aid is eafe in the midst of all danger, oke of our welcome to heaven ascends, s of Glencoe must be wide to the strange art of the chief must be warm to his fri-yield his sword to the king he must bono to Highland obser the wayfarer must ku under the wayfarer must ku and the ever a stain isid upon her, r shall spring from the Vale of Glencoe.

Ronald, fice," cried the maiden in sorrow, orbie sat long on our rooffree last night; that will raise upon Conda to-morrow lok upon death with its first rising light. reams I have heard the waits of the dying, p to the hills from the village below, woe to the house of crafty Glenlyon, God shall avenge for the grief of Giencoe."

Then soft stole an arm round the waist of the maiden "Are not our stout classmen all trusty and true? Fear not my Mone, 'its your mind is o'erladen, With dreams that can never bring danger to you. I love not the redecate, but who shall touch Ronald Shall the beart that loves truly in battle be slow? Has not every cabin a trusty Macdonald? Has the white flag of fear e'er waved in Glencoe?"

ason, h garnished as with the name of a king; p, ye echoes, there is murder in season, nistory write down this horrible thing; there were brave hearts to honor's call be never yet qualled in the field to a foe; ning the mists from the mountain sides

Oh! Albion, proud though thy banners are waving,
And great though thy name 'mid the nations may le
fame glideth thy flag for its honor in braving,
But God shall remember that red spot on thee.
We own to thy worth, and we own to thy splendour
We know the 'a's a halo around thee in glow,
But we sak it of hearts that ought to be tender,
When price would inflate thee, remember Glence -Wm. Lyle, Rochester, N. Y., in Scottish America

ONE HOUR AND A HALF

Mr. Galloway had all his life been on bad terms with his servants—though there was nothing surprising in that, for he was on bad terms with nearly everyone with whom he came in contact. He was a diminutive bachelor of fifty-seven—fidgety, suspicious, cross-grained, and sharp tongued. The few rela-tives he possessed he had quarelled with. He had scarcely any intimate friends, and he lived very much to himself on a second floor in one of the quietest streets in Mayfair. His valet was consequently a very important factor in his existence, and it put Mr. Galloway out very considerably when his man Burrows was one day, without any notice, laid up with a bad attack of rheumatism, which q lickly developed all the symptoms of rheumatic fever. Burrows was an intelligent man, of long-suffering disposition, by virtue of which he had for two years put up with the advice, the threats, the curses which Mr. Galloway freely lavished upon his atten-dants. The only consolation the old gentle-man had for his misfortune in losing Burrows' service was the reflection that he had foresee in good time what was the matter with the man, and sent him about his business before it was too late for him to be moved.

Not knowing what else to do in the emergency, Mr., Galloway sent for Mrs. Tibbitt, his landlady, and asked her advice in tones so different from his usual testy and offensive manner that she at once compre-hended the depth of his distress. Mrs. Tibbitt, for taking such a liberty, that she had alre talked over Mr. Galloway's difficulty with her husband. Mr. Tibbitt, it appeared, thought he knew an eligible party in a young man whose acquaintance he had made at the neighbouring hostelry of the Two Chairmen, a house much frequented by gentlemen's gentlemen. As Mrs. Tibbitt spoke highly of the young fellow's manners and appearance, all London that afternoon. It was not till Mr. Galloway thought he could not do better

He gave the name of Dovers-James Doyers, and was a respectable looking and somewhat taciturn man of about thirty. He said he had just come from Paris, where he had been, and still was, in the service of the Comte de Farci; but in consequence of the death of an aunt, out of whose estate he was entitled to a considerable legacy, he had ob-tained permission to come to London and "What do you look after the settlement of her affairs: Pending this business, he would be happy to place himself at Mr. Galloway's disposal. If he did so, however, it must be without the knowledge of the Comte de Farci, who would naturally object to his servant taking an engagement elsewhere. If Mr. Galloway required any other reference, perhaps he

you are, provided you know your work. If matter, the more convinced he became that you're a thief—I don't say you are, but you he was on the track of a discovery of the ut-

