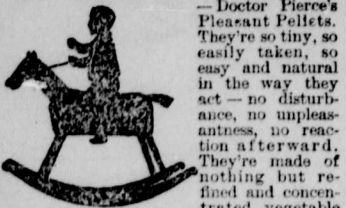


THE VERY THING FOR CHILDREN



When you feel "a touch of biliousness" or indigestion, take one of these little Pellets. They go right to the spot.

They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every derangement of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

Almost never does Dr. Sage's Cathartic Remedy fail to cure the very worst cases of chronic Catarrh. You can judge of the chances of it from the makers' offer. They'll guarantee it in every case.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELL'S CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. WEST-TRAY N.Y. BELL-METAL CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE PRICES FREE.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. HARNESS for \$13.00. COLLARS, Hog skin, Leather lines of full length and good quality.

Pictorial Lives of the Saints. The Catholic Record for One Year For \$3.00.

The Pictorial Lives of the saints contains Reductions for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from "Bible's Lives" and other approved sources.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels.

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels.

Cures summer complaints so promptly, quiets the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler.

Complaints. Reid's Hardware. TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, CARPET SWEEPERS, WRINGERS, BRASS FIRE IRONS.

P.P.A. An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be sent to any address on receipt of 5c.

ALTAR WINE. now on hand a good supply of Excellent Mass Wine. PRICE REDUCED.

AYETH'S MALT EXTRACT. Doctors highly recommend it. WHO ARE RUN DOWN, WHO HAVE LOST APPETITE, WHO SUFFER FROM NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

THROUGH TWO FIRES.

CHAPTER I.

Billy Dinneen, own man and factotum general to the promising young physician, Bernard Somers, Esq., M. D., stands at a window of a certain modest city mansion, and looks with grim, contemptuous countenance at the street, at the sky, at all external scenes which come within range of his vision.

"This little I thought," murmured Billy, as he resumed his suspended occupation of laying a luncheon for one person, "when I left my good old master's an' ken to this onlucky, big, dirty town to have an eye after this poor, soft, aisy-blinded son, poor Master Bernard—'tis little I dreamed the way he'd be treated, an' half kill an' murdered by day an' by night by these audacious, imperant, assumption Dubliners an' their wives. An' their wives!"

"Give him something to eat, Billy!" commanded the doctor, noticing the longing glance the boy cast on the unremoved viands.

"I rapped at three doctors' doors," explained the boy in answer to the gentleman's inquiry—"I knew they were doctors by the brass plate on the doors that I read—but two of them were out, and the other was gone away. Then I saw Dr. Somers printed on your door, so I rapped, and the little, cross man that opened it said you were in, and where else would you be? Do you think the lady will be sorry that I didn't bring the right gentleman?"

"Let us hope not," said the doctor, with a smile; "but who is this wonderful lady?"

"Don't you know?" returned the boy, opening his eyes with half pity, half incredulity.

"Oh! I must tell you. Mind, 'twas my own fault, and no one else's, that the lady walked by accident on my foot—for I was too near her. She didn't hurt me a bit; but she thought she did, and says she: 'I beg your pardon, my dear. I said I wasn't—for sure I wasn't; but she stopped and looked at my foot. So she brought me these boots this morning. She spoke to me—me, mind, you, that every one used to abuse and box—as if I was a gentleman, and—and I'll never forget it,'" the boy added with a flush of pleasure.

"Tell me her name?" asked the doctor, with a thrill of admiration for the unknown lady, and of pity for the poor, roughly-used wretch before him.

"Her name!" reiterated the boy. "She never told. Oh! she's a lovely lady. She's a living saint! Myself thinks she's nobody only an angel."

At the WORLD'S FAIR Chicago, 1893. Why not get the Best?

aptitude for enjoyment of simple, good things.

The meal finished, the young man looked toward Billy, and caught that gentleman's eyes fixed sadly upon him. "Billy," said the doctor, laughing, "I perceive by your expressive countenance that the muscles of your heart are deeply affected. Rheumatism, the accumulated miseries of mankind, the last massacre by the Bashibazouks, the latest edict of Bomba for the imprisonment of innocent men, the cold assurance of the Dublin police, or any new grievance? Pray, enlighten me, Billy?"

"'Bedad yer very funny, sir. There's a few new griefs for you, then," returned Billy, as with grim solemnity he laid before his master a salver on which lay five printed cards, each praying the doctor's immediate official attendance at the designated address.

"If you please, sir," exclaimed the boy, "I don't want it bad. But, oh! would you come at once to where the lady is. She told me not to delay—but I forgot the name she mentioned—the doctor's name. 'Twasn't you! but, oh! won't you come?"

"Who is the lady, and where is the sick person?" inquired the doctor. "At Choke lane, sir—44 Choke lane. She fell down the steps last night. Mother brought her in—the lady says she's dying."

