

A SPLENDID RECORD

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Catholic Apostolate Now Covers the Entire World and Has Succeeded Where Ministers of the Denominations Have Failed.

In 1800 about 1,000 missionaries were distributed throughout the missions of the world. In 1900 there were 13,500 missionary priests and 4,500 lay brothers working in the various missions, and this is only part of the staff that modern apostolate has created. The other sex has also claimed its part, and it is the best part and what was mostly unknown to the former century. We see it now—that is, 50,000 Europeans and 10,000 natives of the mission districts—employed everywhere in relieving the poor and the afflicted.

But how is that immense apostolate maintained? Through the alms of the poor, collected and distributed by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Infancy society to the amount of \$2,000,000 per annum. Two millions is very little compared to \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 of the other creeds, yet with its \$2,000,000 only the Catholic apostolate covers the whole world and succeeds where the ministers of other denominations have often failed.

In the Chinese empire in 1800 there were only 187,000 Catholics. There were 1,000,000 of them in 1900.

Indo-China numbered 320,000 Catholics in 1800. She counted 700,000 in 1900.

India from Afghanistan to China had in 1800 475,000 Catholics and only 22 missionaries. In 1900 there were 2,000 missionaries and 2,000,000 Catholics.

Australia and New Zealand, where not a Catholic was known in 1800, had 1,000,000 in 1900, with an organized hierarchy.

In the numberless islands of Oceania Catholic missions date only from 1860, yet in 1900 they numbered 100,000 faithful.

No priest could enter Japan until 1850. There are now 5 bishops, 130 priests and 45,000 Catholics.

Algeria and Tunisia had only 7,000 Catholics in 1830 and Egypt 7,000 more. In 1900 these countries numbered 500,000 Catholics, 400,000 in Algeria alone.

South Africa counts 40,000 Catholics in eight dioceses.

South America in 1800 contained more than 40,000 Catholics.

In the United States in 1800 there were only 1 bishop, 30 priests and 30,000 Catholics. There were, in 1900, 13 archbishops, 82 bishops, 9,000 priests and over 10,000,000 Catholics.

In 1800 there were in Canada 63,000 Catholics. In 1900 there were 2,000,000.

In Newfoundland the Catholic church did not exist in 1800. In 1900 there were 72,800 Catholics.

England and Scotland had in 1800 6 vicars apostolic and 120,000 Catholics; in 1900, over 2,000,000 Catholics and over 3,000 priests.

Germany numbered, in 1800, 6,000,000 Catholics, dispersed throughout the country. In 1900 she numbered in a compact mass 18,000,000 Catholics.

In 1800 in Holland no priest could celebrate mass except in a guarded room. There were only 300,000 Catholics, without a bishop, administered by an apostolic delegate. There are now in the same country 1,488,000 Catholics, governed by 5 bishops and 2,800 priests, enjoying the most perfect freedom.

In Switzerland in 1800 the number of Catholics was only 422,000; in 1900 there were 1,233,000, with 6,000 priests and 5 bishops.

In 1800 there were only 200 Catholics dispersed throughout Denmark, Sweden and Norway; in 1895 there were in Denmark 4,000 Catholics, with a Jesuit college; 1,145 Catholics in Sweden and 875 in Norway.

In 1800 the total of Catholics in Roumania, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria and Greece was only 60,000; in 1900 it was 580,000.

Under the barbarous government of the Turks the Catholic communities have increased fourfold. There were in 1800, 148,000; there were in 1900, 421,000.

All parts of the world have considerably increased in population since 1800. Africa alone has remained stationary, with 130,000,000 population. Asia has increased from 500,000,000 to 850,000,000, Europe from 200,000,000 to 838,000,000, Oceania from 20,000,000 to 48,000,000, America from 35,000,000 to 145,000,000.

On the whole the population of the world has nearly doubled during the last century. Will it do the same during the present century?

There are 400,000,000 whites in Europe and 100,000,000 more in the other parts of the world, making a total of 500,000,000 of whites against 1,000,000,000 of yellows, browns and reds.

Among the colored peoples, Japanese and Chinese, Persians and Turks are somewhat independent and self ruling.

The balance—that is, 550,000,000, of Africans, Asiatics and Oceanians—are in the colonies living under the domination of the whites, or Europeans, whose power stretches over more than one-half of the surface of the globe and two-thirds of its inhabitants.

The conclusion resulting from the above remarks is that we actually witness the fulfillment of a prophecy dating from the very first days of the world. Noah on his deathbed said to Japheth, the father of the Europeans, "May God extend the possessions of Japheth and may he dwell in the lands of Shem and let Canaan be his servant."—Boston Republic.

