wathn't he?" He glanced at Low's utterly abstracted and immobile face. "I thay, you don't theem to take a hand in thith game, pardner. What'th the row? Ith anything wrong over there?" and he pointed to the Carquinez Woods, which were just towering out of the morning horizon in the dis-

Low stopped. The last words of his companion seemed to recall him to himself. He raised his eyes automatically to the woods and started.

"There is something wrong over there," he said breathlessly. "Look!"
"I thee nothing," said Curson, beginning

to doubt Low's sanity; "nothing more than

I thaw an hour ago." "Look again. Don't you see that smoke rising straight up? It isn't blown over from the Divide; it's new smoke! The fire is in

the woods !" "I reckon that'th the," muttered Curson shading his eyes with his hand. "But hullo! wait a minute! We'll get hortheth. 1 say "_he started, forgetting his hip in the the almost translucent air. He laid her down excitement-" stop!" But Low had already lowered his head and derted forward like an

arrow. In a few moments he had left not only his companion but the last straggling houses of the outskirts far behind him, and had struck out in a long awinging trot for the disused "out oft." Already he fancied he heard the note of clamor in Indian Spring, and thought he distinguished the sound of hurrying hoofs on the great highway. But the sunken treil hid it from his view. From the column of smoke now plainly visible in the growing morning light he tried to locate the scene of the conflagration. It was evidently not a fire advancing regularly from the outer skirt of the word, communicated to it from the Divide; it was a local outbust near its centre. It was not in the direction of his cabin in the tree. There was no immediate danger to Teresa unless fear drove her beyond the confines of the wood into the hands of those who might recognize her. The screaming of jays and ravens above his head quickened his as it heraided the rapid advance of the flames and the unexpected apparition of a bounding body, flattened and flying over the yellow plain, told him that even the secure retreat of the mountain wildcat had been invaded. A sudden recollection of Teresa's uncontrollable terror that first night smoto him with remorse and redoubled his efforts. Alone in the track of these frantic and redoubled beasts, to what madness might she not be

driven! The sharp crack of a rifle from the high road turned his course momentarily in that direction. The smoke was curling lexily over the heads of a party of men in the road, while the huge bulk of a griszly was disappearing in the distance. A battue of the escaping animals had commenced. In the bitterness of his heart he caught at the horrible suggestion, and resolved to mave her from them or die with her there.

How fast he ran, or the time it took him to reach the woods, has never been known. Their outlines were already hidden when he entered them. To a sense less keen, a courage less desperate, and a purpose less unaltered than Low's, the wood would have been impenetrable. The central fire was still confined to the lofty tree tops, but the downward rush of wind from time to time drove the smoke into the sisles in blinding and suffocating volumes. To simulate the creeping animals, and fall to the ground on hands and knees feel his way through the underbrush when the smoke was densest, or take advantage of its momentary litting, and without uncertainty, mistake or hesitation glide from tree to tree in one undeviating course, was possible only to an experienced woodsman. To keep his reason and insight so clear as to be able in the midst of this bewildering confusion to shape that course so as to intersect the wild and unknown track of an inexperienced, frightened wanderer, belonged to Low, and Low alone. He was making his way against the wind toward the fire. soned that she was either in comparative safety to windward of it, or he should meet her being driven toward him by it, or find her succumped and fainting at its feet. To do this he must penetrate the burning belt, and then pass under the blazing dome. He was already upon it; he could see the falling fire dropping like rain or blown like gorgeous blossome of the conflagration across his path. The space was lit up brilliantly. The vast, country—it is said we are fond of travelling, shafts of dull copper cust no shadow below, going into distant lands of every kind, and I but there was no sign nor token of any human being. For a moment the young man | mother from whonce I came, namely the was at fault. It was true this hidden heart of Americans, are also fond of travelling. They the forest bore no undergrowth; the cool matted corpor of the aisles seemed to quench the glowing fragments as they fell. Escape might they advise, I believe, in the language of one be difficult, but not impossible; yet every moment was precious. He leaned against a go West. (Laughter). Well, ladies and tree and sent his voice like a clarion before him: "Teresa!" There was no reply. He called again. A faint cry of his back from the trail he had just traversed made him turn. Only a few paces behind him, blinded and staggering, but following him like a beaten and wounded animal. Teresa halted, knelt, closped her bands, and dumbly keld them out before her. "Teresa!" he cried again, and sprang to her side.

