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the common good as the rules of that society require - has been pursuing the wrong track. To morrow, the witnesses who will testify to the truth of my assertion, who will prove directly the guilt, or innocence of the prisoner at the bar, will take the stand.

awed silence. Bertoni veiled the surprise caused he, by name Ted Brayley. Now, master Dick was an honest, steady, plodding a dog.

by the latter part of his opponent's speech, under a sneering expression that gave to his face a sinister look, and caused to come out more plainly in his countenance a resemblance to the Jewish race to which, some said, he originally belonged. People could scarcely define the feel-

ings with which on that day they emerged from the court-room - some had it that it was but a feint of Plowden in order to begin another line of defence : others said. that there was a within a wheel," and that Plowden never would have made such a startling assertion if he did not have powerful evidence to support it. Mrs. Delmar was in a tremor of de-

light. "I knew that dear Mr. Plowden would accomplish all he set out to do and any one can see now that he is sure of success. Do hurry, Eugene, for I am impatient to tell Louise." seizing her son's arm, and bidding a smiling adieu to her lady triend. TO BE CONTINUED.

TED BRAYLEY'S SACRIFICE. BY B. L. FARJEON.

I. At the bottom of the shaft little Dick

Million looked scarcely human. To begin with, the shaft he had sunk was thirty-six feet deep, and black dark ness would have euveloped him had it not been for the dim light shed by one sickly tallow candle-the candle stick being a flat piece of silver bark shaped like a bat, so that he could hold it con veniently in his hand or stick it in the clay wall while he worked away with his short handled pick. Into the broad her so well. oval of this bat tour nails had been driven and within those four nails the To go on with, candle was fixed. little Dick Million was literally in tat-ters, and his face, his hair, his body and his ragged garments were bespat tered with the soil in which he had been industriously digging since sunrise. Still further, the man himself. as he squatted on the ground, was in a state of the most tremendous excite ment. In his outstretched palms lay some crumbling lumps of earth, in which bright gold was glittering, and he was gazing upon this treasure in delirious exultation. There was a sufficient reason for his frenzy. He had just struck the gutter. "Good by," said Dick, adding under his breath, "and good riddance to

If this is a fair sample," he muttered. " it will wash fifty ounces to the tub at least. A hundred tubs at that rate will be five thousand ounces. Twenty thousand pounds ! Hoorah

"Try and reform," she said, and added boldly, because it was said in Poor Man's Gully had been rushed six months ago, and in less than a innocence. so that I may think well of you." month it swarmed with gold diggers. "You and you only," said Ted, gloomily, "could have made me a bet-ter man. But I don't blame you, I Dick Million himself was the discou Tramping thither with his wife erer. and child, a pretty little girl scarcely five years old, he set about prospecting don't blame vou." had found gold-not in large and quantities, but in his judgment the in last they saw of him in the old coundications were promising, and he had try. let some mates at a distance into the secret. They circulated the news, Rush

gliding

young fellow, and Ted Brayley was an out and-cut scamp. He was a dis-sipated, idle, worthless fellow whom no efforts could reclaim, and it was perpaid to him in quarterly vear,

mate of Ted Brayley.

his very name.

Lotty. She was a pertinacious young

ner in her heart for worthless Ted

Brayley. Perhaps because he loved

try their fortunes on the gold fields

wished them good luck, with his eyes

all the time on Lotty's pretty face and

with an expression on his own which

savored somewhat of pity for himself.

like making love to Lotty while her

husband stood by. He could not boast

of good looks, whereas Ted Bravley

"Good by," said Ted, " and God

Lotty stood with her hand in Ted's.

He turned away, and that was the

II.

'try and be a better man,

But I don't blame you, I

said Ted.

was really a fine, handsome fellow.

This angered Dick :

bless you.

vou.

Women are strange

it was almos

person and she still kept a little cor-

capital: otherwise he would soon have squandered it. He had, however, one these parts." Same to you !" said Ted. good spot in him - he loved Charlotte Littlewood, Mrs. Million's maiden name, with a very genuine love. Had that he was drunk.

