

Our Boys and Girls.

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken.
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep impositions power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Never before by anger stirred,
Of a rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morning
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Brightest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Bitterest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

CHEERFUL PERSONS.—How many of the young make it a business to be cheerful and set an example of self-control before older persons and members of the family? What a pleasant thing to see persons always with a smiling countenance, always the best of humor. They always have a pleasant word for those with whom they come in contact, thereby making the time brighter and happier. It is a grand thing to see the countenances of pleasant boys and girls, always happy and contented, and preparing themselves with a good auxiliary for the future. What greater pleasure can there be than meeting a person that has always a smiling countenance. Everyone likes him, his presence is always welcome and he is like a bright star illumining the path of those who are weighed down with care and trouble.

REGULARITY.—One of life's great rules is to be regular at all times and on all occasions. To the young regularity is a very important factor in their school life. Be on time, and let your record on your weekly report show no bad marks for regularity. Let the chain of the scholastic year remain unbroken, and thus will you have built a good foundation for your success in after life. Remember the maxims: "Order is Heaven's first law," "Bad habits formed in youth accompany us through life."

GOOD READING.—The great necessity of keeping children off the streets after dark ought to suggest to parents the advisability of providing good reading for the family circle. Books and magazines are now so cheap that there can be no good reason why every home should not possess a little library. No parent should bring up his children without surrounding them with helpful reading matter. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows up on it. And the thirst for knowledge in a young mind is a surer protection than many persons realize against the seduction of vice. A home without books nowadays is like a room without windows.—Ave Maria.

RULES FOR HEALTH.—Sir Thos. Sawyer, an English lecturer and writer, gives the following rules for long life:

1. Sleep eight hours in each twenty-four.
2. Sleep on your right side, with the window open.
3. Place the bed away from the wall.
4. Take a bath the temperature of the body daily.
5. Take exercise before breakfast.
6. Eat but little meat, well cooked.
7. Do not drink milk (for adults).
8. Eat much grain food.
9. Avoid intoxicants.
10. Live as much as possible in the country.
11. Vary your occupations.
12. Limit your ambitions.

No rules can be given that will apply to every one. Experience and knowledge of one's self must be the guide in applying these rules.

A FEW DON'TS.—1. Don't whistle in the streets, in public vehicles, at public assemblies, or anywhere where it may annoy.

2. Don't carry your hands in your pockets. Don't stick your thumbs into the arm-holes of your waist-coat.

3. Don't chew tobacco. It is a bad and ungentlemanly habit.

4. Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, or thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyish.

5. Don't neglect personal cleanliness—which is more neglected than careless observers suppose.

6. Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

A RIDDLE.—White bird featherless,
Just flew from Paradise;
Laf on the castle wall;
Takes Lord Landless,
Up comes up handles,
Eats it up toothless,
And rides away horseless.

ANSWER.—The bird is snow. Lord Landless is the sun, which melts it away.

A LIFE'S SECRET.—An old man who was beloved by everybody was once asked how he came to gain and keep the esteem of his fellowmen.

"I have," said he, "a secret writing on my wall which I read each day and strive to follow. Come and see it." He led the way to his dining-room, and over the fireplace was found this curious inscription, done in Old English lettering:

DOUN TOOT HERSA SY.
OUWO ULD BEDON EBY.

"That," said he, "is my rule of life!"

"But I can not read it," said his visitor, "for I am neither a Greek nor Latin scholar."

"Oh, it is good English," said the old man.

When at last his guest had deciphered the inscription he did not wonder at the old man's popularity. Can you read it, and would it not be a good idea for you to practise it as well?

LOGOGRAM.—Complete I am a servant. Behold me and I am an apartment. Leave me beheld and read me backward and I am a track of waste land, and can also hold a ship in position.

ANSWER.—Broom—room—moor.

AN EASY TRICK.—This is a pretty trick, surprising in its results, and easily performed. It is done thus: Take a flat plate, set a napkin ring in the middle, and raise the plate by resting its edges in the hollow of both hands. Then with a firm, swift movement throw it up in the air. The napkin ring will not move from its position even should the plate be turned upside down, and can be easily caught again precisely as it left your hand.

