

carriage at the curbstone; he was so absorbed in reading, as not to know that she was looking up at the window where he sat. The book rested on the wide arm chair, his elbow near it; the hand supporting his forehead. His hair had been cut off, and his face was clearly displayed. His hands were beginning to look alive, his cheeks to get back their color. So he leaned and read, and she drove away.

She was going to meet Carl, and she was glad of it, though at Seaton she had thought that she must not see him again. The second thought had shown her how unnecessary and Quixotic this resolution had been, made in the first shock and confusion caused by Dick Rowan's distress, and her own discovery of the depth of her affection for Carl. She had since then put aside her own imagination and that of others, and examined her heart as it was, not as it might become under circumstances which she no longer expected to find herself in. She and Carl were nearly related by marriage, and he had been her teacher, and kind and delicate friend. She had lived in the same house with him seven years, a longer time than she had been associated intimately with Dick Rowan, and her intercourse with him had been such as to call out all that was most amiable in his character, and that at a time when her own mind was maturing, and capable of receiving its most profound impressions. She asked herself what the charm had been in her intercourse with him, and the answer was immediate: a quick and thorough sympathy in everything natural. For the supernatural, so careful had he been not to offend her conscience, and so highly had he appreciated religion in her, she had felt no sense of discordance, but only that he lacked a faith which she hoped and expected he would one day possess. Carl had never intruded his scepticism on her. What she asked herself then, was she wished regarding him? and the answer was no more doubtful, she had wished to be his most confidential and sympathizing friend, and to quiet his mind with the thought of any one coming nearer to his heart than herself, or as near. Even of these wishes she had been almost unconscious till others had forced them on her attention. Of Dick Rowan's friendships she could never have suffered from them. Here she stopped and set her Christian will and her maiden reserve as a barrier against her own imagination or the intrusive imaginations of others taking one step further. She was ready to fling her *Iloni soli qui malis genit* in the face of any evil speaker.

"Dick Rowan was a good friend to my childhood," she said, "and protected me from all physical danger and insult, and petted me with childlike fondness; and I have been grateful to him beyond the point of duty and to my own hurt. Carl Yorkie helped to form my opening mind, and patiently and carefully strove to endow me with his own knowledge, and may debt to him is a still higher one. I have a right, when he is going away, to bid him a friendly good-by, and I should be ashamed of myself if I were afraid to do so."

Carl stood in the door of his old home, and came down the steps, hat in hand, to assist her. She saw in his face that he felt doubtful whether his presence might not displease her.

"I am glad to see you, Carl," she said cordially. "I could not believe that you meant to go away without bidding me farewell."

"I would not have gone away without seeing you," Carl replied quietly; and they went into the house together. His face had lighted at her greeting. Evidently he liked his frank kindness, and the entire setting aside of all embarrassing considerations. He had been in the cruel position of a man who, with a high natural sense of honor, has suffered himself to be betrayed into an act which he cannot justify and is ashamed to excuse. Silence was best.

Edith was delighted with the homelike look of everything in the house and the good taste displayed in its arrangement.

"I can easily understand," Carl said, "why you and my mother wished to have as little new furniture as possible. I think we all prefer that which has friendly or beautiful associations."

He led her to a portrait conspicuously placed in the sitting room.

"I hung dear Alice's picture here," he said, "because I thought that her place was in the family circle." He staid. "It is astonishing how cruelly selfish men can sometimes be, without knowing it. Poor, dear Alice thought of me and I thought of myself. Well, she is safe dead, with no more need of me, and I am left with an unfeeling regret."

Edith was grieved and touched by his self-reproach, and was about to say some comforting words, when he turned to her with a smile. "And I am committing again the same fault which I confess," he said. "Edith comes out of a sick-room, weary and depressed, and I sadden instead of cheering her. Shall we look about the house?"

"They went up stairs, and he showed her the different chambers. "But we all concluded that you would prefer the one I used to have for my painting-room," he said. "It is up another flight of stairs, but well repays you for the climbing. You are an early bird, and there you will have the morning sunshine. It is the largest chamber in the house, and has the best view. How do you like it?"

