

The Motherland Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

America The members of the supporters resident in St. Mary's Congregational District of the candidates elected by the Catholic Association for the South field Ward. Belfast, was held in St. Mary's Hall, under the presidency of the Bishop of Down and Connor the Most Rev. Dr. Henry. The proceedings passed off quietly from beginning to end. The Most Rev. Dr. Henry, the priests, and the candidates coming on the platform were received with great enthusiasm.

A singular occurrence took place at Kinnegor, near Armagh. A child, aged nine months, named Anita (Grace Rolston) belonged to a farmer named James B. It was ferociously attacked by a ferret which the father kept for the purpose of ferreting rabbits and rats.

At the Petty Sessions, held at Lurgan, Dr. James M. Moore was charged with having on the 21st August last and on other dates cruelly ill-treated a lad named James M. Kinley, he being under 14 years old. He was returned for trial.

The Hon. Henry Maxwell, Lord Farnham's eldest son, died at Castle Sanderson, County Cavan, from the effects of a bicycle accident.

The death is announced of the very Rev. Father Beecher, P.P. New townsham. For more than fifty years he had been an earnest and edifying priest in a diocese where great priests have always flourished in large numbers. He had attained a patriarchal age, and, though for a considerable time past he was unable to discharge the parochial duties with his former energy, yet, even in his increasing infirmity, his daily life was the admiration of all who knew him. His death removes one of the oldest priests of the diocese of Cloyne, and almost breaks the link which bound the present generation to a remote and honored past.

White House, Ballymagroarty, died at his residence after a brief illness. The deceased gentleman was the only surviving brother of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry, with whom profound sympathy is felt. He was a County Justice and was one of the governors of Derry Lunatic Asylum Board.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, speaking in Donegal in reply to an address of welcome, described the present method of government in Ireland. "We are ruled," said His Eminence, "not by the Queen of England, not by the Ministry of England, but by a small clique in a corner of the North of Ireland, who rejoice in the name of the Loyal Association of Orange men." No matter how fair the promises, no matter how honest the intention of the Governors of Ireland, "one tap on the Orange drum" can make them lay aside their good will, such as it is, and obediently follow the behests of an ignorant and intolerant secret society. The Cardinal gave two glaring instances in illustration of his charge—the question of municipal reform and the question of University education for Catholics.

At a special meeting of the Town Commissioners, the High Sheriff was requested to convene a public meeting to take steps to have Galway selected as the port for the contemplated accelerated Canadian mails, and the railway company was requested to divert a member of their board to attend the meeting and assist them.

Canadian Catholics will regret to hear of the death, at Caheriveen, of Mrs. Berolmann, one of the nuns of the Presentation Convent. The deceased lady belonged to a highly respectable family named Stanley, of Templemore, County Tipperary, and had a brother a priest, as well as two sisters who died nuns, one of whom resided for some time in Toronto. She was one of the most popular members of her religious community in Caheriveen, and the townfolk showed how much they appreciated her memory by their large attendance at the High Mass and funeral. Mrs. Berolmann's silver jubilee was celebrated in the Presentation Convent last year.

A peculiar shooting accident is reported from Mounttown, near Clongowes Wood. George Fitzsimmons, a farmer, about 80 years old had his house burned down about six weeks ago. Being a man in comfortable circumstances, he at once set about rebuilding it. Amongst the men he engaged was William Plummer, a mason from the vicinity of Colbridge. Plummer asked his employer to give him a pinch of snuff and was shot without any further provocation than the request conveyed.

The residence of Rev. John Roche, O.C., Duncannon, was fired into and a plate glass window broken. The flattened bullet from a Morris's rifle was found beside the broken window. A military investigation has been held in the fort, which is situated within about 400 yards of the priest's house, and is occupied by a detachment of the "Buffs."

The Protestants of the town feel utterly indignant at the intrusion which took place at St. Michael's College. The patron feast of St. Michael's College was kept this year with special grandeur, owing to the presence of the venerable Archbishop Besoles. His presence several of the city clergy added to the pleasure of all. There were present the Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Father James Walsh, Wynn, Superior of the R. Lemporters' Convent, C.S.R., M. Entee, Hand, I. Mullan and Rev. Dr. Tracey.

It was the first visit of His Grace during the scholastic year lately begun, and the students gladly embraced the opportunity to pay their respects to the venerable Archbishop, to congratulate him upon his safe return from his native land with renewed health and vigor, and to bespeak his fatherly interest in their studies and attention for their college in the future in the past. The address read as follows:

His Grace the Archbishop Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto. Most Reverend Father, we welcome you to this feast-day. We rejoice to see you here, to whom your presence is a source of joy and pride, and we are glad to see you in the midst of your flock, to whom you return from your native land, the Isle of Saints, fresh and strong as ever for the important duties of your high sacred office. We rejoice to see you here, to whom your presence is a source of joy and pride, and we are glad to see you in the midst of your flock, to whom you return from your native land, the Isle of Saints, fresh and strong as ever for the important duties of your high sacred office.

Much regret will be felt at the death of the Rev. Father Turner, of Liverpool, a well-known member of the Dominican Order. Father Turner contracted a cold on the railway on his journey from Liverpool on his way to take part in the Augustinian celebrations. The cold developed into pleurisy, to which he has unfortunately succumbed at St. Augustine Abbey, Ramsgate.

The progress of Catholicism in the Highlands was evidenced last week by the opening of a splendid new church at Chappelton, Glenlivet. Pontifical High Mass was sung by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Aberdeen, who said they had gathered together that day to assist at the opening of a new church in this high spot, which had been without a church for the last 200 years, perhaps not over since the faith was first preached there by the disciples of St. Columba. After dealing with the honor which ought to be shown to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Bishop went on to remind the congregation of one or two duties at the great and happy celebration of the day. The first duty was that of thanksgiving. They had to thank God for the gift of holy faith, which in the Glen had never died away, but had always been preserved.

Is there any opening here for an intellectual worker? asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of the editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of letters, "a considerable carpenter, foreman, or joiner, is an opening for you; turn the knob to the right."

THE WEDDING RING. Death lurks in every place in this "vale of tears." There is no happiness, no joy, no success, no safety, no security, no sorrow, no failure, no triumph, no secret, no hidden place for death, in this vale of tears. Men are concerned, in the very happiness and pleasure of life, in the very joy of life, in the very secret of life, in the very hidden place for death, in this vale of tears.

Reference has been made to his missionary career. He ever recalled those early days with pleasure. The hardships of the missionary priest were many, but the deep faith and ardent piety of the scattered Catholics in the early days were sufficient incentive to the priest to undergo any hardship, and he would have been glad to pass his days laboring amidst these simple, honest country people had his health been equal to the burden.

