FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Had a Soothing, Calming Effect.

Wheelersburg, O., September 1, 1908.
I was sick with nervousness, could not eat nor sleep, legs will not sit still; was almost desperate for sleep. A friend received your pamphlet and sent it to me, I had much confidence in it after reading of the many cases cured, I could hardly wait till the Tonic arrived, it seemed the first dose had a soothing calming effect. I cannot extol enough the praises it deserves. I was a wreck, now I am sound and well, what a relief to get sleep which I lost for 3 months. I consider Koenig's Tonic a god-send to me.
OCEDIA BARNEY.

Laurel, Ind., Aug. 29, 1908.
It was overwork that brought on a complete break-down of the whole system and for 5 years I was not able to do anything and everybody expected me to die. I had received treatment from 7 doctors without benefit. I then took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and I found the very best medicine I ever saw and I am now able to work again. REV. J. T. ANTHONY.

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THANKS A THOUSAND GRATEFUL THANKS TO ALL OUR BENEFACTORS

Through the generosity of the Catholic public we have been enabled to secure a magnificent site for Church, Presbytery and Schools

We have already built the Presbytery and Sacristy, the latter of which we are using for a Temporary Church until sufficient funds are in hand to build the Church. On no account will our good Bishop allow us to go into debt. Personally, I am glad, because to go into debt would mean ruin to this poor Mission, and would undo all the good that I have been struggling so hard to perform.

I have no diocesan grant, remember, and no endowment except hope.

Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader! But wait and see, I am by no means discouraged. Much has been accomplished in the past, and—much more is about to be accomplished.

I have hope in you, good reader. I greatly hope that you will help us to bring this glorious work, so nobly begun, to a successful and speedy issue; that you, in your zeal for the progress of Our Holy Faith, will extend a helping hand to me.

This Mission is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. My people are poor and scattered, consequently the weekly offerings are necessarily very small. We must have outside help for the present. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped, I would say: "For the sake of the cause, give something, if only a little." It is easier and the more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the blessed sacrament.

Address —Father H. W. Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and our Holy Patron, St. Anthony of Padua.

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY.

Dear Father Gray:—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ.
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

Help Us To Save the Negro.

For twenty-five years the Josephite Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia. Already nine Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics; the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs $2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls."—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

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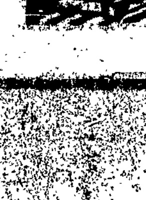

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HE SMILED NOT

As the stenographer maintained her cold and haughty demeanor the country sales manager handed her a card inscribed "Keep smiling." The stenographer glanced at it and handed it back.

"It's the only way to do," urged the country sales manager. "It's the way I always do."

"Yes, you do!" said the stenographer, scornfully.

"Sure," said the country sales manager. "Every time and all the time. I'm like sunshine in the house."

"You're some kind of a shine," said the stenographer.

"I'm Radiant Robert," persisted the country sales manager. "When I pass by the brass signs at the door they get dull. Haven't I chased away gloom for you many's the time?"

"I'd as soon you'd chase yourself just now," said the stenographer. "This is my busy time of day."

"Smile, then," pleaded the country sales manager.

"Honest, I will when you're gone," said the stenographer. "I can't while you're around. You give me the fan... I didn't notice that you were smiling very hard when you came out of Mr. Pickett's room this morning."

"I was just resting my face a moment," said the country sales manager.

"I wish you'd rest part of it now," said the stenographer.

"I'm resting my eyes on you," declared the country sales manager.

"It's your mouth I wish you'd rest," retorted the stenographer. "It needs rest and quiet. Change of scene might do good for it, too. I wish you'd try it. I hear you've been losing money playing poker again."

"Not to amount to anything," said the country sales manager. "Not enough to keep me from smiling. You see the fellow who told you if I didn't keep smiling."

"Funny, wasn't it!"

"It did seem kind of funny. It was the best kind of joke, really. I had three aces and a pair of nines and the other fellow—"

"I don't want to hear about it," said the stenographer, tartly.

"That's all right, but I was smiling," said the country sales manager.

"I saw a fat party slip on the sidewalk on State street at noon," remarked the stenographer. "He smiled, too but I think he sat down too hard for it to be genuine."

"He was a sport, nevertheless," the country sales manager maintained. "I guess he belonged to my society. 'Keep smiling' is our motto. Hide the aching heart behind a smile. Here you've been jabbing me for half an hour—ever since I spoke to you, and—"

"Seems like hours to me," interrupted the stenographer.

"You've been throwing the hooks into me and dragging them through my feelings," pursued the country sales manager. "Still I've been smiling. I smile still. To give you an instance: I was sitting in the street car coming down town this morning and a girl trod on my foot."

