

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest." A. H. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

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"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid." W. H. Williams, Gosport, N. D.

Lung Trouble

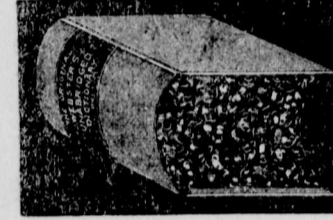
"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the prostrations frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine." Franz Hoffmann, Clay Centre, Kansas.

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LADY JANE. CHAPTER XXIX.

TANTE MODESTE FINDS LADY JANE. When Paichoux read of the death of Madame Jozain in the Charity Hospital, he said decidedly: "Modeste, that woman never left the city. She never went to Texas. She has been hidden here all the time, and I must find that child."

"And if you find her, papa, bring her right here to me," said the kind-hearted woman. "We have a good many children, it's true; but there's always room for Lady Jane, and I love the little thing as well as if she were mine." Paichoux was gone nearly all day, and to the disappointment of the whole family, did not find Lady Jane.

His first visit had been to the Charity Hospital, where he learned that Madame Jozain had been brought there a few days before by the charity wagon. It had been called to a miserable little cabin back of the city, where they had found the woman very ill, with no one to care for her, and destitute of every necessity. There was no child with her—she was quite alone; and in the few lucid intervals that preceded her death she had never spoken of any child. Paichoux then obtained the directions from the driver of the charity wagon, and after some search he found the wretched neighborhood. There all they could tell him was that the woman had come a few weeks before; that she had brought very little with her, and appeared to be suffering. There was no child with her then, and none of the neighbors had ever seen one visit her, or for that matter, a grown person either. When she became worse they were afraid she might die alone, and had called the charity wagon to take her to the hospital. The Public Administrator had taken charge of what she left, and that was all they could tell.

Did any one know where she lived before she came there? No one knew; an old negro had brought her and her few things, and they had not noticed the number of his wagon. The landlord of the squalid place said that the same old man who brought her had engaged her room; he did not know the negro. Madame had paid a month's rent in advance, and just when the month was up she had been carried to the hospital.

There the information stopped, and, in spite of every effort, Paichoux could learn no more. The wretched woman had indeed obliterated, as it were, every trace of the child. In her fear of detection, after Lady Jane's escape from her, she had moved from place to place, hunted and pursued by a guilty conscience that would never allow her to rest, and gradually going from bad to worse until she had died in that last refuge for the miserable, the Charity Hospital.

"And here I am, just where I started!" said Paichoux dejectedly, after he had told Tante Modeste of his day's adventure. "However," said he, "I shant give it up. I'm bound to find out what she did with that child; the more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that she never went to Texas, and that the child is still here. Now I've a mind to visit every orphan asylum in the city, and see if I can't find her in one of them." "I'll go with you," said Tante Modeste. "We'll see for ourselves, and then we shall be satisfied. Unless she gave Lady Jane away, she's likely to be in some such place; and I think, as I always have, Paichoux, that she stole Lady Jane from some rich family, and that was why she ran off so suddenly and hid. That lady's coming the day after proves that some one was on madame's track. Oh, I tell you there's a history there, if we can only get at it. We'll start out to-morrow and see what can be done. I shant rest until the child is found and restored to her own people."

One morning while Lady Jane was in the school-room busy with her lessons, Margaret entered with some visitors. It was a very common thing for people to come during study hours, and the child did not look up until she heard some one say: "These are the children of that age. See if you recognize 'Lady' Jane among them."

It was her old name that startled her, and made her turn suddenly toward the man and woman, who were looking eagerly about the room. In an instant the bright-faced woman cried, "Yes! yes! Oh, there she is!" and simultaneously Lady Jane exclaimed, "Tante Modeste, oh, Tante Modeste!" and, quicker than I can tell it, she was clasped to the loving heart of her old friend, while Paichoux looked on twirling his hat and smiling broadly.