tervals, for anything I care. When can you

Mr. Dovers said he could come at once; and

ith that he was engaged. He commenced his duties on the following norning, and quickly proved himself a very competent servant. He did his work punctually and methodically, and he quickly mastered Mr. Galloway's whims and eccentricities—so much so, that the old man was sometimes quite at a loss for an opportunity of venting his ill-humour, and had to make up for this by using the most violent and up for this by using the most violent and abusive language on the very elightest provocation. Dovers, however; bore the treatment he received very patiently—so far, at least, as his master knew. In truth, he was so civil, so silent, and so irreproachable in his conduct, that the old gentleman very soon began to dislike him for that very reason: It was Mr. Galloway's misanthropic belief that all mankind was equally depraved at heart, and that those who are commonly held blameless are merely the lucky few who have not been found out. Inspired by this comfortable confortable confortable conare merely the lucky few who have not been found out. Inspired by this comfortable conjuction, he resolved that he would find out Mr. Dovers. He had already written to Lord Anerley, but beyond the fact that that nobleman had engaged Dovers while travelling in Ireland he had learned nothing of importance as to the man's antecedents. He determined, however, that he would keep a discreet but close watch upon his servant's movements; and, for the next week, he occupied himself with a series of amateur-detective operations, of which it is impossible to say whether they were more amusing or contemptible. As the result of these observations he discovered that Dovers spent a good deal of his time in that he had more than once been either there or in the neighbourhood when he had professed to be engaged on business in the distant seclusion of Kentish Town; and, lastly, distant seclusion of Kentish Town; and, lastly, that he was very frequently in the company of a tall, suspicious-looking individual in a felt hat and travelling coat, who had further, on at least one occasion, called at Mrs. Tibbitt's, and visited Dovers in his room upstairs. All this, perhaps, did not amount to much; but it served to keep up Mr. Galloway's spirits, and to encourage him in the belief that he was on the road to further discoveries. It was the afternoon of Saturday, the 24th

It was the afternoon of Saturday, the 24th of January. Mr. Galloway, after announcing his intention of lunching at his club, and giving Dovers leave of absence for a couple of hours, altered his mind—as he had once the state of later and interned his mind—as he had once or twice done of late—and returned about one o'clock: He found that his servant was not yet in. Mrs. Tibbitt brought him up some lunch, and when he had finished, he sat down and waited expectantly. More than an hour passed before he heard anyone enter the house, and when, at last, some one opened the street door with a latch-key, it sounded to Mr. Galloway as if more than one person were coming upstairs. He waited till the footsteps had passed his door, and then, peep-ing cautiously out, beheld—not Dovers at all, but a female-rather a tall woman, as far as he could judge from his momentary glimpse of her, wearing a brown Newmarket coat and a man's billycock hat. What was Mr. Galloway's astonishment to see this lady dis-appear straightway into Dover's room, which was half-way up the stairs, and immediately

opposite his own door.

The old gentleman sat down again, chuckling to himself, and rubbing his hands at this delightful discovery, which surpassed the best he had expected. He was still further delighted when, some five minutes later, Dovers himself suddenly entered the room without knocking, evidently unaware, as he explained, that his master was in. This settled the matter decisively. Dovers had clearly come in with the young woman, and was even now entertaining her in his room. True, Mr. Galloway could not swear it was a young woman. It might, of course, have been Dover's greadmenther. On it might he earn other grandmother. Or it might be any other member of the family interested in the estate the probabilities? Mr. Galloway flattered himself he could answer that question as well

as most people.

He had been so busy thinking over the iniquities of his servant and his own acuteness that he heard nothing of the newsmen he went out to his club that he learned the than see him, and that same evening Mr. Tibbitt's acquaintance was brought for inspection.

particulars of the explosions at the Tower and at Westminster. He happened to dine that night at the same table as Major Gamble, an old cachelor acquaintance of congenial tastes and disposition. The dynamite outrages naturally formed the principal subject of their conversation. They did not, however, prevent Mr. Galloway from further entertaining his friend with a full account of the doings of James Dovers and the events

"What do you think about it?" asked Mr Galloway at the conclusion of his story.
"Think! Why, I should say you have got
a Fenian on the premises," said the Major.

