Trask's pout grew with her contri-

ing. "Why not? He will not defen ilmself" "But you surely cannot approve

Bah!" came from the augry Trask

He could at least have given Kate wavered. That's true," she said, "he should

hat's true," she said, "he should been a genti-man. Still, that not prove him a cow ud". Il wager that I can prove him a dd," observed Licutenant Honues, safely, too." 'Acto wise to do it safely, 'supple-

"and Sacre,
"Tweet was to do it sacre,
mented Miss Fortune.
"One time at home we exposed a
beating captain, who would have had
"think him the bravest man of

True," went on Holmes, but cant has nothing to do with it. In a captain, view the inight approached by five of his fellow-officies disjusted as inglations waymen, and dispute his declarations that he had fought dozins of such men, he tan like a hound, sereaming murder all the way. Why not test your captain's courage as we tested ours, alies Fortune?"

rs, Miss Fortune?"
'In the first place, I could not be very impressive highwayman, and in

a very impressive highwayman, and in the second pirce, he might shoot."
"You have plinty of men at your command who would serve as Indians for such an experiment," ejaculated variey. arney. "Egad! We all would'" exclaimed

would be willing to kin you it you were Indians."

"We might as well give up the plan, for we could not force him to leave town without a bodyguard," sneered Trask.

"Fie! That is easy. Miss Fortune could ask him to ride with hen into the forest, and he would go blindly enough," said Holmes.

"I?" "cried Kate, blushing to think of herself in that position after Studdiford's proclamation. "I could not do such a thing. Prove him a coward, but do not ask me to help you."

a coward, but do not ask me to help you."
"Holmes is right, and Miss Fortune should be willing to make the test. She is his defender; she cannot refuse to satisf, heiself of her error in this harmless yet effective way," announced big Fairing, and every member of the party inid siege against Kate's faitering opposition. The fun of it all finally appealed to her, and she rather timidity agreed to the proposition. How could she ask him to ride with hor earter what had passed between them? He would think her unwomanly, and, strangely enough, with that thought she began to feel that she must have his good opinion. Yet she went, half dublously, into the plot to prove a coward of the man she was beginning

coward of the man she was beginning to admire
The details of the scheme were submitted by the men, and were as follows: -Kate was to ask him to ride
horse-back with her to Big Fork, five
miles through the forest, on some near
afternoon, and the men were to bedeck
themselves as Indians, attack them,
take her from his custody, and hurry
her off into apparent capitity, while
te trembled with fear and inaction.
"But suppose he should happen to
be disappointing, and shoot somebody,"
objected Lucy Galnes.
"Oh, he must have no chance to do

objected Lucy Gaines.

"Oh, he must have no chance to do that," sail Varney. "Miss Fortune can induce him to discharge his pistols in some feat of marksmanship, and we will swoop down before he can reload them." " How

Ante. "How you had been a fair test of bravery? An unarmed man against five brawny Indians! I'll have none of it. His pistols must remain undisturbed."

But, good heavens! he may kill us all." cried Trask.

"Well, how else is he to prove his courage? You must take your chances gentlemen with your

"Well, how else is he to prove his corrage? You must take your chances, rentiemen with your coward. If he is coward, y u need not fear his piscols, though ae had a dozen; if he is ot, then you may have to run from here."

not, then you may have to the hom."

"Allow us to capture you, and offer him the privilege of fighting for your liberty, choosing his own weapons. If he agrees to fight for you instead of taking his proffered freedom, we will leave the field to him, and you may call him hero. That is fair, is it not?" proposed Farring.

"You will not hurt him?" asked

ou will not me., doubtingly.

urt him? We shall not even catch

Kate, doubtingly.
"Hurt him? We shall not even catch
him. He will leave you, and fly for
his life," cried Trask.
"I tell you now, gentlemen, if he
stands the test and disproves your
taunts against his valor, my respect
for him will be far more than you can
ever hope to inspire. Yet, after all,
it will be a diversion; it will be fun to
see how he will act," musec the fair
plotter.

tter.
required all of Kate's courage and It required all of Kate's courage and a dismal sacrifice of pride to suggest the ride to Captain Studdifford, but she did it the next marning, stopping him near the fort after having walked thirty feet behind for more than two hundred yards. She was a trifle insecure as to her valor in this preliminate with the preliminate was selen.