"Why don't you say your corn?"

"I will if you want me to. That girl couldn't have weighed all of a hundred and thirty pounds, and you get a hundred and thirty pounds pressure to the foot—"

"Corn."

"Acher. How will that do for a compromise? Anyway, she was one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw in my life and she was so sorry she hurt me that the tears almost stood in her eyes."

"It's nothing to have them standing. They ought to have run."

"How could they when she was standing herself? Anyway, as I said, she was passing fair."

"To the conductor?"

"Child!" said the country sales manager, reproachfully.

"I'm glad she did step on your corn," said the stenographer. "I guess she belonged to my society. We always step on the corns of selfish brutes who keep their seats while we're standing. I suppose you smiled?"

"I did not," confessed the country sales manager.—Chicago Daily News.

Charles Dickens and His Cat.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and had a special fondness for cats. One of his favorites, known for her devotion to Dickens as "the master's cat," used to follow him about like a dog, and sit beside him while he wrote. One night Dickens was reading at a small table by the light of a candle, with pussy, as usual, at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, going on reading. In a short time the light again became dim, and, turning suddenly, Dickens found puss deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and looking at him appealingly as she did so. Not till then did her master guess what was wrong. The little creature felt neglected and wanted to be petted, and extinguishing the candle was the best device she could think of for bringing it about.

Vienna Flower Girls.

The flower girls constitute a goodly portion of the inhabitants of Vienna. How such hundreds can live is a wonder. They are rather picturesque figures, done up in their shawls, with trays swung from their shoulders and filled with rigid bouquets fastened to a stick and encircled by a conventional frill of white paper.

HOW ROYAL LADIES PROPOSE.

The Future Consort Is Relieved of Taking the Initiative.

When a reigning queen is to be married she must broach the subject first to her future consort. The same rule holds good with regard to all royal ladies who marry commoners.

Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties and the distant landscape and then said: "All this may be yours." The Queen of Holland, on a like occasion, simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look out its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the Marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the Earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of trifles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he picked for her at different times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.

A Viceroy's Plain Living.

The book which Miss Juliet Bredon has written about her uncle, Sir Robert Hart, the "Grand Old Man of China," for many years in charge of the Imperial Customs Service, is full of characteristic and entertaining stories. Among them is the following:

One of the most influential of Sir Robert's Chinese friends was the great Li Hung Chang. The diplomat liked Li's household because of the simplicity he found there—no wearisome courses at dinner, but fish and perhaps a dish of chicken with rice. Incautiously, as it turned out, he praised this frugality to his own Chinese servant, for the remark reached Li's ears in a distorted form. Next time Sir Robert went there he had to face a grand ceremonial banquet.

"You shall not have the chance to go away again and say that you have been fed like a coolie in my house," said the viceroy, proudly, at the end of the banquet.

"Nevertheless, the very simplicity of your hospitality was what I most appreciated," Sir Robert replied. "But if you believe that I could have made any such remark, and if you persist in altering the style of my reception, I shall not come to lunch with you again."

A Practical Philosopher.

The well-grounded fondness of the negro for opossum meat furnishes a common ground on which all members of the race—and not a few white men as well—can meet. Accordingly it is probable that the discussion which the three colored men fell into, in a story attributed by the New York Times to Governor Glenn of North Carolina, was brought to an amicable conclusion by the statement of the last speaker's position.

Deacon Jackson stated that in his opinion the country was going to the dogs, therefore he was accused of being a pessimist.

Elder Hightower combated this view, saying that the panic was about over and the price of cotton was on the rise. He declared himself a firm optimist.

When Deacon Powell was called on for his opinion, he scratched his head reflectively for a moment and said:

"Well, brudderin' hit 'pears to me dat 'simmons is 'bout ripe now, thuffo' I 'specs I is a possumist!"

Male Chatterboxes.

Are not men in the mass more inveterate gossips than women! Shakespeare's citizens do the real gossiping in his plays, even though he followed tradition in personifying rumor as a dame—"if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word." You will find as much lively and inane chit-chat in any man's clubhouse as in any woman's. The hotel and theatre lobbies seethe with the gossiping of men. No village sewing society or quite society can equal the incessant buzz at the grocery store, and when it comes to downright, earnest, unflagging dissection of reputation and pernicious tittle-tattle there is no body of women in the land that can hold a candle to the foolish adult chatterboxes at any political headquarters.

Complementary Colors.

