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## ARMINE

CHRISTIAN REID. CHAPTER I

In one of the tall houses that on the left bank of the Seine overlook the quays, the river, the palaces and gar-dens of beautiful Paris was a pleasant suite of apartments, into a room of which the sun was pouring a flood of brightness on one of those April days when, after the mists and fogs of winter, Paris seems rejoicing in brilliant life, when the trees of the Tuileries are a mass of tender green and the chest-nuts are in bloom along the Champs Elysees, when the very air suggests thoughts of pleasure and the roll of carriages is borne continuously to the On such a day one is inclined to think that all the world, in a literal ense, is abroad, thronging the boulevards, the gardens, the Bois de Boulogne; yet it is, after all, only a small proportion of the inhabitants of the reat city whom one beholds. Apart rom the vast army who carry on the business of life and who are bound fast to daily toil, whatever form that toil those who are the victims of physical suf-

the realization of pain, and for whom "When God Himself draws the curtain."

fering, to whom sunshine brings only

there is little repose, even

It was on one of these that the sunshine fell as it poured that day into the apartment on the Quai Voltaire. Falling through a window which commanded a wide outlook of sky, it streamed across a couch on which lay a man in the prime of life, yet for whom life in any active sense was as much over as if he had attained the extreme bound of human existence-nay, in any physically active sense as much as if he lay already in a narrower bed than that on which he was now prisoned. Paralyzed from the waist down vard, unable to do more than lift himself to a sitting posture, absolutely un-able without assistance to move from his couch, racked by constant suffering

-suffering so intense that physicians well used to all forms of human agony spoke of it as almost unexampled here was nevertheless another sense n which life was not over for him. To one could look at his face-singularly attractive, though pale as ivory from long confinement and worn by pain—without seeing the undimmed light of a spiritual and mental life which was a source of blessing not only to himself but to all who were privileged to approach him.

And there were a few people out of

the great world of Paris who valued this privilege-a few who felt when entered his chamber that they they trod upon sacred ground. For here the virtue of patience, which is of all virtues hardest to impatient human nearts, was practiced in heroic degree: here was detachment from the world s complete that there was no longer even regret for its loss, yet an intel-lectual interest in all great questions as keen as that of any one who mingled in its hottest strife; here was that fine sympathy which suffering teaches to the highest natures, an in-terest which never flagged, and a penetration so seldom at fault that a word MRS. PAYNE problem or settled a difficulty for those who had hardly been conscious of being

read. famous remedy—the And who was the man with the Nine Day Plaster. God had dealt thus hardly, yet thus the cause it cannot be well? Raoul d'Antignac had been And who was the man with whom born in Louisiana, but he was des cended from an ancient French family. his grandfather, the Comte d'Antignac, having taken refuge there during the The latter died without returning to France, and his son quietly settled, lived, and also died in the New World. So, no doubt, would his grandson have done but for the Civil War, into which he rushed

> CONSUMPTION By the Physicians



Spitting Blood Given Over by the Doctors!

LIFE STVED BY AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which of the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently of attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle, she was cured, so that now she is of quite strong and healthy. That this quite strong and healthy. That this of medicine saved my wife's life, I have not of the least doubt."—K. Morris, Memphis Tenders, Memphis Memphis Memphis Tenders, Memphis Memphi

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral **Received Highest Awards** AT THE WORLD'S FAIR 



TO ACT AS A FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES )

with all the ardent soul of a boy of twenty, and out of which he came sick at heart and well night ruined in for
But he was only, as he often after.