His Grace concluded by proclaiming the following day a grand holiday which did not diminish the applause with which he was greeted upon resuming his seat. In accordance with their usual custom the students held their annual

entertainment in one of the College halls in the evening. The programme was long and varied. The Glee Club especially distinguished itself, and the promised performance was anxiously awaited. Mr. H. N. Shaw kindly volunteered a couple of selections which were well received. Altogether the day was one that will not soon be forgotten in the annals of the college.

The twenty-first annual convention of the Emerald Health Association was held in the hall of St. Mary's Church, N.Y., on the 25th and 26th Sept. The convention opened at 2 p.m. on the 25th, the different branches being well represented. The Rev. Father McGuire, chaplain of branch No. 3, was also present not as he had to take part in their debates, but simply to give them a hearty welcome to the town of Lindsay, and to show them that he was with them in their good work. He expressed himself as being well satisfied with the local branch and would do all in his power to assist them, he considered amalgamation with the I. O. C. B. would be good if just and satisfactory arrangements can be made. He asked God's blessing upon their deliberations and promised to again visit them if possible. The Grand President in his address pointed out the advantages to be gained by the E. B. A. and the I. O. C. B. if a proper understanding could be arrived at in an amalgamation, and would do all in his power to bring it to a successful issue.

The following telegram was received from the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Toronto, 27th Sept., 1897. The president and members of the grand branches of the E. B. A. are requested to be with you, accept my best wishes for the success of your convention. I pray God to direct your deliberations, I would advise amalgamation. Jas. J. McCann, V.G., Grand Chaplain.

The Secretary's Report shows the Association in good financial condition. The question of amalgamation was fully approved of and a special committee appointed to carry it out if possible. Several important changes were made in the constitution. The funeral benefit is struck out and an insurance for at least \$50 made compulsory. The age of intake on is from 15 to 35 years of age, immediate benefits paid from \$2 to \$8 per week according to payment.

The city of Hamilton was chosen for the convention of 1898, on or about May 24th. The following is the list of officers: Chaplain, Very Rev. Jas. J. McCann, V.G.; President, D. A. O'ary; Vice-President, P. Brankin; Secretary, Treasurer, W. Lane; Marshal, J. O. Heary; Guard, S. J. Trotter; Organ, A. Pegg; W. Lane; District Organ, A. McDonald, W. H. Jamieson, D. Shea, C. Ridger; Executive committee, A. McDonald, W. H. Jamieson, D. Shea, J. Howell, J. Dratt; Medical Supervisor, Dr. M. Wallace; Solicitor, O. J. McCabe; Special committee for Amalgamation, D. A. O'ary, W. Lane, W. H. Jamieson, D. Shea and J. Howell.

On Tuesday the delegates attended a banquet tendered them by the officers and members of No. 18, and a pleasant evening was spent, many of the members and their friends being present. Letters of regret for non-attendance being received from the Rev. Mgr. Laurent, V.G., and Rev. Father McGuire, chaplain of the Branch. Mr. A. P. Devlin, County Town Attorney presided and toasts were proposed interspersed with songs, recitations and instrumental music. The very able address of the G. P. was greatly appreciated by the members of the E. B. A. and C. M. B. A. and good results to both are expected.

Death of Canon Leblanc, Montreal. MONTREAL, Sept. 30.—Rev. Canon Paul Leblanc died this morning at half-past four o'clock at the Grey Nunnery, where he had been ill for several weeks past. Death is attributed to complications consequent upon old age. He was conscious up to within half an hour of his death. The Archbishop called upon the venerable priest some days ago and administered the last sacraments of the church. For the last few days he had a priest from the Palace at his bedside. Rev. Canon Leblanc, in his seventy years of age, having been born July 18, 1827, at St. Denis, on the River Chambly.

A Montreal Choir Leader. Coroner McMahon has been appointed leader of the choir of Notre Dame Church, Montreal, to replace Prof. Rattreau, who has resigned from the position. Mr. McMahon is well known to the musical world, and his selection has been favorably received. For the last twenty years Mr. McMahon has devoted all his leisure time to the study of music, making a specialty of plain chant and religious music. The public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really effective in following pain and muscular soreness of the joints and muscles and in neuralgia, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

THRILLING RESCUE.

YOUNG LIFE SAVED IN A REMARKABLE MANNER.

Florence Strudivant, of Brimstone Island, saved from an untimely death by the timely application of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Among the Thousand Islands is an island called Brimstone. It is seven miles long and three wide. The inhabitants of this island are a well-informed class of people who have their own churches, farms and quarrying for a livelihood. In the town of one of these islands, Mrs. Florence J. Strudivant, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Strudivant, in February 1896, was taken with scarlet fever, and after she had been in bed for several days, she was taken with a fever, and gradually began to lose strength until finally she lost the best efforts of physicians her life hung in the balance. It was at this crisis, when all seemed darkest, that an angel of health appeared on the scene and released little Florence from pain and suffering, and restored her to strength and health. This remarkable cure is the best told in the words of the latter:



Mr. Strudivant said: "Florence was taken sick with scarlet fever and we immediately called a physician. He prescribed a course of treatment, but Florence was left with a very weak back. Sore pains were constantly in the back and stomach. We did all that possibly could to relieve our little sufferer but to no avail. The difficulty seemed to both the efforts of the physician.

Finally at the end of four months of treatment, we found our patient completely prostrated. At this time we called another physician, who agreed with the diagnosis of our own doctor, and said that the scarlet fever had followed a course of treatment and we followed it faithfully for three months, but instead of improving, Florence failed.

"Mrs. Strudivant and myself were completely discouraged. A brother of my wife, who was visiting us, advised us to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I purchased a box of the pills and began to give them to Florence. This was in October, 1896. After using the pills a short time we could see an improvement. Her strength began to return and she would sit up in bed. Her appetite was restored and she ate heartily. We also noticed a gradual brightness in her eyes.

"We eagerly purchased a further supply of pills and watched with delight the change for the better that was being daily wrought. From sitting up in bed at times during the day, Florence finally became strong enough to walk a little. She gained in strength rapidly and the pains gradually left her. In a month's time she had recovered her health and strength.

"We cannot praise too highly the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am positive that without their use our child would have been to-day in the same sad condition of her early sickness. A confirmed invalid—indeed she had had the strength to withstand so long the ill effects of scarlet fever.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. STRUDIVANT. Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixth day of April, 1897. H. W. MOISE, Notary Public.

British Losses in India. PESHAWAR, Oct. 1.—The Afridis attacked a patrol of British lanciers near Fort Dara, this morning. It was an unpleasant surprise to the British commander to find that the enemy had ventured so close to Peshawar. Fort Dara is only a few miles distant from here. The troops under General Jeffreys had some severe fighting at the Villages of Agrah and Gat. The insurgent tribesmen occupied positions behind rocks and a hot engagement of close quarters was fought before the two villages were destroyed. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Brien and Lieutenant Brown-Clayton were killed. Lieutenant Styles was slightly wounded; three British soldiers were killed and fifteen were wounded; seven native soldiers were killed and 29 wounded. In consequence of their failure to accept the terms of the British commanders, the punishment of the Mohmands was resumed on Wednesday. Twelve of their villages were destroyed and their fortified towers were blown up without opposition.

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The great Race Convention, proposed by a most distinguished Irish Canadian and attended by many of the best men with a view to the betterment of the race...

The Irish Clergy and Political Disensions.

Very suddenly the cable correspondent has made the announcement that British party politics appear to have again reached the turning point, the country having quite enough of Toryism for the present...

With the return of a Liberal government the country, having had an extra decade of education for Home Rule, may be expected to approach this great question in an improved state of mind...

Sir Frank Smith, at Mr. Ryan's dinner, alluded to the assertions of the opponents of the Race Convention regarding the attitude of a portion of the Irish clergy...

Edward Blake Appeals to the Friends of Home Rule.

Hon. Edward Blake writes to The Globe:—Will you allow me to trespass on your columns, always sympathetic with our cause...

The interests of that cause demand a full attendance and an active campaign next session, which will be an Irish session, involving the great questions of county government and Imperial taxation...

The object of The Guardian is to draw the attention of the Lord's Day Alliance to our view of a Sunday delivery of letters. It calls our attention to the position on the Sabbath question of the Trades and Labor Congress...

The Government is only too heartily disposed to overlook the emergency in Ireland. Mr. Gerald Balfour has now undertaken a limited personal tour of visitation himself...

The Reason Why.

In The New York Journal of the 18th ult. we find the following paragraph of a telegraphic despatch, from St. Vincent de Paul:—

The convicts have another grievance to-night. At noon Deputy Warden McCarthy, who quelled the revolt of 1886, was suspended on the plea of old age...

Here is the reason plainly told for Mr. McCarthy's removal. It corroborates what was stated by our own well-informed correspondent, last week. The more recommendation of the acting warden, unsupported by that of the inspector of penitentiaries...

The Irish Party and the Famine.

Efforts put forward by the authorities of Dublin Castle, and publicly endorsed by the Lord Lieutenant, to minimize the severity and extent of the distress in Ireland owing to the failure of the potato crop...

Thomas McCarthy, the deposed deputy warden of St. Vincent de Paul prison, has been appointed as deputy warden in the capacity of head-keeper and deputy warden since December, 1886...

Hon. Roll for September. Form IV, Excellent—Patrick Flanagan, James Costello, Nando Schreiner, John McCandlish, Arthur Walsh, Martin Dumbley, George O'Donoghue, Charles Lavery, Joseph Adamson, Good:—Frederick Hanna, William Tobin, Francis Dillon.

Hon. Roll, Excellent—Edward Meenan, Eugene Cosgrove, James O'Hearn, Emile Smith, Good:—George Gionna, John Dalton, James Tobin, Leo Coffey, Charles Smith.

Form II, Excellent—Henry O'Donoghue, John O'Neill, William Russell, Joseph O'Toole, Grattan Gibbin, Patrick Walsh, Good:—Joseph Tobin, John Orotty, Joseph Gilmore, Martin Russell, John Mohan, Edward Halloran, Francis Boehler, Joseph Kenny.

League of the Cross. The second open meeting of St. Mary's branch of the League of the Cross was held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 28th, in their hall, Farley Ave., President Lowe in the chair...

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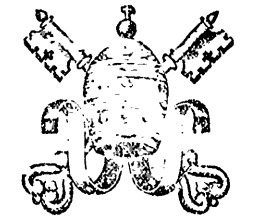
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ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF LEO XIII.

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE.

THE ROSARY OF MARY.

To Our Venerable Brethren the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and Other Local Ordinaries in Peace and Communion with the Apostolic See.

Venerable Brethren—Health and the Apostolic Benediction. Of what importance it is to the public welfare and that of individuals that the cultus of the most august Virgin Mary should be earnestly cherished and daily promoted...

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Chats with the Children.

Before they had arithmetic or French, now or think the blackboards, maps, and copy-books - When the y could only talk...

THE SKYLARK'S SONG. In the winter the skylark of England does not sing; but in early days of spring the great flocks of these birds break up, and then go in pairs to look for places to build their nests and rear their young ones...

A DOG'S EARS. Anyone who has heard of the megaphone must have wondered at the extraordinary power of increasing sound that is produced by form, and I would like to call attention to one point in connection with our dog's ears that I do not remember to have seen mentioned anywhere - that is, from an acoustic standpoint...

First - That the buzz of a bee or fly causes him to retreat under cover of safety. Second - That he ducks his head when about to be patted, a sure sign of the length of time the pain of the operation must have lasted. Third - (An effect I had not expected) That he has absolutely no idea of the direction of sound. In the ears of a mastiff dog anyone who observes the shell-like form of the ear opening may easily imagine the immense power of such a trumpet like instrument to increase the volume of sound...

If scientists are to be trusted, it is a mistake to suppose that the lives of animals are peaceful and happy. Worms are in constant terror of birds. The smaller birds are never free from the dread of hawks, or owls, or cats. Cats are afraid, not only of their ancient enemy the dog, but of the wickered small boy who throws stones. Dogs are afraid of one another, and in mortal terror of cows. Horses are haunted by the wicker of the whip. Sheep appear to suffer from a constant provision of the butcher. Sprats are tortured by the expectation of being swallowed by the mackerel, and mackerel are always expecting the same fate at the jaws of the shark. Almost every living thing is afraid of man. Besides, not an animal exists which is not being perpetually gnawed by hundreds of parasites. The woodcock and turbot swarm with tape worms. In the young caterpillars the ichneumon lays its eggs, and the little animals that are hatched eat the caterpillar till not a particle is left. Thousands of little worms live in the rabbit, and when the dog eats him they lodge themselves under the dog's tongue and often drive him mad with pain. Great tumors are raised on the backs of sheep and cattle by parasites which bore under the skin. Even the crocodile suffers from never-ending toothache, caused by a little beast that lodges in his jaw.

FASHION'S WAR ON HIRDS. In Our Animal Friends for September, 1895, appeared an article by J. A. Allen, which gave a graphic description

Farm and Garden

A good deal of northern fruit, especially apples, is being brought into the city and province this year from Missouri and Kansas. It is a noticeable thing about these importations that every package contains the grower's name and address in plain letters, so that all can see it. Of the thousands of barrels of apples which came into Manitoba and the West from Ontario last year it is almost safe to say that not a dozen barrels were so marked. Ontario grows some of the finest fruit in the world, and Manitoba needs it, but Ontario fruit growers have either got to handle the trade better or they will never get it in some lines and will get less than they should in others. Ontario apples usually come through in good shape, but with nothing on the packages to assist the many prosperous merchants of Manitoba in buying direct from the grower. If Ontario peaches, pears and plums can be got to Manitoba in good shape then there is no reason why American fruit should be brought in the present large quantities. Ontario is but two or three days away from California and Washington are ten days off, and yet California fruit is used all over the province, while Ontario fruit is sold at the station platform from 3 cents per basket upward. If there is some fault, some peculiar quality in Ontario fruit, that makes it spoil in three days, while California fruit keeps for fifteen or twenty, then the sooner all parties learn it and those costly experiments are stopped the better. But if the fault is in the packing and shipping, then all that can be said is that Ontario dealers and growers deserve to lose one of the best markets for their fruit for their carelessness. Certainly the American fruit is put up with more care, and there are many who believe if Ontario growers studied conditions as well as California, their fruit would reach Manitoba in good condition. It is worth while trying, because if Ontario fruit cannot be got to Manitoba for physical reasons then it is useless to keep up a duty to protect the growers of it. - Winnipeg Tribune.

In considering the elements and evidences of national greatness, we are too apt to ignore or overlook our agricultural interests, while, as a matter of fact, in a country like ours, these are paramount, and naturally overshadow all others. Arts, manufactures and commerce may seem to be, and really are, of great importance. If the bank's discount freely, and our emporiums are crowded with merchantmen and merchandise, if the hum of industry is heard in our workshops and factories, and the canvas of our shipping whitens the seas, we are disposed to accept these as the greatest evidences of national prosperity. We are liable to forget that there is a still greater interest on which all these things depend. Let the labor of the husbandman cease, let the heavens fail to favor us with frost-fighting showers, let the seed sown in faith and hope fail to germinate and produce first the blade, then the full corn in the ear, let blight and midew blast the hopes, and the toil of the farmer go unrewarded for a single season, and what becomes of our boasted prosperity? Can the rich man grind his gold or leave his bank stock into bread? With all his hoarded wealth and glittering gold around him, he would starve to death side by side with the beggar in the midst of his equal. The wheels of our factories and of our railways, the sails of our commerce, the laboratories and implants of the scientist, the pen, pencil and chisel of genius, the trappings of wealth and the banquets of pleasure, all have their existence and influence only as a result of the labor of the farmer, only because the fields yield their crops in response to the patient toil of the tiller of the soil. We might manage to live in dependency of the merchant and the manufacturer, the trader, the speculator, and the politician; but it is certain we could not live without the farmer, the cultivator of the soil, the sower the seed, and the reaper of the harvest. Suspend for a single year the world's practical agriculture, and the shivering shadow of famine and death would cloud every path, darken every home, and chill every heart. Life, with all its energies, aims and ambitions, its love, hope and joy, is sustained by the golden sheaves that reward the farmer's toil. How manifestly, then, does our boasted civilization, with all its social, financial and political interests, depend upon the farmer and the field, the seed, the sower, and the soil, and how grateful should all classes feel that the year has been crowned with a fruitful harvest, bringing hope and cheer to all - Farmer's Advocate.

Legitimist Heir to England's Throne. Mr. Goldwin Smith writes in The Weekly Sun: There are many curious objects in the political museum. While Anarchism is alive its extreme opponent, Legitimism, is not dead, but puts forth a manifesto in an organ no less respectable than The Nineteenth Century Review. Most people will be surprised to learn that there is a legitimist claimant to the throne of Great Britain, and that she has her partisans at the present day. Her name is Mary Theresa Honoria Dorothea, Arch Duchess of Austria, Este-Modena, and wife of H. K. H. Prince Louis of Bavaria. By the law of primogeniture this lady ought unquestionably, as her adherents say, to be Mary III. and IV., Queen of Great Britain. Hers indubitably is the elder line. It was excluded from the throne as Roman Catholic by the Act of Succession in the reign of William III. Catholic disabilities are now generally repealed. Why, say the adherents of Mary III. and IV., should they remain in force against the legitimate heirs of the Crown? The Act of Succession is only an Act of Parliament, and there is nothing apparently in the way of constitutional principle to prevent a motion for its repeal or amendment. Nevertheless, that motion is not likely to be brought forward, or, if brought forward to be carried. The House of Hanover is seated safely, though not by right of primogeniture, on the British throne.

Domestic Reading

Deep and worthy love, whether of woman or child, or art or music, is hardly distinguished from religious feeling. Our carcases, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vestas, or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty, our emotion in its keener moment passes from expression into silence, our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of Divine mystery.

There is one universal honor paid to high and noble principles of life, which is that everyone claims them for his own. No one acknowledges that his principles are inferior or unworthy. Many a man will admit that certain of his actions have been wrong, when he will stoutly deny that their source have been bad. He will confess to having done a selfish deed, but never to being a selfish man. He may acknowledge spiteful or revengeful conduct, but will warmly resent the charge of a malevolent disposition. Whatever guilt may be confessed, evil intentions are always repudiated.

Poor conditions, we fancy, are more unfortunate than that of men uncapable of interest save in their daily toil. For nothing so directly contributes to happiness as a permanent interest in some pursuit disconnected with one's business or professional life. Such a pursuit, whatever it may be, affords not only a needed diversion, but a safeguard against many of the ills and discomforts of existence. It robs monotony of its terrors, keeps the mind from feeding upon itself, and broadens the judgment, the narrowness of which is the chief defect of men engaged in a single occupation. It brings to the mind a feeling of content, a sense of satisfaction, of which the man without separate interests for his leisure hours knows nothing. - The Dignity of Labor.

A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and hands would be to the physical body. Such an antagonism recalls the fabled conspiracy on the part of members of the body against the stomach. Whoever tries to sow discord between the capitalist and the laborer is a enemy of social order. Every measure should therefore be discontinued that sustains the one at the expense of the other. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions, by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent, is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view we venture to touch this delicate subject, and if these lines contribute in some small measure to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil, we shall be amply rewarded. - Cardinal Gibbons.

I wonder if Catholics who often say they hate to go to confession really mean what they say, or if they have any appreciation of the comfort of the confessional. I recently stood beside the sick-bed of a young Protestant woman, who was in the greatest danger of death. She had allowed her health to be undermined without procuring medical aid, acting on the advice of a friend who had espoused the fad of "Christian Science," but when a most frightful hemorrhage poured from her lips, on my own responsibility I instantly summoned a doctor. He, good grave man, sat beside her bed three mortal hours of a long, long night and soothed as well as nursed, and when she cried that she could not die he held her close and gave her strength. And then, in the presence of a half dozen friends, she made her confession, told the story of all her little sins and failings exactly as a dying Catholic would whisper it in the ear of a priest. Not a bad story, but a sad one, because the good doctor in whom she trusted had nothing to give for her help and consolation. How the needs of human nature are provided for by the good mother who guards our dying bed as she has blessed our cradle, strengthened our youthful infirmities, and consoled our infirmities! The longing for help, which comes to the dying, is met by the Church in such a human way, a way I never appreciated more than when I stood by that dying girl; and I wonder if she were not in the spirit of the Church, for when I said, "Ask God to forgive; He is your Father. He will have mercy," she was content, and prayed for forgiveness like a trusting child. - Buffalo Union and Times.

A Woman Piper. Among the newest London feminine achievements is the bagpipe playing of Miss Elizabeth Campbell, who on skill and lung power have created quite a sensation in the Highlands this season. It is said that she plays her wild instrument remarkably well.

Browned in Muskoka. The Buffalo Union and Times says that when, in 1897, the death of so young a man being the occasion of such widespread regret in that city as that of Leo M. Rohr, which occurred so tragically last Friday. In the first flush of early manhood, full of health and strength, and with unusual promise of a glorious future, this brilliant young Catholic gentleman was snatched out of life without a moment's warning. On Saturday, 14th Sept. Mr. Rohr, accompanied by his friends Dr. M. Breuer and Edward Davis, left Buffalo for a short vacation in the Lake Muskoka fishing region in Canada. The gentlemen were enroute on the Severn river on Friday evening about 6.30 o'clock, when Mr. Rohr's boat capsized. Dr. Breuer tells the tale of the accident and its sorrowful result. When the canoe capsized it was occupied by Rohr and Edward Davis. The latter, who was thrown into the river, could swim, and he was rescued by the guide, who worked the ladder in a canoe occupied by himself and Dr. Breuer. Both canoes were going against the rapids, Dr. Breuer and the guide being in the lead. The guide got safely through the rapids, and made for the shore. "When we were almost to the shore I looked around and saw the canoe was stuck on a rock. It was perfectly serene, but Davis frightened. "The waters as they rushed on so tragically knocked the canoe about as if it were a toy. It was thrown on one side and then on the other. "Finally I saw Rohr standing steadily on a rock, and with a foothold. He was smiling as if he thought it was a good joke. I followed, I don't know whether he was of the danger he was in or not. "I'll never forget that smile. It went out only when the body of my young friend shot into the water and it was a poor piece of lead. I never saw Rohr again."

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AN ILLUSTRATED STORY.

wedding was over. Our friends had congratulated my husband and showered good wishes over me. The rice and slippers had been thrown into ribbons had fluttered gaily in the breeze; finally, the ship had sailed from Queenstown and I was fairly launched on the matrimonial sea.

On the bridge of forty years I can look back and see my husband as he was that bright July morning. Some of the picture is just as clear, and some is dimmer. Tall, with dark eyes, and a well-built figure, whose peculiarity of gait marked him as a man of the world, he was as brave and tender hearted, as true and loyal as only he and I but 18 years older, however, perhaps his life had known. Always on the ocean, he had left his home when a more lad, shipping as a cabin boy, and studying navigation, he had risen until he had become captain. His first command was given to him the day after he was twenty-one, and I have heard it said that he was the youngest captain ever authorized that ever left New York harbor.

It seemed that his sailing days were over; for my father, usually so going, had been obdurate on this point.

Fred must give up the sea, or I must give up my husband. "There are troubles enough in life without adding this," said my father. "I will not endure the worry of a captain's wife, if I can prevent it. Take your choice, Fred."

Our marriage proved Fred's choice, and his occupation was gone, and something must be found in which to invest his efforts and his \$5,000, the little patrimony he possessed. "The new world is offering great opportunities, Molly," he suggested. "Why sell me that fine estate bought in the States for less than we have. Ireland is a beautiful country, but it's too small to give everyone a chance. Suppose we try farming for our fortunes. What do you say?"

What could I say, remembering the sacrifice for my sake? Of course I acquiesced willingly—regretting the distance which would separate my relatives from me, but dreaming fair dreams of a time when, with silver galleons, we should return to Ireland and be absolutely free to follow our wishes.

Sometimes I wonder whether my husband did not feel a little regret for his relinquishment of the office for which he had striven so long. If so, he never showed it, but continued blithe and hopeful, and as we walked the deck in the lovely moonlight nights talked cheerfully of the property which an American agent had bought for us in Southern Wisconsin.

Neither Fred nor I ever doubted that the undertaking would prove successful. True, we knew nothing of the management of a farm, but as everyone who has ever tried it says it is one of the easiest things to learn.

And such was our delusion. Perhaps a shade of doubt touched us when, after a fortnight spent in Boston, we reached Milwaukee and met our land agent. He praised the productive qualities of our purchase, but looked sober when Fred made inquiries regarding trains and transportation of baggage and furniture.

"Why, Mr. Farr," he answered, "the railroads have not found Columbia County yet. All in good time, though, all in good time. You'll have to go by wagon. There's a good teamster starting that way to-morrow. I'll see him and ask him to take you along. About the furniture? Well, you'll not need much. Only four rooms are in the house—and a log kitchen. Oh! I'll tell you what to do. Take a letter of introduction to the Lloydes. Mr. Lloyd is the miller of the region, and your nearest neighbor—just a mile away. You'll be awfully mistaken, Mrs. Lloyd will be glad enough to know Mrs. Farr. You'd better board with them awhile—until you find out just what you need. Then you can send back here for the goods. Harris will take them out to you any time. He's the teamster I mentioned."

"Could we not stay at a hotel?" I asked, timidly.

"That's an unknown quantity thus far. The nearest village is Forestville, and that's six miles off, and only a post-office, general store, and blacksmith's shop, when you get to it. The Lloydes are your best chance, and you'll get hints from them that will be useful in housekeeping. You wouldn't hesitate, Mrs. Farr, if you knew Mrs. Lloyd as I do. She's a pioneer woman and will give you a pioneer welcome."

So it was arranged, and the next day we were winding slowly over the prairie and forest roads which lay between Milwaukee and the "promised land."

It was the twenty-fifth day of August and unusually chilly for the time of year. A heavy rain storm of two days' duration had left the roads muddy, and the leaves and grass had the desolate look which in many loca-

lities seems the forerunning of autumn—a forerunning frequently associated with a vague, haunting sadness.

