

There are thousands of sickly school-girls all over this broad land that are dragging their way through school-life who might enjoy that abundant life which belongs to youth by simple attention to hygienic laws and a proper course of treatment with Scott's Emulsion. This would make the blood rich, the heart-beat strong; check that tendency to exhaustion and quicken the appetite by strengthening the digestion. Our book tells more about it. Sent free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

THE SCIENTIFIC TEMPERATURE

Written for the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

The cruel bias filled all the town

Unintentionally;

His hat the Sun with glare poured down

Upon humanity.

I dimmed the lower are the planet burst

The forecast man to see—

To ask if any hope he nursed

That things might better be.

"The fool," he with a shiver said,

"A fire would comfort be;

If sufferers groan 'tis not the heat,

Which is but eighty-three.

For science shows that summer glow

Upon us seasonally

When in the place the mercury goes

To a no higher degree."

But horses reel and people fall

And mean deplorably;

On every side is heard the wail

Of parched humanity.

The ambulance's hurried call—

The doctor's gig but see!

"No matter" shrugged the weather man,

"Tis but humidity."

What call you hot? I cried in rage

What can your measure be?

The forecast man slow turned his page

"You may the record see.

One hundred might be termed the gauge,

Or perhaps, one hundred and three;

As yet have not reached that stage.

"Tis but humidity."

O weather man! How hot the place

Where you will one day be,

Unless you turn to truth and grace,

Repenting finally!

Nought will be here but furnace heat

And blazes fiery

Of precipitation such a trace,

And no humidity!

WHAT TOMMY SAID.

Uncle John—Well, what do you mean

to be when you get to be a man?

Little Tommy (promptly)—A doctor,

like pa.

Uncle John (quizzically)—Indeed; and

which do you intend to be, an apprentice

to a homoeopath?

Little Tommy—I don't know what that

awful big words mean, Uncle John; but

that don't make no difference, 'cause I

guess to be a family doctor 'an' give all my

patients Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'cause my pa

says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to

own up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best

family medicine he ever saw in his life.

The Story-Teller at Fault.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

(Continued.)

"Who will say he ever heard finer

music than that? Is it possible that

twenty-two musicians could be

freed from this to the shores of

Greeno better skilled in the art than

the twenty-two who are here to-day—

I mean Darby McGilgan, Cormac

O'Keegan, Timothy O'Connell, and

many more whom I do not mention

now by name?"

"We do not suppose," said several

of his hearers, "that any such thing

is possible."

"At this moment the Caol Riava (the

thin gray man) and the story-teller

entered the house. "Save all here!"

said the Caol Riava.

"And you likewise," replied

O'Donnell, "where do you come

from now?"

"I slept last night," replied the

stranger, "in the palace of the king

of Scotland."

"Call the doorkeeper before me,"

said O'Donnell.

"He was summoned accordingly."

"Was it you let in this man?"

said O'Donnell.

"I give you free leave to whip the

head from my two shoulders,"

replied the doorkeeper, "if ever I laid

eyes upon him before this present

moment."

"Let it pass," said the Caol Riava,

"for it would come just as easy to

me to go out as to come in, whether

the door was open or shut."

Then turning to the musicians

"Play something for us," said he,

"that I may judge whether all that

I have heard in your praise be merited

or otherwise."

"They began to play, first successively

and then in full concert, all kind

of airs and elaborate pieces

of music, both on wind and stringed

instruments, and when they had con-

cluded, the Caol Riava, who had been

silent, spoke.

"You are a sweet man," said

O'Donnell.

"Some day is sweet and some day

is bitter," replied the Caol Riava.

"Go higher up and sit in company

with O'Donnell, and eat along with

him," said one of the attendants.

"I will do no such thing," replied

the Caol Riava, "for a pleasing ac-

complishment in an ugly fellow like

me is like honey in the body of a

man who is going to be hanged; so

I will go no higher up than where

I am; but let me see his goodness

here, if he has a mind to show it

at all."

He kept his place and O'Donnell

sent him by the hands of an attend-

ant a suit of attire, consisting of a

coat of many colors, a fine tunic and

diamonds to match.

"Here," said the attendant, "is a

full suit that O'Donnell sent you."

"I will not accept it," replied

the Caol Riava, "for a good man

shall never have to say that he lost

so much by me."

"He is either an enemy or some-

thing more than mortal," said O'Don-

nell, when he heard that the stranger

had refused his gifts; let "twenty

horsemen in full armor keep guard

outside the house, and as many foot

soldiers be stationed inside to watch

his movements."

