

of the kidneys.

GEO, W. SWEENEY,
ESQ., of Hapdentown,
Pa., says: "I was for
years hardly able to go
about. I suffered from
liverand kidney trouble, six different Doctors
treated me during that
time but could do me
no good. I give your
"Medical Discovery"
the praise for my cure.
Then, too, my wife
had a bad case of Asthma which was cured
by the use of that
wonderful blood-purifier."

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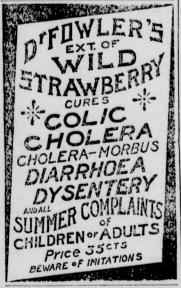


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PERFECTLY GURED.

I am so pleased to be strong and healthy again by the use of B.B.B. and I can strongly recommend it to every-Lorenzo Puliston, Sydney Mines, C.B.



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# THROUGH TWO FIRES.

CHAPTER III.

Billy Dinneen is offended, outraged, deeply moved. Ever since his master's hasty return from the seaside that illused physician has aided his de-stroyers, the public, in their homicidal intentions by working harder than before, giving scorces of free consultations to persons sent specially, as Billy says, to torture man and master, attending hospitals and consultations, and, most unforgivable offence of all, writing and studying through the long midnight hours, instead of taking his natural rest like any decent Chris-

Christmas Eve has come again, and Billy, with a crosser shade than usual on his countenance, and deeper indignation burning in his heart against the public, is engaged in the same agreeable occupation in which we first made his acquaintance.

hatred against the public. For the first time his master spoke sharply to him, and who is to blame for that? Who or what has ruined his master's equable temper? — the public, of course. The public is accountable for the fact that the doctor interrupted Billy that very morning as he was reasonably stating his opinion on the deplorable state of the weather and the murderous intentions of the free patients—not only interrupted him, but actually said that he, Billy Dinneen, was a disgrace to humanity, with his constant repinings and cause less murmurings, and, furthermore, the hitherto lamb-like doctor added that he believed his faithful factotum to be a confounded old wailing humbug and a canting old sinner.

Therefore Billy nurses his wrath to keep it warm, and hurls it in vindictive but happily impotent showers on its supposed original cause, the public. The doctor enters, looking sadly pale and worn. Without noticing the peligerent countenance of his attendant, he seizes a paper, and, seating himself in his familiar arm-chair, mechanically opens it.

Billy, furtively watching him, sees him glue his eyes into some particular paragraph, glance from thence to the date of the paper, then jumping im-petuously to his feet he rushed at Billy, and almost froze the blood in that individual's veins by demanding in sepulchral accents:
"Billy, you fell destroyer, when did

that paper come?"
"O Lord save us, Master Bernard agra, an' sure it came the day 'twas printed, like all of 'em.

"Why didn't you bring it to me, you villain? You've ruined me. Oh,

Laying his head on the table, and shutting out the light with his exarms, the doctor actually

"Musha, Master Bernard avic," said Billy, greatly moved at his master's "what earthly differevident misery, ence does one old newspaper make? Don't you remember you gave up readin' the papers unless of an odd Wasn't I the omedhawn to time? leave 'em there—the dirty rubbish—instead o' burnin' 'em? Here now, he added, in his most coaxing tone, 'sit over an' eat your lunch, an don't mind them old papers."

But instead of obeying Billy, the doctor, murmuring, "Lost, lost again!" rushed from the room, and in a moment the hall door banged on his retreating figure. Billy saw him

"Lord deliver us! He's gone stark mad — mad as a March hare. The impudent, audacious, murderin' public has him kilt at last at all, at all - what'll I do? I'll write to the father an' mother at once though I'm in dread I'm too late. musha, thanks be to God that I never tied myself to a woman — no — nor never will. I'll get a peeler to watch

## COULD HARDLY WALK ON ACCOUNT OF



Ayer's Sarsaparilla ror muly two years, I suffered from on the condition that I could hardly walk. O I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., O and the treatment helped me for the other hardly walk to be a spent some time believe, but some the comparison of the conditions that some the conditions that it is not that it is not that some the conditions that it is not that some the conditions that it is not that some the conditions that time being; but soon the complaint re-turned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recom-mended, I resolved to try it, and, after

using six bottles, I was completely cured."-P. H. FORD, Quachita City, La. Ayer's This Sarsaparilla

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR 



"He wrote immediately to his old mis-tress imploring her to come up to Dublin at once if she had any regard for the welfare of her son.