The rosiness of her cheeks might have been by others attributed to the child of the December morn, but she knew they were the flames from an inward

Captain Studdiferd's heart thumped nusually fast as he looked down into Captain Suddifferd's heart thur unusually 'set us he looked down the piquant face and big blue o which for the first time since he known them wore a gleam wave on embatrassment. They were soft and timid this morning, there something appealing in their temp doubts.

depths
"May I not walk with you? I am
" wour way," were her first words

Whither, pray?"
"Oh, to"—and here she blushed, for truth she had no destination—"to ma Corwin's," she concluded in re-

Did 1 say Anna Corwin?"

'Did I say Anna Corwin?"
'If I am not deaf."
'Then I aust have meant some one clee, to be sure I did—how queer of me I am golng to Lucy's You cannot say, slt that she does not live in this direction. I'll not walk with you fryou are bound to be parifular though." Her little cars were very red.

passed the none of the left her at the door, his heart exultant, hers all a-flutter.

The next afternoon the two rode forth from Jamestown and into the forest, following the well-made road which led to the westward beneath the red and yellow oaks. Half an hour previous to their departure, five young men had ridden from the home of Lucy Gaines, strange bundles strapped to the saddles. Above all things they had cautioned Kate to demand the captain's proof of marksmanship at a point near Big Fork.

It was with some consternation, notwithstanding all the plotting, that Kate observed the big pistols at the explain's side, and the heavy sword which jangled against his leg. That jangling sword gave her the tremors, had she cast many furtive glances toward its chain and scabbard. At last she was compelled to ask:—

"How can you, I pray, use such a monstrous sword, Captam Studdiford? It must have been made for a giant"

"It was, it was my great-great-grandfather's over a century ago. See! It is sciviceable, even in ny weak hand." He oulled the gleaning blade, leng and heavy, from its scabbard and swept it downward through he also so fercely that it resembled a wide sheet of silver. Kate's blue eyes grew wide with apprehension, a cold chill selzed upon her, and her ruddy face paled. He returned the weapon to its sheath with such forceful crash that she started violently in her saddle, her little teeth clicking in sheer affright.

"I could cleave a man's skull in twain as easily as you can cut an ap-

affright.

"I could cleave a man's skull in the train as easily as you can cut an apple. Would that we could meet a war-like Indian that I could show you how it meits my praire."

"Goodness." gasped Kate, hopelessly; "you would not strike a-a-man with it, would you?"

"It he were an enemy. For you.

"Goodness;" gasped Kate, hopelessan by; "you would not strike a—amm with it, would you?"

"If he were an enemy. For you, loved one, I could cut down an army."
Their horses duew more closely side by side, and the flerce, strong hand was gently laid upon her trembling flupers. Tenderly clasping the little one he big one raised it until it touched the lips of him who leaned across to kize it. Their eyes met as he raised his read. His were full of love, ners with a pleading dread, the uncertain guiver between love and fear. Withcut a world he dropped the hand, suddenly sick at heart.

"I could die for her and she despites me," he groaned to himself.
"Oh, what have I—have we done? she thought, a thousand fears gothering in her heart. "He is no cowration and he will kill one of them! How can I tell him—how can I save thellives? He will denise me! That awful sword! A man's skull! Ohdar! He called me—how can I keep him from using the sword? The pistols I can manage, and—perhaps they will not be there.

'I am glad to have afforded muscinent, Mistress Fortum a gy tear my heart to shreds"

Her manner changed instantly Tears lew to the blue eyes and her hand

Het manner changed instantly Tears flew to the blue eyes and het hand erept toward him.

"For_sho me, pray, Captam Studditad, 1 1 did not mean to burt you like the property follows, but you had been seen to be cause the tear to be cause the cause he had not to ched it. "And it is our last afterned, "it is our last afterned, "at the word of the property."

"Last ?" she repeated, faintly "Yes, for I shall not see you again."

"Oh—you—you—do not mean that "I have asked to be transferred to Williamsburg. I—I have not one priend in Jamestown, why should I stay here "he cited, bitterly.

But you have," she exclaimed, togerly, you have I am your friend."

"Friend. That is not what I ask

you," he said, almost gruffly. Silence, book in only by the clafter the hoers upon the road followed s words. In her confusion she had

If you are bound to be pattle or though? It is rillite area were very red.

"I beg you to torgive me, and allow me to walk with you," cried the captain eagerly.