"There, now—you've just hit upon my idea," said Mr. Galloway. "The man knows a queer lot of people, and occupies himself very mysteriously. I'm pretty sure he's Irish, and he comes direct from Paris, which "I know Lord Anerley," said Mr. Galloway, "so never mind the Comta de Farci.
Besides it doesn't matter much to me who you are, provided you know your work. It you're a thief—I don't are three years

Is the headquarters of the dynamite faction,"
"If I were you, Galloway," said his friend, "I should keep a very close watch on the fellow. It's clear he and his friends are a bad lot."

The more Mr. Galloway.

may be—why, so much the worse for you. I most public importance. It was a little am used to looking after myself." m used to looking after myself." alarming, nevertheless, and more than once Mr. Dovers bowed, and went on to ask he questioned whether it would not be better Mr. Dovers bowed, and went on to ask would Mr. Galloway have any objection to his absenting himself for an hour or two occasionally for the purpose of seeing his lawyer, who, unfortunately, lived in the remote locality of Kentish Town.

"Provided you do what there is to be done," said Mr. Galloway, "and are here when I said Mr. Galloway, "and are here when I want you, you may go to Jericho in the in—

He questioned whether it would not be better to put the whole affair into the hands of the police. He had no wish, however, to make himself ridiculous, and remembering that, thanks to his own sagacity, he had given Dovers no reason to think himself suspected, he determined that he would satisfy himself a little further before taking active steps.

He went home, therefore, and sat down

quietly with a cigar and the Saturday Review.
Dovers duly waited upon him, and having inquired whether he wanted anything further, withdrew. Mr. Galloway knew his man's habits pretty well. He would go downstairs now, take his supper, and then probably go out to smoke a pipe and obtain a little social recreation at the Two Chairmen. Listening patiently, Mr. Galloway heard him carry out this programme until he let himself out by the street-door. Without a moment's delay, the old gentleman lighted a candle, and in another minute was in Dovers' bedroom.

At first sight there was not much to gratify

in another minute was in Dovers' bedroom.

At first sight there was not much to gratify his curiosity. The two travelling-boxes were locked, but the drawers were all open, and Mr. Galloway examined each of them carefully without finding anything suspicious. He came next to the cupboard, and here he was rewarded by a discovery—nothing less than a fashionable billycock hat, as like the one he had seen on the head of Dovers' visitor in the afternoon as one billycock hat could well be to another: Mr. Galloway had brought it to the light to examine it more could well be to another: Mr. Galloway had brought it to the light to examine it more closely, when he heard a sound which disconcerted him considerably. Some one was coming upstairs. Surely Dovers could not be back already? Mr. Galloway hurried to the door and listened. The intruder, whoever it was, was, however, by then halfway up. If Mr. Galloway attempted to regain his room he would run into the man's arms. Thoroughly frightened for once in his life, the old oughly frightened for once in his life, the old gentleman hastily blew out his candle and groped his way into the cupboard. He had barely pulled the door to after him when two men entered the room. "The governor's door was open as we came

past," said one of them, in a voice unknown to Mr. Galloway. "Where's he gone to?" "Goodness knows," said the other—who the listener at once recognized as Dovers. "Spying after me, as usual, I dare say. He'll poke his old nose into something he won't like before long. Hello! What's this? The old fox has been explorin' here and forgot to take away his candlestick."

"Maybe he's here now," said the other man. "If he is, we'll teach him a lesson. Show a light under the bed a minute. No; not there. Perhaps he's in here. Wait half a minute. Let's have a dose of medicine ready for him. Hold up the candle, Jim— "Goodness knows," said the other-who

ready for him. Hold up the candle, Jim—so. Now, then—what's here?"

The cupboard door was thrown wide open.

A big powerful man stood face to face with Mr. Galloway, and held what looked uncom-fortably like the muzzle of a revolver within a yard of his forehead.

