FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Struck the Right Medicine. 10

Shipman, Ill., August 17, 1903.

Ten years ago my daughter was taken with nerve disease so bad that she could not walk without falling down and could hardly seat herself at the table, was at times very nervous and could not sleep of nights. We doctored for about 2 years, then we used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. It had a wonderful effect on her and cured her of all this, we struck the right kind of medicine. MRS. JOHN SMITH.

Grateful.

Anthony, R. I., January 17th, 1903.

I have used 6 bottles of the wonderful remedy, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and I am now enjoying the very best of health. I suffered from weakened vitality, debility and kindred ailments and had a severe attack of nervousness which left me in a weakened and miserable condition. Gratefully I recommend the remedy to all sufferers and they can refer to me, I will answer all letters. C. J. BUDLONG.

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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 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.

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

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THE YOUNG INTERCESSOR.

A Lass Who Faced Washington to Save Her British Lover.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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Thomas Lynde was a patriot in the days of 1776, but fate denied him the pleasure of fighting for his country.

He had been crippled by an accident, so that one of his legs was shorter than the other and had to be made even with a sort of stilt, upon which he trudged about vigorously enough for the purposes of business, but not for those of war.

He was a merchant in New York, and he stayed there, never concealing his sentiments, constantly persecuted, yet managing to live through it all and even to retain his liberty up to the

THOMAS LYNDE STUMPED OUT INTO THE HALL.

winter of 1782, which was not many months before the final departure of the British power from the city.

So he must have possessed a measure of shrewdness with his obstinacy and a spirit not to be crushed by affliction.

He had a daughter, Marjory, who had inherited her mother's beauty and her father's indomitable courage, perhaps some of his obstinacy as well, for when there came at last a difference of opinion between them she did not yield even to his iron will.

The cause of this difference was a handsome young officer of the guards, a soldier of the king, and therefore in the eyes of Lynde a natural enemy. But he was not a natural enemy in the eyes of Marjory. He was an officer and a gentleman, doing his duty as his conscience commanded and his circumstances permitted.

Marjory was a patriot, but she was a woman, and it seemed reasonable enough to her that Captain Asgill should be a good man, while every other British soldier was an abhorred invader and the minion of a tyrant.

She was not swayed by personal preference for Captain Asgill, she assured her father, but simply by her sense of justice.

It was inconceivable to Lynde that his daughter could love a redcoat. She had seen her mother fade and perish from the mere stress of their intolerable situation, as much a victim of the horrors of war as any soldier slain in battle. Her two brothers had served in the patriot armies, and one had died of sickness and the other of a wound.

But Marjory knew or felt that Captain Asgill was not responsible for these ills, or at least she could not feel that he was, and she did not relinquish his acquaintance despite her father's wish.

Captain Asgill did not visit her, because he knew Lynde's sentiments, which he hoped to overcome, but there were two or three homes in the narrow circle of Marjory's social life where Asgill by the exercise of a lover's ingenuity could see her now and then in the company of others.

Upon a certain evening in April he came hurriedly to her house. Marjory saw him entering by the gate, and she knew by his manner and indeed by his mere presence there that no ordinary errand had brought him.

She met him in the hall, the broad door being open and the full moon shining in upon her, and a pretty girl in the moonlight was the same a hundred years ago or a thousand.

A sudden impulse of tenderness swayed Asgill uncontrollably. He extended both hands and drew Marjory toward him, and at that moment Thomas Lynde stumped out into the hall.

The scene was very brief, and Marjory was banished at the beginning.

The next minute, as it seemed to her, Asgill was gone, and she did not know why he had come or what he had meant to say or do.

"I gave him his walking papers," said Thomas Lynde and added grimly. "Now it remains to be seen what he will do to me. That young rascal has influence, my girl. He would like me out of the way perhaps."

One week later Lynde was arrested and imprisoned by order of the board of royalists, and Marjory was left in terrifying loneliness, utterly helpless, so far as any attempt to rescue her father was concerned, and very scantily informed as to his situation.

Any prisoner was in peril. So much she knew. And this knowledge was presently made doubly sure by the atrocious murder of Captain Joshua Huddy, an American officer who was taken from the military prison in New York by a party of soldiers under the infamous Lippincott and hanged as an act of vengeance for the death of one White, a plundering guerrilla.

Lippincott placarded the body with the line, "Up Goes Huddy For Philip White," words which were soon on every lip and were excellently calculated to haunt the minds of those whose loved ones lay in danger.

Marjory knew of only one man who could advise or help her in this emergency, and that was Captain Asgill, but what had become of him? No word had come to Marjory from him. Those whom she could ask, with any hope of news, had heard that he had left the city, whither and upon what errand they could not say.

The girl's position was utterly wretched. That hand clasp in the moonlight had awakened her heart, but to what end? Would he have declared his love for her? Would he have pledged his faith? Tender thoughts of him would surge up within her, and then—his disappearance, his silence, what could they mean? Her father's prophecy rang in her ears.