She caught him by the knees, and lifted her iace imploringly to his. 'Say that again!" she cried passionately.

other! You have come back for me! You would not let me die here alone !" He lifted her tenderly in his arms and east a rapid glance around him. It might

"Tell me it was Teresa you called and no

have been his fancy, but there seemed a dull glow in the direction he had come. "You do not speak!" she said. "Tell me

You did not come here to seek her?"

ground. All the pent-up agony, rage and mortification of the last hour broke from him in that inarticulate outburst. Then, outching her hands again, he dragged her to his level. changed voice; "I'm mad, and forgetting

myself and you. Come." Without noticing the expression of half-

"Which way are you going?" she asked, passing her hands vaguely across his breast,

plied. "Not there, not there," she said, hurrledly

"I was driven from there just now. I thought the fire began there until I came here." Then it was as he feared. Obeying the same mysterious law that had launched this fateful fire like a thunderbolt from the burn.

But Low was not daunted. Retracing his the particular coat of mail into which not only keep the vows of my baptism, but spot where he had first lifted Nellie in his arms to carry her to the hidden spring. If any recollection of it crossed his mind at that moment, it was only shown in his redoubled energy. He did not glide through the thick underbrush as on that day, but seemed to taks a savage pleasure in breaking through it with sheer brute force. Once Teresa insisted upon relieving him of the burden of her weight, but after a lew steps she staggered blindly against him, and would feign have recourse once more to his strong arms. And so alternately staggering, bending, crouching, or bounding or crashing on, but always in one direction they burst through the jealous rampart and came upon the sylvan haunt of the hidden spring. The great angle of the half-tallen tree acted as a barrier to the wind and the drifting smoke, and the cool spring sparkled and bubbled in beside the water and bathed her face and hands. As he did so his quick eye caught sight of a woman's handkerchief lying at the foot of the disrupted roof. Dropping Teresa's hands, he waiked toward it, and with the toe of his moccasin gave it one vigorovs kick into the ooze at the overflow of the spring. He turned to Teresa, but she evidently had not noticed the act.

"Where are you?" she asked with a smile. Something in her movement struck him. He came toward her, and, bending down, looked into her face. "Teresa! Good God! Look at me. What has happened?"

(To be Continued.)

CLOISTER!

Lecture by Monsignor Capel in the Academy of Music.

The Life and Character of the Nun De scribed-A Glowing Tribute to her Work In and Out of the Convext-How she was named the Spouse of Christ and God's Own Bride.

Monsignor Capel, the distinguished Roman Datholic prelate, of England, delivered his first lecture in this country in the Brooklyn Academy of Music last evening. On coming forward, he was received with

loud applause. He spoke as follows.

THE LECTURE. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, -My difficulty is one that I may fairly say is great. When I have what is called the honor of being introduced, I feel very much like a school boy who has been well flogged and then is encouraged by his master and is to'd that it will do him agreat deal of good. I do not feel the amount of goodnest myself when your Vicer General good enough to introduce mess that which I am not. I certainly represent in one way one of the elements of our Catholic Church in Eurepe, but as to anything about singular distinction, I really beg your pardon, I must repudiate it though it springs from a kind heart, for I take it that the Vicar General has still a little Irish blood in his veins. (Arplause. And rightly or wrongly, on my side of the water it is said that an Irishman is sixgularly blessed with a large imagination, and things that are little appear to him excessively great (Laughter) Any way ladies and genilemen, the last part of what he has said is sufficient for all of us. There is a great work of charity that has to be fulfilled, and the committee interested in this work of charity have done me the honor to ask me to speak in its interest, or rather, what shall I say?
I believe the committee is most auxious to et a kind of metallic ring out of my voice. I don't know whether it be of gold, or of silver, or whether it is to be of a paper kind but I believe they object to neither of those things. I will do my best, therefore under the circumstancer, and in face of an audience which honors me by its presence, to deal with the question which I think is of very corsiderable interest. It is said, you know-or course, I must be conceited about my own think I may say that the children of the like to go to lands unknown. They like to travel to the far West. They take, or rather who is dead and gone, that young men should gentlemen, while you have explored much, and while you have learned much about things of earth, I think I can take you to-night into a region that probably is almost an ucknown land to you. One thing I can say, that even it you do know of it, a statement of its principles and a description of what takes place in that land will not in any way be amiss. It has been announced that I am to lecture to you on the question of "Life in the Cloister." I do not suppose there is a lady present who is not familiar with life to the name, be she married or be she single; but I presume there are very few people who realize and understand what is meant by life in the cloister. I make that assertion on a ground that is extremely simple. I have