not Dick Million been in the way it is not at all unlikely that she would have married him and tried to reclaim him, and thus have insured for herself a life of misery. But Dick stood first, and him she chose, pitying Ted all the while, and having at the bottom of her

heart a sneaking regard for him. She and Dick did not agree in their estibut they were honest respectable tat-Dick could see no good at all in him, and declared that he was utterly, irreters, of which no man need have been claimably, a bad lot. Lotty shook her head, and declared on the other hand that there was a great deal to admire in Ted, and that

if he had had proper guidance in his sey. "I'm in luck," he said, "give an good for her." Ted Brayley youth he would have turned out a worthy and good fellow. "When he does something to prove old pal a drink. your words," said Dick to his sweet-

handed Ted the bottle. heart, "I'll believe as you do. Till then I stick to my opinion. Let us talk about something else ; I'm sick of face. "Tea!" he muttered, with a shudder Which did not in the least affect

of disgust. "Don't suit your complaint," said Dick. "Not by a long way. Haven't you got any brandy?" "No, and if I had I wouldn't give it

creatures and have strange ways of to you." "Wouldn't you !" said Ted, without reasoning. When Dick Million and his wife the least trace of resentment. "How's made up their minds to emigrate and Lotty ?" "You drunken beast !" cried Dick. with a sudden fury. "How dare you mention her name !" Ted came to wish them good by. He was not sober-he rarely was-but he

"More I am-more I am; but how is she ?" The answer came from the near

distance. "Dick ! Dick !" It was Lotty's voice, and there was

note of trouble in it. She travelled almost as quickly as her voice and reached her husband's side. She was in evident distress of mind, but Dick now thought of nothing but his discovery of the golden gutter. "Look here, Lotty. I have found the gutter. It will wash fifty ounces

to the tub. He pulled the nuggets from his are almost mad. Every man in the gully is searching for the little one." ov in his face. Ted Brayley stood aside, tipsily

beervant. Lotty had not seen him "Never mind the gold, Dick," she id. "Where's Georgie ?" "Where's Georgie ?" he echoed said. "Why, isn't she at home ?"

"She hasn't been home all day, replied Lotty, rapidly, "and I've been so busy washing that I hardly missed her. She went away this morn

Ten years ago in the old country, by that no one in his absence should be "You're a dog of discernment, Miss of his voice, the growing weakness of me. With you rests my salvation. which endearing term England is able to get without difficulty to the bot- Quilt. I'll match you against a which made no impression upon him. With you rests my forgiveness for an known to all Englishmen in the Aus- tom of the shaft he detached the rope human." He put the photograph in On they went, and another hour ill-spent life. Take this shoe in your incurve for the bar, will take the service service of the got her good looks?—had half a dozen stand." His shoulder. Then turning his face trans." Are you sure you are right, Miss swiftly to the towards his tent he saw he was not haved like a brute to me, calling me a loog down, and Lotty is growing more here. Bertoni veiled the surprise caused to the bar, will take the server to the bar, will take the surprise caused to the bar, we have an honest, steady, plodding a dog. His poekt. Long ago, my dog, I passed. "Are you sure you are right, Miss wiftly to the towards his tent he saw he was not haved like a brute to me, calling me a drunken beast. Well, that may be, time now, and Lotty is growing more hurry! Now, g master with patient, loving eyes, stood like or will take the surprise caused to the surprise caused tothe surprise caused tothe surprise caused to the tralian colonies, Mrs. Million, being a from the windlass and slung it across his pocket. "Long ago, my dog, I passed. maid, and a pretty one into the bar- his shoulder. Then turning his face lost my moral sense. Dick Million be- "Ar

a dog. "Hello, mate," said Dick. "Hello," responded the man in a thick voice, and looking up revealed to Dick Million the face of Ted Brayley. Knows! I've come to the end of my haps his misfortune that he had a bit of money. This he ran through quickly, all but an income of £30 a all the world. "Why, Brayley !" cried Dick, who was in a good humor with himself and all the world. tether, my dog, and the game's up. Amen ! I was never any good to any body that I know of, and it is quite as "Dick Million !" cried Ted. The well that I have reached the last page is talments, and so tightly guarded that it was out of his power to dispose of the capital; otherwise he would soon have man I should have expected to see in was a little girl, I take away with me, having no right to it. It isn't an honorable action, is it? but I'm going to

He rose, and then Dick perceived do it and risk the consequences. But it is really puzzling, is it not, who "Ah," said Dick, his bitter feelings Georgie can be? What's this? Half against Ted reviving, "the same old game." "Yes," said Ted, unsteadily, "the same old game. Won't last much the priate it. Take a drink, Miss Quilt."

