THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

nine long years, had been unable to lift even her hands ; yet there she stood, her veil flung aside, the large cloak slipping from her shoulders, and disclosing her soft white robe ; there she stood, with her hands extended to her son, and her face shining with such an expression as a saint might wear on a first glimpse of heaven.

Margaret Calvert was standing be-side her, winding her arms around her and trying to force her into her seat.

The first gush of the girl's own sudden and intense joy was absorbed in fear for Madame Bernot when she saw the invalid rise without any help, and in her wild alarm she almost expected instant death to follow.

Dr. Darant's wits appeared to have entirely deserted him, for he could only murmur while he looked from Madame Bernot to Margaret :

"I think we are all going mad together.' The Bernot servants were all on

their feet, Hannah Moore crying, and saying loud enough to be heard by all in her vicinity, if everybody had not been too excited, and too intent upon his or her own comments :

"His poor mother in her grave always feared it would come to that. Och, I'm glad for Mr. Hubert, but I can't help being sorry for Mr. Freder ick

For some minutes it was impossible to restore order in the court ; the wild-est excitement reigned, but amid it all the prisoner never once turned his eyes from his mother's face. As yet he but dimly comprehended that the crime of murder was no longer upon his soul as yet he only partially realized that something wonderful had happened to his mother, and he continued to look until at least the tumult was somewhat quelled.

Bertoni was borne out, and the case was indefinitely abjourned.

The prisoner was taken out ; the people began to go slowly forth, and then Plowden wrote on a scrap of paper:

" Miss Calvert - Remember your promise to think kindly of him who should restore happiness to you, and if we should never meet again, still pray for the wretched Frederick Plowden Clare.

"N. B.-Hubert is safe now from every penalty ; ' Roquelare ' will resign his case to attend to mine, and a day or two at most will see him free from prison walls." F. P. C." from prison walls."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONLY A WAIF.

BY M. NESBITT.

Mickey was not by any means a pretty little boy; in truth, by most people, he would have been described as the very reverse, for his small, pinched countenance bore outward and visible signs of the mental and moral inanition from which he had suffered during the short twelve years of his earthly sojourn : and the word starvation-starvation, physical as well as spiritual-was writ large upon his sharpened, preternaturally old feature

As a matter of fact, this lonely waif an outcast from amongst the children of men-had been washed hither and thither by the darker currents of life, as a leaf is whirled swiftly along some turbid stream. Reared amidst haunts of sin and crime, he could not fail to be affected by the atmosphere of such an environment. Of the eternal God who reated him-of Heaven, our everlast. ing home-of Christ, our Divine Redeemer. Who came into this world to be our Brother-he practically knew nothing ! No heathen darkness could been blacker than that which have overshadowed the soul of this pool orphan child.

chair-Madame Bernot who, for nearly " barren east," was piercingly cold, a sleety rain had begun to fall, his shabby garments, a sufficiently slight protection at the best of times, were wholly inadequate on such a night as had proved invaluable on more than the bent and battered one occasion when-but for his pres lid duty for a hat, a small, ence of mind, decided action, extreme this. From straw which did duty for a hat, a small, icy stream was beginning to pour ; he was chilled to the bone-hungry and forlorn. Indeed, he would have pres ented a sorry spectacle as he crept round the corner, if anyone had been there to notice him ; but the few pedes trians whom duty or pleasure compelled to be abroad, went hurriedly onwards, too thoroughly intent upon

their own concerns to give even a broad flagged path to an open door, guided by the welcome band of light which shone out into the gloom.

The building proved to be a church warm, bright and beautiful-the air laden with the scent of incense, that was floating up in fragrant clouds before the altar throne. The warmth and brightness both appealed strongly to Mickey's starved senses ; perhaps the beauty did, too, only he did not know it. Are we ever thankful enough I

wonder ?-we who have been taught to love the beauty of God's House, and the place where His glory dwelleth. Do we not rather forget to be grate-ful for the inestimable blessing of daily Mass and frequent Benediction -forget even to pray for those who have beeu made partakers of our have privileges ?