That duty performed, he took up the unlucky newspaper and hunted through it over and over again for a paragraph dreadful enough to cause his master such grief and surprise. His search was unsuccessful. There was not a murder, a suicide, or even an agrarian outrage in this most civilized and peaceable newspaper. He laid it down, fully convinced that his master's mind was unhinged. Yet, all unconsciously, he several times passed over and once half read the disconcerting paragraph, which ran thus:

"We are deeply grieved to learn that the rumors which were affoat a month ago concerning the bankruptcy of our worthy and respected citizen. Sir John Gregory, have unfortunately proved true. The principal cause of his great disaster, like so many others of a similar nature, is the unparalleled frauds in Gowrie Bank. We under stand that Sir John privately arranged with his creditors, and, with the small esidue of his once colossal fortune, has with his daughter, sought an asylum on the Continent.

The paper was dated six weeks back and the reader, more enlightened than Billy, will guess why this simple anhad such an alarming nouncement effect upon Doctor Somers.

The bells had rung their joyous wel come to the new-born Saviour ere the doctor returned, and, the nextday, when his frightened parents and sister made their appearance, determined to carry him away notens votens for much needed recreation, they found him ray ing in fever, Sir John St. George standing by his bedside.

"I fear, madam," said the great physician to the weeping mother, "your son is in for it. I frequently predicted this, but he only laughed at my warnings. Christmas Eve settled him. Think of his insane whim in sitting up by a dying fever patient a poor little messenger lad—during the long cold night. Anyhow, we'll see what good nursing and patience will

Good nursing and patience can do a great deal when their object is young and of sound constitution. But the spring flowers were peeping above the ground, the birds singing merrily as they disported themselves in the warm, balmy breeze, ere Doctor Somers returned to his work in the city again.

### CHAPTER IV.

Some years have gone by since the first wild Christmas Eve on which we introduced Billy Dinneen to the reader. Billy now enjoys a well-merited ofium cum dignitate in a large mansion in one of our most fashionable city squares; but his opinions regarding the peculiar merits of the parties who come lic, especially of that portion who come ic, especially of "advice gratis" under the rank of "advice gratis patients," are daily intensifying in contempt and spleen. A new star has arisen in the faculty - a star which promises to eclipse all its predecessors in lustre, brightness and duration. People cannot understand how the owner of a head still brown and glossy can have worked his way beyond so many who had the start in the race, and so many others from whose path kind friends removed all troublesome obstacles. But the fact remains, and Dr. Somers, young, unassuming, kindhearted, charitable, hard-working, is

Society says that Dr. Somers has no heart. It must be some mechanical contrivance that does duty as one, else how could he avoid the gilded snares set to entrap him by match making mammas and matrimonially inclined spinsters.

It wants one week of Christmas Day, and the doctor sits over his breakfast table reading a letter. It is from his friend Colonel Murchason, and is a pressing invitation to spend the Christmas week in the colonel's country mansion, Murchason House The colonel and family have just returned from the Continent, where they have been residing for several The letter concludes:

And we are all so delighted to ge back again to poor old Ireland that intend to give such a housewarming that its memory will descend tradition ally to the future. So, like the 'quin essence concentrated ' of the 'subli mated brick' that you always were, leave your physic and your pills and your skeletons behind, throw dull care and work to the winds, and come down here, where I promise warm welcome and plenty of fun by lake, field and fell. You need not dread being 'sent to Coventry,' for as I do not drive, harass, starve, belie, or excruciate my tenents, we are, and ever will be, please God, the best

of friends. So come."
"I declare I feel strangely inclined to accept," said the doctor to himself. 'I will accept it. I say, Billy Billy !

"Here sir," answers that personage as he steps before his master.

"Do you think, Billy, you could manage without me at Christmas for a few days? I wish to pay a visit.
Of course, yourself and the servants

him, to keep him from drownin' never tried myself to a woman—no, himse'f. Amn't I to be pitied? Oh! nor never will. So go, sir, go with an avoch onea, avoch onea, what's the world comin'to.

All this Billy said in tones of deepest affliction—the thanksgiving for his escape from matrimonial snares being peculiarly lugubrious—whilst his arms kept melancholy time to the motion of his sad heart by working up and down like rusty pump-handles.

