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I was sick with nervousness, could not eat nor sleep, lay still nor 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.
OCIDDA BARKER.

Laurel, Ind., Aug. 9, 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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St. Anthony's Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton.
Fakenham, Norfolk.

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 authorise 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.

Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hannigan, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 842, Richmond, Va.

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THEIR HONEYMOON

By ESTELLE MARSH.

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Evan Wilder was a hard worker and a despiser of every one who was not wrapped in his or her daily occupation. "I'm a practical sort of fellow," he used to say, "and don't go much on sentiment." It did not occur to him that there are two worlds—the practical and the ideal. One who could look out far into space at a spiral nebula—a forming universe—and be filled with contempt for a transaction in cotton yarn Evan could not understand. He would call such a person an idiotic star gazer.

On Evan's thirtieth birthday he said to himself: "I have accumulated sufficient funds to have a home. There can be no home without a woman. She is needed to run the household. I will marry."

And so he married. He was careful in his selection to secure a practical girl like himself. He asked her friends if there was any nonsense about her, and they all replied in the negative. He talked "practical" to her, and she convinced him that she was more practical than he. In planning for the wedding he told her that honeymoons served no other purpose than to make brides and grooms tired of each other. They would come home at the end of their honeymoon's first quarter. She assented.

They had no sooner settled themselves in their seats on the train after the wedding than Mrs. Wilder took a book out of her hand bag and began to read. Evan turned and looked at her curiously. She paid no attention to him, but went on reading, and he turned away to the window. For the first time in his life he had felt a desire to say something tender. But there was little encouragement to "talk soft" to a woman deeply interested in a book. He desisted. On arrival at their destination the newly married wife told her husband that she was very tired after the preparations for the wedding and wished a room to herself at the hotel. There was something so decided in the proposition that the husband did not venture an objection.

The place of their quarter of a honeymoon was at the seaside. Evan arose in the morning, having lain awake all night in a mental grumble. He went down to breakfast. After waiting half an hour for his bride he sent a servant to her room to learn when she would be down. He received in reply a bit of paper on which was written: "Dear Evan—Don't mind me. I'm making up sleep. Hope you'll find something to do to kill time."

Evan sat down to breakfast alone. He had pictured that first breakfast and wondered how he would ever get through it. He would read his paper and his wife would object. He would lay it aside and try to say something agreeable to her and she would pout. She had relieved him of her presence at this undesirable first breakfast, and he was at perfect liberty to read his paper as he liked.

He strolled during the morning over the beach thinking of how different was the reality from what he had conceived. He had expected to be bored, but in a different way. An old joke about the waning of the honeymoon wherein the bride had wished for some friend and the groom even for an enemy occurred to him. He caught sight at the same moment of one of his chums walking ahead of him. He turned and walked in an opposite direction.

At noon his wife came down looking refreshed and very pretty. "Why, Evan," she said, "how dismal you look!"

"I think I have had cause. Am I to spend the whole time alone?"

"Not all of it. I've some letters to write this afternoon, but we can dine together."

"Do you consider your action proper for a bride?"

"Evan, dear, don't you understand?"

"Understand what?"

"We don't wish to tire of each other during the first week of wedded life."

Wilder was silent.

"I wish you to get used to me gradually," she continued, "as one becomes accustomed to a new dish for which a taste must be acquired."

"H'm!"

"Get a boat or something this afternoon. Can't you go fishing? We'll dine together at 7 and listen to the music afterward."

"And then?"

"Why, I'll do some reading."

"And tomorrow?"

"You might go off with one of those yachting parties for the day."

Evan knit his brows. "I'll see about it," he said.

They dined together and for awhile after dinner listened to the hotel orchestra. Evan sat apparently conjuring up something in his mind. Presently he said, "The moon's full tonight."

"Some couple's honeymoon is ended at last, and they can get away from boredom."

"Sweetheart!" He looked at her reproachfully.

"What is it, dear?"

"Let us walk on the beach in the moonlight."

"Oh, Evan, how absurdly sentimental that would be!"

"Come!"

She went with him. He grasped the hand that rested on his arm, and they looked out at the shimmer on the rolling waters.

"Darling," he said, "I have been wrong."

"But you have discovered your mistake. I knew you would."

"You have shown it to me."

[illegible] for that [illegible] a friend of Mr. [illegible] New York to visit him at the park, but found that the train did not stop at that station. The conductor was polite, but said that he could not go against orders. At New Haven a man was made, and Mr. [illegible]'s friend tried to bribe the engineer with a ten dollar bill, but in vain. He was then told that Charles P. Clark, the president of the road, was on the train, and he went to him.

"Why don't you see the conductor?" asked Mr. Clark.

"I have, but he will not disobey orders."

"Why not then go forward and bribe the engineer?"

"I tried bribery at New Haven, but it would not work."

The absence of evasion was the best policy. Mr. Clark not only gave orders to have the train stopped at Charter Oak, but promised some day to see Maud S. He had witnessed the attempt at bribery, and the frank confession of the offense seemed to please him.