But he was only, as he often after.

tune. It did not take him long to decide what to do. He was not bound, as many men were, by responsibilities which could not be thrown off, to stay and face the dark problems of those days. His only near relative was a sister younger than himself, who lived with her guardian. Selling, therefore, his now almost valueless estate, he left America, went to Rome, and entered the ranks of the Papal Zouaves. It was a service and a life which suited him in the highest degree. Though he had not up to that time been exempliary in the practice of his faith, his was essentially a loyal nature, and he would even in his most careless mo-ments have died for it, as he would have died for his flag. But it was a symbol rather than a reality to him—something handed down from the past, which a D'Antignac could not deny—and not until his residence in Rome could living faith be said to united to that passionate personal devotion to the Holy Father which Pius IX. inspired in those around him, and which in the case of young D'Antignac was founded upon the kindest personal

notice. They were golden years—the flower of a life early shadowed by stern hardships and dangers, and soon to be more deeply shadowed still-which the young man passed in the Eternal City society of those days no one was more result. flatteringly received than the handsome Creole, who was the boldest horseman, the best dancer, in Rome, greatest pictures of and on and about whom lingered like a per-fume something of that grace of the in miniature of the noblest statues. There were rows of shelves filled with ancient regime which his grandfather had borne from Versailles to Louisiana. papers lay, around slender vases filled with flowers. Every where the tokens And it was here that he came for the first time in contact with one of his of a woman's hand were evident.

The bed in a curtained alcove could own kinsmen and formed a friendship of the most close and enduring nature Among the Frenchmen of the corps this but on a couch that D'Antignac was the young Vicomte de Marigny, who, struck by D'Antignac's name, lay, near the sunny window which overlooked the river, with its constant soon discovered that they were cousins

o one who had felt himself a stranger in a strange land, but the friendship of which it was the first link was destined to exercise a deep and lasting influence over the life of D'Antignac. For De Marigny was a Frenchman of the school of Montalembert—a man whose intellect bowed down before the majesty of revealed truth, and who to the homage of his mind added the love of his heart and the service of his life. This lofty type of character, with its ardent devotion, was a new revelation to the young Louisianian; and it was De Marigny who first led him, as it were, into the temple of faith. He was afterward to advance further than his teacher, to climb higher on the steep path of perfection ; but he never forgot whose hand had guided him over the first steps, and the strong attachment which then sprang into life was never

to know diminution or shadow of

change

the Comte d'Antignac who went to

America having been his great-uncle.

This recognition was not only pleasant

But the events of 1870 ended this life in Rome. Like many of his com-rades, D'Antignac would willingly have died on the walls of the Holy City, but the command of the Sovereign Pontiff was positive-no one of his little band of soldiers should be sacrificed vainly; there should be enough resistance, in the face of overwhelm. ing odds, to show Europe that Rome was violently taken-but no more. So, when the breach in the walls was made and the Piedmontese troops entered the city, where many a barbarous invader had preceded them, the Papal soldiers, like St. Peter in the garden of Gethsemani, reluctantly sheathed their swords and went to fall with tears at the feet of him whom they could no longer serve-the saintly Pontiff, who gave them his parting blessing in words that each man will

carry engraved on his heart for ever. Brothers and companions-in-arms as they had been for many days, the hour for separation had now come, and, leaving the desecrated city they could no longer defend, they went their different ways. There was but one vay, however, for the Frenchmenthe road to France, where, sinking all political differences, they offered their words to whatever Government could be said to exist, for the defence of their native soil. It was natural that D'Antignac should go with them. In that hour he felt that he, too, was a Frenchman. "Find me a place in the ranks-that is all I ask," he said to De Marigny, who replied that if nothing else proved possible he knew one general who would take him as a volunteer on his staff. But in that hour France was not so rich in swords that she could afford to refuse any that were offered. especially the sword of one who had already seen nine years of military service. D'Antignac was appointed to the command of some of the hastily levied troops, and had time to distinguish himself by daring gallantry be fore the end-which was well-nigh the and of all things—came for him. It was in one of the battles on the Loire. He had been severely wounded, but still kept his saddle to rally his men for a desperate charge, when a canon-ball killed his horse, which in falling backward crushed the rider under him. Those near rushed to his assistance, but he bade them go on. "This is no time to help the wounded," he gasped. "Come back afterward, if you can. Forward now!" So they left him in mortal agony, while they went forward to win one of those brilliant victories which even in that campaign of disaster proved of what French soldiers are still capable; and when a last those who were left came back and