there are sundry little hints given that there kind separated from all that man and woman tian. And now, I have to deal with love on earth! How much more useful they would be were they employed as we are employed! Could they too occupy themselves in the interests of the world, what a chaim trere would be about it! I cannot understand," say these sentimental people, as described by the writers to whom I have referred, "that women can be so foolish as to give their fortunes, their youth, their beauty, their liver, to spend their lives in this kind of a rrison, where there is no expansion nor any room for expansion of the human heart." Then comes the description which I must mention—the description of the knowing gentleman who says with a kind of complacency that is entirely gratifying when you look at his face, " But all these are female Jesuits. You know they only put on that strange and funny garb, you know, to hide their iniquities. They are more in our modern day who love the lovely blue and combine it with the nice white, and have vails that give a charm to them -it is all intended for a purpose, there is a cumling design, there is a plan to be carried out, and these poor creatures being of the devout and the weak female sex, they are ready to do whatever is asked of them, be it by Bishop, or by Vicar-General, or by priest, or by other persons." [Laughter.] Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think in saying all that I have covered the ground. I can only say it is ridiculously in contradic-I can tion to all I know about nuns. I have the happiness of having a sister who has been a nun for some six and twenty years. I also had the happiness once in my life of having a sister, who is now dead and gone, who was married, and I had a sister who was neither a nun nor a married woman and who also died ege and with a certain kind of-what shall I call it?-impartinence of a brother, I found out a great deal about their varied ways of living and the joys they participated in. Apart from that circumstances have obliged me to be for many years a confessor to nung and during a period of something like eight years to have to direct two or three committees of different kinds, preaching and teaching and aiding them so far as I could. I think, under such circumstances, I may, perhaps, be a better authority than writers of fiction, and I will ask you to believe I am not a Jesuit. I only want to say the truth and nothing but the truth, and to present to you what appears to be after all an extremely simple and advantageous way of looking at the question. I ask myself, "what do nuns say about it? What do these poor ladies who live in such communities, who are members of such communiics, who live in the cloister-what have they o say about it?" You know, if you were to believe them, their convent is to them what Paris is to good Americans. On our side we say all good Americans are going to Paris after they are dead. I hope not. [Laughter. If you were to listen to the nuns you would believe there was no paradice on earth, no spot so full of joy, no place so full of brightness as the convent where they themselves livo. I can only say my sister, the nur, is one year older than myself and I am ashamed to say that I look at least fifty years cider than she does. [Laughter.] It may be, perhaps, that the sorrows of her convent life have agreed with her and my joys in the world have rather gone against me. I don't know how it is [Laughter.] Now, in the face of this, then, with the nuns' assertion on the one side and with those descriptions given to us on the other from

our writers, I ask myself : She certainly is a little bit more than her veil and long dress with the included trail, and Our sponsors argued in this wise:—

"If this child were grown up, beyond all doubt his desire, his delight would be to be God Almighty's friend. He would desire not to be with those who are vicious, not to be followers of those who are deing evil, but he would love to be virtuous and to be remembered among the good." Our sponsors declared at the baptismal font that this was. in fact, what our intention would be if it were not perverted, and thereupon we entered solemnly, through such sponsors, into a con-

tract. We vowed to God Almighty we would

steps through the blinding smoke, he strode they have been cast, and yet unhappily of my own free will, urged by no cff at right angles to the trail near the point they are unable to do it. They, therefore, where he had entered the wood. It was the spend their time," so say these describers, of purpose and with a firm decision I renew in a life of discontent, the monotony of to God Almighty my determination of giving which almost kills them." And, indeed, all I possess, of giving back to Him my free will, of offering to Him the chastity which is is, perhaps, a fair portion of the killing also. mine." Hence the force of the word religi-Such is one kind of description. Then there ous. Here then is the sponsor which we are sentimental ladies who turn around and have to take. We have defined the nun. say: "Poor dear creatures! To give up all we have defined what it is that she specially their affections to live there in a home of that is in contradistinction to every other Chris-