A church, as a church, was new ground to Mickey, the few places of worship he had entered having been visited by him for professional purposes only ; even to night, though any such thought was far enough from his mind, the boy thief's practiced eye noted every detail with untailing accuracy

Benediction was nearly over when he slipped into one of the side aisles, and took his place at the far end of an empty bench. A neighboring pillar gave him a welcome sense of shelter and protection, and, as he drew back in his quiet corner, he could see the high altar, gleaming with lights, and the jeweled monstrance, which he was quick to value at its real worth.

But presently the lights seemed to grow dim, the music sounded faint and far away; his sharpened features gradually relaxed ; his thin arms dropped to his side, and Mickey, worn out with hunger and fatigue, was sleeping the calm, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion. When he awoke, "the organ's pealing voice was stilled," the congregation had all de parted, and where the voices of praise and prayer had so lately ascended, a

holy silence reigned. At length, however, came the sound of an opening door, followed by swift, light steps. As they drew nearer and nearer, the boy crouched lower down, hoping to escape observation. when he felt a gentle touch upon his shoulder, he raised himself into a sitting posture.

"I wasn't doing no harm," he began in the gruff, defiant tone of the outcast whose hand is turned against every man. "I-" but the rest of the sent man. ence was never spoken, for as he looked up into the face bending over him, the words died away upon his

lips. Alas, poor Mickey ! he knew very little about angels and saints, and still less of Him Who, for our sakes, came down from heaven to suffer and to die This ignorance notwithstanding - the purity and holiness, the almost divine compassion shining in the eyes fixed upon him-touched some hitherto silent chord in his numbed little heart. Wonder gave place to awe, and awe to admiring reverence, while his feelings were plainly depicted on his small prematurely ancient visage. In truth he was experiencing a sensation more nearly akin to worship than he had ever felt in his life. This face was so unlike any of those he had known ; and the personality of its owner as entirely different from the boy's ordinary associates, as light is from darkness. The new comer was clothed in a rough brown habit, girt round the waist with a coarse knotte cord ; his bare feet were shod in thick leather sandals, and he wore a string of large wooden beads and a crucifix. Mickey had never seen anyone in this garb, and his astonishment increased, while a curious sense of his own singular inappropriateness to the place and his companion, forced itself sharply home to his mind.

than he knew; indeed, they would have found it exceedingly difficult to replace this boy-burglar, whose quick ness, agility, and absolute fearlessnes caution - the enterprise must have failed ignominously, and failure in their case meant discovery-the covery of a long-continued and marvellously successful course of jewe robberies-with penal servitude to fol from his purpose. low! It was scarcely surprising, there fore, that they kept a watchful eye upor

their small confederate, who found himself more and more of a prisoner passing glance at the curious little and a yoke which had always been figure, which soon found its way up a distasteful, became daily more galling and intolerable.

Yet, notwithstanding the bondage in which his life was passed, notwithstanding the species of terrorism to which he was constantly and cruelly anxious drivers swore angry oaths, or subjected, Mickey contrived to slip out now and again for one of his solitary rambles. It was characteris-tic of him that at such times he invariably bent his steps in one direc-The church was always open tion. and he liked to creep in and crouch down in some quiet corner, where he would spend hours watching for a of the face and form that he glimpse loved with a love that had in it much of the pathetic devotion of a dumb animal. Occasionally his patience was rewarded, but more often Father Raphael, whose duties were many and arduous, never appeared, and then the lonely waif would steal out again and turn homewards with lagging feet and a dull ache at his empty little heart.

The weeks rolled on and winter came again-all too quickly for the poor and suffering, all too slowly for Mickey's companions, who cared little for the cold, short days, because these were followed by long, dark nights, which afforded such excellent op which afforded such excenent of portunities for carrying out their brought avranged schemes. Truly it was the burglar's best season, and stimulated by the unprecedented suc cess which had crowned so many pre vious attempts, the band spent their unoccupied evenings in formulating plans for a still more daring enter prise.

One night, while they were thus en gaged Mickey fell asleep in his corner by the fire ; the eager conversation going on around him detracted in no way from the peaceful serenity of his slumbers, the loud voices of his companions having been subdued to a key in harmony with the secret character of the points under discussion.