The secular Catholic priests in France number today over 50,000. They are not disturbed by the law of associations.

THE ONLY SAVING CHURCH.

What Is Meant by This Broad Claim of Catholicity?

Does the Catholic church claim that she is the only saving church?

Yes. What does the expression "only saving church" mean in the mouth of the Catholic church?

It means that she is the only church which has received from Christ the means that lead to salvation.

But is not this claim on the part of the Catholic church intolerant?

No, because it is a claim which any church which pretends to have received its mission from Christ must make, as Christ did not and could not establish more than one church and as his only reason for having established a church at all must have been to lead men to eternal salvation. She would be false to her mission if she acknowledged that others had an equal right to preach and to be listened to.

The church does not say that every one that dies within the fold will be saved. If their lives have not been in keeping with their teaching, they will be lost for all eternity, and their punishment will be more severe than if they had never belonged to the church. She does not say that every one who dies outside of her pale is lost, or, rather, is of necessity lost, because he did not belong to the church. Christ, who established the church as the ordinary means of salvation, may have extraordinary ways of saving man's soul.

We know that Almighty God will not punish with eternal torments except for actual sin. Now, it may happen that one outside of the church is in good faith (the moment a reasonable doubt enters his mind as to the truth of his creed he is obliged to inquire in order to remove, if possible, the doubt; if he fails to investigate, he cannot be considered any longer in good faith); he has never committed a mortal sin, or, if he has, he has repented of it by making an act of perfect contrition. The church does not condemn such a person, but holds that he belongs to the soul of the church and that God will provide for his eternal salvation by some extraordinary means.—Rev. J. J. Nash, D. D.

France and the Church.

The infidels and atheists who are rushing France to ruin speak of the intolerance of the church. They and their followers in this country should remember intolerance of another kind—the intolerance of incredulity. This has become so rampant in France that historic names recalling a Catholic past have been blotted out from the public streets and replaced by meaningless words. The seminary has been compelled to undergo military service, the sisters of charity have been driven from the hospitals and every vestige of Christianity banished from public life and the national institutions. Free thinkers who talk of the intolerance of their opponents should set an example of toleration themselves. But they cannot crush the Catholic church, and the signs of the times point to the realization of Macaulay's prophecy that that church will be a living force when London shall have disappeared like Nineveh and Babylon.—Exchange.

A Famous Shrine.

In the cathedral church of Cologne is a large purple shrine spotted with gold and set upon a pedestal of brass in the middle of a square mausoleum faced both within and without with Jasper. This shrine contains the remains of the "three wise men" who went to Bethlehem in order to worship the Messiah and who are said to have been removed from Constantinople to Milan and finally to Cologne. They are generally called the three kings of Cologne, and their names are Casper, Melchior and Balthasar, which are written in purple characters on a little panel which is adorned with diamonds and precious stones. Over against the shrine are six large silver branches perpetually illuminated with wax candles. This celebrated shrine is open every morning from 9 to half past, when the wise men are seen at full length, each having on his head an elegant crown of gold richly garnished with jewels.

Papal Audiences.

His holiness lately expressed to Mgr. Bisleti, his chief chamberlain, a wish to permit greater freedom at the general audiences, "before I go home," as he pathetically added. So Mgr. Bisleti will seek to arrange audiences every Sunday, and if he is assured of the respectability and bona fides of those making application to him there need be no further difficulty about seeing and speaking to the pontiff. Private audiences are another affair, a recommendation from an ambassador being the least that is required.

SHORT SERMONS.

Today let us rise and go to our work. Tomorrow we shall rise and go to our reward.

Hatred is a passion that stands opposed to love and develops itself in anger, retaliation, envy, revenge and lust of power.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is made beautiful by the shining through it of God.

O Mary, every step of thine upon earth is either a lesson or a benefit. O queen of heaven, mother of mercies, in thee are life, joy and hope of the earth!

Of all the passions jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages, to be sure of it.

No martyr ever went the way of duty and felt the shadow of death upon it. The shadow of death is darkest in the valley, which men walk in easily, and is never felt at all on a steep place like Calvary.

ADVICE FOR SMOKERS.

If You Must Smoke Do It With Leisurely Puffs.

There are many pipe smokers who do not know how to get the best out of their indulgence. The great point in pipe smoking is to smoke slowly. Nervous smokers smoke too rapidly and burn their tongues with hot smoke, besides failing entirely to get the fullest and best flavor out of the tobacco. It is all a matter of habit, but slow smoking is a habit which is hard for some people to acquire.