THE SECOND ASPECT OF THE QUESTION. I pass to the character of the vows the so takes. There is one gift of all other gifts that we possess that separates us from tue whole of the animal creation. It is not merely that we are reasonable beings, but we are free beings, and freedom consists not, as we are in the habit of defining it, in the exercise of mere public freedom. This is but external to us. Freedom rests not upon mere external operation, nor does it depend upon outward circumstances. When I say that I am a free creature it is something that is within me, that no violence can touch, that no hand, however strong or however gentle, can press me. My ireedom is what is called s spontaneous action on my part to do that I am prone to, or abstrin from doing that which is placed before me. In this is our freedom. It constitutes the centre point of all religion. When ₩e talk, for instance, of the fall Adam, It is not the mere question of the eating of the fruit that constitute the sin, for we are distinctly told it was good to the eyes and sweet to the taste; but the whole point rested in this: That the will of our first parents rose against the will of God Almighty and the sting of the fall rests in the statement that they would be as God. They wanted to overrule one whose will had drawn the world into existence from its ancient nothingness; they wanted to become equal to Him in all things, and in this was their crime. And for us our strength and the very essence of our religion is this: the exercise of will. There can be no faith where there is no will, there can be no service of God where there is no will. All is summed up in that. All is before us in the fullness at twenty. I suppose with a brother's privil- and completeness of this essence. Religion is the subjection of my will to the will of God on high. Now in His mercy He gives me a iree will whereby it is in my power to do or to leave undone my duty. The nur,

> LIVES IN THE CLOISTER, says this: " If this be true in principle, if this

be really the quintessence of religion, once and for all I will perform the act. God freely gave me my will; freely do I depose it at His feet. I will perform the highest act that it is within the power of human being to perform. Instead of paying him in driblets throughout the whole of my life, once and forever I will put mysolf in such a state, in such a fixed position, I shall not be able to withdraw it." And under such circumstances she eays to God, " You freely gave me this power; freely do I return it. I vow it back to you to do whatever is expressed to me as duty by those who are your duly appointed agents." You will say to me, under such circumstances, she becomes a perfect slave; she destroys, under such circumstances, the whole of her liberty of action. Ladies and gentlemen, I, in common with those who are on this platform, are priceer, and when we became priests we too, had to make our vows, or those vows were implied in our ordination as subdeacons. We declared to God who made us participators in the power of the ministry and in the exercise of His teaching and made us participate in that more wondrous act of Eacrifice, we by the very act of our subdiscouste declared we gave back to Him that freedom we possessed, so that He might make use of it according to His own wish. We were therefore cast into what is hundred miles to pray that she might once called the sacerdatal state. Every woman more see the light of day. She is here on that is married, every man that pledges her knees from morning till night, and is only bound by a selemn vow. A wicked world ceive her sight?" "As certainly as we see has tried to break that yow, and as men have her kneeling there, answered the good old shakon their responsibility toward God and English lady as she led me out and went on have tried to lessen the obligation that they felling me of the wonderful things sho has owe to Him they have tried to shake this witnessed at St. Ann's. On my first visit very boad and lessen the strength of that here I was struck by the number of crippies bond of matrimony. But one grand and making the pilgrimage. Indeed I was surmagnificent fact is before them. You pledged | prised that this bealthy country could prevourself solemnly both in good and in syll. both insickness and in health, in wealth and But the truth is, we at home do not see all in poverty, that you would be two in one the hait, the blind and the suffering in all flesh. Bere was the solemulty of your vow.

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Continued on 6th page.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" - the eriginal Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated) - cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilicus attacks. By druggists.

PAUL BERT'S MEDICINE.