"Let us hope not," said the doctor, with a smile; "but who is this wonderful lady?"

"Don't you know?" returned the boy, opening his eyes with half pity, half incredulity.

"Oh! I must tell you. Mind, 'twas my own fault, and no one else's, that the lady walked by accident on my foot—for I was too near her. She didn't hurt me a bit; but she thought she did, and says she: 'I beg your pardon, my dear. I said I wasn't—for sure I wasn't; but she stopped and looked at my foot. So she brought me these boots this morning. She spoke to me—me, mind, you, that every one used to abuse and box—as if I was a gentleman, and—and I'll never forget it,'" the boy added with a flush of pleasure.

"Tell me her name?" asked the doctor, with a thrill of admiration for the unknown lady, and of pity for the poor, roughly-used wretch before him.

"Her name!" reiterated the boy. "She never told. Oh! she's a lovely lady. She's a living saint! Myself thinks she's nobody only an angel."

At the WORLD'S FAIR Chicago, 1893. Why not get the Best?

heirress of Sir John Gregory, was a slight, fragile-looking girl of about eighteen or nineteen summers, of medium height, with pure, pale face lit up with lustrous eyes of blue, low brow, rose red lips, and auburn hair.

The doctor knelt by the poor patient, felt her pulse, examined the worn, starved features, and pronounced her dying—dying of want, or to put it plainly, the woman was dying of that Irish complaint called starvation.

"Let me try, please?" said Miss Gregory.

"O allannah bawn!" she murmured, hollowly, whilst a wild light flashed over her face. "O Gracie, acushla machra! you came back to me. Darling, darling of my heart, you came back to your poor mother! They told me—oh! oh! what did they tell me?—that my Gracie, my lovely darling child, was dead—in America—dead along with Pat and Myles and Annie. All dead—O Mother of Sorrows, all dead! But I never believed you were dead, Gracie, never, darling. Are you hungry, allannah? Are you cold, acushla? You were often hungry and cold when the landlord took the oats and the cow, and so was your mother. But I never let on. And oh! I was never hungry and cold in heart till my Gracie went away to America to earn for me. Ah! my birdie, my pet," she added with sudden energy, rising on the pillow, "did you hear that the agent tumbled the roof on me, and then your mother went to beg? Oh, Gracie," she added with dreadful, unearthly vehemence, almost raising herself to a sitting posture and grasping her weeping benefactress more closely, "don't go to the poorhouse! Die, Gracie—die a thousand times—but don't go there! Don't cry, avourneen—Miss Gregory's tears were falling fast upon the woman's fingers—'don't cry, don't cry. We'll meet in heaven.'"

The poor creature fell back exhausted; the doctor walked hurriedly to the cracked pane of glass: the little messenger cried openly: the good woman at the fire became ostensibly busy, whilst the lady smoothed the heart-broken woman's pillow.

"There's no hope, I fear, doctor," half quivered Miss Gregory, as she donned her wraps.

"None. Want and exposure have done their work. Do you know anything of her, Miss Gregory?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor," here interposed the servant, breaking silence for the first time, "I recognize that woman as a neighbor of my own. Her words told me who she is. She was turned out of her farm the same time as my own father. Lord Cunla and his agent, Lake, did the work. I lost sight of her since. But I remember her children well. They were considered models of goodness, and they were splendid looking boys and girls. Gracie, in particular, was a beauty. In the hurry and misfortune of the time I forgot all about her—but the minute she spoke I know her. God forgive them that brought her to that!"

"Ah! why will men be so cruel, so heartless, so unfeeling to their fellow-creatures!" ejaculated Miss Gregory.

"Disapprove," repeated Dr. Somers; "may heaven forbid! Indeed, Miss Gregory, I admire your kindness and charity more than any weak words of mine could express. But I have been so surprised. Hitherto I have met you in society, and you always appeared so gay, and to-day I find you—"

"So dull, I suppose," interrupted the girl.

"Oh, no, no. So good, so heroic, so brave!"

"Nonsense, doctor," she interrupted, "you will surely give even poor me credit for performing some more important duty than playing sonatas at Madame Leront's, or dancing at Judge Balwick's ball, and especially at this holy season of peace and joy."

Papa will take no excuse; neither shall I. Goodbye."

They parted—the lady and her attendant returning to the beautiful city mansion of Sir John Gregory, the doctor proceeding to pay the five official visits.

Dark night had fallen on the city ere Dr. Somers was free to return to his home. The storm had lulled. The doctor walked briskly along the now thronged streets, occasionally taking in with pleased philosophic glance the numerous scenes and sights of Christmas Eve in the city.

As he nears the fashionable square his ears are assailed by strange sounds, men run swiftly by him, and just as he has begun to speculate on the cause of the commotion he is borne along irresistibly by an excited crowd, while cries of "fire, fire!" resound in all directions.