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

But he was only, as he often afterward said of himself, half dead. Besides his wounds the fall of the horse had injured his spine so that paralysis of the lower half of the body followed. and was accompanied by suffering which the surgeons declared could never be more than alleviated and must increase as time went on until at last the vital power of the man's strong frame would yield under it. "Pray for me that it may be soon," he said to De Marigny when he first heard his sentence; and it was almost the only expression of agony which even at the first escaped him. But it was not to be soon. The brave But it was not to be soon. The brave heart was to be tried, the great soul perfected, by years of suffering, by that anguish of helplessness which seems doubly terrible when it falls upon a man in the flower of his life After the end of the war and of the awful days which followed he was, by his own request, taken to Paris,

chamber the sunshine streamed with its message of hope and gladness on that April day. It was a cheerful scene which it lit up—a room where cultivated taste had with moderate means produced the most charming The walls were covered with engravings and photographs of the world brackets bronze copies volumes, and tables where books and hardly be observed, and it was not on animation, the rich architecture of the palaces, and the verdure of the gardens beyond. Here he was propped to a partly sitting posture by arge pillows, while across his limbs a soft rug of warm, rich colors was spread. On the wall above, his sword and the medal of a Pontifical Zouave hung at the feet of a large ivory cru-

So, looking, with eyes full of a calm that contrasted strikingly with the suffering-stamped face, out on the brilliant city and far blue sky, he had lain for some time—motionless, since a book which he had been trying to read had dropped from his hand. Presently he extended this hand slender hands lying in her lap classicated to touch a bell that stood on a small themselves more closely together.

D'Antignac hesitated for an instant D'Antignac hesitated for an instant there was a low knock at the door of the room, and in response to his "Entrez!" the door opened, showing the slender figure of a girl, who carried in her hand a large bunch of lilac.

"Bonjour, M. d'Antignac," she said, advancing into the room. "I hope that I find you better to day."

"Ah! it is you, Mlle. Armine,"
said d' Antignac, smiling. "Yes, I am better than when you were here last, for then I could hardly speak to

you. To day I am at my best, and I am glad to see you. You come like a nymph of the spring." he added, as she held out the blossoms for him to inhale their fragrance. "I felt a longing for the country to-

day," she said; "so I went out to Auteuil, and I have brought this back for you. I thought of you very much, the country is so lovely just now."

She uttered these words with an accent that implied much more than

was said of the compassion with which her eyes were filled as she regarded him. But he only smiled again "It is better than seeing the beauty of nature for one's self, to be in the

minds and hearts of one's friends when they see it." he said. "And this lilac is a fragrant proof of your remembrance. "I pulled it with my own hands. I

thought you would perhaps value it more than if it had been bought in the flower-market.'

They are such kind, helpful hands that I should be ungrateful if I failed to value whatever they bring me," he said, looking at them as they were busy arranging the lilac in a vase She cast a glance at him which was

almost reproachful. "Do not speak to me in that way, M. d'Antignac," she said, "if you do not wish to make me ashamed. For what have my hands ever done-what can they ever do-for you that will

bear the most remote comparison to what you have done for me? "We are none of us accountable for the opportunities which are given or withheld from us," he answered, only for how we use them, and for the will which is more than deeds; else why should the giving of a cup of cold water under some circumstances be more than the giving of a fortune under others? In anything that I simply been God's instrument.

Is a saint-and I suppose you would refuse to let me call you thatmore than God's instrument?" she 'No more," he replied. "But we

must not dream of saintliness, poor struggling people like you and I. Sit down and tell me of your day at Auteuil. With whom did you go?"
"Only with Madelon; and we went and returned by the Seine. I love the river, and love it not less because

very water that flows under our bridges and along our quays has flowed under forest shade and along green fields, has reflected the soft hills and held the heaven in its heart.'

Involuntarily he looked as he spoke through the wide, open window, up at that heaven, so blue, so fair, so distant, and the girl watching him thought that he, too, held it in his heart. So thinking, she did not reply, and silence fell for a minute.