Determined not to give way to depression, I leaned from the side of the wagon and beckoned to my husband, who was relieving his cramped limbs by walking up a long hill. He came at once and took my outstretched hand. "Four rooms, Fred. I wish period," it has four rooms."

"And a log kitchen, Molly. Don't forget the kitchen. Faith! I'm afraid you'll remember it only too often. Harris says it's well nigh impossible to get house services of any kind."

"Let's not trouble ourselves now," I said, stifling a sigh. "Indeed, I'm bound to have the agent's unbounded confidence in Mrs. Lloyd."

And certainly confidence was never better placed than in the shrewd, kind Scotch woman, who received her unexpected guests the next day with an easy cordiality.

"You are more than welcome, more than welcome," she said, scarcely heeding Harris' well meant, if clumsy, words of presentation. "Come right in. It's a long journey from Milwaukee. Here, Jeanie, take Mrs. Farr, is it—to your room till the other's ready—My niece, Jeanie Morrison, Mrs. Farr." O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison, I flitted through my mind, despite my fatigue, as I followed the rosy young girl up the steepest pair of stairs I had ever ascended, into a plain but tidy room.

A little later a bountiful supper was served, and I met George Lloyd and his two sons, Rob and Will, whom Fred had already made his friends.

"You will find this a rough country," Mrs. Farr, said the miller, pleasantly. "The wife here," pointing to Mrs. Lloyd—"could hardly reconcile her soul when she first came. Still you're a house and that's more than we had. By the way, the wolves could look through the slats in the old cabin. But the beasts are not numerous now, and I had better hasten, catching Fred's glance, "at least not around here. Well, I hope you two will prosper. Just camp with us until you're ready to set up for yourselves; and in the meantime try to rest a little." A piece of advice which I speedily acted upon, although Fred sat up late talking with Mr. Lloyd and the boys.

In the morning we walked over our farm, and inspected the house thoroughly. I learned afterwards that it was indeed a "good house," as compared with other frontier buildings; but at the time it seemed to me primitive and unattractive.

Notwithstanding its deficiencies, it was ours; and could—nay, should—be made into a home. I saw my husband regarding me anxiously, and I affected an ease of manner that was not in accord with my thoughts.

On our return, we found Mrs. Lloyd sewing, and Jeanie busy with some household task. Fred strolled over to the mill, and I offered to help Mrs. Lloyd. She accepted my assistance, and after watching me quietly for a few moments said gently, "You've deft hands sewing, lassie. Are they as skilled at the kitchen work?"

The key of the trouble was turned, and the truth came out. I told all—the reason for coming to America, the strangeness of the new land, and my small knowledge of housework.

"I can do many kinds of sewing and embroidery and make fine pastry; but that's the end of my useful accomplishments, unless I can cut a little surgery, too. My grandfather taught me that. He was a surgeon in Kerry, and many a cut I've helped him dress. But that's no help now, is it?" I asked, half laughing, but with a tremor in my voice.

"It may be, it may be. You can't always tell what you'll have to do, or what will assist you. Don't be discouraged. Even the pastry is a start. I'll teach you while you bid with us, and so will Jeanie. Perhaps you'll aid her with a gown or two. Mrs. Lloyd is so quick at sewing," said Mrs. Lloyd, seeing, with rare tact, that I might not like to take much and give nothing.

She was as good as her word, and so was Jeanie. In the five weeks that we tarried with them, they taught me the mysteries of bread-making and of preparing meat and vegetables in various ways. I also learned something of laundry work—not much, I confess, for Jeanie's peevish words, when I finally left the Lloyd's house to commence housekeeping, were these: "I'll surely come every other Monday, for awhile, and help with the tubs."

And Jeanie was ever a welcome sight, whether in the blue print with rolled up sleeves or in a green gown which I made for her, and which she brought out her beauty until she seemed like a glowing, crimson rose.

Our furniture was bought in Milwaukee, Mrs. Lloyd giving me the benefit of her wise counsel in making a list of necessary articles.

"Begin at the kitchen and furnish up to the front room," she advised. "If need be, you can get on finely without a parlor; but a good cooking stove and conveniences you must have."

Her principle was consistently carried out, and consequently our rooms were comfortable and cozy. The house was surrounded by trees, but between their branches we caught glimpses of the beautiful river which flowed through a portion of our farm and then southward, giving the motive power for the mill, which was becoming more valuable each year. "The Lloydes will be rich some day, Molly." Fred often said, smiling, "and so will we if we try hard enough?" Ah, surely we did try! Not alone for the sake of wealth, but influenced by the wish for success, which is ever a man's in endeavor.

All that Fred could learn concerning agriculture he learned, caring nothing from what source the information came, but rushing into work with an energy that merited success. As for me I cooked, sewed, and scrubbed; and when winter set in kept myself as busy as possible, an effort to avoid the dreful helplessness which sometimes met me.

One day I really broke down, although fortunately my husband never knew it. It was Christmas, and Fred had ridden on horse-back to the village, returning with a bundle of letters and papers. While he cared for his horse, I opened my home letter, and there fell from the sheets a sprig of holly. Strivelled though it was, it proved too much for me. Tears came to my eyes, and the loving words blurred till I could not read them.

A rap on the door roused me, and turning I saw Mrs. Lloyd removing a pair of snow-shoes. "A merry Christmas to you!" she exclaimed. "Letters! And from home, I'm sure. Sometimes they make one feel a bit sorrowful—yet who would be without theirs? I fairly lived on mine the first summer we passed here. Oh! it was so desolate. I used to cry when I was alone, and think I never could stay. But in September, Will—his was the only child then—and by the time he had recovered I was happy and thankful, too. A baby's great companion, lassie."

And Fred and I agreed with this statement, when in June our little daughter opened her blue eyes to the light and found a name ready and waiting for her. "Jeanie Lloyd Farr" it was written for twenty years; and then—when, another was added.

Our crops were good that season, but their profit after transporting to Milwaukee (90 miles by wagon road) was very small. We hoped for a better year, but the next was glutted with wheat and we had little else to sell. Soon we were forced to dispose of a team and three cows, in order to meet our bills. At last, after much consideration, my husband calmly reviewed the situation and announced his decision:

"The farm must be sold, Molly. Larson will give us \$2,000 down and \$300 in two years. He can make it pay, for he has a peasant's thrift and a number of grown sons and daughters, so he'll have no help to lose. Twenty-five hundred and our lesson will not be a bad outcome from the \$3,000 we invested. I'm going to Milwaukee to see whether Mr. Springer will take me into business. He's in the farm machinery line, and talked about a partnership when he was here last year. Now, if you have no objection, I'll take Time by the forelock and be off. Larson's youngest boy will feed the cattle and stay here nights. If you get lonely go up to Mrs. Lloyd's. The latch-string, there, is always out."

