, and beat it to the stones, It feel with a groan.

Hugh half drew his sword. "Stop!" Henry Bache said. "If you fight you are lost. And I must ask you to help me, though I know not how. I have lost my father and mother, and I was the stone of t lost my father and mother, and I must

Henry felt a strange sense of conso lation in thus recognizing a fellow in

misfortune.
"Done!" he said, striking his hand Hugh's, and feeling better. into Hugh's, and feeling better.
"Done!"
Hugh was silent; he rested his eyes

on the dark object which seemed crawling out of the circle of flickering red light. From above the black cloak showed a white head; the figure half rose to its feet. And then, as the torches of the dancers flared up for a moment, he knew the face.
"Mother of God, help us!" he whis

pered, clutching Henry's arm. "Tis Father Gaillard—the wretches have alst killed him

Henry looked too. "A Papist priest," he said bitterly "Let him alone. He is as bad as the

Hugh took his hand from his com-

panion's arm.
"We must part, sir," he said, "I am but a boy; but I will save the priest lie. You can go your way."
You will be murdered!" cried

"Perhaps so—'tis in a good cause; that old man is not only a priest, but my friend!"

Hugh was about to rush forward. gh held him in his strong wiry

Stay-he has reached the shadow of the tree. No—I spoke hastily. You promised to help me, and I will not desert you—even if I must risk my life for

"I will draw them around me," said Bache, struck by a sudden thought.
"God help us!" ejaculated Hugh.
"You will run to the right, into the Faubourg: at the first corner is my lodging; it was an inn, and there is a sign hanging above the door. Go in—Jacques, the servant has run away long ago. And now for it! How do you say 'I am an American'?" asked Bache.

"Henry went toward the door.
"I must go," he said, "to find this prison. You are safe. There is wine in the eupboard, and meat downstairs. I will leave you the key. The I'ndlord will never come back. He was guillotted yesterday for harboring an aristocrat."
"You must not go," said Hugh. "It means death. We must consult."

"Now," whispered Bache, growing very pale, and setting his teeth, "go to you old man, but I expect you to help me to the death."

"You can do no good." spoke priest. "When this pain abates so the priest. "When this pain abates so the can walk, I will go to the prison." Je suis American!"

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Henry, ht I ask

looking

he sprang forward like a deer, jumped on the big drum, and seized the little

one. Rat-tat—rat-tat!

The dancing circle half stopped for a moment, but some continued to howl and sing. Henry rattled his drum

The dancing circle half stopped for a his lips moved in prayer.

"Oh, Father," said Hug

again.
"Je suis American!" he called out, in a shrill, high voice. "Yankee Doodle." And then he crowed with all the strength of his lungs.

"Vive l'Amerique!" cried the soldiers. And Henry began in a high voice the song "Yankee Doodle."

In an instant he was surrounded by a

In an instant he was surrounded by a laughing crowd. He rattled away on his drum, and cried, looking toward Run—for your life!"

"Run—for your life!"
Then he began to sing. To make him stand higher, the soldiers brought him an empty wine cask. Some of them had been in America, too, evidently, for when he sang "Yankee Doodle," with many gestures with his drumsticks, they joined in the chorus. There was nobody to watch Hugh and Father Gaillard now; everybody

around. "They would kill you if they morrow he would die, they said. All

When Henry crept into the doorway of his lodging-house he was dripping with perspiration. It was not that he had run so fast, but that he had been

quietly to school. I had been only two days with the good Abbe Gaillard when —but what is that?"

What seemed to be a black bundle on the ground outside the circle of dancers moved and stood erect. A man hideous in face, rushed at it, and beat it to the stoops. It feel with a groan. natches—he easily made a light. old priest sat in an armchair; he was very white, and a cut in his forehead was bandaged with Hugh's handker-

They both started as they heard t my latter and mother, and I must help of the started as they heard the started as the star

"Ah, my brave boy!" he said, "I thank you—you have saved our lives.