Edith exclaimed with delight. Nothing could have suited her better. Through the windows were visible a wide sweep of sky and a pretty city view. Inside, the room was large, charmingly irregular, with alcoves and niches and the partial furnishing was fresh and of her own colors. Sea green and white lace made it a home fit for a mermaid. It was evident that a good deal of care had been used in preparing the place for her.

"You are so kind!" she said rather tremulously.

He affected not to notice her emotion. "All I have done in this house has been a labor of love and delight," he said, and led her to a picture which bore the mark of his own exquisite brush, the only picture on the walls. "This is to remember Carl by," he said. "It is painted partly from nature, partly from a description of the scene. It is a glimpse into what was called the Kentucky Barrans."

An opening in a forest of luxuriant beech, ash and oak trees showed a level of rich green, profusely flower-sprinkled. The morning sky was of a pure blue, with thin flecks of white cloud, and everything was thickly bedewed with dew. The fringe of the picture glittered with light, but all the centre was overshadowed by a vast slanting canopy of messenger pigeons, settling toward the earth. The sunlight on their glossy backs glanced off in brilliant azure reflections, looking as though a cataract of sapphires were flowing down the sky. Here and there, a ray of sunshine broke through the screen of their countless wings, and lit up a flower, or bit of green. An oriole was perched on a twig in the foreground, and from the hanging nest close by, his mate pushed a pretty head and throat. Startled by the soft thunder of that winged host, they

gazed out at it from the safe covert of their leafy home.

The two went downstairs into the sitting-room again. "Now, I want to tell you all my plans," Carl said.

They seated themselves, and he began: "I have thought best to make now the tour which I contemplated years ago. It must be now, or never, and I am not willing to relinquish it entirely. But I am not sorry that I was disappointed in going when I first thought of it, for I was not then prepared to derive the benefit from the journey which I now hope for. I should have gone then for pleasure and adventure; now I make a pilgrimage to gather knowledge. I tell you this, Edith, but I have concluded not to tell my mother. It seems cruel, and there has been a struggle in my mind, but I cannot do otherwise. I well remember how hard it was to win her consent before, and I believe she was truly glad of our loss of wealth, since it kept me at home. If I should tell her now, the struggle would be renewed and she would be ill. I am afraid, too, that I might be impatient with her, for I have no more time to throw away. So I shall tell her suppose that I am going to make a short visit in England, which is true. Once there, she will not be disturbed at my going over to France for a few weeks. After France, Switzerland follows of course, Italy is next door, and the East is not far from Italy. I have always observed that, when a thing is done my mother makes up her mind to it with fortitude; but if it is left to her to decide on anything painful, she is unable to do so, and the suspense is terrible to her. My father knows that. When he really means to do a thing, he is prompt and makes no talk about it. And, Edith, I shall not tell my sisters nor father, because it will seem more unkind if she is the only one who does not know, and it might compel them to practise evasion. I tell you alone, and I want you to promise me that, if my mother should begin to suspect, you will at once tell her all, and do what you can to quiet her."

"I promise you, Carl," Edith answered.

"You can also tell Mr. Rowan, if you have occasion to, if you wish to," he said, looking at her attentively.

She merely bowed.

"I think that you will approve of my plans," he went on with earnestness. "I have found what I believe to be my place and work in this vortex of the nineteenth century, and I wish to fill that place and do that work in the best manner I can. I have been offered a position as *attache* at one of our embassies, but I am not ready for that yet. I am not fit for anything that I wish to do."

Warming with his subject, Carl stood up, and leaned on a high chair-back opposite Edith while he talked. His face became animated, his manner had a charming cordiality and frankness. When his time should come for speaking or writing, or taking any part in the affairs of his country, he wished to be considered an authority, and to deserve that consideration. To that end, he must have more knowledge, not of courts, or camps, or books, though these were worth knowing, but of people as they live in their own homes, in their own lands, under laws strange to us. He wanted to know the world's poor, and the world's criminals, and the world's saints, wherever he could find them. "You have observed in drawing faces," he said, "how one little line will alter the whole expression. It is the same with arguments. A great, loose, superficial generalization may be as completely upset by one sharp little fact, as Goliath was by David. I want to have a shing fall of those facts. A plain hard truth may be made attractive by a single beautiful illustration; and I wish to gather illustrations from the whole world. I hate a sour patriotism, and I would not think, nor speak, nor write narrowly on any subject."