game. "Yes," said Ted, unsteadily, the same old game. Won't last much longer, Dick. I'm booked." He went through the performance pretending to give Miss Quilt a long pull at the bottle by putting it to her mouth with the cork in it. Miss Quilt, eyes were bloodshot, his lips twitched. mouth with the cork in it. Miss Quilt, Dick Million was in tatters, certainly, who stood on her hind legs to reach the corked bottle, dropped on all fours when the pretense was finished, and ashamed. Ted Brayley's tatters were instantly began to roll about as though disreputable to the last degree, and, she were drunk. She lurched on one with his shaking limbs and bloodshot side, then lurched on the other, then eyes, proclaimed his degradation. All rolled over, then dragged herself to

at once Ted observed a bottle sticking out of the pocket of Dick's blue guern-about with a most perfect imitation of a dog who had taken more than was

d pal a drink." "You're welcome," and with a grin anded Ted the bottle. "Well done, Miss Quilt — well done," he cried. "There's a fortune the performance. "Well done, Miss Quilt — well done," he cried. waiting for you on the stage. But

you must reform your ways, my dog. This sort of thing will never do." He took the cork from the bottle and put the liquor to his mouth. It was a long drink, and he took a deep breath

after it. "That done, I am a man again. Come, Miss Quilt, let us go." With the photograph in his pocket

and hugging the bottle close, he went out of the tent, Miss Quilt, now some what recovered, treading at his heels A digger ran towards the tent and stopped at sight of Ted and the dog. Has she come back ?" asked the man breathlessly. "Has who come back ?" inquired

Ted. "Georgie.

"And who may Georgie be ? It what I have been asking Miss Quilt this last hour and more." "Mrs. Million's little girl. She's

lost-wandered away half a dozen hours ago. If she's got among the Nuggety Ranges, Lord have mercy upon her ! Once you get in, there's n getting out, unless an angel shows yo

the way. Dick Million and his wife

III.

He was gone, and Ted and Mis Quilt were left alone. The bright col ors of the sky were dying quickly away, but there was still sufficient light to enable Ted to see, hanging on ome lines near him, a number of small garments such as a little child would vear. He touched them sofuly. "Little Georgie's clothes, Miss Quilt

Quilt? We have been out a long Georgie's mother here. Hurry-time now, and Lotty is growing more hurry ! Now, go !" my dog, and we are going to find her though she were mad. child for her-we are, are we not? Ted pressed the form of the Thank you for that assuring bark. girl to him, to give her warmth. We are on the trail, I am sure. You are not the dog to deceive a master hear?'

who loves you. I do love you, Miss Quilt-and Lotty-and little Georgie. who loves you. What are you stopping for? Don't say you've lost it, or I'll never believe '' Mother will soon be here, pet.

you have. You are preparing for something. What is it? A man's heart is as strong as a dog's I hope. Oh, a jump, is it? Here goes after

He jumped in a clumsy fashion, be-

They were mounting a steep and rocky range, and when they got to the top they plunged into a valley, covered with huge boulders; then up another the blood ran down his legs, but he did

ranges, I suppose. I remember reading of two strong men being found womanhood

dead in these parts, having been entangled in this stony wilderness of valley and mount, and unable to find their way out. Poor little Georgie-O, the little poor little Georgie! tender feet, the bewilderment, the despair ! What is this you are thrusting into my hand? A child's shoe Georgie's ! Then you are on the right road, my dog ! O, Georgie, Georgie ! O, my poor child ! There is a light in Thank God, the moon is the sky. coming out. Come quicky - come quickly ! Angels of mercy, drive i forth !

The faint light broadened, grew brighter and now the bright moon sailed forth in peace and majesty The scene around them was indescrib ably wild and majestic. Far as could see stretched great hills and val-leys of disintegrated rocks, and so much alike as to baffle the judgment which sought to find a road to safety out of

They had been out now at least four hours and Ted's limbs trembled and his heart fluttered at the thought that a child of tender years must surely meet her death in these wild regions. Hap pily their search was soon to come t an end.

Miss Quilt ran forward with the swiftness of a deer hound, then ran back and whined pitifully. Ted went back and whined pitifully. forward, saw stretched upon the ground the body of a little girl. He

ell upon his knees by her side. Her clothing was literally torn from her ; there was blood upon her ; her sweet face was white as death.