"He wrote immediately to his old mis-" men is supreme."

never tried myself to a woman—no, nor never will. So go, sir, go with an deasy mind, and bedad, 'tis I that's glad to see you gettin' a bit of spreeogh in ye at last. Ay," he muttered, as he turned away with a grim smile, "manage without him and his every day of my life. We must humor him, though the poor bouchal; but the foolishness of some way. All are assembled in my room. I have a rope ladder. Come!"

men is supreme."

The doctor writes a cordial acceptation and when it is posted he feels a buoyancy of spirit and lightness of heart very unaccountable to himself.

Ten o'clock strikes on Christmas Eve, as the carriage containing the doctor rolls along the Murchason auenue The house itself seems the centre c. light, warmth and happiness; sounds of subdued music fall on the ear; and as the visitor steps into the hall he is gratified by the sudden change from the frigid outer air to the almost torrid temperature within.

The host in person conducts him to

Sounds of mirth and laughter reach their ears : servants, hot and happy, are flying out in all directions. The two friends laugh and talk. Old friends, old times, old faces rise before their mental vision. \*
"Doctor," said the colonel, after a

time, "do you feel deucedly hot? I fear my people have taken my orders too literally. I told them to pile on such fires to-night as would knock the I believe an overdose is the result.

The gentleman addressed confessed that th heat was surprising, and he suggested the advisability of reducing

"No use now," said the colonel "let them burn away. But, seriously, doctor, I was anxious for your professional services an hour ago. A young lady-a friend-indeed a member of the family-fainted away quite unex-pectedly. We did all that we could pectedly. We did all that we could for her, but she is gone to bed quite indisposed. My youngest daughter is with her now. You will see her in the morning, doctor, if she's not better?

"With pleasure," returned the dcotor ; "but," he added, with a smile, you ordered me to leave physics etc., behind. How consistent you are

"The way with the world, my boy However, I was startled at the lady's illness; for, though I have known her for many years, I never saw her faint before, and her poor father, when dying, confided her to my care. Besides, the girls are so found of her, and so am I.

"A relation, I suppose?" asked the doctor.

"No; my daughter's governess. Ha! Kathleen," he exclaims, catching a glimpse of a white dress passing along the corridor, "come here, pet. This is my youngest daughter, Dr. Somers," he continued, introducing a pretty, dark eyed, dark haired girl of about sixteen, who welcomed the doc-

tor warmly.
"Hew is Miss Gregory, darling? asked the father.

The doctor started. The springs of that mechanical contrivance within him must have been suddenly loosened, for he felt it beat with fearful velocity "She is much better, dear papa.

She would not be pleased if I did not return to the drawing-room and enjoy myself! But you know, papa, that is like dear Marion—always thinking of others, never of her self. I told her I'd prefer her company to any drawing-room. But she smiled and commanded. I obeyed. And do you know, doctor," the young lady rattles on, "you owe her a visit, for we were just speaking of your advent -I believe Miss Smileypoint was tell-ing what a dreadful flirt you were in Dublin-when our dearMarion fainted. But now that you are here I feel quite

"My dear little girl, you're an angel," was the doctor's very unex-pected reply, as offering his arm they proceeded to the drawing-room, folangel, lowed by the amused host, all three in high spirits.

Surely the Dr. Somers of the Murchason House drawing-room cannot b the same individual whom society in Dublin thought so cold and grave. laughs, he dances, he sings; he out shines all the gentlemen present—he enchants the ladies. Finally, as the clock strikes 1, he betakes himself to his room, and falling on his knees prays thankfully, gratefully, fervently for a considerable time.

He opens the window and looks out A wide expanse of beautiful, hilly scenery lies before him, rendered startlingly distinct by the extreme brightness of the moon. Glistening snow clothes the turf, loads the ever greens, decks the branches, tops the hills and beautifies everything very great happiness possesses him but he puts the thought away. He thinks of the mystery of mysteries. He hears the angels directing the shepherds to the cave.

With them he enters. ox, a manger, a kneeling artisan, a voman more pure and beautiful than human heart can conceive, looking with maternal love and wrapt admiration upon a little Babe, clothed in rags lying on straw, surrounded by celestial halo. Suddenly angelic voices raise the hymn of peace. Almost unconsciously the young man repeats aloud, and adds, "Thanks be to Thee, sweet Infant Jesus! Eternal praise be given to Thee for all things!

A strange, sickening sensation makes him turn around. The room is will have the usual amusements."