"I can perceive, Edith, that we have much to learn in this country, and I wish to be first taught myself, then to do my part in helping to teach others. We need to learn that the order of society, as well as of the heavenly bodies, depends on a centripetal, not less than a centrifugal force. At present we are all flying off on tangents. We need to learn that there is beauty and dignity in obedience, as well as in independence. We should see that it is better for a people to be nobler than their laws, than for laws to be nobler than the people; and that the living constitution of a living nation is not found on any parchment, but is the national conscience brought to a focus. Why, Edith, those very persons who boast themselves the most of the glorious fathers of our country are, perhaps, the persons of whom our country's fathers could they behold them, would be most unutterably ashamed. I do not mean to be presumptuous, dear; but I see which way my influence should go, and I mean to do my best to make that influence great, first by leading an honest life, and next by polishing my weapons to the utmost. I am talking confusedly. I give you but a rough sketch of my design. Two years, I think, will be the limit of my stay. I am so well prepared by my studies that I shall lose no time, and I have every facility of access to all places I wish to visit. What do you say to it, Edith?"

"I say God speed, with all my heart, Carl! Your aims are noble. I like to see you in earnest."

"I am in earnest, dear," he said. "I feel as a new planet might, that has been turning on its own centre without progress, and is all at once set spinning off on its orbit."

In the momentary silence that followed, Edith went to a book shelf filled with pamphlets, and looked them over. "O Carl!" she said brightly, "do you read these?"

"They were the numbers of *Brownson's Review*."

"I have read them more attentively than anything else," he answered, "and learned more from them. An American best understands the American mind. Pure reason is, of course, cosmopolitan; but reason is seldom so pure but a colored ray of individual or national character intrudes; and I like to choose my color. I think," he said, smiling, "that I have been quoting that *Review* to you. I leave them for my father to read."

Edith's eyes sparkled. "I thank God you are on this track, Carl!" she said. "The first I ever read in this *Review* was an article on De Maistre, and it solved for me a great difficulty. The fragments of truth that I had seen in the mythologies of different nations, and the beautiful Christian sentiments I had found among the pagans, had been a stumbling block to me; but when I read that all became plain. You make me very happy, dear Carl!"

"I do not think that I am pious," he said, after a moment. "My mind is clear on the subject, but my heart is unmoved. I do not wonder at that, and I am not sure but I prefer it so; to have light poured over my mind till my heart melts underneath, rather than have a mind imperfectly illuminated, and a heart starting up at intervals in little evanescent flames, which die out again, and leave ashes. The former is light from heaven; the latter suggests the Lucifer match to me. As I

at the time shall come, which I calmly await, when I have a clearer realization of the necessity of baptism, I shall ask to be baptized. Till then, I wish my intellectual convictions to be getting acclimated. My sacrifices must be ready before I invoke upon it fire from heaven."

"Oh! you remind me of St. John of the Cross," Edith said. "He says, 'Reason is but the candlestick to hold the light of faith.'"

"Precisely!" Carl replied. "Behold me, then, illuminated by a candlestick instead of a candle, but—aware of that lack. A friend of mine, a convert, told me lately that he had always regretted having hurried into the church, and to the sacraments, as he did. He did not realize anything, but received supernatural favors like one in a dream. He said that, though he was sincere, and would have given his life for the faith that was in him he was for a long time tormented by the habit of doubt. When at length that habit was broken he used some times to long to receive baptism over again or wished at least that his first communion had been postponed to the time of peace. A strong movement of the heart might perhaps have saved his trouble; but neither he nor I have been so favored."

"And yet," Edith said thoughtfully, "I should have supposed that the first conviction of truth would have moved your feelings. When my mind pointed that way my heart took wings, and flew along by itself, and left my thoughts behind. I am not sure that I have any intellect left in religion. I can think of reasons for anything, if I try, but it does not seem to me worth while, unless some one outside of the church wishes to know."