"What are you going to do with

me?" asked the long gray man,

when he saw the soldiers gathering

around him.

"We mean to have a sharp eye on

you, that you may not give us the

slip till dinner is over," said O'Don-

nell.

"You are very hospitable," replied

the Caol Riava, "but I give you my

word, if you were as good again it is

not with you I'll dine to-day."

"Where else will you dine?" asked

O'Donnell.

"Far enough from you, you may

be satisfied," replied the Caol Riava.

"I pledge you my word," said one

of the gallowglasses on guard, "if I

find you attempting to stir against

O'Donnell's wish I'll make good

pieces of you with my battle-axe."

The Caol Riava made no reply, but

took an instrument and began to

play as before, in such a manner that

all within hearing were enchanted

with his music. He then put aside

the harp, and stood up in his place.

"Now," he said, "look to your-

selves, you who are minding me, for

I am off."

The instant he uttered these

words, the soldier who had before

menaced him raised his battle-axe,

but, instead of wounding the

stranger, as he intended, he struck

a heavy blow on the harness of the

man who stood next to him. The

latter returned the stroke with the

point of his sword, and in a few

moments the whole score of foot-guards

were howling at each other's heads

and shoulders with their battle-axes,

until the floor was strewn with their

disabled bodies. In the midst of this

confusion, the Caol Riava came to

the doorkeeper and said to him:—

"Go to O'Donnell and tell him

that for a reward of twenty cows

and a large farm, rent free, you'll

undertake to bring his people to life

again. When he accepts your propos-

al (as I know he will be glad to

do), take this herb and rub a little

of it to the roof of each man's mouth,

and he will be presently in perfect

health again."

The doorkeeper did as he directed,

and succeeded perfectly, but when

he returned to thank his benefactor,

to his great astonishment he could

discover no trace of either him or

the story-teller.

It happened at this very time that

a worthy man, named Mac Bocha, of

Leinster, a doctor in poetry, had

been laid up with a broken leg more

than eighteen weeks without receiv-

ing the least relief, although he had

sixteen of the ablest surgeons in

Leinster in consultation upon it.

Happening to lift up his eyes as he

sat before his door, he saw the Caol

Riava and the story-teller approach-

ing, the former having only one

large garment around him, and an

Irish book in his hand, out of which

he read aloud in a monotonous hum-

ming tone.

"Save you, Mac Bocha," said the

Caol Riava.

"And you likewise," replied Mac

Bocha, "may I ask you what is your

profession?"

"Why," replied the Caol Riava,

"I am what you may call the mak-

ings of a physician from Ulster."

"Call me Cathal o'Gala, and I will

answer to it," replied the stranger.

"I understand that you are of a very

chivalrous and inhospitable disposition,

and if you charged your conductor, I

would be apt to cure your leg for

you."

"I acknowledge my falling," said

Mac Bocha. "I am as niggardly

as any miser until I take my third

agreement," said the latter.

While he was speaking, the six-

teen doctors who were in attend-

ance on him came up to inquire

how he was getting on, upon which

he told them of the offer made by

the Caol Riava.

The doctors looked at the stranger

and at the story-teller, and then

laughed immoderately.

"Tis very well," said the Caol

Riava, "but wait a little. Rise up

now," said he to Mac Bocha, and let

me see which can, you or your six-

teen physicians, run fastest."

Up started Mac Bocha, and away

went the sixteen doctors after their

patient, but he left them far behind,

and came back in great spirits to his

house, while they remained pining

and puffing at a distance.

"Now, you Mac Bocha," said the

stranger, "do not be guilty of inhos-

pitality or churlishness from this

time forward, or if you do, I'll come

and break your leg worse than it is

now; but the other leg also, I'll

break in such a manner that all the

surgeons in the Fenian hosts will not

be able to cure it for you. As for

these sixteen impostors that pretend

to treat it for you, not one of

them shall ever walk without a limp

from this time forward."

"I promise you and I will re-

member what you say," replied Mac

Bocha, "and, to make a beginning,

comin now and partake of a magnif-

icent banquet which shall be pre-

pared on the instant, for you and

your companion."

They entered the house and were

followed by the sixteen physicians,

who shortly after came limping

across the threshold. However,

while Mac Bocha was ordering the

banquet, an attendant ran to tell

him that the Ulster doctor was run-

ning down the hill which sloped away

from the door, faster than a grey-

hound with a hare in his eye. Mac

Bocha was so much surprised at his

abrupt departure, that he made these

lines, which were often repeated

after him:—