Preparing For a Journey.

Jerome K. Jerome recalled with reverence a habit of his methodical uncle who, before packing for a journey, always "made a list." This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips:

Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well; put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.

This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

Chicago the Danger Line.

"Speaking of fishballs," remarked an ardent New England admirer of that form of food who was eating in a Dearborn street restaurant the other day, "I will tell you a sad, sad truth about them.

"If you order them in Boston they are practically all fish. Yes, sir—solid, bona fide fish. Move west a bit—to Albany, say. What happens? The amount of fish in each fishball has dwindled. Proceed to Buffalo. A certain self assertiveness begins to be apparent with the fish. On to Cleveland! Fishballs there are half potato, half fish, with the accent on potato. On to Chicago! There potato has the upper hand!"

He groaned.

"How is it in the far west?"

He leaned forward.

"I've never dared travel farther west than Chicago!" he whispered hoarsely. —Chicago Tribune.

Golf In the Old Days.

Centuries back golf was a pastime of the royal family, though then usually played in Scotland. The Stuart family was very fond of the game, and the first English club was established at Blackheath in 1608 by James I. His eldest son, Henry, frequently played and on one occasion nearly struck by accident his tutor with a club, whereupon he coolly remarked, "Had I done so I had but paid my debts." Charles I. was playing golf when he received the news of the Irish rebellion. James, duke of York, afterward James II., was another ardent player. Golf is frequently mentioned in ancient Scottish records and in the fifteenth century was prohibited because it interfered with the practice of archery. Strutt considered it the most ancient game at ball requiring a bat.—London Standard.

Vegetable Chat.

"I see that some college professor has been saying that he believes that vegetables can see and hear while growing in the garden."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; not only that, but he believes that ages hence they will be able to converse with one another."

"Oh, that's old!"

"What's old?"

"Vegetables conversing. I've often heard 'Jack and the Beanstalk!'"

Maid Worth Having.

The Mistress (entering the kitchen)—Jane, didn't I hear a dish break a minute ago. The Maid—I hope you did, mem. It made noise enough. If you hadn't heard it I should have thought you were getting deaf, and that, you know, would be awful.—Boston Transcript.

Cause and Effect.

The Earl of Ennui (dreamily)—Wish I just had er million and ten years ahead of me. Baron Reafing It—Well, you grab the million and you'll get the ten years all right, all right.—Puck.

Then What?

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband doesn't care for money. Mrs. Doyle—That adds to the mystery as to the motive for his marriage.—New York Press.

Sure Thing.

Bill—When all the fools are dead I don't want to be alive. Jill—Well, don't worry; you won't be.—Yonkers Statesman.

HER FOURTH.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

"What is this information is this about your marrying Jim Carter yesterday?" said Henry Doty to Eunice Smith.

"We were married," was the reply.

"But I was going to marry you myself!"

"I never knew it. You never said anything about it."

"And you won't get a divorce from him?"

"Of course not."

"By gum, Eunice, this is using a man mighty mean! I was just taking time to think things over, and you go off and marry. It's a mean trick on a feller!"

"Oh, there are other girls."

"But I don't want 'em. I want you, and I'm going to stay single till my chance comes."

It came in about a year. James Carter was assisting a neighbor to load saw logs when one of them broke loose and rolled over him, and he was no more. Henry Doty didn't rejoice, but he was on hand at the funeral. He overseen things for the widow for three or four days and then returned to his job. As he held her hand and bade her goodby he said:

"Eunice, there was something I wanted to say to you, but it slipped my mind. Mebbe I'll think of it next time I come."

The widow returned to her parents, and the hired man made her a call three or four times a week, but he never talked love. He simply thought love when he was alone. They'd got married when the year was up, and when they got to the Falls they'd put up at the best house and hang the expense. Fourteen months had passed, and Henry was thinking of tying a string around his thumb to make him remember to ask Eunice that question when he was suddenly [illegible] that she had married a wire fence man who was working in the neighborhood. He greased his boots and combed his hair and went over to the house to say:

"Eunice, if you've gone and done it again I can never forgive you! You knew I was calculating to marry you myself!"

"But you never said anything about it," she retorted.

"But I was getting ready to."

"If you'd only said so."

"Oh, well, I'll have to stand it, I suppose. Mebbe it's all for the best. Mebbe the flying will be cheaper by that time. I'm going to keep right on just as I am till I get you."

Mr. Davis, the second husband, was [illegible] and rugged and seemed good for forty years more of life, but one [illegible] [illegible] all [illegible] [illegible] things. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when a thunderstorm came up. Mr. Davis laid his hands on the wire when the electric fluid found it and shocked him to death. Queerly enough, Henry Doty was driving past in a wagon at the time and was the messenger to announce the sad news to the double widow. He realized that it was no time to speak of a bridal trip then and held his peace.