Should the plate be tipped, of course the napkin ring would slide to one side. Do you know what power it is that keeps the napkin ring in position while the plate is in the air?

If your mother, or the empress of your kitchen, does not feel under the reservation, but could not resist the temptation to let you try the experiment with a china plate, make a plate of cardboard, not too thick, nor too heavy, which will do equally well, and with which the experiment will be as successful.

WHAT A DOLL DID.—On one occasion Gen. Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservation, but could not get them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her beady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done.

The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea.

From an officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe was lost.

Several days passed, and the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation.

THE SOLDIER-TRAMP'S REWARD.

The prisoner stood at the bar with a look of repentance on his face as the judge read the charge to him. "Guilty or not guilty," said the judge. "I plead guilty." "Before the court passes sentence on you, have you anything to say in your favor," remarked His Honor. The prisoner then told his career in the following terms: "I'm a bumster. I don't deny the cop found me dakin on the street last evening. I don't deny that through the whole long summer that my only bunk has been the sun-warmed earth. I haven't been fur to earn a living, a man with one leg planted in the tomb, I can't get a job an' I don't like to go and stay in a Soldier's Institute. I lost my leg in the bloody battle of Spotsylvania. I'm now a vag through choice but through misfortune, being addicted to a failing that's common with a good many—drink, having served my lawful portion of rough experience in prison vaults for this same failing. I served as private in the Tenth New Jersey, and all the boys of that regiment will testify that Abram Bursay (for this was the prisoner's name) was never found a-shirkin in a fight. Right in the hell-born frightful roar of the battle, whar' shot and shell shrieked through the darkness wood, and amidst the blind smoke and musket's rattle, I stood my ground like a true soldier. We had a brave old Colonel whose name was Sweet, and we called him Sweetie, and Judge, I tell you solemnly, that brave ole cuss would rather fight than take his meals. Well, just before the Spotsylvania battle commenced, ol' Sweetie came to me and said: 'I tell you Abe that 'tain't many things I'll rattle a tough old weather-beaten cuss like I am, but I have a sort of a strange feeling in my very soul that I'm going to get a dose to-day, and if our cause demands my life, and you are left among the living, take me back, and place me near me wife's grave! After the battle had commenced, I saw the darling colonel throw up his hands and tumble off his steed. In a half a minute

GOOD NEWS comes from those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, dyspepsia and rheumatism. Reports agree that HOOD'S CURES

I was at his side, and seeing that he was not dead, I threw him on my back and bore him some little distance back out of the fight. On examining his wound, I perceived that the blood was flowing freely from a ghastly wound in his side. I took the shirt from off my back and tried to hold the red tide back. After a little while the Colonel commenced to revive, and he whispered into my ear: 'Abe, you've saved my life.' While I stood there wondering how to get him in a doctor's care, a ten pound shell towards us came screaming and had tuk my leg for company. When the war was over I became a kind of a shiftless rover, but I think just as honest as the most of men. This is my history, and I hope the court will be just as easy on me as it can.' Then the judge said: 'This true your case has some redeeming features for in your country's cause you lost your leg, but I must stop the tendency of men to roam. The sentence is, that all your life you'll have the best room in my humble dwelling.' The soldier stared at the judge and was dumb for a moment; then in a voice of trembling pathos, said: 'Judge, turn your head and give me one look at you, for that voice seems familiar to me.'

Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended
While tears around his sun-browned cheeks did roll,
And said, with slang and pathos strangely blended:
'Why Colonel Sweetie, durn your brave ol' soul.'

Adapted.
R. J. L. CUDDIHY.

MALARIAL FEVER

AFTER EFFECTS LEAVE THE VICTIM WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