And Hngh knows how grateful I am, since I have with me Blessed Sacrament."

Henry bowed; he did not fully com-

"Monsieur," said Hugh, gravely, "I promise you that your father and mother shall be saved. You know not what you have done, but you have brought a great blessing on yourself to-

"I will not wait," said Bache. "You can do no good," spoke the them now!" spot. "His farm abates so that

we never break our word!" answered Hugh, creeping through the shadows toward the trees.

Henry Bache breathed hard. Then be sprang forward! When a deal is the sprang forward when a deal is the sprang forward when a deal is the sprang forward when a deal is the sprang forward.

would save them."
"I am sure," said Hugh, "that God
will not let me break my word." And he turned to the priest.

Father Gaillard smiled gently, and

of grief getting heavier on his heart, "I must go, too—I must, I must. Think "I must go, too—I must, I must. Think of my dear mother among those demons! I will, at least, die with her."
Henry took his hand again.

ing over him.
"Kneel!" he said. "Kneel!" he said.

Hugh drew Bache to his knees with him. And then the old priest blessed them both. Hugh rushed up to him and kissed him on both cheeks, and Henry hastily brought wine and bread, and put them, with the key, on the table within reach of the Abbe.

" I feel," said Hugh, as they went on, that only God can help us. I shall ay the Litany of the Blessed Virgin as go along. She went to look for the fant Lord when He was lost, and we have lost our parents. She has felt our prow ; she can understand us."

Henry said nothing; but when they ad walked on in silence for a time, he

oke:
' If I knew a prayer, I would say it.'
' Say ' Son of God help us!''' Henry repeated it reverently.
"How," said Hugh, "we must leave

How, said riugh, we may be the rest to Him."

They were passing some official house. A crowd of howling women ran down the steps, singing a blasphemous song. One of them stopped and insisted on pinning two stained rosettes on the

ackets of the boys.

"Let them be," said Henry, as Hugh vas about to tear his off. "They are ed, white and blue."

They passed a group of men on a cor-Hugh asked one of them the way

prison.
h!" said the man, who had too "Ah!" said the man, who had too much wine, pointing out the direction. "You will be just in time, if you want to join the condemned. Robespierre has ordered that a great crowd of prisoners shall be guillotined by moonlight. Hurry! It seems to me, citizens," he will be guillotined by moonlight. "that it was to me, citizens," he lightly say their beloved Delaware again, and Hugh and his mother and the Abbe Gaillard went with them. The Count Hugh, in time, dropped his sword which the say of th You will be just in time, if you want and Hurry! It seems to me, citizens," he was not said, turning to his friends, "that if have this goes on there will be none of us

night. I promise."

Henry was silent. Then he took Hugh's hand.

"As sure," he said, "as my name is thenry Bache, if what you say turns out to be true—if your God saves my parents, I will worship Him—I will have your old priest tell me how to do it. I like his fare."

The boys could not speak; their hearts were like lead. They passed another group drinking in front of a tavern. These men were in their red shirts—for the night had grown hot—and these were open at the throat. One of them drew his hand across his neck as the boys passed.

"The guillotine will work to-night"

faces of all the condemned could be plainly seen. There was no need of torches. The moon was full and silvery. Hugh felt Henry Bache clutch

"There!"
Hugh looked. He saw his mother's face, calm, serene, smiling at him; she held her rosary in her hand. Leaning against her was a weeping woman; and near this woman stood a man, pale, horror-stricken. Hugh knew at once that this was Henry's father. They were on their way to death.

"You promised — you promised."

"You promised — you promised," whispered Henry. "God cannot save them now!" He seemed frozen to the spot. His father did not see him, and HE HAD his mother's face was hidden.