At length, however, whether from the cold-the neglected fire had burnt down, and was now expiring in a dreary heap of ashes - or from the sudden closing of the door-he awoke to find two of his companions gone. The other three were still seated at the base wooden table, upon which flared a grimy oil lamp that only seemed to make the surrounding darkness more visible, while it diffused an odor the very reverse of agreeable.

For some minutes Mickey felt too drowsy to realize what they were talking about; but all at once a chance word reached his ears, and in a moment he became acutely conscious, with every faculty alert and clear. "It ought to turn out a good job,

Keyhole Joe was remarking in an earnest undertone.

He was the one amongst all his com panions whom Mickey disliked the least, and the nickname of "Keyhole" has been bestowed upon him as a sort of tribute to his peculiar genius in the "A good job and a safe one-if half they say is true," and he nodded in the direction his pals had taken ; then, as he caught sight of Mickey-"Oh, so you're awake at last, young-ster! You'll have to keep your eyes open twenty-four hours hence, I can tell you ; for we have got a neat little game on hand, and you will be ex pected to play your part in it with your usual skill and coolness. To morrow night we mean to have a try at church-breaking for a change. We've not done much in that line up to the present, I allow, but this business looks more profitable." Then, to the boy's horror and dis may, he proceeded to give a detailed account of their plan, which proved to be nothing more nor less than a care-fully arranged scheme to rob the church Mickey was fast beginning to - outwardly indifferent, not to say - outwardly indifferent, not to say apathetic - but all the while his busy brain was hard at work, plotting some means by which he could elude the crafty vigilance of his companions, and convey the news of the intended burglary to his benefactor, Father Raphael. Verily, if he would circumvent them, he must find cunning to match their craft ; and this was by no means an easy matter, seeing that the entire band watched his every move ment with lynx eyed scrutiny, espec ially at such times as these, when his presence was absolutely essential to the uccess of their undertaking. How slip off and effect an escape without exciting observation and comment? He mentally weighed each pro and con, while Keyhole Joe talked on, com pletely unconscious of the counterplot which was rapidly evolving itself out of his young companion's mind, though, eventually the child's white face and excited eyes seemed to recall him to a sudden sense of the lateness of the hour. "Look here, you young rascal, you'd best be off to bed !" he remarked, not unkindly. "To bed, and to sleep; but there must be no going out tomorrow until night, remember, or it will be worse for you." "Worse!" repeated one of the other

think it would be worse ! I'll break Mickey-was lying in bed in a cozy no mother or sisters, whose wishes he every bone in his nasty skinny body if room, his fair head resting upon the must consult ere he allowed his comevery bone in his nasty skinny body if he dares to leave the premises !"

There words were still ringing in Mickey's cars when he presently be-took himself to his confortless couch. But polyther the But neither the indescribably brutal tone in which they were uttered, nor the knowledge that the speaker would have no hesitation whatever about carrying his threat into effect, served to weaken the boy's courage or turn him

A heavy rain had fallen during the earlier part of the night, followed, towards morning, by a sharp frost, which rendered road and pavement as slippery as glass, and in some places almost impassable. Traffic, even in streets and by-ways, was difficult, and not a little daugerous ; while, in the more crowded thoroughfares, weary horses slipped and stumbled, shouted words of encouragement according to their own special charac teristics.

A dense fog enveloped the great city, and threw the folds of its murky mantle over distant high road and out lying suburb ; cold - intense and cut - added to the prevailing sense ting of gloom and discomfort. The gloom, however, was welcome enough to one small wildly beating heart as its owner scuddled along like some hunted hare, keeping carefully to less frequented streets and alleys.

Mickey had escaped ! With consum mate skill and cunning he had eluded the vigilance of his companions, and now, fairly beyond reach of pursuit, pressed steadily forward, hope spring ing high in his breast. What mattered it to him that hi

tired feet were bruised and bleeding -that his ragged garments offered sort of protection ? The chilling dark ness might grow deeper-nay, it had already done so - but he heeded it not Courage, strong both to suffer and en dare, was the dominant note in this boy-thief's character, and the bright, undaunted spirit that glowed in his weak little body, had oftentimes he ped him to rise triumphant where many another would have lain prostrate be neath a load of cruelty and hardship which happily falls to the lot of fewhard and cruel as man's sin can ren der the lives of his fellow-creature in this world God made so fair.