It was a minute long enough to photograph Armine Duchesne, as she sat there with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes fastened on the worn face of the man before her. They were beautiful eyes -large, soft, golden-brown, and thickly fringed. The face in which they were set was delicate in outline, and in complexion of that clear brunette paleness which is seldom seen out of a southern country — a face striking from its refine where science can do her best or worst for me," he said: and there the sister who had meanwhile grown to womanhood in Louisiana came to womanhood in Louisiana came to lat a glance the social position of any bar life to him. woman; but the most practised observer might have found it difficult to decide to what rank this woman belonged. The simplicity of her toilette put the idea of a great lady a much out of the question as the exquisite refinement appearance made it impossible to think her bourgeoise. A Frenchman might have solved the riddle by saying, with a glance at her face, "Artiste," would have been an incorrect so

Presently D'Antignac, looking toward her and meeting the gaze of the full, soft eyes, said: "Helene was speaking of you only this morning and egretting that we have seen you so seldom of late.

"It is I who have most cause to regret it," she answered quietly; "but my father has been at home, and when that is the case I have less time to go out. He has always much for me to do, writing, translating —" She paused, and a shade of trouble was in her glance. "I often wonder," she went on, after a moment, "and it has long been in my mind to ask you, how far I am right in lending even my feeble aid to such work. times the pen drops from my fingers If feel that I cannot go on, yet it is work which my father will do himself if I refuse to help him. And can I refuse to help him, who has always been good and kind to me?"

Her voice took a tone of entreaty in uttering the last words, and the before answering, and when he spoke t was evidently with reluctance.

"You do not need for me to tell you," he said, "of the responsibility attending the use of the pen. can tell how far the influence of a book may extend or when that influence may end.'

"But does that responsibility include one who, like myself, has been only a machine to do another's bidding? often say to myself that I am simply the pen my father uses."
"The comparison is not good.

pen has no sense of responsibility; you have. But," he added, after a pause, "do not understand me as saying that you are wrong. I do not say so: I do not know. Fate-if one may use such a term— has been hard upon you, my poor Armine. You are bound not only by the ties of nature but by They are like brothers, or more than your own heart strings to one whose your mind and soul condemn. And where filial duty ends at the bidding of a higher duty I am not wise enough to say."
"If you are not wise enough to say.

where shall I go to learn?" asked the girl with a faint smile.

"Surely," he said, "you do not need for me to tell you where you will find a much better director than I am one not only with more authority, but with much higher wisdom.'

"With more anthority, yes; with higher wisdom — ah! I doubt that," she said. "If you are in doubt I am content to remain so, and to aid my father like a machine, a clerk-'You are more than that to him.

said the other; "But I understand how it is — you do not wish to be told by a voice of authority what will compel you to refuse that aid." "It would go hard with me," said peculiar affection for Rome.

the girl, "for you do not know my father as I know him. To you he is his sister. the most dangerous of those who wish ruffled, his cheerfulness never fails. to tear down all the fabric of religious He seems to have such conformity to and social order; but to me be God's will that he accepts whatever is not only my father, but also happens with perfect acquiescence. one whom I know to be a When M. de Marigny came to bid him passionate and sincere enthusiast. does not think of himself, M. d'Antig- I should like to see Rome again. nac: he is not one of those who desire he added almost immediately, with a to bring about a revolution in order that he may rise on the ruins of what is he thinks, of others rather than of him-

"I believe it," said D'Antignac gently, deeply moved by the feeling in her last words; "but you must for-give me if I say that is altogether apart from the question. Your father's motives concern only himself; his deeds concern and influence many. But I do not wish to say anything which will make your position harder, so let us talk no more of this." There was a moment's pause, then

the girl said wistfully : "Do you know I often wonder what the lives and thoughts of other women are like? I one can disembark at your door."

"You are a subtle flatterer," he said. "But indeed I love the river, and from the glimpses of them which I too, and am glad to be where I can have had, that they are not like mine

Their lives are full of simple cares and their minds of gentle thoughts; is it not so? But I have known nothing save an atmosphere of revolution and revolt. Terrible sounds have rung in my ears as long as I can remember; l have heard my father and his companions talk passionately of the suffer-ings of humanity, and preach remedies more terrible than those sufferings.
Then I used to go with my mother to church and look with a strange sense of amazement and doubt at the crucifix-that symbol of all which I had heard so often denounced. Even in my childish mind these great problems found a battlefield and drove away simpler thoughts. My mother died, and there was no one to throw a ray of light on perplexities which I could not solve for myself, until God sent you, M. d'Antignac."

