

Once put a hand to it, mun don't know where he'll stop." For Mark knew many fearful tales of deeds of blood committed in those caves to hide the lighter guilt of smuggling.

"Sin is like my lobster-pot," he used to say; "I can sink 'em as I go out with the nets, and then the foolish critters crawl in, never doubting it's a trap. But once they're at the bottom it's all up with 'em. There's no way through, you see; and the more they try to turn back again, the tighter they get stuck behind them spikes what keep 'em in. And there mun finds 'em."

So Mark lived on his simple life; happy, kindly, useful in his way, and bringing up his boys and girls to follow in the same good path that leads to heaven.

**A Real Knight.**

A pleasing sight it was, I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused, when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed? Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass? No. This was a nineteenth century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback. Helmets are apt to be straw hats or derbys; and, as for greaves, well, knickerbockers are more common to-day.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open-eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

"What's the matter?" I heard him say.

Alas! the "matter" was that the bundle she held had "burst," and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and the collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

The boy tried to fix the broken wrapper but could not. A new piece of wrapping paper also proved too frail. Must the child get a scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she had sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the "burst" bundle under his own arm.

"I'll carry it to the laundry for you," he said in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon after, I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

"Was that boy your brother?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"Did you know him?"

Another shake.

"A real gentleman," said I. "A genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him!"—*Harper's Young People.*

**The Prayer of Little Children.**

Mahomet II. had taken prisoner the Count of Liptan, one of the lieutenants of Mathias, King of Hungary. The Sultan, furious on account of the checks which this valiant captain had inflicted upon him, loaded him with chains until he would be led to punishment. His friends and servants, desolate, did all they could to deliver him—but in vain. The steward of this Count had a charming young child, a little girl of twelve years, as sweet as she was gracious, but particularly remarkable for her piety. She was already called the Little Saint. With a bravery beyond

**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."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

**La Grippe**

"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, Cook City, S. Dak.

**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 poroxysms 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 Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

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Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

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her age the amiable child proposed to her father to go herself to the Ottoman camp, and affirmed that she would reach the prison where her master was suffering, and she felt she had strength enough to break his chains.

The father, after making a thousand objections, yielded and starts with her. The child was right. Her gentleness easily gained the soldiers; she learned where the Count of Liptan was to be found, and she finished by deceiving the watchfulness of the gaolers. The brave Count is completely taken aback, but hopes for nothing from such a childish intervention. "Courage," said the Little Saint to him, "your irons are rusty; you are strong; you can break them." The Count tries and tears his fingers to no purpose; the lock resists. He wishes to send the child back. "Nothing is left me except to die," he said. "Go." "No," she replied, "I will try." The Count dissuades her, urging her to leave. "How do you think," he says to her,

"your delicate, tiny hands can break these irons against which I have hurt mine?" The child replied that she hoped that the good God would have pity on her weakness and her confidence in Him.

"My God, my God," she cried, "do not abandon Thy servant; show that Thou dost love to aid the weak."

Then seizing the padlock in her little hands she starts to shake it. To the great astonishment of the Count, hardly had she made a few slight attempts than the padlock opens of itself without resistance.

Thus was this prisoner delivered, thanks to the faith and confidence of a child of twelve years. Had we the same trust in the prayers of children, what great things we could do for the Church, for our neighbors and ourselves!

**A Strange Liking.**

A cat some time ago took a fancy to a house in Bush Street, San Francisco, and transferred her entire family into the rear premises from a neighbouring coal-yard. A previous occupant of the place was a little black-and-tan pup, a few weeks old. The cat was much annoyed by the attention of the family residing in the house to her little ones, and used to hide the kittens away in remote places. One day, while removing her youngsters, she also took the pup by the back of the neck, and transferred him to an old valise on a wash-house roof where the kittens were stowed away.

From this event a strong friendship sprang up between the old cat and the pup, and she watched it complacently as it mingled with the family circle, correcting the puppy with a blow of her paw when he seemed to treat the kittens too roughly.

The distance cats will travel to find a home from which they have been removed, is often surprising. Mr. Harrison Weir had one that his groom begged of him, as "he said he had no cat at home, and he was fond of 'the dear thing,' but really he wanted to be rid of it, as was found afterwards. He took the poor animal away in a hamper, and after carrying it some three miles through London streets, threw it into the Surrey canal. When he came the next morning, that cat was sitting wet and dirty outside the stable and went in joyfully on his opening the door, ran up to, and climbed on to the back of his favourite, the horse, who neighed a 'welcome home.' The man left that week!"

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