HOW THE FRENCH MATERIALIST PRESCRIBED FOR THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD. The Paris Union recently said :- " We owe to our friends the truth, however painful it may be. The improvement announced down to the 7th inst. is the state of Monseigneur has unfortunately ceased since the 8th. All that had been gained during a month nas been lost. There was a paroxyem thus suddenly healed that attracted the on the 9th. Owing to the increasing difficulty with which the stomach absorbs food, the weakness is making terrible progress. For the last forty-sight hours, however, the employment of pepsine seems to have stepped the vomiting." The mention of pepsine, the Times correspondent says, lends credence to a curious story in the Gaulois, which, thus far, has not been contradicted. At one of the last sittings of the Chamber of Deputies him or tried to help him; nor did any one at-M. Paul Bert asked Dr. Bourgeols, a monarchist Deputy, of the Vendee, to go with him to a specified room, where he should like to say a few words to him. When closet ed together M. Paul Bert explained to M. Bourgeois that he had taken this precaution to prevent any misconstruction being put on his motives. He wished, in fact, to give a word of advice about the disease of the Count de Chambord, for whose person and character he had the greatest respect. He had been following all the reports of his illness with the gone there to pray, but to see, I, unlike uimost attention; and though the statements as to the nature of the malady were not concordant, he had observed that it was reported that he could not re- that of a corpse that I found it impossible to tain any tood and was in danger of dying of tabe my eyes off him from the time I saw starvation. Now, he (M. Paul Bert) was the him feeling his way along the aisle. The inventor of a preparation which enabled the bony hands of the withered old peasant held body to be nourished, so to speak, without hard on to the altar. His lips moved and he the assistance of the digestive organs. He prayed inaudibly, with his ghastly face listed would have brought a box with him had he for a long time. I decline to enter into denot feared that if the Count de Chambord had afterwards died he would have been accused of polsoning him. He, therefore, gave Dr. Bourgeois the address of a druggist entrusted with the sale of his preparation. Dr. Bourgeols thanked M. Bert, the goodness of whose road with the step of an athlete. I do not

JOAQUIN MILLER ON MIRACLES

What the Old Miner and Poet of the Sierras saw at the Famous Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

HIS TRIBUTE TO THE GOOD SAINT.

QUEBEC, July 30, 1883.—Were I to tell only what I saw at St. Ann's with my own eyes only, I fear I should have not so much to tell of modern miracles after all. The fact is, we must take some things on faith. For example, I am not certain, or at least I cannot absolutely prove to you, that the sun will rise to-morrow. But I know it has risen regularly through many seasons, and so I believe truly it will rise to-morrow. Well, for more than two hundred years these mir-acles of St. Ann's have been taking place in a quiet way and in an unfrequented quarter of the world, and so these people here know that they have been, are, and will continue to transpire. During my month's residence here in Quebec I have talked with many good men, lawyers, able jurists, literary men (all understand there is a university here, while this city has long been famous for its schools and scholars), and I have found none among them all who pretend to doubt that there is some singular efficacy in the prayers of those making pilgrimages to St. Ann's. The remarkable cures, or miracles as they are called here, are as singularly chosen as is the location of this remote and out-of-the-way spot. It would be reasonable to expect that some of the rich, noble and influential of the land might be most forward in their appeals for he:p; but through all these years it has mainly been the poor and friendless, ignorant and duil who have been relieved, and to the church has struggled on in poverty there, and even up to this day the walls are merely plastered and the seats for the multitude are of the most primitive kind. A record of all the miraculous cures is kept by the priests, and you find on inspection that now it is an old man who has lost the use of his limbs who has been suddenly healed; a stupid old man, who has not the gift of expression and can only swing the axe and use his restored back in hard labor as he stops between the strokes of his axe and stares at you. Then, again, I found an old woman who drove a cart who had been able to walk as well as any one after years and years of lameness. The curer, however, which excite the interest of science are those of a more malignant order of malady. When a man is cured of cancer we may well exclaim, " A miracle!" Of course, as indicated before, I cannot say that I saw such cases healed, or anything of that kind. I can only assure you that I am assured that not only one or two, but many, very many such cases are on record here at the shrine of good St. Ann of Beaupre.

THE BLIND RESTCRED TO CIGHT.

Neither did I with my own eyes see the blind restored to sight. But from the lips of Mrs. G. M. Pennee, an English lady from the Isle of Wight, I heard the account in detail of perfect eight being given to a little girl of near 10 years of age who had been blind from birth. A prettier or more pathetic tale I do not know. I only know it is true. Mrs. Pennee is of a good English family, a particular personal friend of the greatest living poet, and has a prother who is famous in the world of letters. She is an elderly lady, who makes her home at the Convent of St. Ann. This lady took us into the little chapel of the numble convent here one day. It is a garret. The sloping roof makes you stoop very low if you pass to the right or to the left of the main alsle. For they are very poor here, you must know. Away back in one corner kneeled a little nun in black, She was entirely blind, and had come many word to woman in matrimony is led away to her meals. "And will she reduce among a hardy people so many sufferers. sorts of ways as we do here. For there they Surely you did not give up your liberty, keep indoors; here they all go forth to pray though you did this. You gave it up in part, for tolp. Even idiots are taken by their parents to the shrine of good St. Ann of Beaupre. I saw on his first pilgrimage a little English lad, well clad and comfortable. He even had a sliver-mounted crutch to take the place of the withered and distorted leg which hurg helpless at his side. His mother was with him, watching and kind, but not unkopeful of help. I met this gentle couple only yesterday here on the streets of Quebec. But the poor little lad had not left bis crutches on either of the two pyramids of crutches there. On the same occasion there was a dark and low-browed French peasant with a frightfully swollen band. He was suffering great pain, and I tried to talk with him, but he was suiten and silent. The same day I saw him washing his hand in the fourtain before the door of the church. He was crying like a child. In fact it was his demonstrations of joy and deligat at being crowd about him, and led me by chance to