"O, Georgie, Georgie! O, my poor poor dear ! But is she dead ? O, God or Lottie's sake let her live! He rubbed her hands, her limbs, her

body; he took the pilfered bottle o brandy from his pocket and chafed her with the spirit, and succeeded in forcing a few drops down her throat "Miss Quilt ! Miss Quilt !" he

cried, in a voice choked with joy.

mouth. Good, my dog, good ! Hurry tent and bring little

3

Miss Quilt sped back, leaping as led pressed the form of the little

"Georgie, Georgie! Can you

"Yes," faintly whispered the little "Who is it? I am so tired, so

say you've lost it, or I'll never beneve in dog or woman again, either in this would or the next. You don't think The brandy he administered to her

overpowered her senses, and the lay A man's | in his arms asleep. The night passed, the eastern skies

were filled with light. Over the stormy ranges came the sound of anxious voices and the bark of a dog

cause of his increasing weakness, after the dog, and fell floundering into a turbulent creek. He scrambled out as well as he could and reached the oppo-With her child in her arms, saved from With her child in her arms, saved from Ted Brayley and bade God bless him They bore him back tenderly, and to this day his name is a treasured range of similar kind, and down another valley. Many a wound did Ted receive as he followed Miss Quilt : often sits down with Miss Quilt's head in her lap and talks to her of the mas-"We are among the Nuggetty within sight of the dwelling in which she is growing up to a fair and sweet



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wn his 'speakaccent y step I ber of for the not for

and hugged her darling Georgie to

it richly, and That was six years ago, and now was the cry. But the eager miners were doomed to disappointment. Dick Millon was squatting at the bottom of hisshaft, delirious with the excite With the exception of Dick Million's ment of his discovery. He had sunk claim only a few specks here and there the shaft alone, having only the occawere found, and Dick Million's earn sional assistance of his wife, who had ings were nothing to boast of. He grown strong in the free air of the gold fields, and who would stand at the made at the most two ounces a week. and this lasted but a short time. The windlass for a couple of hours a day, hauling up the stuff which Dick had new gold field did not have a name, and the disappointed diggers chris-tened it "Poor Man's Gully," and then lislodged Under such conditions the digging began to scuttle away as fast as they had flown to it. Dick Million, howof the shaft had been a laborious job but Dick was the sort of a man who ever, did not lose faith in it. made light of difficulties. When his wife was not with him Dick would There's gold about," he said to his

wife, " and I'm going to stick to Poor Man's Gully till I find it." make the rope fast and lock the handle of the windlass, leaving sufficient loose rope hanging down the shaft to enable "All right, Dick," said his wife. "You're not often wrong."

A few other miners, though with less him to reach the bottom. Large foot holes in the sides of the shaft assisted faith than Dick, also stuck to it and his descent, and were of still greater scattered themselves over the hills and assistance when he climbed hand over gullies and marked out claims and hand from bottom to top. Controlling sank shafts with dispiriting results. his excitement. Dick set to work upor Their numbers gradually thinned, one a further examination of the golden and another dropping away to seek a gutter he had discovered. It was wide new Tom Tiddler's ground, and at the present time the population of Poor Man's Gully comprised forty souls, all enough for riches, from eighteen to twenty-four inches, and every inch he laid bare sparkled with gold. He told. Dick Million was glad for their sakes that he had justified himself.

picked out a number of nuggets from a pennyweight to half an ounce, and True, their faith was lukewarm and True, their faith was lukewarm and a presently he came upon one which his was steadfast, but he had in a presently he came upon one which measure lured them to Poor Man's could not have weighed less than seven measure lured them to Poor Man's or eight ounces. "Poor Man's Gully, indeed !" said Dick. "Why, if this goes on long Gully, and now he was in a position to He had been in Victoria six years,

enough I shall be a millionaire !" and his little daughter was born in the The fortunate discovery had come colony.

reward them.

With that exception he had met ill just in time, Dick being pretty well at the end of his resources ; but he was luck hitherto, but his little George all right now. He could make certain (short for Georgina) was a nugget far of 100 ounces at least even if the lead more precious than the largest that ran out; if it did not, there was no fortunate gold digger ever found, telling what he would be worth before nugget, which had been sold for £10,000. A hundred thousand would not have purchased little Georgie of bim and uncertainty wat he would be worth before a month was over. At the end of an hour Dick prepared to climb upwards to the earth's surface. His pockets more precious even than the welcome were filled with lumps of the golden him, and supposing an impossibility, and that he were willing to sell her for gutter, and with small nuggets, which, with the large one he had unearthed, \$100,000, there was his wife, who would probably make up a total of would have turned her back upon all twenty ounces. A capital beginning. Up he climbed, grasping the rope the gold that had been dug out of the bowels of the earth since the creation,

firmly with his clay crusted hands, and scrambled to the surface.. her breast to prevent her being spirit-It was now within an hour of sunset, ed away. Upon this point, and upon most others, Dick Million and his wife and he believed himself to be alone. most others, Dick Million and his wife were in perfect accord; but there was certainly one upon which they did not agree.

ng she was coming to and she knows her way so well that I didn't stop her. She's done it before, you know.