''Manage without ye, sir, is it? Why, then, I think I can manage without stentorian lungs of the stable boys and any one, for, thanks be to God! I grooms, fall on his ears as he darts to

way. All are assembled in my room. I have a rope ladder. Come!"
"Marion, at last! Thank God! oh,

thank God!"

The fierce flames have devoured the stairs and are fast making their way through the upper story; the smoke and heat are almost unbearable, as Bernard Somers and Marion Gregory, united so strangely in the midst danger after so many years, make their way to the shivering, frightened, half dressed group who cluster around a window, beneath which some of the men servants are making frantic efforts to place ladders.

Marion and a housemaid attach the rope-ladder to the bedstead, while the ctor throws out showers of mattresses, bed-gear, rugs, shawls - everything rooms, and which he thinks would be useful in case any of the nervous group might fall, or that he himself might have to jump for it in the end.

"Courage, Mrs. Deering, courage, says Marion Gregory to a large, wail-

ing lady.
But she is incapable of movement, so the doctor helps her down and lands her in safety. Some of the ladies descend unaided, others are petrified with fear and can scarcely move These latter are conveyed safely by the doctor. Colonel Murchason and his daughters wish Marion and the doctor to descend before them. A decided refusal from both; so the colonel, who knows that no time can be squandered in useless argument if all are to be saved, descends. flames burst in at the door as he does so; the heat is maddening; but, thank heaven! everybody is out of danger except the doctor and Marion. "Come, my own love. Let us trus in God."

He extends his hand to help he from the window ledge, when, to his consternation, she falls senseless. Seizing her gently with one arm, he begins the descent, aiding himself with his disengaged hand, slowly, step by step, for dear life. Little more than helf the descent is made when than half the descent is made when the flames burst suddenly through the window; the ladder sways, gives way, and the doctor with his burden drops stunned and senseless on the soft mass placed so fortunately beneath.

Thus ended the poor colonel's house warming, which, as he so unconsciously foretold, will descend traditionally to future generations in the neighborhood of Murchason House.

### CHAPTER V.

Billy Dinneen's footsteps are arrested outside the door of Dr. Somers' fine library — arrested by the sounds of laughter from within—a man's rich and musical; a woman's, clear, sweet and silvery. Billy stands, scratches his head, and smiles from sympathy—

yes, actually smiles.
"Bedad," he soliloquizes, "they're at it again—laughin' together like children, an' they near a year married! an' where's the harm of it?" he continued, as if arguing with himself. "Tare-an ouns, isn't it better than the way some fellows do-breaking their necks till they're tied to some purty doil, an' thin scowlin' at the creature. an' maybe breakin' her bones because she's not the angel they took her to be? Sha-dhurth to me, but the master has a wife, an' if he has he earned herearned her I say," continued Billy looking as if ready to defend the as sertion with his life, "for salvation to me if he did't wait for her seven years an' shut his eyes all the time to the figaries an' palaverin' an' coaxin' of of them rambustic garrahmaws of women-faugh! thanks be to God, I never tied myself to a woman-no nor never will—that do be drivin about in their carriages to plays an' parties without a stitch o' dacency on

Here Billy paused, sighed, but al-

most immediately resumed:
"'I minded the poor master well ma'am dear, 'says I to her the first day she came home, when she was tellin me not to be troubling myself too muc with work, but to go ev'ry mornin' to Mass, and to mind my prayers, an' to attend my duty reg'lar, an' to have an eye after the house an' the servants, an' not to mind the master gettin' mar ri'd, for that she'd be a good mistress to me. An' so she is. 'I know you did, Billy,' says she, an' she laughed like swans of Usna when they heard the bells of heaven callin' them An', begonnies," concluded Billy, as he walked away, "tisn't the master I walked away, "' 'tisn't the master I manage now, but the master an' the mistress an' the whole house."-Ariom in Dublin Nation.

one complaint has ever been made by those using Ayer's Sarsapa rilla according to directions. Furthermore, we have yet to learn of a case in which it has failed to afford benefit. So say hundreds of druggists all over the country. Has cured others, will

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.— Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without reliaf, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

#### CROWN WORN BY CHRIST.

French Priest Said to Possess the

We present some statements about the crown worn by our Lord, which are vouched for as true by Karl Melite, a correspondent of the Cincinnati En-