It had been speedily fulfilled, and the mere suggestion which her soul repelled that Asgill had had any hand in that calamity was madness in the silence of sleepless nights.

Upon a day in May there came to her a British soldier in tattered garments bearing a letter from Captain Asgill.

Supposing his situation to be already known to her, he had made no effort to prepare her mind. The poor girl read the words of tenderness with which the letter began, and her heart sank. Then in an instant the fatal news flashed through her like a bullet.

Captain Asgill was under sentence of death. The words of love he sent to her were the first and the last.

"I crowd all my facts into these opening lines," he wrote, "because I know not how long a time I have before the secret messenger who will bear this comes to me. When he comes he cannot wait. It will be a tap at the window, and I must cease.

"I came to you that evening to say goodby, being ordered upon a mission of some danger, which in fact led to my capture.

"I had loved you from the first, but did not mean to speak so soon. My heart overmastered me. Would you have listened? I know not and never can know in this world.

"I beg of you to think of me as a man of honor, who would have laid at your feet my name, my hopes, all that was mine to give. My whole life was yours then, when I counted it in years, as now, when only days remain.

"You will have heard of the mischance which has befallen me. You may even have better information than mine, but I am told this—that General Washington demanded Captain Lippincott to be tried as a murderer for the death of Captain Huddy; that Sir Henry Clinton refused the demand; that General Washington thereupon summoned a council of officers, by whom it was decided that a British prisoner of suitable rank should be chosen by lot to expiate the crime of Lippincott, if crime it was.

"The lot fell to me, and I rest, therefore, under sentence of death, the time and place unknown to me as yet.

"My name may be much blown about the country for a little while, and it is better for your father's sake that yours should not be joined with it.

"I have therefore refrained from communicating with you through open means allowed to me, not knowing under whose eyes my words might fall, but heaven's kindness has sent me this secret means, which I seize upon with gratitude."

The concluding portion of the letter dealt with certain perils which he foresaw for herself and her father and pointed out the proper course for them to pursue.

"I have small influence with Sir Henry Clinton," he continued, "but much with Sir Guy Carleton, who will succeed him. In fact, I have acted for some time under private instructions from Sir Guy, an old time friend of my father, Sir Charles Asgill.

"At need, show him these lines. I would send some words to him upon my own account if the time sufficed, but it does not."

The letter closed with many words of love, and Marjory clasped it to her breast and sat for a long time motionless.

Then she arose and went about an odd task, putting a small supply of food into a little satchel, and, with that in her hand, she left the house.

Upon the second day thereafter she had come to that quaint old house with the broad roof and the low eaves at Verplanck's point, upon the Hudson, the headquarters of Washington.

Now, at that time the affair of Captain Asgill was much upon the mind of Washington, and when he was informed that a young woman sought him upon some plea connected with that matter he gave orders that she be brought before him.

He was provided with extremely full and accurate information about Asgill, and no such name as Marjory Lynde appeared upon the record.

If she came to plead for Asgill it was likely that she was a spy of Clinton's and her plea a fraud.

When Marjory was brought into Washington's presence he was impressed by her youthful beauty, but more by a certain rapt and trance-like expression of her face, as though she were surrounded with some strong controlling spiritual influence.

When bidden to speak she asked for the life of Captain Asgill simply, directly and with no waste of words.

"And what is he to you?" asked Washington.

"He is to be my husband," she replied.

This ran counter to Washington's information and was precisely the story which would have been put upon the lips of a spy.

The general looked keenly at this blue eyed, slender girl who faced him so calmly.

"The fate of Captain Asgill rests not with me, but with the congress," he said. "Nevertheless my wish might have its weight. What has led you to believe that I would intercede for him?"

"My mother is dead," said Marjory. "My two brothers are dead. My father, stubborn to the last, has suffered hardships and persecutions and the loss of everything, and he is now in prison by the order of the royalists. He cannot survive it. His strength will not suffice. I shall never see him again. And when I learned that the only other person on earth who loves me and whom I love had been condemned to die—by mere chance and for no wrong that he had done—the feeling came upon me that this passed beyond the boundaries of God's justice, beyond what he would permit. I feel it surely in my heart." And she laid her clinched hand upon her breast. "It needed only for me to do my part, which I have done. I have come to you."

This appeal, uttered with that peculiar power which comes from complete spiritual conviction, affected Washington powerfully, but he was still in doubt.

"In Captain Asgill's circumstances," said he, "it would be natural to ask leave to communicate with his betrothed. Permission would have been granted, but it has not been asked."

She drew Asgill's letter from her bosom.

"A soldier brought me this," said she. "I beg you to read it."

"A soldier?" he asked, surprised.

"A British soldier. He had been a prisoner."

"My child," said Washington, "you have done me a considerable service."