"Jane, you can come with us," said Margaret, as she led the way to the parlor. There was a long and interesting conversation, to which the child listened with grave wonder, while she nestled close to Tante Modeste. She did not understand all they said; there was a great deal about Madame Jozain and Good Children Street, and a gold watch with diamond initials, and beautiful linen with initial letters J. C. embroidered on it, and madame's sudden flight, and the visit of the elegant lady in the fine carriage, the Texas story, and madame's wretched hiding-place and miserable death in the Charity Hospital; to all of which Margaret listened with surprise and interest. Then she in turn told the Paichoux how Lady Jane had been found looking in the window on Christmas Eve, while she clung to the railings, half-clad and suffering with the cold, and how she had questioned her and en-

deavored to get some clue to her identity. "Why didn't you tell Mother Margaret about your friends in Good Children Street, my dear?" asked Tante Modeste, with one of her bright smiles. Lady Jane hesitated a moment, and then replied timidly, "Because I was afraid."

"What were you afraid of, my child?" asked Paichoux kindly. "Tante Pauline told me that I mustn't." Then she stopped and looked wistfully at Margaret. "Must I tell now, Mother Margaret? Will it be right to tell? Tante Pauline told me not to."

"Yes, my dear, you can tell everything now. It's right. You must tell us all you remember."

"Tante Pauline told me that I must never, never speak of Good Children Street nor of any one that lived there, and that I must never tell any one my name, nor where I lived." "Poor child!" said Margaret to Paichoux. "There must have been some serious reason for so much secrecy. Yes, I agree with you that there's a mystery which we must try to clear up, but I would rather wait a little while, Jane has a friend who is very rich and very influential—Mrs. Lanier, the banker's wife. She is absent in Washington, and when she returns I'll consult with her, and we'll see what's best to be done. I shoudn't like to take any important step until then. But in the meantime, Mr. Paichoux, it will do no harm to put your plan in operation. I think the idea is good, and in this way we can work together."

Then Paichoux promised to begin his investigations at once, for he was certain that they would bring about some good results, and that, before many months had passed, Mother Margaret would have one orphan less to care for.

While Margaret and Paichoux were discussing these important matters, Tante Modeste and Lady Jane were talking as fast as their tongues could fly. The child related for the first time about poor Mam'selle Diane's loss, and her eyes filled with tears of sympathy for her gentle friend. And then there were Pepsie and Madelon, Gex and Tite—did they remember her and want to see her? Oh, how glad she was to hear from them all again; and Tante Modeste cried a little when Lady Jane told her of that terrible midnight ride, of the wretched home she had been carried to, of her singing and begging in the streets, of her cold and hunger, and of the blow she had received as the crowning cruelty.

"But the worst of all was losing Tony. Oh, Tante Modeste!" and the tears sprang to her eyes. "I'm afraid I'll never, never find him." "Yes, you will, my dear. I've faith to believe you will," replied Tante Modeste hopefully. "We've found you, ma petite, and now we'll find the bird. Don't fret about it."

Then after Margaret had promised to take Lady Jane to Good Children Street the next day, the good couple went away well pleased with what they had accomplished. Tante Modeste could not return home until she had told Pepsie as well as little Gex the good news. And Mam'selle Diane's sad heart was greatly cheered to know that the dear child was safe in the care of good Margaret.

And oh, what bright hopes and plans filled the lonely hours of that evening, as she sat dreaming on her little gallery in the pale, cold moonlight! The next day Pepsie cried and laughed together when Lady Jane sprang into her arms and embraced her with the old fervor. "You're just the same," she said, holding the child off and looking at her fondly; "that is, your face hasn't changed; but I don't like your hair braided, and I don't like your clothes. I must get Mother Margaret to let me dress you as I used to."

And Mam'selle Diane had something of the same feeling when, after the first long embrace, she looked at the child and asked Mother Margaret if it were necessary for her to wear the uniform of the home. "She must wear it while she is an inmate," replied Margaret, smiling. "But that will not be long, I suspect. We shall lose her—yes, I'm afraid we shall lose her soon."