"I am grateful," he said, "that even in my helplessness God gave me such work to do.

"Your helplessness!" she repeated "Who is there that with health and strength does half so much for others? He lifted one thin hand as if to silence her; but before he could speak the door again opened and a lady entered, followed by a man of distinguished appearance.

"I knew that I might bring M. de Marigny in at once, my brother,'

Marighy in lady said.

"Surely yes," answered D'Antignac with a quick glow of pleasure on his face. He held out his hand, adding eagerly, "So, Gaston, you are back in Paris!"

"I arrived last night," the other answered, "and, after the transaction of some necessary affairs, you see where my first visit is paid."

His voice was very melodious, and the expression of his face, as he looked down at the pale countenance which looked up at him, was so full of affec-tion that the girl who was regarding the scene felt her heart warm toward him, stranger though he was. She also looked at him with some curiosity, for she had heard of the Vicomte de Marigny, and what she had heard lent interest to this first sight of him.

But her attention was claimed by Mile. d'Antignac, who turned toward her, saying, as her brother had said:
"Why, Armine, it has been long since we have seen you."

"It has seemed longer to me than to you, I am sure," Armine answered.
"But I could not help it: I have been detained at home. And now "-she rose-" it is time that I should go."
"Not until you come and have a little talk with me," said Mlle. d'Antig-nac decidedly. "I cannot let my

brother monopolize you. "It is I, rather, who wished to mon oplize him," said the girl, smiling. It was such an exquisite smile—so sudden and sweet—that it struck the vicomte, whose glance had fallen on her, and who at the same moment marked the delicate refinement of her face and the pathos of her large, soft eyes. He drew back a little as

vanced to the side of the couch to take the hand that D'Antignac extended. "Thank you for the flowers and the visit," he said, "and do not let it be long until you come again."

"You ought to know that I always come when I can," she answered. Then, with a bend of the head in acknowledgment of the vicomte's bow as she passed him she went with Helene from the room.

" My brother is happy now," said the latter, as she opened a door which led into her own salon—a small but exceedingly pretty apartment-"for he has Gaston de Marigny with him. such comprehension, affection and sympathy for each other as they have."
"It is the first time that I have ever

seen M. de Marigny," said Armine. "The first time!" repeated the other, th some surprise. "How does that with some surprise. happen when he is so often here? Armine shook her head. "I do not

know," she answered. "But when we were living in the same house and were together most I think I heard you say that he was not in Paris." 'He was at that time in Brittany with his father, who was dying of a linger-

returned from Rome, and how much he "But I understand and Rauol will have to talk of!" "How much, indeed!" said Armine.
"But I fear that it swill make M. d'Antignac sad, he seems to have such a

ing disease—although even then we saw him occasionally. Now he has just

"Nothing makes him sad," answered He good-bye he said a little wistfully, 'Ah! smile, 'Yet it matters little, since

us may despair," said Armine quickly. I suppose one should not wish him to remain where he suffers so much; but what will the world be like when he

"Desolate enough for some of us," said Helene, while her eyes filled with tears. They were fine eyes-the only beautiful feature of her face. It was a typical French face, even to the slight dark down on the upper lip-a face seen as often among the Creoles of Louisiana as among the people from whom they sprang-and which in this instance only the eyes and the flash of regular white teeth redeemed from plainness. But it was a strong though not a handsome face, full of the expression of that sense which we call com-

mon, notwiths is the most un is chiefly shor practical affa Helene d'Ant ministering f that remaine estate.

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"To-day is a
when to morre bring the stre ever we ma That is what now tell me so dear little Art Armine sm of endearmen ably taller th answered: tell of my life of disquiet in leaves me tha to know how

with desperat for what the he," she said, the same half of apology sh who simply d service of spe himself. I k "My poor edge for you 'Yes, it is we have all form or anot feel so sure o M. d'Antigna

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