"Yes," said Dick, gazing around in a bewildered fashion, "but I haven't seen her."

'My God !" cried Lotty. "She must be lost ! Its four hours now since she went. O, Georgie, Georgie!" "Don't lose your head, Lotty," said Dick, thinking no more of his gold. "We'll soon find her. Come along.

They turned in the direction of their tent, and Ted, accompanied by his dog, Miss Quilt, followed them leisurely "Who's Georgie ?" he asked of him-

self, as he went along unsteadily. " Miss Quilt, who's Georgie ?" Miss Quilt looked up into his face and wagged her tail. By this time Dick and his wife were

out of sight. " That's a nice way to treat an old

friend," said Ted, pausing. "What do vou sav. Miss Quilt ?" Miss Quilt wagged her tail again.

"There's a tent at the foot of the hill yonder," said Ted, still addressing his dog, "and when we passed it a couple of hours ago I saw a woman washing clothes. Her back was turned towards me, and I didn't know

it was Lotty. If I had, I would have asked her for a drink. Let us go there, Miss Quilt. But who's Georgie,

eh, my dog ?' In addition to the man's gait being unsteady he seemed to be in a weak condition ; therefore they made but

slow progress and it was quite half an hour before they reached Dick Million's tent. This is it, Miss Quilt," said Ted.

"Let us see if she's at home." No one was about. He called for

lifted the canvas door and entered, Miss Quilt following him gravely. On the rough mantelshelf was a photo-graph of a little child. He took it in his hand and gazed at it in the uncer-

-Lotty's daughter. The clothes Lotty vas washing when we passed her, Miss uilt, there's work before us." ness is this that is coming upon me He took a small flannel petticoat off Is it death? No, not yet ! I mus uilt, there's work before us."

he line and gazed at it with much live-I must, till Lotty comes to re tenderness. ceive her child. I can not carry little

"No, this will not serve. The scent Georgie back ; my strength is gone I am dying !" By sheer force of will he arrested the washed out of it. Is there anything the tent?"

He re-entered the tent, and lifted a oming stroke. "Quilt, my dear doggie, listen to hanging of green baize which divided

the sleeping apartment from the living apartment. There were two beds in it, a little crib for Georgie, and a stretcher for Dick and his wife.

Under the pillow on the crib was a child's night dress. He drew it forth. issed it, and sat down on the stretcher.

"Stand up, Miss Quilt."

The dog obeyed. "Listen, my faithful dog, to what I am going to say to you. A little child has wandered God knows where, and she is not found to-night she will die. We must find her, if no one else does

Do you hear? Do you understand Good dog, good dog! Now mark. We go from this tent, you and I, and you don't lead me to little Georgie

ver look me in the face again. He enveloped Miss Quilt's head in he nightdress, and when he removed the dog whined restlessly, and ked intelligently at her master, then

oved to the door. "Can you do it, my dog?"

Miss Quilt jumped up to his shoulder and barked : seizing his trousers with er teeth, she pulled him towards the

"Gool. We will pay for the pic ture of little Georgie and for the liquor I have pilfered."

unless an operation was performed. At They passed out of the tent, the dog this time we read about Hood's Sarsapa eading the way. It was not quite rilla and decided to try it. Before he use haif a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat hu little. When he had taken three bottle of the medicine he was as well as more dark. For a moment Miss Quilt stopped, with nose in the air, and then dark. Dick and then for Lotty, but received she made a sudden bound forward. no answer. Unceremoniously he Ted followed her, but his movements were not so rapid as hers.

"Gently, Miss Quilt, gently ! Remember I cannot see in the dark. They met no one on their way. Those who were searching for the

tain light, for it was now sunset and child were hunting in other directions night was coming fast. "I looks like Lotty when she was a little child, "he said. "Did you ever see a sweeter face?" Miss Quilt gave an affirmative bark. Tor an hour and more they walked on. For an hour and more they walked on. structions he could not see, but always picking himself up cheerfully, and encouraging Miss Quilt by the sound

"She breathes-she moves-she wil live! ButI? GreatGod, what dark enediction Veils not made up, ronts and Backs for Chasubles, material for mak-ing Stoles ; Albs. I mus

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this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used to him, whereas before he could eat but it he when he had taken three botties is completed from "Butler's Lives" and the medicine he was say the sever. FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Period Lake, Butler's Lives's and the approved sources, to while are added to try it. Before he used as the sever. The medicine he was say the sever. Bemember is the sever is the sever. The sever is the

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"A year ago my father, William Thomp

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deal and was very low for some time. At

last the doctor said he would not get well

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