He comes to a full stop on the outskirts of a swaying, terror-stricken multitude, who stand with bated breath watching the fierce flames and dense smoke which burst from the windows of the lower story of the mansion of Sir John Gregory. He makes frantic efforts to get nearer the burning building, but without avail. Two fire engines are at work. Fire escapes have been placed in position. Dark-looking men rush about and endeavor to save some of the valuable pictures and furniture. The conflagration has already made fearful havoc; even the upper story is now belching forth dark torrents of smoke and jets of flame. A lurid light illumines with dread distinctness the surrounding objects.

Suddenly a wail of terror escapes from the crowd as a little girl of ten or twelve years appears at one of the as yet uninjured windows, beating the air frantically and apparently delirious in dread.

"A man standing near our hero shouts, 'Tis the housekeeper's grandchild, an' she was forgot!'"

"Oh, the child! the child is lost!" "The escape is not high enough." "Five minutes will see her in eternity!" "O Lord, look!"

Dr. Somers, who is all this time working his way through the crowd by sheer force of will, looks and sees a slight, dark-robed female figure darting up the escape; which reaches to within a couple of feet of the window at which the child stands.

"Tis Miss Gregory," says some one in the crowd.

"Sir John's daughter! She's lost—she's mad."

"Oh, holy angels, save her!" "Up, up, swiftly goes the slight figure through the blinding smoke, until, like a thick shroud, it envelops her, and she is undistinguishable."

Knocking out of his way a couple of the firemen who now stood beside the escape, the doctor, regardless of the words which fell on his ear like the echoes of a bad dream, warning him to desist, began the ascent. Holding on with one hand, blinded, scorched, half-suffocated, he ascends twelve steps, when suddenly a dark object seems hurled with awful velocity against him. Instinctively he clutches at it, but as he does so loses his hold on the ladder, and is hurled with his dual burden—Marion Gregory and the child she so heroically rescued—bruised, senseless, scorched, but otherwise safe, to the ground.

"Never, Bernard, never! Welcome death a thousand times before this hand—yours—is bestowed on a villain and an oppressor of God's poor."

"This is bravely and nobly said, my heroic little love; and, thank God! I can and do believe that you have strength and firmness to resist all the worldly temptations that will be set before you. But now comes the saddest part of my answer. Your father forbids me holding any further correspondence with you— forbids my visiting or writing to you. Ah! Marion, Marion, what then is the world to me? But, oh! forgive me," he added in different tones, seeing the distressed look on her face. "What a wretch I am! How unmanly for me to grieve, instead of to cheer you! Marion, be true to me for a few years. God has given me some talents, which I will cultivate and use as no man ever did before. But I ask so much—so much."

"Bernard, listen to me," returned the girl in tremulous tones: "I will be true to you; I will obey my father as long as the obedience brings no sin. I have prayed fervently to God to direct me—to direct you; and I believe that if He destines me to marry, that you are the partner His providence has ordained for me. I will pray now more fervently than ever for you and for myself, that God may direct us according to His holy will. Be patient, be good, and you will not fail to be happy, and—and you may trust me."

"God bless my brave Marion! I will indeed treasure your encouraging words. But I can say no more. You'll accept this—'tis an emblem of hope." He unfastened a small, gem-studded anchor from his watch-guard and pressed it into the girl's hand.

"And, Bernard, you'll accept this—'tis an emblem of faith," said Marion, as she took from her throat a small, quaintly wrought silver cross.

The young man pressed the holy emblem to his lips. A brief farewell, and they parted.

NO PLACE TO GO.

One of the complaints of young men in all the large cities is that they have "no place to go." It is a serious complaint too. Of course this does not apply to the young man who is living with his parents, but to the great horde of young men who are living away from their parents, beginning their career in the world, unmarried, and dwelling in hired lodgings or boarding-houses of some sort.

When shall we have a Young Men's Catholic Association? There is an unmistakable demand for such an organization, a very urgent need for one. That has long been recognized. Mere money will not do it, nor will mere desire for it. Years ago there was erected in Cincinnati a very fine building in one of the principal streets, and this building is still called by some of the old fogies the "Catholic Institute," though in reality it has for years been used as an ordinary theatre. Our older cities are all full of such failures to found and carry on to success some sort of organization where our Catholic young men who have "no places to go" might spend their leisure pleasantly and harmlessly, if not profitably.

The Young Heart Made Pure. Cardinal Newman, in his first year as a Catholic priest, preached some sermons which even he never surpassed before or since and which form his first Catholic book, "Discourses to Mixed Congregations." In one of these he makes a remark which I have often repeated to others aloud, and hundreds of times to myself as a sort of meditative ejaculation: for I hold strongly that the holy practice of ejaculations may very profitably include more than direct aspirations to God and His saints and even more than directly spiritual sayings. But this is a directly spiritual saying. "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus as our food, and Mary as our nursing Mother?"

The hair, when not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It imparts that silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.