> AN OLD MAN'S FAITH, On this same day I saw an old man feeling his way down the great aisle of the church, over and around the numbers of men. women and children kneeling there. He, literally, was too feeble to use a crutch, and would drag himself forward by holding on to some one or the sides of the pews. No one was noar tempt to stop him or interfere with him Yet his conduct seemed strange, and he seemed very much out of place. Still he kept on till he came to the statue of St. Ann, which stands out before the altar, and almost between the two pyramids of crutches which have been left there by restored cripples. Here this poor old creature laid hold of the railing at the foot of the mother of the Virgir, where candles burn perperually, and, lifting his face, began to pray. As I had not the others, noticed this man closely. Is fact he seemed so withered, se utterly as if he were dead and unconscious, his face so like tails further here. It seems like profanity. Let me simply say that I saw that old man restored to health, if not to youth. I followed him to the door and saw him pick up his bundle and his steff and strike off up the who lives here, and this prices told me he was

a stranger and from his peculiar dress should say that he lived a long way off in the moun. tains to the north.

A BELIEVER IN MIRACLES

But how absum to seems that I, the old miner of the Slorra, the rover and the rhymer, who never knaw any kind of religion or even had time to pray, should find myself recounting and taking an interest in these things, telling them to the reader and pledging my word of nonor an and that is sacred for their bold and absolute cruth. But it is truth, I know, that the miracles credited to Sainte Anne, Bonne Sainte Anne de Beaupres are genuine and that whether there were miracles of old-and there were-there are miracies to day.

Holloway's Pills .- Health or Wealth .- No. sane person would hesitate an instant in the choice between those two conditions. Now is the season to secure the former either by restoring or confirming it. These Pills expel all impurities from the system which fogs foul vapours and verlable temperatures engender during with ; this medicine also sots most wholesomely upon the skin by dis-gorging the liver of its accumulated bile. and by exciting the kidneys to more energetic action ; it increases the appetite for food and strengthens the digestive process. Then stomach and liver, with which most disorders. eriginate, are fully under the control of thesex regenerative Pills, which act very kindly, yet. most efficiently, on the tenderest bowels.

DESERTIONS FROM THE U.S. NAVY. Nice, Sept. 6.—Two hundred and eighty of the 400 seamen on the U.S. steamer Lancaster have deserted since leaving New York two years ago, on account, as alleged, of most brutal cruelty of the officers.

CLEANLINESS OF SINKS.

One of the most prolific causes of defile-e ment and offensive odors in kutchen sinks and their outlets is the presence of decaying grease. This comes from the emptyings of kettles in which meat has been cooked, in the dish water, and in the scap. The grease lodges in every crevice and catches at every obstruction. A remaily may be found in the use of the common alkalies inctent of soap, aqua ammonia in washing clothes, and borax in washing lawns and laces, and washing soda in cleaning dishes. These alkaltes preventa solid soap from forming in the sink and its pipes and neutralize all effects of decomposing fat.

"THE MAID O' THE MIST."

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 6 .- At 3.40 p.m. the apparent fue simile of the Maid of the Mist went under the railway bridge and rushed madly down the turbulent current and bounding over wave after wave, the angry waters tossing her on her beam ende, iwisting her round and round and nearly submerging the little craft. It was an exciting scene and quicker than it takes to write it she had passed through the rapids in safety and was glidiog atong the Canada shore of the whirlpool, landing in between huge rocks. Soon after some enterprising men had shoved her adrift again and the west entery down the river. 50,000 people witnessed the

At a recent weiding of a Troy lawyer, be sides numerous and costly gifts to the bride there was one to the groom constating of a policy of accidental insurance dating from noon of the wedding day and expiring at noon of the day following. Upon its face, in due form, was indersed a "permission to marry not exceeding one time during the life of this policy."