Hugh was a strong boy. He thrust right and left with his stick—and perhaps the rosette on his jacket saved him from being knocked down at once. He made his way, however, thinking of nothing but the faces before him; he sprang upon the cart, and clung to its

"Hugh, God Bless you his heart, of grief getting heavier on his heart, of grief getting heavier on his heart, of must go, too—I must, I must. Think mother's arms around his neck. "Monsieur," he said to the wild-eyed man, "Henry is living; he prays for

great sob rose from the man's throat-Strong hands tried to tear Hugh from his mother; he clung to her, and Mr.

They are Americans," repeated starvation that death stared me in the Hugh. "They are the father and mother of this boy! See!" he cried, pointing to her rosettes, "we wear the

Robespierre has fallen!" cried out another voice from the crowd. "Let the prisoners go! There has been too much blood!"

Hugh and Henry were thrown to the ground. There were yells and cries, and the stamping of feet; the cart was overturned. Hugh heard 9 o'clock overturned. Hugh heard 9 o clock strike; he knew no more until he found himself lying in bed in the lodginghouse, with his hand in that of the Abbe Gailliard. Henry was kneeling beside him; he felt his mother's lips on his brow; he saw Mr. and Mrs. Bache at the foot of the hed, and then he fell the foot of the bed, and then he fell asleep, hearing the Abbe say: "At 9 o'clock I was on my knees for

you, and Faith has won ! The worst of the Reign of Terror in France was over, Henry kept his promise and became a devout Catholic, and his father and mother, who had been

he was fond of wearing at all times, and

of there will be none of us his title, and became a good American and plain Hugh O'Reagan. still who say that there was no bow so graceful as his in the minuet which was danced in the hall in Chestnut street when Gen. Washington's great riend, Lafayette came to visit America.—The

wy those fiends. And he is a brave man, Now you must help me find my father and mother."

Father Gaillard had listened; he miderstood English sufficiently to get the that Henry was saying.

"His father and mother?" he asked Hugh. "His father and mother?"

"In what prison."

"In what prison."

"But what Pr wish we were home! How different to phale? How different to phale? To think that perhaps they will never see the beautiful Delaware or the green fields about again. Oh, why did we come?"

"It is father and mother?" he asked of Hugh. "What says he of his father and mother?" he asked of Hugh. "What says he of his father and mother?"

"They are in prison."

"They are in prison."

"He does not know."

"In what prison?"

"He does not know."

"Oh, I do not know!! said Henry, that is, The fluxitrous Dosate, the greatest geniuses of the time of the greatest geniuses of the time of Loins XIV., not only recited the Rosary assidiously, but also had himself on the green fields about again. Oh, why did we come?"

"It is fair in heaven—in our own land, "said!Hugh softly.

"But my father and mother?"

"It is fair in heaven—in our own land, "said!Hugh softly.

"But my father and mother of Philadel-I to the greatest geniuses of the time of the greatest geniuses of the time of Loins XIV., not only recited the Rosary assidiously, but also had himself on the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary at the Dominican Convent, in the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, on the Both of August, 1680. In his train we may range all the institutors or reform agony. "I wish they did.—I wish they of the greatest geniuses of the time of Loins XIV., not only recited the Rosary assidiously, but also had himself the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary at the Dominican Convent, in the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, on the Both of August, 1680. In his train we may range all the institutors or reform agony. "I wish they did.—I wish they did.—I we can be a seen the converted agents. The first of the greatest geniuses of the time of Loins XIV., not only recited the Rosard himself of the greatest geniuses of the time of the greatest geniuses of t of the tree. No—I spoke hastily. You promised to help me, and I will not deer you—even if I must risk my life for Romish priest."

Hugh's face was flushed, his eyes lazed. Bache was cool—"as cool," as a cool," as cool, "I wish they did—I wish they did. It must be "—his voice choked—"it must be awful to die without hope—tand they do not know whether I am alive or dead!" "Henry," said Hugh, earnestly, "I will tell them—no matter if all the dirty red caps in creation stop the way. Faith, I will!"

The priest raised himself on his first Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with a dirty red caps in creation stop the way. Faith, I will!"