I was sorely surprised, for I had felt for several weeks that a change was imminent. Still, a variety of emotions swept over me, as I moved about the house putting the rooms in order and caring for little Jeanie.

A partnership with Mr. Springer would mean that we must live in Milwaukee, and that would insure pleasant companionship for Fred and me, and educational advantages for Jeanie when she should require them. But we should lose the Lloydes, our first and best friends. Who could ever fill their places? The scales swayed in the balance, though I guessed the ultimatum and judged it for the best.

The day dragged heavily, every sight of the beautiful October landscape bringing more pain than pleasure. I was glad when night fell, and soon after our simple supper I commenced rocking our Jeanie to sleep; singing a slumber song which my mother had sung, years before, for her children. Just as I reached the line, "Angels bright shall ever guide thee," the door was opened and a large, unsmooth-looking man stood before me.

"If your husband here?" he asked, glancing furtively around, and without any apology for his unceremonious entrance.

"He's Farr has gone to Milwaukee," I answered, regretting, instantly, the admission, as he had face change with what I thought to be relief at my words.

"Well, you'll do, I reckon. We want to know whether you'll come over and help us fix up Sam. He got out on the face and hand by the falling on him. We heard you were about as good as a doctor, for wounds, and the old woman sent me down for you."

As the man talked, my heart sank within me, for I had recognized him as one of a family called Thatcher—a family that had taken possession of a deserted cabin two miles south of us.

Mr. Thatcher had once alluded to the people as "poor white trash from Missouri," and other actors had dropped hints regarding their apparent lack of education and their large amount of fine stock. But as nothing definite was known against them, they were left to their own devices; and went their own ways with an air of sinister sullenness.

"What ought I to do?" I did not wish to hesitate if it were a case of real necessity, but was it such? Perhaps the people thought that we kept money in the house, and intended to rob it during my absence. A sickening terror caught me for a moment—then I knew that I must seem to have faith in his story and put down all signs of fear. "If you think I can help your brother, I'll go," I said quickly; but I must get safe and home—and I have to take the baby."

"You'll not be else in the house?" he asked, staring me sharply.

"Only the little else by you cares for the cows. He's a sickly creature, and I could hardly ask him, if I should try. The baby is not accustomed to him, either," I answered, hoping desperately that if some evil plan were truly afoot, Knute's reputed and real heaviness might save him from injury.

Gathering the necessary articles and wrapping a shawl around Jeanie and another about myself, I followed the man into the peaceful, starlight night.

"I'll carry the child," he mumbled, pausing and shuffling his feet uneasily. "It's some way, and she looks heavy."

"Oh, thank you," I said hurriedly. "She'll be more quiet with me and I'm stronger than I seem to be. If I get tired I'll tell you."

He made no response to this, but a few moments later suggested that we save ourselves a part of the walk by saving the main road and crossing some partially cleared land. Here he proceeded, stepping down brush and broken branches with his great boots, and whistling softly.

Once he turned suddenly and threw out his right arm; but it was only to prevent my stumbling over a twisted root; and when he again offered to carry Jeanie I acquiesced.

No ray of light gleamed from the cabin windows as we approached; but a shrill call from my strange companion was evidently understood, for the door was pulled slightly ajar, and a woman made her appearance.

"You brought her, Jim?" she exclaimed, as if surprised.

"Her and her baby," he answered, giving Jeanie to me, and adding in a lower voice, "it's all right. Her husband is in Milwaukee."

With a shiver of apprehension I entered the room. It was large, and lighted only by a small fire which flickered on the hearth. Four men, who were lounging in chairs, rose slowly, and a dog growled savagely for his questionable attention he was roused by a kick.

No one spoke, so, nodding to the men, I said to the woman in what I meant to be a matter-of-fact voice: "I'll just put the baby on the couch, Mrs. Thatcher, and then be ready to assist you."

"Youder's Sam," she suggested, a moment later, pointing to a corner.

I walked in the direction indicated by her gesture, and saw a low bed, on which lay a motionless figure.

"A little more light, please," I requested; and Jim brought a candle and assisted me in removing the blood-stained bandages, thus exposing the face of the wounded man.

A long gasp extended from the eye brow almost to the chin; as ugly and gaping a cut as I had ever seen.

"It is really a case for a surgeon," I said, "but as the nearest is at least ten miles away, I will undertake it—if you choose to trust me. I shall need some warm water before I commence taking stitches."

"There's some in the kettle," volunteered one of the men, "I'll bring it."

He did so, and I began my task, which was anything but easy. The insufficient light, the moans of pain, and the sombre silence of the weird scene added to any natural difficulty I experienced. Fortunately the wound required only saline and careful dressing, and I managed to bandage it with little effort.

At last all was finished, and with a sigh of relief I said to Jim, "I've done my best, and I think he will get along now. Please see that he has fresh air and is kept quiet. I'll come over in the morning and bring some light soup. Do not be frightened if you find that he has some fever. I expect that; but with good care it will pass off. Now, good night." And, taking Jeanie in my arms, I started toward the door.

Mrs. Thatcher looked warningly at Jim, and, as if in answer, he said solemnly, "Mrs. Farr, you won't say anything to the neighbors about Sam being out, will you? He's ashamed that he was so careless."

"I'll not mention it to them," I promised, and I was allowed to depart, one of the men accompanying me, at Jim's suggestion, and carrying the baby. My home was just as I had left it. Knute slept the sleep of unconscious childhood, and ere long I followed his example. Toward morning muffled dreams came, alternately disturbing and soothing me. Sometimes I was a child in Ireland, with no thought of sorrow or fear; again, I was a young girl, listening to my

father's warning words, then a baby's wail and loud wailing before me, and a man with bleeding face would beckon me on and on, and I must follow. Over and over the visions would re-form, but finally each fled, and I awoke to find I was putting my forehead and arms against the window-pane of "Angels Bright Shall Ever Guide Thee."

My patient was feverish, as I had predicted would be the case, but the next day I found him quite comfortable, and on the following day I loved him to dress.

Ignorant though the people were they obeyed my directions implicitly. Still they remained impassive and uncommunicative—apparently as suspicious as was their dog.

On the seventh day after my first visit Mrs. Thatcher told me that I "need not trouble to come any more."

Sam muttered that he was "obliged," and when I bade him "good day" added that he did not mean to forget the favor.

Two or three days I saw no one outside of my own household, until one evening Mr. Harris passed for an instant, and gave me a letter from my husband.