"Stand still!" said the man-the same whom Mr. Galloway had already seen in Dovers' company-"and don't open your mouth, or you are a dead man the next in

The words were spoken in a tone which at once persuaded Mr. Galloway of the earnestness of the speaker. He shrank back into the cupboard, silent and trembling visibly. "What shall we do with the scoundrel? asked Dovers' friend.

"Shut the door a moment," said Dovers, "and turn the key."

"You had better not make a row," said the stranger, as he acted on this suggestion. "You'll find a bullet comin' through the door if you do. And it won't be any use shoutng. We are alone in the house

This was true enough, as Mr. Galloway remembered when the door was shut and h was again left to meditate in the dark. At luncheon time that day Mrs. Tibbitt had told him that she was going to the play the same night with her husband. But for them the house was empty. The ground-floor was a stationer's shop, which was always closed early in the evening. The Hon. Guy Lackland, who had the first floor, was away in Leicestershire. What chance of escape was there then, or what hope in resistance? As Mr. Galloway heard his captors discussing his fate in whichers and thought of the december. hended the depth of his distress. Mrs. Tibbitt, who was the wife of the cook at the Erechtheum close by, explained, with an apology of Dover's deceased aunt. But what were gaged only a few hours ago, he wished to goodness he had been a little more careful to cultivate the good opinion of Mr. James Dovers.

The consultation lasted a long time, and, in the course of it, one of the men left the room for a quarter of an hour or more. On his return the door of the cupboard was thrown open, and Mr. Galloway was bidden to step out, and not to offer resistance on pain of instant death. He obeyed with the utmost docility. He was next effectually gagged with a couple of silk handkerchiefs, and led downstairs. In the sitting-room there was a stoutly-made, round-backed wooden chair, in which Mr. Galloway used to write. In this he was made to sit, and to it he was bound hand and foot with a stout cord, the elder man holding him while Dovers deftly wove the cord around his limbs. The stranger then produced two or three cakes of a darkcolored substance, which Mr. Galloway might easily have taken for chocolate.

"You see that," he observed, drily, holding the cakes up before Mr. Galloway's nose, "that's dynamite. This gentleman" (indicat-ing Dovers), "Mr. Freeny, and myself represent for present purposes the executive of the Irish Republic. As such we are invested with the power of life and death. We have considered your case, and conclude it will be necessary that you should be removed, in order to prevent any knowledge of which you may be possessed being used to the disadvantage of the said Republic. You see this (here he held up a strip of blue paper); that is a common fusc. I place the dynamite on this plate—so; and I insert the fuse in one cake of it-so; and I leave the pair of them here (he placed the things on the hearthrug close in front of Mr. Galloway). This fuse is war-ranted to burn just one hour and a half. It's

were lighting a cigarette, applied it to the end of the fuse. He then, with a polite bow, wished Mr. Galloway good night. Dovers, who had been looking on with a sardonic smile, did the same; and the two men left the

Mr. Galloway sat for some time completely Mr. Galloway sat for some time completely stupefied with terror. He heard the two men go upstairs, and for a while buoyed himself up with the hope that they were not in earnest—that their design was only to frighten him into secrecy, or perhaps to extort money, or even plunder the house. He listened paintully for the sound of returning footstare. It was recall helf next ton when footsteps. It was nearly half-past ten when he heard them. Then the two men came downstairs, and passed stolidly on. The hall-door closed with a bang, and Mr. Galloway knew that he was abandoned.

way knew that he was abandoned.

Was it a horrible dream? He looked down at the plate by his feet, which had very considerately been placed just near enough to give him the full benefit of an explosion, and give him the full benefit of an explosion, and far enough off to enable him to watch the progress of the fuse. No; it was all real enough. There were the three little cakes, the end of the fuse through a hole in one of them, and the two others nicely balanced on the top. The fuse was burning merrily, and occasionally making a little splutter. Good Heavens! if a spark should fall into one of those cakes! The thought caused the old man to make a desperate effort to free himself. He struggled and strained with all his might, but the cords still held him almost immovable. Next he tried, by shouting and immovable. Next he tried, by shouting and screaming until he was hoarse, to attract the attention of anyone passing in the street, but at his loudest he could scarcely have been

heard across the could scarcely have been heard across the room.