A sudden turning brought the fugi tive into a wide and, under more favorable atmospheric conditions, pleas ant thoroughfare, where tramcar, dray and hurrying cab loomed gigantie through the curtain of fog. Pedes trians, even, assumed abnormal pro portions, and the most familiar landmarks were hopelessly blotted out. Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, Mickey hurried bravely on till h reached the juncture of four cross roads : or, to speak more correctly, he guessed that he had reached it, for by this time, he could scarcely see a foot in front of him. Here, as he very well knew, his path diverged once more, but how to reach the other side of the broad road was a problem not easy to solve.

Breathless and impatient, he waited till the fainter jingle of the tram bells proclaimed that they had passed ; then be, too, made a bold plunge, and darted off the curbstone. There was the sound of wheels-a shout-a stifled ery-and, a minute or two later, a tal ung man sprang quickly out of a brougham and joined the eage throng that had already gathered upon the pavement with that amazing celerity which even the very suspicion of an accident never fails to provoke.

softest of soft white pillows, his large, hollow eyes gazing dreamily into a big ire that crackled and roared up the wide chimney, setting at nought the suffocating gloom outside with a bold defiance which seemed to accentuate the warmth and brightness within Verily the little storm tossed vessel had drifted into a peaceful haven at

last! As a matter of fact, no one real-ized this more fully than the weary last ! fugitive, whose bruised and aching imbs had never found such a pleasar resting-place. His broken arm had been set without even a murmur on his part : and now he was waiting happily for Father Raphael-Father Raphael for whose sake he would, it need were, willingly lay down his life : and on whose account he had not hesitated to risk the fierce and brutal anger of companions who were, one and all, proficient in the art of petty torture, as well as open cruelty. To return to them after the course he had taken was clearly out of the question, even if his accident had not rendered it, for the present, impossible. And Mickey, carefully guarded by Dr. Dancin's portly housekeeper, decided, with philosophic calmness, to lay aside all disquieting thoughts of the future, and enjoy to the full all the good fortune which had fallen so unexpectedly to his share.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs set his heart beating wildly with joy-ful expectation, his eyes sparkled with excitement ; and when, a few moments ater, he found himself with Father Raphael, he poured forth the news of be intended burglary with a clearness and conciseness of detail that com-pletely astonished his hearer.

Then he lay silent for a while watching every change in the face beside im with dog-like devotion, in which there was something infinitely pathe-tic. Truth to tell, this devotion to the young Friar was the lonely waif's only religion - the only ray of heavenly ligh that had ever pierced his darkened, desolate soul ; nor was it strange that it should be so. For surely there is nothing more calculated to lead our hearts to the love of the Creator than a pure and elevating affection for one of His creatures. "God is charity," swys the disciple whose head once rested upon the Sacred Heart of his Divine Master : and even earthly love if we will but direct it aright, to draw us near to our Gcd. Indeed t can scarcely fail to do so, when-a in this instance - it has for its objec one of those beautiful characters who seem to stand midway between earth and Heaven — Angel Guardians in human guise-sent to lead sinful, life wearied exiles back to their Eternal

"I have taken a fancy to the boy I am interested in his case, and mean to keep him and do all I can to pull the young man o him through," science was saying later on to the Religious as they drove away in the former's comfortable carriage. "He may be more shaken than seriously hurt-of course. I cannot speak posi tively-but I doubt it : in fact, I be lieve the mischief is even greater than I supposed : and, unless I am much mistaken, this morning's work wil cost him dear. However, he is a plucky li t'e fellow ; and, if you wil undertake the care of his soul, I shall look after his small, wretched body To make life easier, and healthier, and happier - to alleviate suffering in every shape and form-that is my religion ; rather a materialistic creed,

perhaps; but at the same time your own is not entirely dissimilar, though

passion for an unknown waif to take the form of turning his house into a hospital for that waif's benefit. He was singularly isolated as I have said : he was interested in his patient erested both professionally and per sonally, and, having enlisted his housekeeper's sympath'es on the boy's behalf, he determined to keep him to the end.