"I beg you to read the letter," said she again, and Washington read.

"This would touch any human heart," he said. "There is more in it than even you perceive."

He reflected for a moment and then resumed:

"I am about to tell you a secret. The opportunity to send this was not an accident; it was contrived by me. I desired that Captain Asgill should communicate with Carleton; it suited my plans. And, upon the other hand, the representations which Captain Asgill could have made were the surest possible means for saving his own life. And this he well knew. 'Some words upon my own behalf,' he writes. My child, they were life to him. But he believed that he had but the one chance to write and only a few minutes for the work, and he preferred to save his honor with you and to serve your interests and those of your father.

"Lift up your hand and pledge me secrecy in the sight of heaven. This man of honor and sentiment shall not die in the place of such a wretch as Lippincott. You have well said that God's justice will not permit it. I

"I AM YOU TO READ THE LETTER."

give you my promise that if I myself am spared for a sufficient time Captain Asgill shall not die."

The rest is history.

Captain Asgill remained under sentence of death, but the popular outcry was unavailing to drive him to the scaffold.

In June, still under sentence, he was admitted to parole and was for some time in Philadelphia, where Marjory was with her father, whose release she had secured—partly, no doubt, through influence exerted in his favor by Washington.

In Philadelphia the lovers met and plighted their vows and won a somewhat grudging consent from Thomas Lynde.

All through the summer Asgill remained in his strange position, practically a free man, yet under the sword of the gallows. But a powerful hand protected him and guided his affairs, and in the autumn he was freed finally from all restraint, and he and Marjory were married very happily.

Young Folks

LINCOLN'S KIND HEART

How the Great War President Befriended a Boy.

In 1860 A. K. Hankey, who [illegible] life because a prominent man [illegible] breaks, began learning the [illegible] business in the Springfield [illegible] nal office. Arrived in town, he [illegible] directly to the office, taking [illegible] a very small affair with him, [illegible] "log cabin" enthusiasm was [illegible] height, and the day he arrived [illegible] Whigs of Chicago came in, [illegible] their luggage and men and [illegible] "put up" at the Journal office. [illegible] their great convention adjourned [illegible] Chicago delegation departed, [illegible] with them by mistake the little [illegible] of the new apprentice boy.

When the youngster discovered [illegible] loss it was his first experience [illegible] from home and friends, [illegible] alone, he sat himself on the [illegible] and bewailed his lot.

A benevolent looking gentleman came along when his grief was at its height. Placing his hand on [illegible] head, he said:

"What is the matter, my son?"

"Matter enough," sobbed the boy, "I've lost my trunk."

"How did you lose it?" the kind hearted stranger again queried.

"I put it in the front office, and [illegible] Chicago fellows must have took it."

"Well," continued the tall gentleman, "don't cry. I'll see if I can get it back for you."

Taking the name of the boy and a description of the trunk, the man departed. Within ten days the missing property was returned, and Dick [illegible] dull's heart was made happy.

The stranger was Abraham Lincoln.

Overtaking Grandpa.

These children, just as mischief [illegible]
Go sliding down the bannister
And wotsh—oh, what a sad wreck!
Poor grandpa unaware.

Le Singe.

Le singe (the monkey) is a popular game among young girls, who [illegible] hearty laugh upon one of the opposite sex. In fact, it is really a practical joke. The monkey is the [illegible] to leave the room. When he [illegible] back again perhaps almost [illegible] among the whole company, [illegible] by this serious attitude, he [illegible] asks, "What is the matter?" [illegible] repeat in chorus, "What is the matter?" The monkey [illegible] "I don't understand," which [illegible] ed after him, and [illegible] makes or question [illegible] pointed until he [illegible] guesses he savages [illegible] heartily.

A Real Tug-of-War.

Obtain an empty [illegible] the side of and have a [illegible] the bottom of each [illegible] piece of thick string [illegible] reach across the room [illegible] through each hole and knot [illegible] Hold one tin to the ear and [illegible] whispers into the other, the [illegible] far away in the string [illegible] be heard quite clearly. Has a real [illegible] phone.

Leather-back Turtle.

The largest turtle in the [illegible] which has been known to weigh [illegible] pounds. There are instances [illegible] great size. They usually live [illegible] in captivity, a fact that was [illegible] some time ago, when one of them received at the New York aquarium. This animal weighed 800 pounds [illegible] lived only twenty-two days, which [illegible] a record.

Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain
At the window pane
Knocks and fumbles and gropes [illegible]
His long rained fingers drip and [illegible]
Old Man Rain at the window pane
Knocks all night, he knocks in vain
Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain
With battered train
Reels and shambles along the [illegible]
His old gray whiskers drip and [illegible]
Old Man Rain, with battered train
Reels and staggers the [illegible]
Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain
Is back again
With old Nim Wind, [illegible]
Dancing [illegible]
[illegible]