Once more the widow came back to the old home, and things went on as before. Henry returned to the habit of dropping in frequently, and he only waited for the days to pass until he could ask the question always uppermost in his mind. One evening he presented himself with a string twisted around his thumb, but when the widow called his attention to it he couldn't remember what he had made [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Now and then the farmer for whom he labored and who knew his thoughts would jog him with:

"Henry, the time is passing along, and the widow may step off again any day."

"But I don't hear of anybody being after her."

"You don't always hear about such things. Widows step right off without much courting."

"Yes, I must speak to Eunice. I was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I would."

But he didn't. He just let things drift on, and one Sunday evening he dropped in just after she had married the rural mail carrier on that route. Henry was indignant and desperate.

"Why didn't you say something?" he demanded of the bride.

"Why didn't you?"

"Say, this is throwing a good man down powerful hard. This is the third time I've lost you!"

"But you've never said you wanted me. You don't expect a woman to pop the question, do you?"

"All right, Eunice—all right. I can wait. Bound to get you and make a trip if I wait long enough."

It was just eleven months to a day that as the carrier came to a narrow place in the highway he encountered a load of hay. In trying to pass it his cart was upset, and when it was righted he was found with a broken neck. Henry Doty was coming up with a freshly killed hog in his wagon, and as soon as he ascertained what had happened he chucked the hog out of the wagon and drove back three miles with the horses on a dead run. Eunice happened to be at the gate when he drove up, and he called to her:

"Eunice, get a pencil and write it down that I'm here on the spot."

"But for why?"

"And that I ask you to marry me when the year is up."

"Why, Henry, what can you mean?"

"And that we take in Niagara Falls and all of Buffalo on our wedding trip and that we love each other till death do us part."

And it was said that the fourth husband was the happiest of all.

[illegible] Moscow [illegible] [illegible] institution [illegible] some 14,000 babies [illegible] that put out by a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which numbers [illegible] Foundling asylum [illegible] Empress Catherine II. [illegible] [illegible] oddly enough [illegible] playing cards [illegible] livery of the royal family [illegible] doors, and its accounts are audited by the Russian [illegible] partment. The buildings [illegible] this institution stand in a [illegible] square round a garden with [illegible] and trees, which forms a playground for the children. [illegible] sorts and sizes, from tender [illegible] who in the incubating rooms [illegible] struggling into life, are tended by [illegible] ful nurses and are as sure of [illegible] tention and wholesome food [illegible] baby can need. About fifty babies [illegible] received every day, and after [illegible] weeks the nurses take them to their own homes in the villages.—New York Tribune.

Opulence.

They numbered four. They [illegible] fairly exuded prosperity. The [illegible] which they ordered were such [illegible] fill with envy the breast of the [illegible] the next table engaged in [illegible] the most modest dish allowed by the bill of fare.

The four were conversing [illegible] plutocratic conversation. After [illegible] it turned to the question of [illegible] Evidently they wanted to [illegible] thing. How much money had [illegible] One of the four took out his [illegible] book and counted up a roll of [illegible]

"Oh, I have a hundred and [illegible]" said carelessly.

The second and third members of the party went through their pockets.

"I have two hundred and fifteen," remarked one.

"And I have three hundred," said the other.

The fourth spread his hand [illegible] "Never mind, you fellows," he [illegible] "I'll lend you all you want."

Tenderly waiters bore the [illegible] the next table out into the cold air. He will recover.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Thrilling Sport.

At Waikiki, the home of [illegible] ing for pleasure, there is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Tons of Pins.

Nothing better shows the [illegible] little things than the [illegible] pins. In England there are made each week between fifteen and sixteen [illegible] of the small necessaries, the [illegible] being iron, steel and brass. The [illegible] ly production would amount to [illegible] 100 tons. The number of pins [illegible] ed in this great weight would [illegible] any ordinary figures [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The United States [illegible] [illegible] England. Most of the [illegible] output is manufactured [illegible] North America.

[illegible]

Young Wife—[illegible] [illegible] getting ready to go [illegible]

Friend—Doesn't your [illegible] [illegible] at all?

Young Wife—No, indeed. [illegible] evening I couldn't find my [illegible] had a long hunt for half a [illegible] things, and yet when I was [illegible] dressed and went downstairs [illegible] husband there he was [illegible] smoking as calmly as if I wasn't [illegible] an hour late.

Friend—Well, I declare! Where are you going?

Young Wife—To prayer meeting.

Method.

Method goes far to prevent trouble in business, for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion, saves abundance of time and instructs those that have business depending what to do and what to hope.

Blissful Ignorance.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Mr. Brown?" asked a little boy. "My sister [illegible] is to be engaged to your brother. Even your brother hasn't been told yet."

An Order Could Be Filled.

Customer (in Boston restaurant)—Waiter, have you any fried eels? Waiter—We have eels, sir, and they are susceptible of being fried.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him [illegible] who is indifferent to all.—Lavater.