"That is a woman's way," Carl said, pleased with her pretty earnestness. "A woman goes heart first, or her head and heart go hand in hand, and her finest mental power is the intellect of noble passions. A man goes head first, and his highest power is reason." The silver bell of a clock warned them how long their interview had been. Edith rose. "I must say good bye to you for two years, then, Carl; but you have taken away the sting of parting. While you are on the road to truth, I am not afraid of any road for you as sea or land."

She gave him her hand. Large, bright tears stood in her eyes.

"Dear Edith, good-by!" he said, and could not utter another word.

They went down the steps together. The carriage-door opened and closed, there was one last glance, and they lost sight of each other.

They parted with pain, yet not unwillingly; for duty and honor yet stood with hands clasped between to separate them. Dick Rowan's pale face, as they had seen it that night sinking backward into the river, could be forgotten by neither.

When we have wronged a person, though it were unconsciously, we can no longer take the same delight in that pleasure which has given him pain. The pleasure may be no less dear to us, but the thought that it is to be reached only through the sufferings of one who has a claim on us, makes renunciation seem almost preferable to possession.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD-BYE.

It is well for us that faith is able to decipher what De Quincy calls "the hieroglyphic meetings of human suffering"; and that, though the interpretation should not at once be made plain to us, we may, at least, be sure that it is meritorious. As St. Peter stands supreme, holding in his hand the shining keys of heaven, which none but he can set in the wards and none but he can turn, so each Christian on earth is given the golden key to a personal heaven, and none but he can open the door, and none but he can close it. Within that door sits the Interpreter, and when the soul is still it hears his voice reading, with praise and amen, both day and night; and some riddles he makes clear, and on some he sets the seal with his Holy Name; and that is God's secret, and one day he will speak to the soul concerning it. He who seeks to tear away that seal finds only darkness and confusion; but he who folds his hands above it will at last be illuminated.

Never once during his trial had Dick Rowan rebelled against God, or questioned him. Nature might writhe in pain and forget for a time the words of praise, but it submitted; and, according to the tumult and darkness that had prevailed, so were the light and peace that followed. It was thorough work, as all the work in this soul had been from the first, and his convalescence was like a new birth.

On the morning after Edith's parting with Carl Yorkie, Dick remained in his room unvisited, keeping all his strength for that first drive. At length the carriage came to the door, and Mr. Williams, who had insisted on remaining at home to superintend what he called the "launching of his step son, came down stairs with Dick. Mrs. Williams, all smiles, followed after, rustling in silks, donned in honor of this great occasion. Edith and Ellen Williams stood in the entry, awaiting the little procession. Miss Ellen, blushing and huddled, was to accompany the two on their drive. Edith had preferred to stay at home and prepare for her evening exodus to Hester's.

"Way, Dick, you look like an Esquimaux!" she exclaimed. "I cannot even see your nose. How are you to get any fresh air?"

He laughed. "I told mother that I could not breathe anything but fur; but she is a tyrant."

"It isn't often I get the chance to play the tyrant over you," Mrs. Williams remarked, and began giving orders to have starchy hot soap-stones, and gay garters put into the carriage.

"Mother," her son exclaimed, "I am ashamed of having such a fuss made over me! I will run away. I will leave the country. I will go back to bed."

He really blushed and seemed annoyed.

They went out, and there was the parade of getting settled in their places. Mrs. Williams pleasantly conscious and her son distressfully so, that several of the neighbors were looking on with interest. The inquiries for Dick had, indeed, been constant from all the neighborhood, even from persons with whom they had no acquaintance. Not a woman, young or old, but had looked kindly on the young sailor, and known when he sailed away, and when he came back; not a child but smiled and nodded to him through the window when he passed. Of course they had all surmised that the lovely young girl whom they had seen there before, and who had now been taking care of him, was one day to be his wife. She divided their attention with him as she stepped on the step, and watched him drive away.

It was the hour of the steamer's departure; and when Edith was alone, she shut herself into her chamber, and, kneeling there, prayed fervently that God would keep the traveller wherever he might wander, and that, though far from her, he might be ever near to heaven.

She did not leave her room when she heard the others come home; and after a

while Mrs. Williams came to say that Dick would like to see her.