Miss Emma Huskinson, a Captain in the Salvation Army, Tells How She Regained Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the oldest and most highly respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. John Huskinson, whose daughter, Emma, has for a number of years been an acute sufferer from the after effects of malarial fever. A reporter of the "Sun" hearing of the wonderful effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had on Miss Huskinson, called at her home to enquire into the truth of the rumor. After stating the reason of his visit, he was kindly received by Mrs. Huskinson, who gave him the following facts of the cure: "Some years ago," said Mrs. Huskinson, "my daughter Emma, who is now captain of the Newmarket corps of the Salvation Army, was attacked by malarial fever. She was under a doctor's care for a long time, although she recovered sufficiently to go about, the after effects of the fever left her very weak and the doctor did not seem able to put any life into her. She had frequent headaches, was very pale, and the least exertion would greatly fatigue her. We thought a change might do her good and consequently she went on a visit to Toronto. While there she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once purchased a supply. Before she had finished the second box she noted a marked change for the better; her appetite improved, her color returned, the feeling of exhaustion had disappeared, and by the time she had taken half a dozen boxes she was enjoying the best of health, and all her old-time vigor had returned. Although her work in the Salvation Army is hard and exposes her to all kinds of weather, she has since been able to do it without the least inconvenience.

"Some time after my daughter's cure I was myself completely run down, and to add to my trouble was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism. Remembering the benefit my daughter had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to use them, and before I had taken half a dozen boxes I felt fully recovered, and have been in the best of health ever since. My advice to all ailing is to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS.

The American Society for Visiting Catholic Prisoners has issued its fourth annual report, which contains much matter of interest. Extracts from letters of ex-convicts are given, showing their gratitude for aid and encouragement and their efforts to remain honest.

One says: "I am doing nicely in my work; our children are in good health and they go to their catechism every Sunday." A colored man in returning thanks quotes another of his race as saying: "There is only one white church in — where colored people could go, and that is the Catholic Church."

The descriptive phrase "white church" as used in the above sentence means an edifice not erected especially for a colored congregation, and that is the only sense in which it may properly be applied to a Catholic Church. There is no color line in any Catholic Church.

A third ex-prisoner speaks of having been to his religious duties since the completion of his third term and promises to attend again on an approaching feast.

The statistics show a total of 2,486 visits to the Eastern Penitenti-

ary and Moyamensing Prison, and upon individual prisoners there were 49,833 calls.

The number of Catholic males in the Penitentiary is sixteen less than two years ago. In the same period the number of Catholic women in the institution has been reduced from four to none.

In the matter of education of the Catholic prisoners received during the years 1898 and 1899, 67 were taught in Catholic schools, 90 in public schools; 84 attended some time in each (no doubt the class of boys who are dismissed from one and go to the other), and 33 never attended school. Marriage seems to be a preventative of crime, since 87 were married and 187 single. Out of 274 received in these years 206 were first offenses and 132 of those received were between the ages of 21 and 30.

A LARGE PARISH.

From the Montana Catholic.

An American priest who has a parish larger than the whole of Ireland in area is a visitor at the parochial residence this week. His name is Father T. B. Hayes, and his parish duties, a part of his Montana and North Dakota and stretches for hundreds of miles through Wyoming. Father Hayes is a young man of about 30 years and was ordained at Cheyenne by Bishop Lenahan May 17, 1899.

During the first year of his priesthood Father Hayes traveled over 10,000 miles in discharge of his clerical duties, looking after the spiritual welfare of his scattered flock. On one occasion he rode 143 miles on a train, 35 miles by stage and 215 miles on horseback to baptize a child. On another occasion Father Hayes rode 500 miles on horseback through the mountain region of Wyoming to attend to the spiritual needs of a few scattered Catholic families. Father Hayes is an athlete of the type so much sought after in a crack college team. He can make 20 or 30 miles at a good pace and frequently walks from his home at New Castle on Sunday morning 18 miles into the mountains, where there is situated a small mission. He has made both places on the same day. The reason this particular walk is made is the fact that the trail is not a passable one in several places for even the most rugged and practical mountain climbing pony.

"I consider Wyoming a great State in its infancy," said Father Hayes a day or two ago. "It has wonderful possibilities and only needs capital to take a front rank among Western States. The main branch of the Burlington Road being constructed within the confines of the State is sure to do great things toward the development of its great natural resources. The coal fields of Wyoming for one thing are scarcely excelled in value anywhere in the United States. The people are a fine hospitable class, and wherever I travel I am made welcome in the home of Catholic and non-Catholic alike."

MASSSES FOR THE DEAD.

Allow me to draw the attention of your readers to the laudable act of presenting "spiritual bouquets," instead of perishable ones, on the death of a loved and lost one, writes a correspondent to an exchange.