Mr. Melite writes : One evening, while being enter tained at the palatial residence of Notre Dame, of Paris, by the archipretre, Eugene Pousset, who is also Dean of the canons of Notre Dame cathedral, our conversation drifted on

religious subjects and relics.
"We have," said the archipretre, "a splendid collection in the tresor (treasury room) of Notre Dame of the relics which were saved during the revolution in 1793. Since that time numerous gifts have enriched this collection, among them military trophies and ornaments presented by the sovereigns. Napoleon I. gave to the cathedral the objects used at his coronation; and any one who visits at the tresor can see the prie dieu and cushion which figured in the celebrated paint -

ing by David, at the Louvre.
"The tresor of Notre Dame belongs to the State, and I have nothing to do with it except to see that it is well cared for. A guardian and interpre-ter is paid regularly to look after this property, which amounts to millions. Now, as to the crown, it is in my per sonal possession, and I have provided that at my death it will be intrusted to ome one specially selected by me. The crown is never exhibited in pub-My own servants know nothing of its existence.

On further inquiry M. l'Abbe Pousset consented only to state that the crown was kept at the cathedral at the time of the revolution in 1789. A noble family, whose name he would not give. hid it away for fear of acts of vanda ism. Since that time it has been transmitted from hand to hand as a sacred trust.

At his earnest request the correspondent was allowed to see the crown. The archipretre took him to a garret room located immediately above sleeping apartment. No guard is at the door, and the servants believe that this room, which is not occupied, contains only old traps and rubbish of no value. The walls are bare of paper or ornaments of any kind; in one corner is a wooden chest about 3 feet high 31 feet long and 2 feet wide; the hinges and locks are made of steel. It contains three flat, glass-covered boxes fitting perfectly one inside of the other; the inner box, lined with red velvet, is

also of red velvet. The crown is not made of thorns, as is generally represented, but of ordinary rush carelessly twisted in the shape of a crown, the thorn of which (there is only one left) is hardly three inches long and is attached to the rush. There must have been originally several of these thorns, as one can see plainly the places where they have been detached. The color of the rush is so faded from age that it looks almost transparent, it being of pale, vellowish white

the crown, reposing on a cushion made

The box is air tight, and has the seal of each person in whose po it has been since the reign of St. Louis (Louis IX.) who brought it from Jeru salem. The largest fragment of the cross in existence is inclosed in another box; it is of cedar, or similar wood, and is about 3 feet long, 5 inches wide and 3 inches thick small piece has been cut from one end by a member of the family which saved this fragment of the cross dur-

ing the revolution.

The descendants of this family are residing now in the town of Bourges Among the other relies is the lower jaw, the humerus and a few teeth of St. Louis. The archipretre of Notre Dame has in its possession all the documents establishing the authenticity of these relics, and should a revolution occur in Paris, every possible precaution is taken to prevent them from being stolen. correspondent was permitted to see the documents, but not allowed to take a copy of them, for obvious reasons, the main one being that the family who secured the crown and piece of the cross at the revolution do not wish their name to be disclosed. A regular system of electric alarms connects the garret rooms with the library and sleeping room of the archipretre. Furthermore, the large iron gate doors of the residence inclosure are similarly protected. This residence, by the way, was constructed by Violet Le Duc, the restorer of the cathedral, and has the appearance of a museum or public monment. Very few seem to know that it is inhabited by the first cure of France.

IT IS NOT what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. When in need of medicine remember Hood's Cures.

My feet were so badly swollen that I could not wear my shoes. I got Yellow Oil, and to my astonishment it gave instant relief, and two bottles completely cured me. Mrs. W. G. McKay, Berwick, Ont.

When you notice unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Stanley, Merchant at Constance, writes: "My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever used."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Stramborry.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoa, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel with-out it. Price 35c.

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THE BEST COUGH CURE is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It heals the lungs and cures Coughs and Colds.

Father Corby's Exp Irish Br

A WAR CHAPL

AUGUST 25,

HE WENT WITH HIS R BLOODIEST BATTL BULLETS RAINED HIM-REMINISCEN Wherever a Catho

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of President Linco

they rallied around

on every battle-fie

Appomattox they in the grand achie it to final victory.
With the Catho priests who had omes to accompa campaigns, minis nal needs of the privations, confro the march, in field of blood. Ne posure, neither neither heat nor c snow, neither can miasma, neither gagements nor t could separate th Once, at the bat one of them was o of the line, goin wounded, giving who wished it, wh and the musket Coming to a soldi

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