"We had a delightful drive, and he is not a bit the worse for it," the mother said. "He will be well enough to go to Mrs. Cleaveland's to see you, now; but I think he wants to have a good talk with you before you go away. He told me not to let any one interrupt."

Edith knew well what the summons meant, and with one upward aspiration, "O Spirit of light and truth!" she went immediately.

Dick was sitting in his arm-chair by the window when she entered, and he looked around with a bright smile and greeting, "Well, little sister!" and motioned her to a chair near him.

On hearing that title she stopped and clasped her hands on her bosom.

"It was a brother who sent for you," he said. "Come!"

She seated herself speechless, almost breathless.

"Edith, where is Carl Yorkie?" he asked gently.

She gave the answer with a quiet that looked like coldness. "He left in the steamer today for England. From there he continues his travels to the East; I do not know where else. No person is to know this but you and me, as his mother cannot be told."

The color and the smile left Dick Rowan's face. Surprise and pain for a moment deprived him of the power of speech.

"I am astonished and distressed!" he said at length. "I wished to see him to talk with him. But that he is not a Catholic, I should have wished to see you married, soon."

A deep blush of wounded delicacy rushed to Edith's cheeks. "Dick Rowan," she said, you have yet much to learn about women, or, at least, about me. Whatever feeling of sympathy and affection I may have had for Carl Yorkie, my conduct and conversation with him have been irreproachable, and so have my thoughts even. The thought of marriage has not crossed my mind. I do not wish to hear you speak of it."

Her dignified answer disconcerted him for a moment. He had made the mistake nearly always made by men, often made by women, of misinterpreting the nature, or, at least, the degree of development of an affection as yet angelically pure, if ardent.

"You were quite right in supposing that I would marry no one but a Catholic," she remarked.

"I have done you a great wrong, Edith," he said hastily, "and I wish to repair it as far as I can. But first, will you tell me why you promised to marry me?"

(To be continued.)

"THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER."

Dr. FERRIS—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion his wife induced her to try our "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before.

JAMES MILLER,  
4246 Jacob street, W. Va.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The following additional particulars relative to the accident on the Grand Trunk Railway yesterday are given.—The two engines leaped high in the air and came down together. One of the freight cars was thrown fully thirty feet from the track, and came down upon another car, on which it lodged. The end of one of the Pullmans was stove in. Two freight cars were utterly annihilated, and the two engines and tenders were crushed into a shapeless mass of splintered rubbish. When the men in charge of the trains saw the collision was inevitable, they jumped, and will probably escape without serious consequences. John Porter, fireman in the Grand Trunk Railway shop, St. Thomas, formerly employed in the same capacity in the Great Western Railway shops near, returning to St. Thomas, after a brief visit to his friends, sustained the most serious injuries, and has since died. He had foreseen the accident, and had reached the platform of the Pullman, just behind the tender, intending to jump, but at that moment the crash came, and he was wedged in between the Pullman and the tender, with only one hand visible. Engineer Fletcher also sustained injuries about the head and face. Conductor Dulmage had an arm broken, and Selby, a baggage-man, and four passengers sustained injuries, but, as far as ascertained, not serious. The passengers, when the trains came together, were thrown from their seats and huddled pell mell together, and for a time a scene of utmost confusion prevailed.

PROOF EVERY WHERE.

If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find exact evidence like their own, in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GRESHAM, Feb. 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—Brs.—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BRADWELL.

LYNCHING IN ILLINOIS.

A NEGRO TAKEN FROM THE JAIL AT MOUND CITY AND HANGED BY A MOB.

CAIRO, July 9.—Nelson Howard, the negro who killed John Kane, white, was taken out of the jail at Mound City before daylight this morning and hanged by a mob. Kane was a bridge carpenter and Howard a section hand on the railroad. They spent the 4th in Cairo, and were under the influence of liquor when they got on the train that left Cairo at 7 1/2 on the evening of the 4th. They quarrelled, and Howard stabbed Kane in the back. Kane then pulled a pistol, but he was too drunk to use it, and, before any one could interfere, Howard seized the weapon and shot Kane twice. The first shot made a slight wound on his forehead. The second entered his chest. Kane never spoke afterwards, death ensuing in about an hour. Nobody knew that Kane had been cut until after the shooting, when the knife wound was discovered. The tragedy occurred just as the train was entering the depot at Mound City. Howard jumped from the car and escaped, but he was found on the morning of the 5th, and jailed at Mound City. The lynchers numbered about thirty-five, and it is said by a negro man who claims to have seen them that they arrived on three head cars from Cairo at about 2 o'clock in the morning. They all wore masks, and had evidently matured their plans before starting on their mission. Disembarking from their hand cars in the depot, they first forced open a tool house and secured a large spike hammer. Then they proceeded to the jail. The jailer met them outside the door, and, in response to a request for the keys, said they were in possession of the Sheriff. Some of the men seized the jailer and held him a prisoner, while the others broke down the jail door. Howard