Recent experiments, the results of which have been placed before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, appear to demonstrate that the true complementary colors of the spectrum have not hitherto been recognized. Red was formerly considered to be the complement of green, yellow of violet and blue of orange. But according to Mr. Rosenstiel, the complementaries of red and orange are neither green nor blue, but two greenish-blue tints and the complement of yellow is blue and not violet, which is the complement of green. Mr. Rosenstiel has accordingly formed a new "chromatic circle" for the use of artists, which he believes is more correct than its predecessors.

A Flood of Troubles.

"The doctor told me I had a crick in my back and a cataract in my eye."

"Mercy, and I suppose the bridge of your nose is in danger of being swept away."—Kansas City Times.

THE FAITH OF MISS OLIVIA

Miss Olivia's heart was behaving in a strange manner; and the reason for this was that she had just heard that Merton Kent was coming home. She was not surprised that news of him should affect her in this way after 12 years, for she had taken care to keep her one romance alive all this time.

Miss Olivia and Merton Kent had always known each other. They had been playmates from childhood and gone to the same school. When they grew older their friendship strengthened with the years, and on the girl's part a feeling that was more than friendly sprang into being. She had cherished a shy hope that some time Merton would care for her as she did for him. It is very possible that he would have had not pretty Amy Getchell come to the village one summer. From the moment he looked into Amy's witching face he was her slave and ceased to think of his old friend. But his suit did not prosper, for she accepted his attentions simply for her own amusement, and when she went back to the city in the autumn she left behind a very unhappy youth. That winter he went West, and all that Miss Olivia had heard of him during these years was through his mother, who was and had always been a very dear friend of hers. Miss Olivia had called at Mrs. Kent's the previous week and she had invited her to her home the next Thursday. After Miss Olivia had accepted the invitation Mrs. Kent had joyfully remarked that her son was coming home on a visit, and that he would be glad to see her again.

Miss Olivia felt like a girl in her anticipation of seeing Merton, and she could hardly wait for Thursday to come. But after an endless time, as it seemed to her, she set out toward the white house on the hill, where Mrs. Kent lived. It was a sharp afternoon, and the wind whipped the color into Miss Olivia's face. Time had been kind to her and she had assisted Time by being very kind to herself; for she had always thought that Merton would come back sometime, and she did not want him to be disappointed. She took a sort of pride in the fact that not a silver thread showed in her abundance of dark brown hair, and that scarcely a line marred her smooth, clear complexion.

When she reached her destination and rang the bell, her heart beat timidly as she waited for some one to answer her summons. Finally Mrs. Kent herself came to the door, and after they had exchanged greetings, she followed her hostess into the cosy living room. She looked around expectantly and was some disappointed not to see Merton there. His mother interpreted her look correctly, for she said at once: "Merton had to go to the postoffice. He'll be back before long."

The two sat down for a chat, and after they had talked of various things, Mrs. Kent spoke again of her son. She told Miss Olivia how prosperous he had become, and how he had never forgotten his old mother. And then she finished with a remark that drove every vistage of color from the younger woman's face.

"He's to be married, soon, I guess, Olivia. Says he wants to have a home and settle down. He's only hinted, but I can't think who 'tis unless it's Ellen Wood. He's mentioned her once or twice in his letters."

Miss Olivia schooled herself to make some commonplace remark suited to the occasion. How glad she was that she had kept her romance locked in her heart. Now no one would dream that she was suffering. It would be hard to give up the faith she had held so firmly all these years, but it would have to be done, no matter how much it hurt. It would not be right to think of him any longer. She had been so sure, too, that Merton was coming back to her some day.

Miss Olivia controlled herself so well that Mrs. Kent did not notice that anything had gone amiss, and she kept on chatting until Merton came in.

Miss Olivia greeted him with her usual collected manner. He was glad to see her, he said, and the way he looked when he said it made her heart beat faster, in spite of her resolution not to care any more for him.

After a while some duty called Mrs. Kent from the room. There was a long silence, and then Merton drew up his chair very close to Miss Olivia's.

"I've been thinking—of getting—married," he began, rather awkwardly. "But I don't know yet whether—she'll say yes or no—"

"You don't know," repeated Miss Olivia in bewilderment.

"I haven't asked her yet. But I'm going to right away. I've been thinking of her a lot lately, and I've come home on purpose to ask her." He put out his hand and touched hers gently. "It's you I love, Olivia. Can you—do you love me well enough to be my wife?"

A great wave of happiness swept over Miss Olivia. Merton had come back to her after all. She blushed like a girl, and in the rapture her face was she turned toward him Merton Kent read his answer.—PRISCILLA CASTELL.

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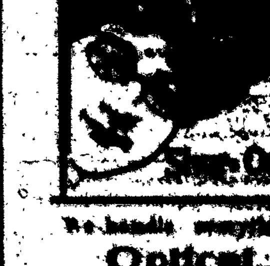

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