No one but Mr. Galloway himself could have adequately described the horrors of that hour. By eleven o'clock his struggles and his terror had very nearly exhausted him; by a quarter past he had dropped back in the chair in a kind of stupor, looking alternately at the clock and the fuse. Ten minutes more passed thus and then the sight minutes more passed thus, and then the sight of the red spark creeping remorselessly on seemed to rouse him to a last desperate effort. With the violence of a madman he strained at his bonds. Three minutes more elapsed, and still he writhed and plunged. Then suddenly the fuse spluttered up more fierely there was a smothered cry—a crash—and

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbitt had let themselves in and were about to close the door, when they were startled by the sound of a heavy fall upstairs. Running up in alarm, they found Mr. Galloway extended upon the floor, and bound to the fragments of his writing-desk, the back of which had been completely wrenched away from the body. The old gentleman appeared partially stunned by his fall, and did not speak while his landlord was cutting him free, which was the work of several mirutes. As, however, Mr. Tibbitt was in the act of picking up the plate, which lay upon the hearth-rug, Mr. Galloway seemed suddenly to recover himself. He struggled to his feet, and with a howl of terror rushed wildly from the room. He was too sore and exhausted, however, to run far, and Mr. Tibbitt overtook and stopped him before he got to the bottom of the stairs. Then Mr. Galloway breathlessly related the story of the evening's adventures. Mr. Tibbitt listened in astonishment.

"There wasn't any fuse in the plate when I moved it," he said. "I should say it has burnt out and missed fire. Martha, you run and fetch a policeman."

With that he ran upstairs again. Mr. Galloway, following him cautiously, found him placing the three cakes in a bowl of water. Two minutes later Mrs. Tibbitt returned with a policeman, who listened with an air of profound wisdom while Mr. Galloway repeated his story. At the end of it he examined the basin on the table.

the water which dripped from it was as black as ink. Mr. Tibbitt picked out another cake and examined it closely.
"Dynamite!" the policeman continued, ad-

dressing Mr. Galloway: "Why, look at it, sir. It's your patent blacking they're a-going to blow you up with!"
At the same moment Mrs. Tibbitt, who

had been examining Dovers' room, returned with a note she had found there addressed to Mr. Galloway. That gentleman read as tollows :--

"SIR,-The next time you feel suspicious about a servant, I should advise you to take a little more trouble not to let him know it.

M: de Farci being anxious for my return, I afford several lessons which may be studied M: de Farci being anxious for my return, I shall leave for Paris at once. I will not trouble you to forward my salary, as, after to-night, I think we are about quits.—Yours obediently, "JAMES DOVERS."

Holy Week in Mexico.

J. V. Wilfrid Amor, in the Month.

The mining town of Tasco is situated amid wild and rugged mountains in the State of Guerrero, in Mexico, and though well within the tropics (its latitude being about 18 deg. 30 min.), it enjoys a most healthy and delightful climate, owing to its elevation above the sea level and to the fine mountain air that surrounds it; testimony is borne to this fact in the works of Humboldt. In spite of the rapid strides of irreligion

in Mexico, Tasco has preserved its love for the Catholic Faith, and even for the outward pomp of the worship of God, and in defiance of the laws of reform, which forbid all processions outside the Church under penalty of severe fines, the inhabitants perform all their ceremonies as they learnt them in times when

was always a tempting prize for the lawless bands who, under pretence of upholding one political party or another, swept over the country, robbing and pillaging whatever they could lay their hands on. But in the midst of all their misfortunes, the Tasquenos succeeded in saving a considerable part, though not all, of the rich treasures of plate and jewelry with which their noble Church had been endowed by its wealthy and holy founder; and although at present very little precious metal is used in the ceremonies of the Church, for fear of exciting the greed of the powers that be, yet it is edifying to know that there is still much wealth hidden and buried where only the faithful hereditary old sacristan knows how to get at it, and that it is there available the moment that more genial times smile on the troubled Church of Moxico.