Father Raphael came constantly, and is visits brought Mickey a happiness so supreme and perfect that his pale little face seemed to glow with a sort of nucerially radiance as he lay listening to the voice whose every inflection he knew and loved so well. In truth, the ch li-despite the sin and crime with which he had been surrounded almost from his babyhood-was swift to learn heaven y things. Some inherited glit, chance, mingling with his own quick ness of perception, made such knowl-edge easy to him ; and now that his mental faculties were brought into play he evinced that keen realization of an unseen world peculiar to some characters.

The story of his short and wretched life had soon been told-that life of cruelty and oppression where "the child's sob curses deeper in the silence than the strong man in his wrath." Mickey's sins had been the sins of

ignorance and not of malice-his con-fession was full and complete. In a few days he was to make his first Communion-that first Communion which was also to be his last.

Dr. Duncan was no scoffer ; a self sacrificing philanthropy was his only form of religion, and he had always ound it amply sufficient for his needs but of late he had been tempted to wonder whether such a creed was not cruelly cold and barren, in view of the great mystery of eternity ; more espec ially when he heard the young Relig ious talking to the dying child and saw the utter reasonableness of a keep and energizing Faith.

"We speak a great deal about Chris tianity in these days," he thought : "but, to my mind, there is something far more Christ-like in the humble. selfless life of this Friar than half the boasted piety I see around me.

It was the day of Mickey's first Com munion. Twilight had begun to fall yet a still deeper shadow rested on his small white face. The sands of his short life were almost run, though the eyes he turned on Father Raphael in speechless awe and gratitude were full of loving light.

"I'm not frightened now, Fathernot now you're here," he whispered faintly, at last. "I've never done faintly, at last. "I've never done nuffin' but bad all my life, but you'll ask God to forgive me, 'cause I didn't know

Not many minutes later D .. Duncan rose from his place beside the bed, and stood looking down upon the small, motionless sloeper. "You've taught him how to die,"he

said to Father Raphael, who had risen "Now you must teach me how to too. live

And thus were forged the first links in that life long chain of friendship which caused Hector Dancan to remem ber with affectionate gratitude the dead child he had befriended and eventually, by the help of God's holy grace, brought him to a full and unquestioning knowledge of that truth Christ's Church alone can teach.

Many a Young Man.

When from over-work, possibly assisted by an inhorited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with to, then no medicine can be en the same beneficial results as S In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelees has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For *Delicate Debilitated Constitu-tions* Parmelee' Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor. Much distense and sickness in children is Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Ah! well indeed may we believe that the cares, the sorrows, and the sufferings of the living cannot touch the happiness of those who have gone before. If it were not so, verily hearts of faithful Irish Catholics, like Mickey's parents, wou'd be wrung with intolerable auguish at seeing boyish feet set out so soon upon the down ward path.

Blows, curses, and an occasional share in the ill gotten goods he had helped to procure-these had been his portion hitherto, and they were likely to be his sole inheritance for many years to come. Yet, taking into con sideration the manners and customs of his companions, and the city dens in which most of his days had been passed, he was still very far from being depraved.

It is true that he had been a profes sional thief almost from his babyhood but some hereditary instinct, or purer intuition, made the loud laughter and coarse jests of his comrades hateful in He consorted with them as his ears. little as the exigencies of his life permitted, and was unfeignedly relieved when, now and again, having "no job on hand," they allowed him to wander alone at his own sweet will. It came to pass, therefore, that on a cer tain stormy March evening, Mickey finding that his time was entirely at his disposal, set forth to roam under

the wild night sky. Leaving behind him the dreary labyrinth of streets and alleys, with all the heart-sickening sights and sounds of a great city, he walked aimlessly on and on till at length he reached a quiet road, bordered on one side by a high wooden paling and on the other by a row of neat but ugly suburban villas. It was not a neighborhood he knew, and the sound of a distant clock chim ing 8 reminded him that he had een wandering for more than two hours

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wasn't doing no harm !" he re peated, this time in a very deprecat ing tone, as he dragged his cramped and weary limbs off the bench.