It has been for ages, and is at present the custom to present some little floral decoration on hearing of the demise of some one who in life we have held most dear. As I thought over this praiseworthy custom, I was struck by so many of our people, it occurred to me that if, instead of perishable flowers, which can be of no meritorious value whatever to the soul of the deceased, a "spiritual bouquet," as an offering of Masses, rosaries, mortifications, etc., was made, it would tend to bring a closer union of the departed one with the Divine Lord, from whose heavenly company he has been separated by suffering a punishment which may be due to sins committed.

How much more beneficial to those poor souls would be a religious act instead of that cold one, though they may come from their warmest friend, but which does not tend to lessen the pains being suffered by that holy soul.

Holy Mother Church teaches us that prayer is without doubt a benefit to the souls which are suffering temporal punishments in the next life, that by prayer their pains are lessened, and they are brought quicker to their heavenly home.

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE

To be cured of catarrh? If you or your friends have this disease, you know how disagreeable it is. Its symptoms are inflamed eyes, throbbing temples, ringing noises in the ears, headaches, capricious appetite, and constant discharge of mucus. Fortunately its cure is not a question of what you will give, but what you will take. If you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great constitutional remedy, which thoroughly purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, you may expect to be completely and permanently cured. The good blood which Hood's Sarsaparilla makes, reaching the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissue and ultimately cures all symptoms of catarrh.

I love beauty in all its forms; if a thing is really beautiful I cannot sympathize with those who find in its exhibition something debasing or dangerous. It may be so with a certain nature, a certain mind, but I am sorry for the possessor of that nature, that mind, and it seems no argument to me for the limitation or the delimitation of works of beauty, of painting, of statuary. — Richard Le Gallienne.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

The following summary of the work going on at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa will be of interest to farmers:

In the Horticultural Department a considerable amount of work is being done in preparing the gardens for the coming winter. Men are at present engaged pruning the grape vines. The vegetables and fruits have all been harvested.

The apple crop was exceptionally good this year. Yellow Transparent and Duchess were among the best varieties of summer apples. The Wealthy proved to be the best autumn apples. For an early winter apple there is none better than the McIntosh Red. The following three varieties of late winter apples were the best, Gam, Scotch Winter and Pownakee. Although the variety is large only a small number can be recommended for cultivating in Canadian gardens.

The following varieties of grapes were among the best: Moore's Early, Moyer, Moore's Diamond, Merrimac, Herbert, Brant, Rogers 17, Delaware, Brighton and Wilder. Owing to the long autumn the grapes ripened much better than at first expected. A crop of cherries will be sowed upon the orchard to protect the roots from the frost during the winter. During a winter of light snow the roots suffer much from the frosts. Very soon also the young apple trees will be wrapped around with building paper, and soil heaped up at the base in order to protect them from mice which attack the bark.

Notwithstanding the thorough sprayings which the trees in the orchard at the Experimental Farm receive, the oyster-shell bark-louse, which has infested the apple trees for several years, has never been entirely destroyed.

Spraying with lime has been resorted to in order to destroy, if possible, this pest. Specimens of young insects were examined under the microscope and were found to be dead within an hour after the time they were sprayed. Some time later the trees were sprayed with whale oil soap, eight pounds to forty gallons of water in order to kill any that were left. Although their numbers were greatly reduced, a great number escaped.

Next week Mr. W. T. McCoun, horticulturist, will commence spraying with lime mixture the fruit trees of the orchard. The trees will be completely whitened.

For many years experimenters, both in Europe and America, have given the potato much attention, but the results obtained by them have, in many cases, been very different. Varieties of potatoes differ so much in their season, habit of growth, manner of producing their crop, number and vigor of their tubers, and other characteristics, that one variety may give one result in a certain way, while another will give another result. However, there are certain general principles, which have been established by the work which has been done.

The following experiments include some of the most popular of those tried by experimenters, and while the results obtained are by no means conclusive, they may lead others to experiments with their own varieties.

The rows in each case were two and a half feet apart, and it was found that a crop sowed with hills ten inches apart, 35 bushels to the acre, yielded 302 bushels per acre. Twelve inches apart, 29 bushels to the acre, yielded 313 bushels. Fourteen inches apart, 25 bushels to the acre, yielded 309 bushels. Sixteen inches apart, 22 bushels to the acre yielded 275 bushels. Eighteen inches apart, 19 bushels to the acre yielded 231 bushels.