The time of Holy Week is entirely devoted

The time of Holy Week is entirely devoted in Tasco to the ceremonies of the Church, both the ordinary and usual ones, and those which are peculiar to Mexico.

On Good Friday morning the full ceremonies of the Church were performed with all solemnity; and after them, when the heat of the sun was greatest, there was another procession, in which, besides six or eight rigorous penitents, like the ones described before, there was a great number of men carrying crosses, some of which were of great size and weight, being made of the exceedingly heavy woods which abound in that neighborhood, many of which do not float in water. In the evening of Good Friday there is a procession of the Burial of Our Lord, is a procession of the Burial of Our Lord, and late at night a silent procession called of the Soul of our Blessed Lady. In this one only women took part. More than two thousand of them, all dressed in black and carrying lighted wax candles, accompanied an image of Our Lady of Sorrows in absolute

On Holy Saturday, at the moment the Gloria in excelsis Deo is intoned, besides the ringing of bells and the playing of the organ and of all sorts of musical instruments, innumerable fire works are let off all over the town, burning Judas in effigy. This is a universal practice all over Mexico, and there is not a boy who, on the morning of Holy Saturday, has not a Judas with a cracker or squib round his neck, to be burned when the bells of the Church ring out at the Gloria.

In the procession of the Resurrection every available image is made to take part, and the avaitable image is made to take part, and the people from the surrounding villages flock to the parish priest to ask leave to bring their images to join in the procession, and when it has been granted they next require the permission of the municipal authorities of Tasco, who invariably refuse it unless the written petition has received the centrious described. petition has received the sanction and signature of the parish priest.

It should be remarked that all these ceremonies are not confined exclusively to Tasco, though there and at Iguala they seem to be performed most completely. In other towns and villages a part of the Hoty Week ceremonies is carried out, and it is worthy of notice that everywhere the same order is followed and the same names are given to the processions, from which it may be inferred that these are not merely local devotions and observances, but that they form a part of a general scheme of instructions, probably levised and established originally by the early Spanish missionaries. It is often diffi-cult to discover the raison d'etre of some of cult to discover the raison d'etre of some of the ceremonies, and of the names given to them; and though everybody seems to know the exact order for the whole of Holy Week, no one can give a reason for the less obvious ones. At the beginning of the week, on the Monday or Tuesday, there is a procession called that of St. Nicholas, and it is not easy to see the immediate connection between St. Nicholas and the Passion of Our Lord, unless "Queer-looking dynamite!" he remarked.
He had picked out one of the cakes. It
dyed his fingers black as he touched it, and
Lord's sufferings. It would be an interesting it be that St. Nicholas, being a model of penand instructive study, to investigate the origin of all these ceremonies, for many of which, as for the blessing of candles of St. Dimas, there are appropriate prayers granted by the Church.

During all Holy Week no strong drink of any kind is sold in the whole of Tasco, and even a bottle of wine is not to be had for love or money. This rule is kept most strictly, and under very severe penalties.

Thus these simple people keep up the traditions and customs which have been handed down to them probably from the time of the with advantage; their firm adherence to their faith and traditions in spite of the severe persecution of their rulers; their self-sacrifice in paying the heavy fines which are the price they have to pay to keep up their old religious observances; their great spirit of mortifica-tion and their want of human respect in enduring in public such severe and protracted penances. No doubt the ones that suffer them are those that are least deserving of punishment; and if the voluntary expiation of the righteous is so very acceptable to God, as a learned and pious writer of the beginas a fearned and plots writer of the segment of this century believes, it may be hoped that their sacrifices will appease the anger of God against their unfortunate country, so long a prey to anarchy and misrule, and so fast falling into the snares of irreligion and impiety.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies now consists of 87 Catholics and Conservative members and 51 Liberals. This is the greatest majority the Catholics have ever had since Belgium became a constitutional monarchy.