In some cases pipe smokers have tried for years to check their smoking speed without success. They begin too late, and the habit of rapid smoking is shaken off with difficulty when it is once acquired.

Rapid smoking is as bad as rapid eating or worse. It is also "bad form," whether it is cigar, pipe or cigarette. The smoking should be deliberate in order to get the fullest enjoyment. It is especially so with a pipe. Many persons have smoked all their lives and yet do not know how to smoke. It is as painful to watch some people smoke as it is to sit at the table with a man who "gobbles" and "gorges" his food on the "fifteen-minutes-for-refreshments" plan.

The deliberate pipe smoker gets out of his pipe an enjoyment of which the rapid smoker has no inkling. A cigar which has once gone out has its flavor ruined forever, for nothing is more obnoxious to the sense of smell than a newly extinguished "but." The best persons who take their "beastly" half-lighted or newly extinguished, into the elevated and surface cars should have some punishment devised for them—"something humorous with boiling oil."

But it makes no difference to the favor of a pipe how many times it goes out. Fastidious pipe smokers always have at least two pipes at hand and never a filling one until it is entirely cooled off. This is a help toward smoking, and a reasonable life in a pipe. A good way to tell if you are smoking too fast is to hold the bowl of the pipe in your hand. If it is too hot to be held with comfort, then you know that your smoking speed is too great. Good tobacco, a good pipe and deliberateness are the prime essentials in pipe smoking. Eat slowly, smoke slowly, drink seldom; so shall you live long in the land and enjoy the fullness thereof.

Forecasting Future Events.

Thirty-two dollars per month is a very modest stipend for a monarch, especially one who combines supernatural knowledge with executive ability. But that is all Chief Lenana, of the Masai tribe in British East Africa, gets, and he is more than satisfied.

In return for this allowance from the English Government Lenana agrees to keep the natives on friendly terms with the king's representatives in the Africa protectorate. When consideration is taken of the fact that the Masai tribe is one of the most warlike and dangerous with which the British have had to contend in East Africa, the \$32 a month seems money well spent.

Chief Lenana exercises absolute authority over his tribe. His power is based on superstition, for he is principal medicine man, as well as commander-in-chief and king. On certain occasions he takes drugs, called royal medicine, which the natives believe would poison any other person, and straightway falls into a trance.

When he recovers Lenana generally makes a few amazing announcements to his followers concerning future events and happenings in other places.

As a rule, the king's remarks are borne out later by facts, and the natives who don't understand it at all, increase their admiration and awe for their chief, and attribute his prophetic to a depth of wisdom past their learning.

As a matter of fact, Lenana maintains his leadership simply through the medium of a sleight-of-hand performance. His reputation for superhuman wisdom is based on a thorough system of secret espionage.

The whole of the country known to the Masai is patrolled by runners, who are charged to observe everything they see, and report to the king, but under pain of death to no one else. Consequently if it is proposed to attack a distant place Lenana, after a dose of royal medicine, gives a detailed description of the locality and its inhabitants. When his warriors find that what they see exactly corresponds with what they have been told by their king before starting their superstitious awe goes up one notch higher.

Our Pension Army.

It is doubtful if that much-talked-of person, the average taxpayer, realizes that he helps to support the largest army in the world. Probably he would deny it if you suggested such a thing. It is, nevertheless, true, and the army is not only the largest, but the costliest. It is not a standing army. It is our army of pensioners.

The expensive military pomp of Great Britain and Germany shrinks into comparative littleness when compared with the cost and the size of our army of one million citizens whom we supported last year at a cost of \$150,000,000.

The colossal expenditure during the period of actual warfare is only the prelude to the financial story. It costs \$150,000,000 a year to support those who were maimed or injured in war or their dependent relatives—war is certainly not a pastime with an economical nation ought lightly to engage in.

Not only do we pay more for the privilege of supporting those we have sent out to be shot at by an enemy than any country in Europe pays to maintain its standing army, but the number of our pensioners last year was greater than the armies of Great Britain, Italy, Austria-Hungary and the Ottoman Empire combined.

ENGLISH HUGH—AND—HIS DOG DUKE

"He's sure to be a stick," declared Harold crossly. "I heard Uncle Jack say that he didn't seem a bit like our boys. Why, once when he was there Hugh actually preferred to stay at home and study when he might have gone hunting to the meet. I think they call it, don't they?"

"Perhaps he won't be as bad as you think," suggested Ray hopefully. "He can't be such an awfully bad sort if he's our own cousin, you know. Besides, he has a dog that he's bringing over on the steamer with him. You know we've always wanted a dog."