"I like that much better. No matter of I were coincy to Numbs and chose a remarkance of the mental of the first way. The summary and chose a remarkance of the mental of the first way.

"Be it miles I would walk it with thee," cried he, smilling at her merry vanity.

"Oh, would you do that?" she asked, suddenly seeing her way clear. Yet in spite of all her composure deserted her, and she blurted it out, turning red again. "I'm dying to ride to Big Fook to-morrow, but I have no one to accompany me. Would you like to go?" Then to herself: "What a fool he thinks me."

"Gladly, but are we sure there are no stray Indians about?" he asked, rather audely.

"He is afraid," she thought, with strange despondinment. "If you are afreid, we will not go." she said, a trille coldly.

"Atfaid? Not for myself, but for you. We will go if you like, and I should redoct to meet all of the Indians in Virginia if it will please you."
So they made their plans, and she was so loth to leave him that he was forced to remind her that they had gassed the home of Lucy Gaines, a full furling or more. He left her at the door, his heart exultant, hers all a dutter.

The next afternoon the two rode forth, from Jamestown and line the forest in the captain of the way without and that we would be to the part of the war-painted pointers two miles away waiting to rink a coward of her heto. A touch of the many and that the door, his heart exultant, hers all a dutter.

The next afternoon the two rode forth, from Jamestown and line the forest affect, he was a son the results of the mental the was to the accompany of the war-painted pointers two miles away waiting to rink a coward of her heto. A touch of the many and that the pass of the part in the play, and that the door, his heart exultant, hers all a dutter.

The next afternoon the two rode forth from Jamestown and line the forest and the pa

bried her part in the play, and that the plot would have been carried out had she not seen the great swing of that fearful svoid What havoc it would nave wrought! And he was to leave Jemestown! Without a friend, he had zaid. How could he say that?

In the midst of these varying thoughts she allowed her safesting.

to leave Jemestown! Without a friend, he had zaid. How could he say that?

In the midst of these varying thoughts she allowed her softening eyes to wander from him toward the trees above, and the stripping brush beneath their knotty limbs. A suppressed scream called the captain's attention to her staring eyes. They were blinking with consternation.

Deep in the underbrush she had seen the form of an Indian warrior: Horrors! The sword!

"What do you see?" cried he, staring toward the nov deserted brush.

"Nothing-nothing!" she gasped.

"Yes—I mean, that red bird! See?

Do shoot if for me—I must have it! Isn't it beautiful?' She was excitedly pointing toward a red bird in the top binanches of a big oak.

He drew his platols and deliberately aimed with one of them. The shot innseed and the bird datted away.

"Oh, goodness!" she' cried. "Try the other one!"

"But the bird is gone."

"But the bird is gone."

"But the bird is gone."

"Is it? So it is—but, quick! See if you can cut off that twig up there—the one with three red leaves. I wager you cannot! Quick, and then we will ride for hom."

"Why o're you so ex.'ted?"

"I am not the least bit excited—I never are! Why do you not shoot at that twig?"

You try it," he surprised her by say lng, pushing a platol into her hand.

'You try it," he surprised her by say ing, pushing a pistol into her hand. Without a word or aim she blazed away at the sky, and his litearms were useless. She handed the smoking pistol to him with a laugh.
"Would it not be awful if Indians came upon us?" she cried, with strange exultation. "But mount and race with me to the spring!"
"As the capitain placed his foot in the strup a yell burst from the thicket.

As the captain placed me control of the ket, stirrup a yell burst from the thicket, an arrow whized above their heads, and a half-dozen flerce warriors were deading toward them.

and a half-dozen flerce warriors were dashing toward them.
"Do not use your sword!" she screamed.

Before the bewildered soldier could catch his breath an ugly brave was in the road, not ten feet away, knife in hand. Out whizzed the sword!

Before the bewildered soldier could catch his breath an ugly brave was in the road, not ten feet away, knife in hand. Out whizzed the sword!

Kate screamed in agony, clasping her hand over her eyes.

"". ey are friends. Do not strike."
But it was too late. The streak of steel cut the air. A sickening thad, a surgling howl, and the assailant felibia head half severed from his body. An instant later the big Englishman was in als saddle. A second slash and an Indian at his side went down beneath the ancestral blade!