Various samples of water arriving at the chemical laboratory for analysis during every day. Typhoid fever is at present an epidemic in some parts and in many cases physicians lay the blame to the quality of water being used. This naturally leads to many applications being made for examination. Professor Shutt expects many more samples during the coming month.

Figs which have been under feeding experiment are arriving at maturity, and their pork is being subjected to analysis. During the past week, pork fed on the following diets were analyzed: corn and skim milk, peas and beans. They expect to analyze 10 pigs a week from now until the experiment closes. The examinations are to get comparative data of last year's work and also some new features.

In connection with certain feed experiments which are being carried on by Mr. Grisdale, complete analysis are being made of several varieties of vegetables. These examinations will show the relative feeding merits of different species of beets, carrots, mangels and other vegetables. The information gained will be of great value to farmers and dairymen. The analysis so far shows that a considerable difference exists between varieties of the same vegetable.

Ten samples of sugar beets, have been received from the gardeners in the vicinity of Winnipeg. These were samples from the seed distributed by the Minister of Agriculture last spring to those who were willing to undertake the growth of a high sugar content beet. Applications from Calgary for examination of beets grown with the same object have also been made. Sugar beets have also created much interest in the far east. In Prince Edward Island they have been grown extensively this year, and if the analysis proves favorable it is probable that a sugar factory will be erected there in the near future.

Dyspepsia is difficult digestion, due to the absence of natural digestive fluids. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the digestive powers.

The Christian is not to be a worse tradesman because of his religion, but a better; he is not to be a less skilled mechanic, but he is to be all

the more careful in his work. It were a pity indeed if Paul's taste were the worst in the store, and Lydia's purple of the poorest dye.



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PERRY DAVIS

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal.
No. 3136.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Marie O. LeRoux, of the City of Montreal, said district, wife common to property of Hermenegilde Dufort, contractor, of the same place, has this day sued her husband for separation as to property.

Montreal, October, 1900.
BEAUDIN, CARDINAL,
LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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A SC

In the gath soldiers charge All day long heights against of the insurge knew that the foes had run mere multitude down to victor But they were their descent, I would have me at the point of and again they loaded their m At every volley forced to turn could give no then the retreat and they would again with hoi hate, and firml again the redcoo the white cloud and shed its do down to the pl ed. Then from east of the hill sars swept out The insurgent the day was lo yourself! To shout! And a leaping lightly, sock over the su bog, where the follow. On the line of woodlan into the shelter with their sum ray of sunlight of their weapon to shake them pursuers.

The English co of flashing steel gloom of the woe signal for a hal over.

Then the victo and wounded all where the blood with grim joy the ber of the rebel to find their ow The victory had the rebel wounded rebel t pain with a bay they were mercif they spared him only for the rop were they accus themselves with At length the had no litter of wo into the village, for the King; the fighting. Soon ev was noisy with Light streamed f and thoo the had no fled to served food and welcome guests.

On the hill-top camp fires and se along the heights, ward lest the reb and come up for Night fall witho up the flare of the lights in the villa brooding peaceful man, who had h among the hay in side the village, c her hair and stole way to the base which had been t She had one thou fy. Where, to she was a homeless f sons had fallen h husband was long none to keep a ho fly—fly for dear l desecrated cottag ish red-coats were She feared them, not stay to serve money for food, a lagers had done, those had killed the tall, brave son father, and young curly hair, whom boy, a child mer her good-bye and was a sworn man with his brother never give the me English men, not life. She knew she met them face to might defy them a self the mother of innocently thought course, she would So she hid before to her house, and ness was stealing should she take? No bog—she would st must cross the hating had been. Sure was all over now, taken away their brought their dead burial. She was not croppies. As she st running, lightly over shelter of high fu more slowly wading en, she passed man and said a prayer had gone out of it, merciful and make ment short, for i fered.

She had gone mo across the slope of when of a sudden th the ground at her f troan. She stood tranced, then came a voice that cried ther!"

She sank on her k ed her arms out th feeling for the suffer

WHEN YOU are out of sorts your Sarsaparilla will do good. Be sure to