" My child, I never supposed that you were," answered the young priest, with a slight smile. " But come, you are cold and hungry, as well as tired we will go and see if we can find some-thing to eat." He spoke as one hav-ing authority, and Mickey followed him through the church and into the cloisters, wondering more and more Half an hour later, a ragged little figure might have been seen speeding along rain sodden, wind swept roads to the great city, whose still distant lights were "flaring like a dreary dawn." The squalid lodging housethat veritable "den of thieves" towards which he was faring - had never seemed more hateful than it did to when, well warmed and well night, fed, his chilled heart thawed by the unmerited kindness he had received, he left behind him the quiet monastery and turned his reluctant feet towards the only home (heaven save the mark ! he had ever known.

Mickey's services were worth considerably more to his fellow-lodgers-The wind, blowing straight from the or " pals," as they called themselves-

men with an oath, "I should rather a clean, comfortable and contented peculiarly alone in the world : he had

But the crowd fell back as if by com mon consent when the new comer ap proached ; they felt instinctively that this was "the doctor," and made way for him accordingly.

" Poor little chap ! 'e were a-trying to cross " explained a kindly carman who was holding Mickey's limp form in his strong arms with no untender "I'd 'ave sung out loud enough care. if I'd only known. But there-you can't see the end of your nose in this fog, and the kid's none too big when all's said and done.

The young doctor made no remark he merely bent down, and, after brief examination, was about to take the patient into his own arms, when Mickey suddenly recovered conscious ne s, and opened his eyes. "Where am 1? Let m

Lat me go ?" he cried, struggling to free himself. 11 I want Father Raphael. I must see him. Oh, for God's sake, let me go ! Truly the agony in the child's eyes

was the agony of despair. It went straight to the heart of more than one of the by-standers, and even brought tears to the eves of some.

Each and all felt that this was no ordinary case. Accidents, alas ! are common enough in the streets of our great cities ; but here other interests were clearly at stake, and the keenest sympathy was aroused as Mickey, finding himself unable to move, burst into hopeless tears. Dr. Duncan stooped over him once

"Look here," he said quietly,

am going to take you home with me ; and then, if you lie still and do as you are told, I will send for this Father Raphael.

A look of incredulous surprise passed over the ragged outcast's face, yet something in the grave eyes fixed upon him seemed all at once to strike conviction into his soul. He raised a grimy hand to wipe away his tears, but his skinny little arm fell powerless to his side, and he sank back with a sob of mingled pain and relief.

The short drive to his new friend's house was soon accomplished, and not an hour had passed ere Mickey-such

am willing to allow that it is done from a much higher motive. Ab, here we are at your place! Good day! You will look in again as soon as you can

With these words they parted-the busy young doctor to his patients, the still busier priest to his round of daily duty.

Three weeks rolled away : Mickey's new home was to him a very paradise of delights, despite the fact that he could not leave his bed, and was growing weaker day by day. His bruises badly fractured broken arm, and though the latter had been, were light in comparison with the internal in uries Dr. Duncan had rightly feared. Mickey would run, as he ran on the day of his accident, never, never again. Already his tired feet were setting out on their last journey. month, perhaps, or even less, and the world which, until lately, had treated him so harshly, would know him no Only a ragged outcast-a waif more. drifting on the storm driven waters of Time-who cared to keep him? Who vould miss him when he was gone?

A while ago the answer would have His former companbeen -- ' ' None." ions might, indeed, have cursed the ill-luck which had removed him so in opportunely from their midst, but simply on account of the professional value he possessed in their eyes. one would have really regretted him. Love had, hitherto, been a totally un known quantity in his life's problem. His heart had been starved the full as much as his puny little body. Nevertheless, the capacity for affection was there ready, as soon as opportunity offered, to manifest itself faithful devotion which would have done credit to a very different train And now that his whole mental

atmosphere had undergone such an undreamt-of transformation, he ex panded beneath the genial influence o his environment as a spring bud unfolds in the sunlight.

The first week or so he lived in con tinual dread of being turned adrift. But Hector Duncan had soon set those fears at rest. The young man was

Look out for colds at this season. Keep yourself well and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great tonic and blood puri-



AYER'S Sarsa-

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time. I tried a great many medicines which were highly rec-ommended, but note gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sursa-parilla, and before I had fuishes the lourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, ofter without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOINS

