

The Countersign was "Mary."

"Was near the break of day, but still The moon was shining brightly. The west wind as it passed the flowers Set each one waving lightly. The sentry stood to and fro A faint light gleamed on his breast. While in the tent behind him stretched His comrades— all were sleeping. Slow to and from the sentry paced. His musket on his shoulder very. But not a thought of death or war Was with the brave young soldier. And his heart was far away Where, on a Western prairie, A rose-twined cottage stood. That night The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw, Her blue eyes kindly beaming. Above them, on her sunken brow, Her curls like sunshine gleaming. And heard her singing, as she churned The butter in the dairy. The song he loved the best. That night The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed, When, up the lone road glancing, He spied a form so little, so fair, With faltering steps advancing. And as it neared him, he started, He gazed at it in wonder. Then dropped his musket to his hand, And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more. Be you man, child, or fairy. Unless you give the countersign, I shall not pass this way. Hark! Who goes yonder? "Mary, Mary." Sweet voice cried, and in his arms The girl he'd left behind him. Half fainting fell. Her many kisses She'd bravely vowed to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear," She sobbed: "my heart was breaking; I could not find you, I could not find you. All other ties forsaking. I travelled, by my girl made strong. Kind Heaven witness, for my sake. Until—unhurt and well!" "Yes, love." "At last you stood before me."

They told me that I could not pass The lines to meet my loved one. Before day fairly came; but I Pressed on ere night was over. And as I took my leave, I said: "The way free as our prairie," he said, "Because, thank God, I'm bright," he said, "The countersign is 'Mary.'" MARGARET EYTINGE.

From the Catholic World.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXV. A MERITED PUNISHMENT.

Dr. Fullerton was a grave, studious man, with no love for society, though cheerful enough in his disposition, fond of his books, his home and his profession, and cherishing only one dream outside of the ordinary aspirations of his life—to wed with Nano McDonnell. He was skilled in men and the world's ways as thoroughly as in his lore. Long years of conflict with the world and its hindrances, poverty and misery, had not been passed in vain. He had conquered, taking away with him a fine touch of cynicism in his nature, strong enough to sweeten, as healthful salt can sweeten, the tenderness, the pity, the cheerful, warm affections of his manly soul. As a student he did not pay much attention to the affairs of that particular social world to which he belonged. His books were of greater interest than his gossip. They were his world, stretching out like vast and limitless prairies, great tracts of wilderness yet to be trodden by the hardy traveller, intellectual Africa peopled with the most wonderful creations. Here he found his entertainment. He was ambitious. His desire was to sit with the most famous of the land in the history of the nation. He was willing to work that he might reach the eminence, and he put aside all the allurements of youth, girded himself as the mountain-climber girds, and gave himself to labor and to study in solid earnest.

Hence it was that the causes of Olivia's late mental disturbance were so difficult for him to discover. The cuts direct which he received from the people with whom he was acquainted were as numerous and severe as those which were showered on unfortunate Olivia, but the scholar paid no attention to them, and went on his way serenely unconscious of the events which were transpiring. For this indifference Olivia was extremely thankful. She knew not what she would have to face if Harry became acquainted with the matter, and if the current did not change this must soon happen. We know with what relief she welcomed the astonishing disclosure of Mr. Quip. She considered the danger in a great measure averted if Mr. Quip were able to do but the title of what he had promised; and she therefore pressed upon her brother the urgency of closing at once with his offer, lest delay might prove hurtful to their interests.

Fate was hovering, however, over Killany's head. Dr. Fullerton was still inclined to be sceptical over Mr. Quip's revelations, and delayed the promised decision for more than a week. In the meantime Killany, delighted with the success of his villainous slanders, and encouraged, as comrades ever are, by the meanness, all misunderstanding, of his victims, became bolder and openly laughed and sneered at what he elegantly termed the lar sinister on the Fullerton scutcheon. He won great praises from his lady friends for his kindness in providing a position for Harry, who, despite his poverty, which was his greatest obstacle, and his religion, which with wealth was no obstacle at all, had made a great sensation among the ladies by his Saxon figure with his yellow curled head and eyes of violet hue. The hearts of many susceptible ones, bursting open the guards of prudence, fluttered uncontrolled in his presence. They pitied his recent misfortune, and the gentlemen, too, regretted it. In Olivia's regard there was a change of front for one party, the ladies fiercely condemning her, and the gentlemen vowing and swearing (mostly over their punch) that it was a shame anything in the matter of birth should be allowed to affect so divine a young woman. At last society got quite a rage over the whole subject. The leaders, Mrs. Strachan and Miss McDonnell, were yet on terms of intimacy with Olivia, and Sir Stanley Dashington did not in one particular abate his well-known affection for brother and sister.

Not one had yet the hardihood to inform Sir Stanley of the position of his friends. Murmurs and whisperings died away at his ears. But it was impossible to conceal it for ever, and when the matter was at its culminating point some miserable little puppy popped it at the baronet, and was choked, and strangled, and shaken out of his five senses for his officiousness—before a number of ladies, too, so excited did the fishman become, that for a few minutes there was a scene of

fainting, screaming, cologne water per fumes, and noisy demonstrations from the present, which brought the baronet to his senses and drew forth an apology sufficient to atone for a severer misdeed. He wished to take his frightened victim aside and question him; but the ladies, dear creatures! took it on themselves to give him all particulars, which showed conclusively that the scandal had spread in all directions, and was as common among the interested as the latest song or the latest novel.

He hastened, therefore, to make Harry acquainted with the astonishing fact. His doctor was standing at the door of his office, looking wonderingly down the street. He had just, and had met that Hughes, who on a former occasion had shown him some rudeness which was yet unexplained. Harry had forgotten it under the pressure of his many duties, until it was recalled to his mind by a second meeting with the gentleman. Having addressed him courteously as he was passing the office, Hughes received the salute in a rather constrained and frightened fashion, stared, seemed surprised, yet afraid to express his surprise, and finally turned away, leaving the doctor as before to wonder what it meant. When the baronet came along he mentioned the matter.

"Come in," said the doctor—"come to the office and I will explain it. It is simply damnable."

Then it was that the doctor noticed a high color in Sir Stanley's cheek, a sparkle in his eye that was not usually there, and a general excitement of manner which the man of fashion rarely permitted to take hold of him. Once in the inner sanctum the story was soon told, while Mr. Quip kept his ear to the keyhole and made faces at the carpet in his astonishment. The doctor listened quietly with lips that paled at first, and afterwards became swollen and red with indignation.

"What explains many things," he said, "which for so long a time have mystified us. Olivia's illness, whose cause we could not discover, her seclusion, and the falling-off of her friends were no doubt owing to this slander. Poor little mistaken woman! How she suffered, and would suffer to the end! Probably she knows the slanderer?"

"What do you propose doing?" said the baronet.

"Wait here until I return," answered the doctor. "I shall have news for you then."

Sir Stanley laid his hand on his arm. "I know you will punish the traducer," he said, "and I wish you to remember that I claim a hand in it. I am wronged as deeply as yourself, since this slander touches the honor of my wife to be."

"I shall remember," said the doctor, and went away, taking his riding-whip with him. His appearance was composed and grave as usual, and excited no attention on the part of the people in the streets. He was looking for Hughes. He went first to his residence, but, finding him absent, sought him at his office. He was not there, and he could have waited until his return but that his feverish impatience would not permit him to rest. Going out on the street again, he saw the man he wanted in the office of an hotel, talking with friends and acquaintances of the doctor's own. He could not have desired a better opportunity. Stepping up to the group, whom he greeted with a familiar nod and was not astonished to see it coldly returned, he touched Hughes on the arm.

"If you please, I would like from you, sir, an explanation of the manner in which you have lately thought fit to return the salutations which one gentleman is supposed to give another of his acquaintance. Not that I prize particularly your goodwill, but I fancy there is a deeper meaning in your actions than the matter itself signifies."

"You may take what meaning you please from it," returned Hughes with stiff composure, and the others laughed softly. "I am not bound to account to any man for my behaviour towards him so long as he is treated according to his position."

"In law you must do this or make good your own statement. In any case your silence will bring upon you the other's dishonouring accusation."

"My informant was Dr. Killany," said Hughes.

"Thank you. You have made the task which I have set myself quite easy, and set an example to these gentlemen which I am sure will be followed."

It was followed. All volunteered their information. He found that the majority had received the slander at second-hand and at a considerable later date than Hughes. From the hotel he went direct to his own home to obtain from Olivia her knowledge of the affair. He found with her the general, who was listening delightedly to Olivia's assurances of her own ability to disprove Killany's slanders. Both ladies instinctively jumped at the appearance of the doctor. He was stern and muddy, and still carried the ominous whip in his hand; and he stalked into the parlor with blazing eyes and yellow hair curling riotously close to his head. The general would have departed immediately but the doctor compelled her to reseat herself and listen to his words.

"You are probably aware of the matter," he said shortly, "and it is because of the foolishness of some of you that the good name of my sister and myself have been bandied about with jest and scorn in every corner of society. Olivia, who is the man that first ventured to start this report concerning us? You know him, and I must know him too."

"Olivia hesitated, with pallid cheeks and tear-streaming eyes.

"What would you do, Harry?" she said, terrified.

"What might have been done," he answered sternly, "if you had not so foolishly concealed it all from me this month past. Come, tell me at once."

"But remember, Harry," she pleaded, "what Mr. Quip has told us, and how soon we may be able to disprove this slander peacefully. I pray you let there be no violence."

"Violence!" he laughed. "No, there shall be no violence. The dog! I shall whip him from the city like the cur that he is. Will you tell me, girl, and undo in part the bitter mischief that has already been done, if you will, by leading me to the mischief not so serious," broke in the general vigorously, "but that it can be speedily undone. I make myself responsible for restoring to you your old position. Olivia is right: there shall be no violence."

"You will not tell me, I see," he exclaimed moodily, and paying no more attention to her, he passed himself, and declared in a storm which he never hoisted an umbrella. "You are a pair of conspirators and noodles, and in your mistaken desire to avoid the unavoidable you only heap the mischief higher. Killany so far is responsible."

The cunning fellow! Both women could not help looking at each other, and both stared.

"Killany is the man," said the doctor smiling. "Ah! well, it was not improvable."

And he was stalking out of the room when the two rushed at him and flung their arms about his neck, and declared in a storm to tears and sobs than to a rain-storm, in which he never hoisted an umbrella. "You are a pair of conspirators and noodles, and in your mistaken desire to avoid the unavoidable you only heap the mischief higher. Killany so far is responsible."

The friendly hand that might have saved Killany from disgrace was withheld, and he went on his way to meet his shame, while Mrs. Strachan, in the hour of the horror-stricken Nano the sufferings of his victims.

In the meantime the baronet was awaiting with exemplary patience the doctor's return. Killany arrived before him, and was engaged in conversation with Sir Stanley when the avenger entered.

his disfigured countenance, half-unconscious, and unable to defend himself. Still the pitiless blows rained on him, cutting and merciless, on hands, and shoulders, and body, leaving red or bloody stripes where they touched the white, delicate skin. The report of the pistol brought two other gentlemen. They would have interfered, but the baronet politely declined to permit it until the avenger had been thoroughly satisfied.

"When your master recovers," he whispered to Quip, who was rejoicing inwardly, "you may hint that if he be found in the city within the month, I shall have the honor of administering a similar chastisement."

Dr. Fullerton and the baronet then withdrew. As for Killany, he lay there unconscious, and recovered only to rush into a blasphemous denunciation of his enemies and himself. His disgrace would now become as public as the slander had been. His days of good fortune were over, and he must go forth, as he had so often done before, a branded outcast from society.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AUDACITY OF UNBELIEF.

There is no more startling evidence of the degeneracy of the times in which we live than the popularity of the apostles of infidelity. The enormous crowds that attend upon the serio-comic exhibitions of the atheistic Ingersoll and the enthusiasm with which his most repulsive utterances are greeted by respectable audiences, are a striking comment on the great change that has taken place in public sentiment within the last thirty or forty years. We well remember the time when such an audacious reviler of Christianity would have been looked upon as a moral lunatic, and his hearers would have been confined to a mere handful of impracticable radicals as crazy as himself.

Do we realize what this man and others like him are doing? In the first place, they are going in the face and eyes of the traditions of the race for nineteen centuries; we might well say, from the beginning of the world, for it is true that the leading principles of Christianity were foreshadowed in the traditions of the principal nations before the advent of Christ, and exist even to this day, in a greater or less degree of verisimilitude in Egypt and the nations of the Orient, indicating most unmistakably a common origin in a primitive deity who was adored as setting themselves up as leaders, teachers and guides in the most important matters that engage the attention of men, with no claim to inspiration or infallibility, and certainly with no peculiar qualifications for so important and difficult a work. For, however distinguished some of them may be for talent and literary culture, it cannot be said of any of them, at least of any with whom we are acquainted, that they are profoundly learned in those particular departments of knowledge upon which the decision of these great questions depends. Certainly, even if the principles of Catholic philosophy and Christian theology as embodied in the authoritative teaching of the old historic Church, and we unhesitatingly assert that a man who undertakes to write or teach, orally, on these vital questions of the origin and end of man, without first possessing himself of the principles of Catholic philosophy and theology, is as unreasonable as he who should attempt to administer the civil law without having first mastered the principles of jurisprudence as embodied in the traditions of the common law and the standard writers on that subject.

Christianity, the grandest movement of human genius the world has ever seen. Indeed, to say nothing of the inspiration which prompted it, it embodies the condensed wisdom of the ages. It is a system unique, harmonious and perfectly developed in all its parts, and it has commanded the admiration and the greatest minds that have ever existed. What have our modern infidels and free-thinkers to offer in its stead? Have they some grand scheme of their own, worked out by the combined efforts of the wisest and best men, the greatest geniuses in the world? No. As the eloquent Bishop Kennebec, of Boston, declared in his splendid speech at the recent reception of the Y. M. C. U. in Boston, they are Know-nothings. "Agnostics" they call themselves. And then their real motto seems to be, "Every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," that is, if there be any devil, which, of course, is grossly untrue. Each man has his own theory, his own panacea for the ills of life, and a casual glance at the pages of an esteemed but erring cotemporary, the Index, will soon convince us that no two of them agree fully on any single principle except the negative principle of protest against Christianity. In this respect they really have no advantages over their brother Protestants who they so severely and oftentimes so justly criticize, and with whom, upon the whole, it must be confessed, they are in the same box. Mr. Ingersoll seems to have adopted the principle that ridicule is the test of truth, a most unfortunate subject that can engage the attention and unbelief.

Indeed, for that matter, what can be more ridiculous, if it were not so awful, than to see a man of talents and culture, as Mr. Ingersoll is said to be, standing up before immense crowds of human beings, playing the buffoon upon the most awful subjects that can engage the attention of men; making sport of principles and events around which cluster the most sacred and interesting associations of the human heart; deliberately striving to undermine that faith which is the only solid comfort of the poor in this world, and the harbinger of a glorious immortality in the world to come. And what does it amount to?—I, Bob Ingersoll, the apostle of culture, but for the nonce, mount-bank-in-chief for the amusement of the people, take upon myself to tell you that the whole world has been mistaken for the last eighteen hundred years or more. They have been fairly deluded and misled. Christianity is a humbug. It is not worthy the attention of reasonable beings. It is a system of superstition, founded and supported by designing priests to keep the people in ignorance,

and to tyrannize over them by frightening them with threats of dire vengeance in some unknown state of existence hereafter.

Well, friend Ingersoll, what have you to substitute for Christianity? If you take away our faith in that, what shall we believe in? "Ah that is not a matter of the slightest consequence. You may all believe as you like, only believe that your condition hereafter (if indeed, there be any condition hereafter) depends, not at all, upon your conduct in this world. I come to teach the gospel of liberty. You must all be good, of course, and observe the ordinary rules of morality." Morality! Mr. Ingersoll, morality! What do you mean by morality? If there be no God or future life; or if, as you say, we are all in the dark on that subject, what is the use of morality? And granted that there is such a thing as morality, and that it is a good thing, what motive are you going to propose to induce men to be moral? Will you tell us that it is ungentlemanly to rob and steal; that impurity is a violation of good taste; that cruelty and injustice are contrary to the benevolent sentiments of our nature, and that true culture and refinement require us to respect the rights of others? Bah! *Crobat Judicus Appella!* As well attempt to lead the lion with a silken thread, or put out a fire by heaping on tow. Why can you not learn a lesson from your illustrious predecessor, Voltaire, who wrote a Goliath essay to prove the existence of a God, and gave the significant warning to his Atheistic friends—"Don't Unchain the Tiger!"

But, now, friend Ingersoll, what have you proved? What can you prove on your principles? You certainly cannot prove there is no God. You know that as well as we do. You cannot prove there is no hereafter, no heaven, no hell, no future rewards and punishments. You can deny them and ridicule them. But so can you turn your face to the sun and deny the light of heaven and ridicule the scientific deductions which rest upon probabilities were only equal, do you not see what an awful risk you run in thus ridiculing Christianity and destroying the faith of the people? But the probabilities are against you. The whole history of the past, the common sentiments of mankind are against you. Upon ordinary principles of human prudence no sane man would dare to take the risk of such tremendous consequences without being perfectly certain he was right. You may, indeed, if it so please you, for your own amusement, or that of those whose want of faith renders them capable of being so amused, dance hilariously round the smoking crater of the volcano, but when you seek to seduce others to follow your example, we respectfully suggest that, as a reasonable man, you are carrying the joke a little too far. You may gain a temporary popularity with the crowd of sympathizers "whose wish is father to the thought," but with the great mass of the reasonable, thinking men you may only be reckoned as another and conspicuous example of the reckless audacity of unbelief.—Catholic Review.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

"It's a solemn thing, though, a funeral," said Mr. Brooke, "if you take it in that light, you know."

"But I am not taking it in that light (it is Mrs. Cadwallader who speaks). I can't wear my solemnity too often, else it will go to rags. It was time the old man died, and none of these people are sorry."

"How piteous!" said Dorothea. "This funeral seems to me the most dismal thing I ever saw. It is a blot on the morning. I can not bear that any one should die and leave no love behind."

Such, as George Eliot tells us in Middlemarch, were the remarks of those three observers of old Peter Featherstone's obsequies; that "big burly" which the old cynic had ordered for himself, being bent on "a handsome funeral," and on having people "bid to it" who would rather have stayed away, and on having pall-bearers on horse-back with the richest scarves and handkerchiefs, and even the underbearers equipped with trappings of woe of a good-priced quality. Mr. Brooke, Mrs. Cadwallader and Dorothea may perhaps stand as types of three classes of minds, the conventional, the matter-of-fact, and the sentimental, and their reflections are just enough in their several ways. A funeral is a solemn thing "if you take it in that light." Many funerals, alas! are unwept, unremembered, save by professional mourners whose sadness is born of beer. And that is, from a merely human point of view, the saddest part of them; such pomp of the undertaker, such absence of human affection! But there is another point of view, not taken by any of the three whose talk we have quoted, and yet surely the natural point of view from which to regard a funeral, and that is the religious. The old phrase, Christian Burial, has a world of meaning in it, which is well worth pondering. Banish the religious idea and what is sepulture but a mere sanitary measure? If "man dies, not is there hope in dust," the disposal of his remains is simply a matter of police regulation. The heists of the Continent long made it a matter of complaint that only the burial of a dog was possible to them in Catholic countries. But if man differs in no essential respect from a dog, if he belongs wholly to the material order, as these sages of "free thought" insist, why treat his worthless and decaying remains with more reverence than those of his canine companion? It is more matter of fact that care for the dead is due to the belief in the immortality of the soul, which has yet lingered in the minds of all nations, even the most barbarous, however dimly and obscurely, and however repulsive the superstitions with which it has been surrounded.

The work of the Church here as elsewhere was to purify, elevate and sanctify the natural instincts of man's heart; to transform by the touch of faith the funeral-ceremonies which she found in the nations into Christian Burial. Cremation she from the first rejected as wanting in reverence. The custom of inhumation, sanctioned by Jewish practice, she deemed the better mode of disposing of those bodies which had been temples of the Holy Ghost, and which had been nourished by the Sacred Food wherein she

taught her children to see a pledge of the resurrection. The Burial of the Dead was reckoned among her seven corporal works of mercy, and from the first the care of the Christians for the dead was one of the things about them which most impressed the minds of the heathen around. Their reverence extended even to minute details. Every incident connected with the funeral-rites received a sacred character. Even the very grave-diggers and those who fulfilled the duties which are now discharged by undertakers' men were servants of the Church. But that was not all. Mindful of the apostolic precept not to sorrow for the faithful departed as those that have no hope, the Church brought into the Burial of the Dead a brightness, an element of joy which contrasted singularly with the practice of ancient Paganism. The Roman poet warned his friend that, of all his so-loved trees, none but the hated cypresses should follow their short-lived lord. The Church substituted for these sad leaves laurel and ivy. The gloom and darkness of Greek and Roman obsequies were unrelieved by any sure and certain hope of life and immortality. But the Church, as the messenger of Him who "is risen from the dead and is become the first-fruits of them that sleep," carried the departed to their resting-place with lights and incense, amid sacred song and in triumphal procession. The ancient Romans performed their funerals—at night, for it was an ill-omen to meet them. The Christians, having no part in this superstition, rendered the last offices to their brethren in the broad day. And as the Church hallowed the funeral-rites of her children, so did she hallow the places where she laid them. Hence, until the sixteenth century broke up the unity of Christendom, the churchyards were everywhere recognized as solely under ecclesiastical jurisdiction—*locus a laicum cogitationibus alienis*.

The world has travelled a long way from the funeral-rites of primitive Christians to the "big burying," like old Peter Featherstone's, where, with this nineteenth century honor to its dead, Honors or dishonors? Is there anything more hideous and distressing than the ordinary type of Protestant funeral? "The utterly unconcerned bipeds," as Mr. Carlyle calls them, carrying black poles tipped with brass, the horses with their nodding plumes, the long handbills, the thoroughly secular cemetery, with its own chaplain, occupied from dawn to dewy eve in thanking God for having "delivered our brother from the miseries of this sinful world!" It is a curious sort of Christian burial. The religious element there is in it we do not undervalue. But how marred and mutilated is that element! And even among Catholics funerals are by no means usually conducted with that hopefully religious reverence which should mark them. The offices of the church are, of course, performed, and they speak for themselves. But their voice is apt to be half-drowned in the tumult of secularities originated by the undertaker with which they are usually surrounded; even Catholic funerals stand in need of a reform—a reform in direction of a return to Christian simplicity and the elimination of "revolting tomfoolery."—London Tablet, May 20.

ENOIGMOS IMMIGRATION.

THE LARGEST WEEK AND THE HEAVIEST MONTH ON RECORD—A DROVE OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR MAY.

There were nearly six thousand persons landed at Castle Garden one day last week.

The figures for the month of May, ending yesterday, show a downward movement which has never before been approached in the history of the country. The aggregate comes within 10,000 of being an even 100,000, the exact figures being 90,019 steerage passengers. This is more for this single month by several thousands than the immigration for several entire years. For instance, in 1876 the year's figures were 75,935; in 1877 only 63,855; in 1878, only 79,801; and in 1875 the figures for the twelve months exceeded those for last month by 9,000. The nearest approach to the total for last month was in May, 1861, when there were landed at Castle Garden, 76,791 persons; but even this is 13,228 less than last month's.

To appreciate the full extent of the present vast wave of immigration it is necessary to remember that many passengers who arrive from Europe, travelling first or second class, are also immigrants. The great majority of intending settlers, of course, travel in the steerage; but those who can afford it come as cabin passengers, and as these are never landed at Castle Garden—where only steerage passengers are received—no account of them is taken in the figures furnished by the Commissioners of Emigration. There is a small percentage of steerage passengers who are not new immigrants, consisting of foreigners who live in this country and who make visits to the old country, travelling steerage. They are counted in with the others, as it is impossible to discriminate, but these numbers are so small that they do not offset the immigrants coming as cabin passengers, of whom no account is taken.

Thus far this year the excess of immigrants over the first five months of last year—as shown at Castle Garden—is 45,332; the total for January, February, March, April, and May, of 1881 being 182,082, as compared with 228,404 for the same period this year.

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