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"Whom?" he cried xulckly. "Nellle!" With a sharp cry he let her slip to the

"Hear me," he cried, disregarding the whirling smoke and the fiery baptism that your life, if you value your soul, and if you do not want me to cast you to the heasts like Jezebel of old, never-never take that accursed name again upon your lips. Seek her-her? Yes! seek her to tie her like a witch's daughter of hell to that blening tree !" He stopped. "Forgive me," he said in a

Savage delight that had passed across her face, he lifted her in his arms.

as if to reassure herself of his identity. "To our camp by the scarred tree," he re-

making two or three descriptions that will pretty well exhaust that which has been done by writers of fiction, but not by writers sprinkled them-"hear me. If you value of truth on this matter. Of course the nun with her queer dress, and-what shall I call it? her antique appearance, dressed in a dark garment, and with a bonnet which certainly in our day is in no wise in harmony WITH PALIS PASSIONS -is an object meterally of much curiosity. Well, then, you know, of course, it is said, "Dear me, what pretty faces they have," and there is a hanging of the head, and there is, of course, an assertion that it is quite clear it is all natural, there can be nothing of Madame Rachel in the matter; there is no beautifying of the creature for them—there is nothing which has been done, you know. I den't know, it may be that the story is inaccurate, but it is said, you know, that ladies sometimes get external assistance to perpatunte and continue their beauty. But it is said, certainly with a large amount of fairness that those who live in the cloister, even in this queer garb, at least it is all matural they possess. But say these describers to us. Poor things, to be imprisoned in that way ing mountain creet five miles away into the by the priests and by the bishops, and by the heart of the Carquinex Woods, it had again Pope, above all other persons. They are hate the world, the devil and the fiesh. But, motive he did not question, and said he would think be had ever entered that church before, leaped a mile bayend, and was hemming dying away and pining for their liberty, over and above these solemn vows, the nun at once forward the medicament to the Count I followed him a little way till I met a priest them between two narrowing lines of fire, and anxious to liberate themselves from | goes a step further, and she says: "I will to Cisamboru's physicians.

had to do with an in'quity with which many

young ladies have had to do, namely to read

many novels, or some novels, and I have

gained a large amount of information about

life in a cloister from such description given

in such novels. But there is this peculiarity

about the information so gained: that it is

singularly in contradiction to that which I

practically know about the convent. I will

not enter into the descriptions given by any

one special author, but I think I am safe in

with her meek, lowly-looking face. There is something more about her than that which is there? She is one who has said with the young man of the Gospel, "hewever imperfectly I have done it I have kept the commandment from my childhood." She is one who further says : "I don't know how it has come about, but I have heard the voice of my Lord and Master, saying to me, 'If thou wilt be perfect go sell all thou host and come and follow Me.' " She is one who says: " I cannot put definitely my finger upon the moment nor upon the place where this occurred, but I know full well that conviction came upon me so strongly it is impossible for me to resist." And she says, just as a young lady of 18, or 19, or 20 being proposed to has a right to say, "Yer, I accept," so she says, "My Lord and Master has invited mo to come, to give up all I possess, to give back to Him the free will that He gave to me and to place at his feet that wondrous gift of chastity which He so pre-eminently loved, and I have done it in such a way that I have sworn an oath, I have made a solemn promise to God Himself that I would carry out these three things: To give up the whole of my property and every right of possessing property afterwards; that I would give up my will, subjecting it to constitutions and rules of a community and sendering obedience to a superior who may be placed over me, and, in the last place, to give to that God that privilege of virginity, that purity, that glory of modesty, sealing it by my vow and saying it shall belong to Christ himself.' Such is what the nun is. She has had her name for a long period in the story of the Christian Church. She is spoken of in the very carliest ages as being the ecclesizationl or canonical. She is spoken of a little later by other writers as being the spouse of Christ, and in our good old Anglo-Saxon language she is called God's bride, and in modern days we speak of her as a religiouse, or as a religious weman, the word "religious" being used there in its true Latin sense, compounded as it is of the two words re and legare. Legare is to bind, and relegare is to bind again. You ladies and gentlemen, in common with myself and in common with these nuns, were baptized, and we were under such eircumstances bound by what are called baptismal yows. Though we had not our intelligence, though we had not our will in that moment the Holy Church accepted the interpretation of that will from the lips of our sponsors.

eec him.

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