They had reached the prison. There

Hugh's face was fushed, his eyes blazed. Bache was cool—"as cool," the afterward said "as a cucumber." He drew a long-bladed pocket-knife from his pocket, while he held fast to Hugh's arm with his right hand.

"If we go forward, we shall attract attention to the old man. Wait—a moment—let me think, I tell you," he said, as Hugh struggled "that you are a fool! Wait!! will help you; and no American breaks his word!"

Hugh's face was fushed, his eyes fixed on the figure that now lay in the shadow of the trees. It was plain to him that his companion was right. Some soldiers had joined the dancing ring, and two drums lay on the ground, cash there hastily—for there was no order among the soldiers in those days.

"I will draw them around me," said Bache." He tried it again to two Americans had been thrust into prison. She tald me also of a dying and two drums lay on the ground, east there hastily—for there was no order among the soldiers in those days.

"I will draw them—no matter if all the will tell them—no matter if all the lift tell them—no matter if all them t the cart moved heavily onward. The cast moved heavily onward. The cast moved heavily onward. The cast moved heavily onward. The religious could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised," said the King, "to see me saying the

of Petrolia

SUFFERED FOR FORTY YEARS FROM DYSPEPSIA-FOOD BECAME DE-TESTABLE AND STOMACH CRAMPS MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

From the Topic, Petrolia, Ont.

Few men in Petrolia are better known than Mr. Thomas Findlay, who known than Mr. Thomas Findlay, who has resided here nearly forty years.
In 1862 Mr. Findlay came here, and before the railroad connected with Petrolia he drove a stage coach bringing the early oil men. When the railroad came here Mr. Findlay engaged in the oil business, but later he suffered from a gun accident that disabled his hands permanently. After recovering hands permanently. After recovering from this Mr. Findlay was appointed "Let us go!"
Father Gaillard saw that he could not keep them, and he felt a faintness creeping over him.

"Kneel!" he said.
Hugh drew Bache to his knees with him. And then the old priest blessed them both. Hugh rushed up to him and put them, with the key, on the table within reach of the Abbe.

The boys went downstairs together.

"The old man's blessing did me good—though my father would laugh over it with his friend, Mr. Tom Paine," said Henry.

"I don't care if he is a Jesuit—he is a good man. But—what shall I and lygn over?"

"Let us go!"

Strong hands tried to tear Hugh from his Mr. Findlay was appointed constable and night watchman for the town, which office he has held during thirty years past. This accident was by no means Mr. Findlay's worst misfort the people held back.

"You promised!" shrieked Henry, above the noise, "you promised!" above the noise, "you promised!" became so bad that he looked for ward to death as a merciful release.

"Don't you see," Hugh cried, frantigon early to dyspepsia, which finally above the noise, "you promised!" and nound the people held back.

"Don't you see," Hugh cried, frantigon early to dyspepsia, which finally above the noise, "you promised!" and nound the people are Americans—my mother is an Irish would be an night watchman for the constable and night watchman for the constable drumsticks, they joined in the chores.

There was nobody to watch Hugh and Father waild laugh over it was indeed to though my father would laugh over it was indeed and though my father would laugh over it was indeed and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it was impeded and though my father would laugh over it will defen be solid to the same and the sam

face. Finally a friend said: 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' What's the use?' I said, 'I've tried everything and just got worse all the time.' 'Well,' she said, 'you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they cured to be said to be will do you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they cured to be said.

me, and I believe they will do you good.' Well, I purchased a box and started taking them. After a little I thought they helped me, so I kept on taking them for a couple of months when I felt I was really cured after so many o'clock he found years of suffering. My strength came back, my stomach recovered its power, and I was able to eat anything I fancied, and once more could enjoy life. This is nearly two years ago, but I was cured to stay cured. I have never had a sick day since or known the slightest stomach trouble. I am confident I stomach trouble. I am confident I would be a dead man now if it were not for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—nothing

else ever helped me."

The old adage, "experience is the best teacher," might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Villiams' Pink Pills, there would be Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for

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