Then Mam'selle Diane talked a long while with Margaret about her hopes and plans for Lady Jane. "I am all alone," she said pathetically, "and she would give me a new interest in life. If her relatives are not discovered, why cannot I have her? I will educate her, and teach her music, and devote my whole life to her."

Margaret promised to think it over, and in the meantime she consented that Lady Jane should remain a few days with Mam'selle Diane and her friends in Good Children Street. That night, while the child was nestled close to Mam'selle Diane as they sat together on the little moonlit gallery, she suddenly asked with startling earnestness: "Has your mama gone to Heaven too, Mam'selle Diane?" "I hope so, my darling; I think so," replied Diane in a choked voice. "Well, then, if she has, she'll see my papa and mama, and tell them about me, and oh, Mam'selle, won't they be glad to hear from me?" "I hope she will tell them how dearly I love you, and what you are to me," murmured Mam'selle, pressing her cheeks to the bright little head resting against her shoulder.

"Look up there, Mam'selle Diane, do you see those two beautiful stars so near together? I always think they are mama and papa watching me. Now I know mama is there too, and will never come back again; and see, near those there is another very soft

and bright, perhaps that is your mama shining there with them." "Perhaps it is, my dear—yes, perhaps it is," and Mam'selle Diane raised her faded eyes toward the sky, with new hope and strength in their calm depths.

About that time Paichoux began a most laborious correspondence with a fashionable jeweler in New York, which resulted in some very valuable information concerning a watch with a diamond monogram.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

If the soul of any unborn child were transported with joy at the voice of Mary, what will be our happiness not only to hear her voice but to see her face to face?—St. Bernard.

Philip II. died saying, "O! that I had been a lay brother in some monastery and not a king." Philip III. said: "I had lived in a desert, for now I shall appear with but little glory before the tribunal of my God."—St. Liguori.

Whatever expands the affections or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe and all that it inherits, in time and eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature and elevate us in the scale of being.—Channing.

We may have some years still of temptation, and sorrow, and warfare, and of the Cross on earth. These things may be, storms upon the lake, clouds upon the mountain—these are our earthly lot. What matters? If we be children of the Resurrection, heaven is ours. And heaven is near; we know not how long or how soon our day may be.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the means of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Mr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance.

What a life is ours! We serve God by fits and starts; we have cold fits and hot fits, like men in an ague, like those that are struck by fever; sometimes we are in earnest, sometimes we give up; we are carried away by gusts of temptation; a frown of the world will kill off all our good intentions. Such is our life perpetually tossed to and fro like the waves of the sea.—Cardinal Manning.

Ireland in all its poverty, in all its suffering, in all its penal laws, now happily gone forever, has again covered the face of the land with cathedrals, churches, convents, seminaries, and colleges, and it is not only in Ireland but throughout the world. In northern America, in Australia, throughout the British empire—the Irish faith and the Irish blood are spreading, scattering broadcast the seed of eternal hope, which, taking root, springs thirty fold, sixty fold, one hundred fold.—Cardinal Manning.

The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little clouds will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will be less and less troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.

We make our little cares, our common duties, our trade, or our profession, a plea for shortening our devotions, or leaving our conscience unexamined, or postponing our confession, and St. Charles Borromeo comes always and he prayed always; for his prayer and his work were one.

Is not obedience the shortest and quickest road to God? Is anything more pleasing to Him than the sacrifice of our will? Are there any means more secure of protecting us from illusion than to do the will of those who hold the place of God in our regard.—Life of Clare Vaughan.

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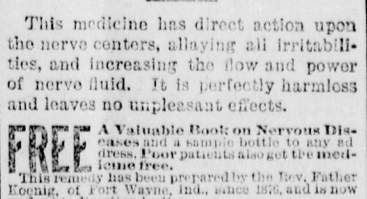
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