The two horses plunged forward as a brawny redskin grasped her arm and she felt herself being diarged to the ground. Then a hand clasped her other arm, a big form leaned ever behind her far across the back of the horse. She heard the hiss of something cutting the air, the crash as of splitting wood, a scream of agony, and the Indian's ruthless, areap was loosened. He, horse stumbled and seemed to totter beneath her, but again that arm from aloft ex-

ette i itself, und it seemed as it she were being litted to the treetops. Al-more before she could realize it she was upon another horse, clasped in the arm of us idder, and they were off like the wind.

of its lider, and they wind.

Suddenly she felt the form of the bain who held her drop forward with a kroan, and then situatishten again slowly. Exultant yells came from behind them, seevial arrows whized but the statement was heard but shorty. Exultant yells came from behind them, sev. 1al arrows whizzed past, and then aught was heard but the thurder of horses' hoofs upon the frozen band. As her eyes opened involuntarily, terror possessing them, they fell upon the seene far behind. Two hundred yards away her own norse lay struggling in the road, two human forms stretched near it, another draggling itself to the roadside. Three frathere Indians were some fitty yards nearer, sesticulating wildly. Her brain whirred and buzzed, and-tenselousness was lost!

When she regained her benses she was lying upon the ground. With the she was lying upon the ground. With feelbe cyes she glanced wonderingly about Tx a tree near by a horse was likelied, beneath her body were the biankets from the back of the man. All was a dream she could account for bothing. Statidified, was leaning against the big oak, coatless, and as pale as a gloot. Deep lines stretched across, his brow and down his mouth his oyes were closed, as if in pain.

An involuntary moan escaped her line, and the capitain was it her side abmost before it bad died away. She wis cround:—

"Oh, what have I done? What have

"Oh, what have I done? What have I done "
"Calm yourse'f, dearest! You are safe—entirely so. See, we are alone, far from those devils. It is but a mile to Jamestown. Be brave and we will soon be at home," he nurmured hearisely, knieling at her side and lifting her to a sitting posture.
"Home! I can never go home! Oh God, you do not know—you do not know!"
"There, there! Now, be quiet—""
"How would sou know? I am a mur-

God, you do not know—you do not know!"

"There, there! Now, be quiet——"
"How could you know? I am a murderss—I am the wretch! Kill me—I cannot live!" she walled.
"Hush!" he cautioned, lovingly.
"You could not know—you did not know them, Captain Studdiford!" she cried, sitting bolt upright, glaring wildly about her, then shudderingly plunging her white face against his bostm. "They were not Indians," she almost whispered.
"Not Indians!" he gasped.
"God forgivs me—no! It was all a tick—to test your courage—for—give me—to test—to test—oh! and I allowed you to kill them!"

ed you to kill them!"
"Speak! Go r! What do you "Speak! Go r! What do you mean?"
""hey were our friends—not Indians! My dearest friends! Oh, bow is it that I am not struck dead for this? Please Heaven, let me die!" she walled.
"My God!" he exclaimed, after the first bewildering shock. "A trick—and."

If have killed—oh, it cannot be true:"
He leaped to his feet, allowing her to fall from his side to the ground, where she lay, a wretched, shivering heap. With a feroclous oath he snatched the

With a fercolous oath he snatched the big sword from the ground, and turned upon ber, with eyes blazing, muscles quivering. She was looking up as him, those wide blue eyes gleaming piteously. "Kill me !" she murmured, and closed her eyes to await the stroke. His big arm relaxed, the sword fell from his nerveless grasp, clanging to the ground. When she reopened her eyes after an age of suspense she saw him leaning aximist the tree, his body shaking with sobs. A second glance and she started to her feet, alarmed.

Oh," she gasped; "you-you are

ing was torn, and an ugly, gaping wound feered at her.

"Oh," she gasped; "you—you are hurt!"

"Hurt!" ht groaned. "They have killed me. You have killed me—you and you, friends. I hope you—are—satisfied—with—your—see?"

As he sank to the ground he pointed to the cruel arrow which he had torn from his side. It lay not far away, grim and bloody.

The horrified girl glanced at it help-lessly, and then at the unconscious man, unable to realize. Then, she cried aloud in her agony and threw herself upon the prostrate form moaning—"Dead! Dead! Speak to me, Raiph—look up! I love you—I worship you! You shall not leave me!" She kissed the pallid face, caressed the chilling head, sobbing:—"Forgive me! Forgive me!" Forgive me! Forgive me! Forgive me! An hour afterward the clatter of hoofs upon the road aroused her from the sem!—unconsciousness condition into which her grief had resolved itself. Through the gathering darkness she saw horsemen approaching—Indian riddrs. A moment later they were dismounting at her side, and well-knew voices were calling to her:

"Are yo, hurt?"