heard them, and set up a piteous howl. When they got inside they found Howard in an iron cell. They broke off the lock and seized their victim. He fought hard, and they had to shoot him three times. They dragged him out fighting and screaming. The negro, who says he saw the lynchers come in on the hand-cars, ran to the school house and rang the bell, but if anybody heard the alarm they suspected what was going on and did not come to interfere. Howard was taken to a tree about twenty yards from the jail and strung up. Then the mob got on their hand cars and disappeared in the darkness.

FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.

His Last Appeal made for Little Hungry Children.

On Sunday, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardner street, Dublin, the great pulpit orator, Father Burke, O.P.; the Lacordaire of this generation, preached an eloquent and touching sermon on behalf of the destitute children of Donegal before an immense congregation, including the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and some of the leading Catholic citizens of Dublin. There was something singularly touching in the fact that the distinguished preacher had only just recovered from a severe attack of illness, and (as he forcibly put it himself) had come from his sick bed to advocate the cause of the starving children of Donegal. As Father Burke ascended the pulpit immediately after the first Gospel of the last Mass, all eyes were directed towards him. He looked pale, and the traces of the severe ordeal through which his health had passed were visible on his fine and expressive features. As soon however, as he opened his lips a sympathetic thrill passed through all present. The fascination of an eloquent tongue which may be said to have moved an entire world was again felt, and the congregation appeared literally spell-bound. Having read the Gospel of the day, the subject of which was the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the preacher said we had here a wonderful miracle performed by our Divine Lord for the relief of a starving multitude. After three days and three nights, during which they had not tasted food, the multitude became faint with hunger. Our Lord's heart was touched with compassion, and having learned that a few loaves and fishes still remained, He multiplied this small quantity of food in such a wonderful manner that four thousand persons were fed, leaving a large portion of the loaves and fishes unconsumed. There could not, Father Burke went on, be more appropriate Gospel for the purpose of introducing the subject which brought him before them that day. He appeared before them to plead the cause, not of 4,000 persons, but

5,000 POOR LITTLE CHILDREN THREATENED WITH STARVATION IN THE MOUNTAINS of Donegal. They had been supported for a long time by the exertions of a zealous and benevolent Catholic lady, who had been seeking relief for them for weeks and months, and had preserved them from the pangs of starvation and death. Now, however, the funds which she had by almost superhuman efforts been able to collect, were well nigh exhausted, and there remained in her hands barely sufficient means to support these poor famished children for one week and three days more. What an appalling thing it was to contemplate that if charitably did not step in to avert this impending calamity, the spectre of famine would appear in those children's midst in the short space of one week and three days!—one short week!—then Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday pass by, and on Thursday the grave opens, and these innocent little ones must perish of hunger! Such would not be the children's fate if timely relief did not come to save them from death; but he knew and felt that the fountains of charity would never be closed when he addressed an Irish audience. He had often appeared before in the pulpit to advocate the cause of charity, but never, he might say, the cause of a charity which appealed so strongly to the noblest feelings of humanity. The very rev. preacher here made a very pathetic allusion to himself. He had been asked to plead today the cause of these poor children, and he had at first been anxious,

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should advocate their cause. But he thought of the horrors impending over these children's heads, and he could not refuse to come even from a bed of sickness to plead on their behalf, he only regretted that he could not speak at more length and with greater energy; but a cause like this required neither length of time nor efforts of eloquence. Therefore, in the name of God and charity, and on the part of the thousands of poor Catholic children, he appealed to them. He left their cause before the altar of God. He left it in their hands and in the hands of that God who had declared that whatever they did to any of His little ones, believing in him, would be done to Himself. If they acted now in the true spirit of charity, Father Burke said in conclusion, the Giver of all good gifts would bestow upon them every blessing both in life and in death.