"Yes, and never could have one because the family objected," Harold grumbled. "I call it a shame that other boys can bring—"

"Hurry, if you're coming down to the steamer with me!" called Uncle Jack.

That night after supper Hugh was called that the cellar was the place for a dog to sleep, and, despite the fact that Hugh protested that Duke had at least been in his room down cellar, went for in the bowler he had been permitted to hug, tried out with the exciting happenings of the day, submitted to authority, and Duke was sent into the cellar, while he went to bed in his little room next the boys on the third floor.

Ray and Harold woke simultaneously in the middle of the night and sat up in bed. "Did you hear that noise?" whispered Ray.

"What noise?" Harold whispered back. "Their score into the hall was open, and a muffled and stealthy sound of footsteps could be heard down stairs."

"Suppose?" began Harold.

"It's the burglars that have been terrorizing the town," declared Ray. "What shall we do?"

The noise down stairs ceased, and in a minute a white figure came quietly in at the door.

"I say," said Hugh—for it was he—"do—do your people walk in their sleep? I saw a black figure in the downstairs hall as I looked over the banisters."

Ray and Harold whispered that there had been sneaky thieves in the neighborhood.

"If Duke were only here," said Hugh, "he'd catch 'em in a minute. I—I have not been asleep at all for thinking of him so lonesome there in the damp cellar."

"Fudge!" said Harold. "Don't be a baby. Are you afraid to sleep alone?" Hugh's eyes flashed in the dark.

"Are we going to rouse the family?" he asked.

"And scare the burglars away?" asked Ray. "We couldn't wake Uncle Jack if we blew a horn in his ear. I believe, but—"

The noise down stairs was heard again, and the three boys looked to the banisters. There was a light in the dining room and they thought a faint rattle of silver.

"Are there any back stairs?" asked Hugh.

"Yes," said Ray. "Let us steal down and let Duke out. He'll catch 'em."

"But—the stairs go into the kitchen, and that's right next to the dining room!" said Harold. "We might—"

"Yes, we might scare 'em away," added Ray.

Hugh had started for the back stairs and was part way down.

"I'm going alone, then," he answered. "If you won't come." And almost before they went down through the kitchen, past the dining room door, under which he saw a light, and, opening the other door, he called softly to Duke, and Duke, who had dreamed restlessly of his young master, heard and put a nose into his hand.

"Burglars!" whispered Hugh in his ear, and the clever dog understood, and his hair bristled in expectation. Quickly they went to the dining room door, and Hugh opened it. There at the table stood a rough looking man, a piece of pie in one hand and a lot of money in the other. He did not notice the awing door as it moved and let a small dog in, nor did he notice that the small dog sat down and watched him intently while his master sipped up to Uncle Jack's room and with a few well directed blows awakened him. Then Uncle Jack and a revolver confronted the man at one door, while Duke and Hugh guarded the other.

"You might as well go about it and not frighten the ladies," said Uncle Jack to the man. "Empty your pockets. That's right. Now walk into the kitchen. Hugh, show the way to the cellar. Now you go down cellar and stay there till morning. If you try to get out, this dog will make short work of you. Good night!" And Duke Jack locked the cellar door.

"Will Duke keep guard?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Yes," said Hugh. "And as long as he's in a comfortable place I shall be better. Duke, guard that door and don't let him out."

Duke wagged his tail understandingly and settled to his task with Hugh went back to bed.

"Where's your burglar?" asked the boys when he came back.

"At breakfast the next morning Harold and Ray looked sheepish. The man

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"Well, my boy, you had a cold welcome to America," said Uncle Jack, laughing, as they boarded the train. "But these two young beggars here will make it warm enough for you. Ill warrant, before you've been here many days. You must forgive them if they are not overpolite, for they haven't time to remember their manners very often."

"He's got nerve," said Ray to Harold, as they went home. "I didn't think a Britisher had so much."

"He isn't as much of a little Lord Fauntleroy as I thought he would be," said Harold. "Though he does dress queerly, I wonder if they all do."

The English boy was quiet and reserved, awed by the great change in his life from the large country estate with servants at his beck and call, to the little American suburban home of his

It was Hugh to the rescue. Great excitement prevailed on the steamer and wharf, and ropes were lowered and deck hands prepared to let down a boat.

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"Well, my boy, you had a cold welcome to America," said Uncle Jack, laughing, as they boarded the train. "But these two young beggars here will make it warm enough for you. Ill warrant, before you've been here many days. You must forgive them if they are not overpolite, for they haven't time to remember their manners very often."

"He's got nerve," said Ray to Harold, as they went home. "I didn't think a Britisher had so much."