reflection between now and half-past eleven.
Mr. Tibbitt will be in about that time, and no doubt he will take care of anything that may be left of you."
With this the stranger struck a match on his boot, and, with as much coolness as if he -There are souls in the world who have the

A SAD ST THE ROLLER RINK AND Blue-eyed Willie Doboy who by sheer griskating championship of Madison Square Gard arms of his trainer, "He at the Putnam House, morning of the 12th o'clock, His death was carditis following a spneumonia, Tom Dacried when he reached found his young bero d cried when he reached found his young hero d
"The poor boy was Mr. Davis, "He wasn" the rest he needed to a strain of his six days? fe him when I first saw day of the big roller sks sitting in a box with a marked that Donovan I 'Reddy the Blacksmith' ever saw.

MAY 30, 1885.

ever saw.

PICKED OUT FOR A

"That night a man tol
was a boy in the race
tainly win it if he got a
while he was resting f
the track his cap and a
had been stolen. I asi
and Donovan was point
When I questioned the
he came from Elmira
before, on a newsboy's
eaten only one meal sin
he had nothing in his sto
I could see that he was
he was provided with he was provided with and skates he told me had skates he told me had skates he told me had easily. On Wedn 204 miles in twenty-four I made him rest, or he will more, When he had miles on Saturday night judges' stand, got his rand walked to the Putna rubbed him down and provided with the stand walked to the stand walked wa ed him down and p rubbed him down and p
In the morning he looke
a good appetite. On Mo
extraordinary condition
had made railroad time Then his father insisted go to Elmira. I refused told him that Willie ne absolute rest and that it

absolute rest and that it murder to take him on He reminded me that under age, and that he Then I threw up my hand OUT ON EXHIBT "Mr. Donovan didn't se right sort of feeling abou low, and in spite of all Jasay he made Willie go hor to Elmira with him on Tu "That night when they "That night when they boy was taken home and reception in a rink. I and hauled and exposed It was not till three o'cloc It was not till three o'clocing that he got to bed.
Willie was dragged off to at Hornellsville. Jack to that they were doing the that he was taken to Bi referee a match. I got from Jack:—'Come on.

"For fourteen days and r. I worked with the lad; Ji him and never left his side "He pulled through fi last Wednesday was the health. He walked arot and had an appetite like I consented that he shoul Jack laughed he was seafternoon Willie went to to dow and watched Barnun HIS ILLNESS AND R

afternoon Willie went to to dow and watched Barnun by. When I came from found the lad in bed in greeramps and Jack was wor a good fellow. Willie wand complained of pain in Yesterday the vomit was sent for Dr. Wood. The doctor saw him he said. doctor saw him he said, 'I three hours,' Willie heard to one of the attendant doctor says if I keep on three hours I'll turn up my he laughed. Jack burst of and the dying boy put his his neck and said, 'Poor of cry.' His great big blue e with pity. He was as lova When the story had read Jack sobbed and put his liface,

face.

"Why do the game ones dafter a moment. "He wo one I ever knew; game all Last night he knew he was got his medal from under he gave it to Tom, saying, wish I could give you mere the rough trainer began to he turned to me, he did, at I wish I had a medal to give chap.""

"When he awoke this rewent on, "he put his arm neck and I could have di neck and I could have d Every time he turned them his on me I felt like lying of ing. He took his breakfas laughed and talked to me. smiled very pleasant and la my arm, with his eyes w kept on talking, supposing for I didn't know that my t Jack didn't finish the sen Davis had an uncontrollabling, which almost accounted in his eyes. "If he had lived he woul 1,500 miles in six days, si

"If he had lived he woul 1,500 miles in six days, at Davis. "In all my long never met his equal in plu ance. When he went back went around to his little hewsboy chums, who had dimes and half dollars toget out for the match, and he them \$5 each. I would he right arm to have saved higraphed for his father, and answer that he was coming train. Then he telegraph know what was the cause death.""

The Worst Urethral speedily cured by our methods, Pamphlet, referen two letter stamps, World' Medical Association, 663 Buffalo, N. Y.