"What has happened?"

"Killed? My God!"

It was Farring, Trask, and the other plotters, recking with excitement. Their horses were wet from the ferceness with which they had ridden.

"Do not touch him! You have killed him?" she cried, striving to shield the body from Farring's anxious touch.

"Killed him? Good God, Kate! Where did you meet them?" cited Farring, as Trask, apulled her from Studdifon's side.

"Are you not dead?" she finally whispered to the mon.

"Wo? He killed three of them—split their heads! But the wretches put an arrow into him, after all! What a dreadful thing we have dene: 'Early tricked him to his death!" cried

split their heads! But the wr put an arrow into him, after What a dreadful thing we have Fairly tricked him to his death!' pcor 'Trask.

Kure
'Heavens, no' We found the Indiana diagging their dead from the toad three miles back, and knea that semething terrible had hapened'
"Thank God! I am spaced that But he inust not die-ne shall not! I leve him! Do you near? I love I'm!"
Ever these weeks the deline of that it.

But he must not dic—ne shall not! I leve him! Do you near? I love I im!
Leve him! Do you near? I love I im!
For three weeks the victim of that the fact trick hung between life and death Sursery was crude in the coloniler, and the first evidence of real ration was due more to his rugged constitution than to the skill of his doctors. The poor fellow rolled and tossed upon one of Mrs. Fortune's sot beds, oblivious to the kind offices of those about him. They had taken him at Kate's command, and she had worn herself to a shadow with anguish, love, and permanee. She watched him by day and by right—in her restless dreams; her whole existence was in the tossing vietm of her folly. Every twitch of that stan-stricken body seemed to show her that he was shrinking from her in harted Her pictly face was white and disawn, the blue eyes dark and pittid, and the merry mouth plaintive in its tender hoj elessness.

And these Jovial tricksters—those had perced over his lack of cours age, the testing of which they had undertaken—they were smitten by their own shame. The flery Trask, the polished Furling, the inguises lidiness, with all Jamestown, nayed for his recovery, and spared no pains to bring to life and health the man who had won that which they had relinquished hope of Kate could not forget the look of discuss she had seen unon Studditoria.

good Kate could not forget the look of dis-Kate could not forget the look of dis-guest she had seen upon Studdiford's face as he stood above her with the great sword in his angry hand. His first thought had been to kill her. Sitting beside him, bathing the feve-el brow, caressing the rumpied hair, holding his restless hands, she could feel her heart thumping like lead, so

ed brow, caressing the could feet her heart thumping like lead, so heavy had it grown in the fear of his awakening.

Finally the doctors told her that he would recover, that the feven was broken. Then came the day when he slept, cool and quiet, no trace of fever, no sign of pain.

It was then that Kate forsook him, bitrying herseif in her distant room, guilty and heartbroken, fearing above all things on earth the first repellant glance he would bestow upon her. Once, while he slept, she peered through the door, coing back to her room and her spinning with tears blinding the spinning with tears blinding the plaintive line eyes.

At last one day her mother came from the captain's room, and said to

from the captain's room, and said to her gently:—

'Kate. Captain Studdiford asks why you do not come to see him. He tells me that for three days he has suffered because you have been so unfired because you have been so unkind. Go to him, dear; he promises he will not plead his love if it is so distrateful to you."

Distasicful! The girl grew faint with wonder. Her limbs trembled, her with wonder. Her limbs trembled, her ears roared with the rush of blood from her heart.

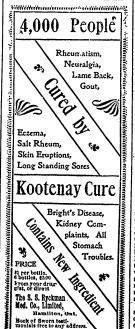
"Mother!" she whispered at last, steadying herself against the wall. "Are you sure, mother?"

steadying herself against the wall. "Are you sure, mother?"

"That he wants you? My child, his eyes fill with tears when he thinks of you. I have seen them moisten as ne lies looking from the window—" But Kate was gone.

When Mrs. Fortune opened the door of the sick man's room soon afterward she drew back quickly, closed it again, lifting her eyes aloft, murmured:—" God make them happy!"

"What are you laughing at ?"
an advertisement in the paper, sa
that the man who ad appropri
my umbrella at the reception-room
known. Thus weie turner ween
known. Thus weie turner
brellas at my house before telepamorning, and I met a messenger
in every block on the way down."