"He isn't as much of a little Lord Fauntleroy as I thought he would be," said Harold. "Though he does dress queerly, I wonder if they all do."

The English boy was quiet and reserved, awed by the great change in his life from the large country estate with servants at his beck and call, to the little American suburban home of his

It was Hugh to the rescue. Great excitement prevailed on the steamer and wharf, and ropes were lowered and deck hands prepared to let down a boat.

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"Well, my boy, you had a cold welcome to America," said Uncle Jack, laughing, as they boarded the train. "But these two young beggars here will make it warm enough for you. Ill warrant, before you've been here many days. You must forgive them if they are not overpolite, for they haven't time to remember their manners very often."

"He's got nerve," said Ray to Harold, as they went home. "I didn't think a Britisher had so much."

"He isn't as much of a little Lord Fauntleroy as I thought he would be," said Harold. "Though he does dress queerly, I wonder if they all do."

The English boy was quiet and reserved, awed by the great change in his life from the large country estate with servants at his beck and call, to the little American suburban home of his

It was Hugh to the rescue. Great excitement prevailed on the steamer and wharf, and ropes were lowered and deck hands prepared to let down a boat.

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"Well, my boy, you had a cold welcome to America," said Uncle Jack, laughing, as they boarded the train. "But these two young beggars here will make it warm enough for you. Ill warrant, before you've been here many days. You must forgive them if they are not overpolite, for they haven't time to remember their manners very often."

"He's got nerve," said Ray to Harold, as they went home. "I didn't think a Britisher had so much."

"He isn't as much of a little Lord Fauntleroy as I thought he would be," said Harold. "Though he does dress queerly, I wonder if they all do."

The English boy was quiet and reserved, awed by the great change in his life from the large country estate with servants at his beck and call, to the little American suburban home of his

It was Hugh to the rescue. Great excitement prevailed on the steamer and wharf, and ropes were lowered and deck hands prepared to let down a boat.

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"Well, my boy, you had a cold welcome to America," said Uncle Jack, laughing, as they boarded the train. "But these two young beggars here will make it warm enough for you. Ill warrant, before you've been here many days. You must forgive them if they are not overpolite, for they haven't time to remember their manners very often."

"He's got nerve," said Ray to Harold, as they went home. "I didn't think a Britisher had so much."

"He isn't as much of a little Lord Fauntleroy as I thought he would be," said Harold. "Though he does dress queerly, I wonder if they all do."

The English boy was quiet and reserved, awed by the great change in his life from the large country estate with servants at his beck and call, to the little American suburban home of his

It was Hugh to the rescue. Great excitement prevailed on the steamer and wharf, and ropes were lowered and deck hands prepared to let down a boat.

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"Well, my boy, you had a cold welcome to America," said Uncle Jack, laughing, as they boarded the train. "But these two young beggars here will make it warm enough for you. Ill warrant, before you've been here many days. You must forgive them if they are not overpolite, for they haven't time to remember their manners very often."

"He's got nerve," said Ray to Harold, as they went home. "I didn't think a Britisher had so much."

"He isn't as much of a little Lord Fauntleroy as I thought he would be," said Harold. "Though he does dress queerly, I wonder if they all do."

The English boy was quiet and reserved, awed by the great change in his life from the large country estate with servants at his beck and call, to the little American suburban home of his

It was Hugh to the rescue. Great excitement prevailed on the steamer and wharf, and ropes were lowered and deck hands prepared to let down a boat.

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"Well, my boy, you had a cold welcome to America," said Uncle Jack, laughing, as they boarded the train. "But these two young beggars here will make it warm enough for you. Ill warrant, before you've been here many days. You must forgive them if they are not overpolite, for they haven't time to remember their manners very often."

"He's got nerve," said Ray to Harold, as they went home. "I didn't think a Britisher had so much."

"He isn't as much of a little Lord Fauntleroy as I thought he would be," said Harold. "Though he does dress queerly, I wonder if they all do."

The English boy was quiet and reserved, awed by the great change in his life from the large country estate with servants at his beck and call, to the little American suburban home of his

It was Hugh to the rescue. Great excitement prevailed on the steamer and wharf, and ropes were lowered and deck hands prepared to let down a boat.

But Hugh was a good swimmer, and, although his position looked perilous, he was self possessed, and, trying the sputtering dog to one rope, he shouted to draw him up, and then, with another rope fastened about his body, Hugh was raised slowly through the air to the wharf.

Uncle Jack was the first to help him over the edge, and in a few minutes the boy was laughing and protesting that he was all right, while Duke frisked around his new found friends and barked delightedly at everything.

"