The preacher's powerful and pathetic appeal produced a visible effect upon the congregation. After Mass a meeting was held in the vestry, and it was ascertained that no less than £112 had been collected since the conclusion of the sermon.

Amongst those present were the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Hon. G. W. T. Molesell, Sir Patrick Keenan, Sir John Lantaigne, Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M.P.; Alderman Campbell, Mr. David Plunkett, Mr. G. F. Waters, &c. The chair was taken by the Lord Mayor, and a vote of thanks to Father Burke was proposed by the Hon. Mr. Molesell, and seconded by Sir Patrick Keenan. After this a resolution was proposed by Sir John Lantaigne, and seconded by Alderman Campbell, to the effect that the best thanks of all present were due to the Jesuit Fathers for their zeal and charity in the cause of the suffering children of Donegal. The Rev. J. Gaffrey, S.J., suggested that honorable mention should be made of Mrs. Power Lalor, whose efforts on behalf of those destitute children were beyond all praise. This proposal having been received with general approbation, the proceedings were brought to a close.

TORNADOES SCIENTIFICALLY ACCOUNTED FOR, AND SOME REMEDY OFFERED THAT PRODUCES PAINFUL RESULTS EXPLAINED.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace B. Hamilton before the New York Society for the promotion of science, contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit:—

There is probably no subject of modern times that has caused and is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it for the benefit of humanity; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexatious subject long considered, and through all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however, is certain: the cause of the cyclone has not been sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are powerful; its cause must also be powerful. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbances—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional confirmation in the fact that tornadoes come during the day and not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvellous effect of the sun upon vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone, the speaker went on to say:—

This rule finds its application in nearly every department of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument manipulated by his fingers, in New York. The President makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House, and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An unconscious and disgust with everything in life, commonly called home sickness, is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An unconscious pain may be felt in the hand. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head. The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The slight pains in the head increase to agonies. The nausea becomes chronic. The heart grows irregular, and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have a definite cause; and, after years of deep experience upon this subject, I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys or liver far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidneys or liver. Very true. Neither have we any evidence that there is a tornado on the surface of the sun; but it is none the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not only by reason of their aggravating nature, but because I had never felt any pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach, nearly every day. I felt a great desire to eat, and yet I lost my food. I was constantly tired and still I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was while suffering thus that a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover my health. I sneered inwardly at his suggestion, but I was too weak to make any resistance. He furnished me with a remedy, simple yet palatable, and within two days I observed a slight change for the better. This awakened my courage. I felt that I would not die at that time. I continued the use of the remedy, taking it in accordance with directions, until I became not only restored to my former health and strength, but of greater vigor than I have before known. This condition has continued up to the present time, and I believe I should have died as miserably as thousands of other men have died and are dying every day had it not been for the simple yet wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I employed.

The lecturer then described his means of restoration more in detail, and concluded as follows:

My complete recovery has caused me to investigate the subject more carefully, and I believe I have discovered the key to most ill health of our modern civilization. I am fully confident that four fifths of the diseases which afflict humanity might be avoided were the kidneys and liver kept in perfect condition. Were it possible to control the action of the sun, cyclones could undoubtedly be averted. That, however, is one of the things that cannot be. But I rejoice to say that it is possible to control the kidneys and liver; to render their action wholly normal, and thus effect upon the system the effect of purifiers rather than poisoners. This end has been accomplished largely by means of the remedy I have named. I do not have a doubt, and I feel it my duty to make this open declaration for the enlightenment of the profession and for the benefit of suffering humanity in all parts of the world.

**BORN WITH TEETH.**

AMSTERDAM, N.Y., July 11.—Today an Italian baby was born in one of the shanties for the West Shore laborers with a perfect set of upper teeth. It is perfectly natural otherwise. The father, Francesco Curicchio, considers the phenomenon an evil sign, and is so distressed that he has given up work and gone to Schenectady to consult friends.

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