Fred wrote that he had been detained in Milwaukee, arranging affairs with Mr. Springer, but would certainly return by the next Saturday and commence preparations for removal to the city before cold weather. Everything was satisfactory, and he had rented a pleasant home. As I finished the last page, smiling over my prosperous happiness, Jim Thatcher made his appearance. I supposed that he must want something for Sam; but I was mistaken, for he merely requested that I would come over the following morning.

"Last time we'll trouble you," he concluded, and with a brief "good night" vanished as silently as he had come.

The rain fell steadily the next day; but while Jeanie took her usual nap I left Knute to watch her, and made my way over the wet earth and through the dripping weeds to the Thatcher cabin.

The shutters were closely barred and there was no sign of life about the place. Wondering why the usual companion snail did not greet me, I rapped lightly at the door. No response came, and after a second and a third vain summons I turned the door-knob.

One glance at the interior revealed a wild confusion and told me the truth. The cabin was deserted! Boxes, bed dingy, bits of rope and bridle, with crooked and odds and ends of every description were scattered about. The ashes in the fireplace were cold; evidently the Thatchers had been gone for hours.

Why had they disappeared? Even as I wondered I caught sight of a piece of brown paper wrapping tucked conspicuously under a shelf. It was covered with writing; and believing that it was meant for me I removed it, and with much study made out the cabalistic characters. Stripped of its wretched spelling and other errors it was about as follows:—

"You won't find us when you get here; but Sam wants you to have his brown mare. She's in the stable hidden by the trees, over the river. Give her a carrot and she'll follow you anywhere. You need not be afraid to keep her, for she's yours. Sam raised her from a colt. She's been over-driven lately, but a few days' rest will make her all right. We reckon you did not believe the soya's story, but know enough to keep still. No more from Jim."

Strange neighbors! Osteoats and law-breakers they might be, yet they were not wholly ungrateful. Ought I to accept the gift? Well, the mare must be cared for; and with this thought I crossed the little bridge, and soon found a rude stable.

The beautiful Morgan, which was tied in a stall, behaved exactly as Jim had promised, and long before home was reached had an ungrateful me that I hoped Fred would think she might remain with us.

A theory regarding the cause of the Thatchers' departure had come to me, and it was more than confirmed by Rob Lloyd. He drove up the side piazza, the afternoon, and called to me in his usual cheery and jolly way. "Mrs. Farr, mother says that you are to come to us for a visit. We had no idea that you were staying here alone until one of the Larsons told us! By the way I just passed the Columbia County Sheriff and his posse. Such disappointed men! They were after horse thieves, who nearly killed two men at Carter's ford last week. Sheriff tracked them up this way, to our good friends here" (pointing with a grim smile toward the Thatcher place).

"What do you find?" I asked, mechanically, as Rob paused.

"Oh, the nest was cold, and the birds had flown. No matter, we are well rid of them, if they have to stay. But you'll come, surely. Don't stay here with such creatures abroad."

I shuddered involuntarily, thinking how near I had been to the "creatures," and how thoroughly at their mercy. However, I said nothing of them to Rob, and we splashed along the road, although he rallied me by my "strange silence."

After my husband's return I told the entire story, and left him to decide what should be done with the mare. He wrote to the Sheriff for description

of a stolen horse, but finding that none of the stable Morgan concerned that she had really belonged to Sam, and that I might as well retain her. So she went with us to Milwaukee, and for years served well and faithfully.

And our fortune? We did find it—quite in a different way, for in the way we had planned. My husband's business grew and grew until it extended over all the States and Territories, and even into a world.

We have never found many times, and enjoyed each other more, yet we have come to think of America as our own dear home.

Possibly we love it all the more for the trials and adventures which we knew during our life in a New Country.

FIRENDE FUN.

Botanist. This is the tobacco plant, Erian Vistor. How interesting! And when does it begin to bear cigarettes?

A. Have you heard the eight-year-old violin player who is creating such a sensation? O, yes, I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago.

Freddie. Ma, what is the baby's name? Ma. The baby hasn't any name. Freddie. Then how did he know he belonged here?

A teacher, observing one boy coming in late, said to him "Now, then, sir, what are you late for?" "School, sir," answered the lad, quietly taking his seat among the remaining boys.

Freddie (to papa, the goat swallowed by my fire-cracker! Cobwigger: Well, that's nothing to be crying about. Freddie. Yes, it was, pa. The thing never went off.

A Parisian medical journal, ridiculing the microbe theory, says that "there is absolutely no danger in kissing." That paper ought to look at the breach of promise records.

Mrs. A.: Is it true that your son holds the appointment of warden in a jail? Mrs. B.: Yes; but only criminals of good families are imprisoned there.

"What's a fishing-rod?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water."

"What's a fishing-pole?" "It's a long wooden stick your uncle Bill catches fish with."

Overheard at Hythe.—Captain Instructor: "Why is the barrel made square?" Sergeant D.: "So that a round bullet won't fit it." Total collapse of Captain Instructor.

"And do you really want to be my son?" asked the widow Mullins of young Spudds, who had asked for her daughter's hand. "I can't say that I do," replied the truthful suitor. "I want to be Helen's husband."

Mamma: There is one good thing about our girls, they are always self-possessed. Papa, grinly: Yes; they're too self-possessed. I wish they'd get some one else to possess them.

Boarding-house mistress at Sunday dinner: Mr. Jones, why do you not eat those chickens? Mr. Jones, who has labored fifteen minutes trying to carve a leg; Thanks; I never work on Sunday.

"There's Perkins—you know Perkins—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence." "And the scheme worked?" "Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years."

Visitor: Is Mrs. Blake in? Maid: Did you see her at the window as you came up the walk? Visitor: No. Maid: Well, she told me, if you hadn't seen her, to say that she was out.

"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged on work of profane history?" "Yes," replied the author's wife; "it certainly sounded that way when I heard him screeching the proofs."

"Do you think, professor," said the musically ambitious girl, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?" "Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to scream with in case of fire."

Mr. Burrows was in the parlor, but what was said in the nursery could be plainly heard. "That's a nice baby boy," said the visitor. "He has your eyes and nose and smile." "Yes; but look—see? He has his father's teeth." Then Mr. Burrows got angry, and called up: "Take em away from him, Mary; don't let him play with my teeth."

The present writer some time ago had given a grammar lesson on the noun, and, after the lesson, was asking for the names of the different kinds of fish. The common names, such as cod, herring, mackerel, trout, haddock, plaice, sole, etc., were soon exhausted, but still one little boy held up his hand and seemed anxious to answer. "Well, Tommy, what other name do you know?" "Fried fish," replied Tommy.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold, which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. They used Bick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat or lungs.