VIGOROUS OLD AGE,

MR. WM. ELLIOTT TELLS HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

Hau Been Subject to Fainting Spails and Cramps - Was Gradually Growing Weaker and Wesker.

Prom the kebe, Plateville, Oat

Dr. Williams' Pub. Pulls have attained a most enreable repuration in this
community. Probably no other medicione has had such a large and merceing sale here. The reason is that this
medicine cures. Old and young allies
are burefuted by its use. Recently we
printed an account of a remarkable
cure of a well-known lady of this place
ture of the life, and enco publishing that
we have heard of another similar case.
Mr. Wm Elliott, a farmer living case.
Mr. Wm Elliott, a farmer living case.
Mr. with such that the life is a well known figure there.
Although an old man he almost daily
walks to the village, a destance of
nearly a mile, for his mail. Many
years ago he came from Scotland to
the farm on which he now lives to
the farm on which he now lives and
oleared it of forest. In conversatior,
with him, he related to an Echo reporter the following: "I am 78 years
of ago and strong and healthy for an
old man. Mine has been a vigorous
constitution and up till sax years ago
I hardly know what it was to hate
a mays time such a lives a lives
constitution and up till sax years ago
I hardly know what it was to hate
a mays time shown in the men health
began to fail. I became subject to
cramps in a stome. I was resisted
by dectors, but received no benefit. In
gradually grow weaker and as I was
past the three owners and ear I was
past the three owners and ear thought
bean to life the faintness
coming on, but this I refused to do. I
had read in the papers of Dr. Williams
Pink Pills and often I would have to be
carried back to the house entrely helpless. The doctors said my trouble was
general weakness due to old age and
advised me to carry some stimulant
with me to use when I felt a faintness
coming on, but this I refused to do. I
had read in the papers o

The man and the ma

J. M. + J. D .- Urgent Appeal.

For the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, help a poor priest whose Church of St. Denis, at Athons, Oat., is burden, ed. with a debt of \$2,000 (two thousand dollars)—a very large sum for the pastor, and people of St. Denis to pay and which they cannot pay tuless sided by the charitable abroad.

and people of St. Denis to pay; and, which they cannot pay unless aided by, the charitable abroad.

My lamented predecessor, Revy-2503, 14 Kelly, actuated by his zeal for the smerca rification and salvation of sonis, which is the approbation of the late Archibishop of Kingston, built this Church a few years ago. Eather Kelly-aaw that the few Catholi families in and around the village of Athens. being for the most, part very peor, could not pay for this truly beautiful church, so he set out for his native Province of Quebec and, collected a large sum of money among the good people there who know and loved him. It was Fahre Kelly's mtention to continue collecting in Quebec until the continue collecting the good could be a sea of the continue collecting the good could be supposed to the continue collecting the good control of collecting had to be abandoned. After Eather Kelly's death I was appointed by the late Archbishop of Kingston to succeed him. I am a stranger in this country, not known to the Bishops, priests mor people outside the diocese of Kingston, cousequently I could not ask collections from them. It is conceded by all that I have the poorest mission in the diocese of Kingston, and therefore it comes particularly hard upon me when I have to draw ouny searty all that I have the poorest mission in the diocess of Kingston, and therefore it comes particularly hard upon me when I have to draw ou my scanty resources to keep the interest of this dobt paid. May tool inspire you to aid no in this good work. He was the send of the paid of the p

Rev. J. J. Collins, Trevelyan P.O., Leeds County, Ont.

Trevelyan P.O., Local Connty, Ont.
In connection with the above it is inconnection with the above it is inconnection or to write and acknowledge every dollar that I receive However, I beg to return my most heartfeit thanks to the good priests and people who have so generously and so prompily responded to my humble and pathetic appeal. May the God of charity bless their generous hearts and may He give thom and their friends a place in His own most Sacred Heart. It is humiliating to me, beyond expression, to have to beg, but I do not beg for myself. I am in great trouble, fearing that my little caurch will get into the heads of the Sheriff, and which will eventually happen unless many, very many mere, will come to my aid bosides those who have done so already.

my aid bosides those who have done or already.

Surely there are two thousand charitable people in this fair Dominion who can give the sum of one dollar in a holy cause and not miss it, but on the ocu-traryfwill receive many blessings.