ON CHRISTRAS DAT.

Con Christmas day, the legends say, Ere earth's glad bells are rung. At Christ's command, by Peter's hand, Wide heaven's gates are swang. And angels robed in radiant white With joy-songs earthward wing their flight.

The soul that's clear of sin may hear The soul that's clear of sin may hear Upon the charmed air The golden song the winged throng Uplift as on they fare— The golden song they sang the morn That Christ, the Lord, to earth was born

for the here a for the here a ge to seen who will be places for a rge cities arge cities a

Then:

e latter ti

own these ry of the m in the cities in the last of the

right of the brown that epublication etfally up at election is

king there and effects

in view, all ively the in

ney of an ce of the fender to a

ese officen

respect

ind and

it as !

ei n. he per:

ne the pas

rs, schenin Idermen

of municipation of municipation of municipation of the second sec

till increase and and value

ciety. The

d make m

suggest (

and impra I disfranche

ng office.

d so as an

e decision

er anno

makes the

gistry lan

and which

whom

ry, to ma

me of affi

th the cold

relentlest

ors, aided b

I that this

atlemen, J

credness

n must be

hat popule

COALITER

arly akin pl rvation of p s affecting

subject dis y and entry nted in the claim to b

closely is sts of the s

which has a enemy due ich the char chicle part ced submer an exhibit

a sacrifice

arrest pain

crats funis dates to ma

s unnatari c confidence rofessions d worked at

prance, to more the presence of the presence o

and a ve

common*

Minnest

n in its sa

tops be the

acticabilit com the gh Raisy ake of the

WAYS WIS

14

AD

of be-

ion.

essed

s rigu

11.0111110 and so fat

istry

Steam

法法律上的

1

of

e 1

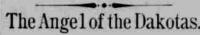
III The soul that's white may see a light-O, Christ! that I might see! The glory of the heavens above Drift down on earth and sea! The splendor of ten thousand sums Bring they to earth, the holy ones. IV.

They enter in where death has been, And hearts bowed down with pain Are lifted up; the blessed cup Of peace once more they drain. The tempest of their grief is stilled And all their souls with gladness filled.

The mother pale who doth bewail Her infant torn away Feels in her heart the joy-springs start— Unfed for many a day. Her soul unlifts a song to bless God's mercy and His graciousness. VI.

Unto the seared and grimed and bleared Soul beat by storms of sin. Bringing the balm of heavenly calm The gentle ones steal in. It hears a mother's prayer again— Tears, holy tears, fall like swift rain.

VII. Bat must they love to bend above The children motherless: And they who weep are soothed to sleep With heavenly carees. The bright ones touch the sleeper's eyes And to! they dream of paradise. W. W. GAT.



The sun radiant with crimson, gradually sinks into golden glory, and completes the pageantry of a beautiful summer day in the picturesque land of the Dakotas. The distant hills slowly robe themselves in regal purple; lingering shadows float among the mists that brood over the prairie and the star of evening twinkles in the darkening firmament. The twilight is full of farewell anthems to the king of day. But amid Nature's mystic chorus is heard a plaintive wail of human woe, a shriek of bitterest agony.

"Wildbird, my weak heart grows faint!"

"Alas! so does mine, dear sister; but let us raise our souls to the Great Spirit. The Black-gown told us he could deliver us from every ill: He is the Master of life and death. May He not save us from the Blackeet's enmity?"

'Dread of the morrow's awful sacrifice makes me shiver, and my hope wavers as I look around upon the preparations .- How father and mothwould have suffered had they heard the wild shouts that our cruel foes

a dead branch fell to when the ground, they watched patiently for the first beam of the sun that would witness their trial.

That same night the Fathers at the Jesuit mission were awakened by loud shouts of the chief of Dakotas, intermingled with those of some friendly Cress who accompanied him. and a small detachment of his own braves.

"What seek ye?" inquired Father de Smet.

"Great chief of the Blackrobe's,' answered Redfeather." my daugh-ters, on whose heads you poured the water, are captives of our ene-mies the Blackfeet. Thou knowest, therefore, what fate awaits them." "What! the two angels of our mis-

sion school? How did it happen? "Father, we attacked the Black feet lying in ambush, but did not conquer them. Then they fell upon our camp, and we repulsed them. But a party of skulking braves captured my two children."

"O chief, thou art not baptized Thy wife and daughters know and love the great God, but neither thou nor thy warriors have accepted the Christian law. What wilt thou there-fore of the Blackrobe?"

"Father, the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes is all powerful: ask Him to restore to me my beloved daughters.

"Redfather, what thou sayest is true: the Great Spirit is all-powerful full of mercy too; but He is also just hull of mercy too; but He is also just. He loves not hatred, pillage, and murder. It was to gratify thy hate thou didst attack thy brothers the Blackfeet. Thou would st slay their warriors, and they have captured thy children. Reproach only thyself, for thy punishment is just." "Thy words are like arrows, wise teacher. I have done wrong."

teacher. I have done wrong.'

"Then must thou crave pardon." "Blackrobe, I do implore forgive-ness. Ask the Great Spirit to give me back my Snowflake and my Wildbird, and I promise that I will re-ceive thy Baptism."

"That is not enough. In a few hours I shall celebrate the august Sacrifice of Atonement before the Great Spirit; thou must promise to speak to the chiefs of thy nation, that all may come and learn the true prayer from the Fathers."

I promise with my whole heart. What say ye, braves?" "We accept the will of the Black-

gown-we will be Christians." "And that is not enough," urged the priest. "Thou must promise that in future thou wilt not attack

the neighboring tribes without cause and-' "Father the Crows and Blackfeet

do us all the harm they can." "It matters not. Thou mayest

defend thyself, but never attack Still more, thou must forgive. The Great Spirit is the Spirit of peace, and will be deaf to my supplication f thou dost cherish anger in thy inmost heart."

"Father, I believe, and we swear to abide by thy words."

Chief, I trust thou art sincerethat no lie lurks in thy heart. May the Great Spirit be merciful to thee and grant thy petition!"

In the gray of the early morning Father de Smet was standing at the

As soon as the Blackfeet discovered the flight of their captives they set out in hot pursuit. Vainly they sought the tracks of their pris-oners. "They and their mother too worship the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes," the savages murgured, "He has delivered them; our Great Maniton is not powerful enough." At length, after searching once more At length, after searching once more the environs of their camp for the footprints of the maidens, all despairingly gave up the hunt. Redfeather, on withdrawing from

the mission house, had held a secret powwow with his companions before sending on official message to distant subjects. But their deliberations were subjects. But their democrations were suddenly interupted by long and pro-longed shouts of joy. The squaws and the children of the encampment, who had gone out before surrise to gather roots, announced that the prisoners had escaped the knives and firebrands of the Blackfeet, and were returning home with their mother, Ray-of-Morning. Snowflake and Wildbird were soon in the embrace of their overjoyed father, and all the followers of the Blackrobes knelt to bless and thank the Great Spirit.

Before the end of the moon of August the men and women of the fierce Dakotas had gathered around the mission house in circular rows of wigwams. With solemn faces they listened to the truths and precepts of the Gospel as explained by the Jesuits. To forgive their ene-mies was indeed a hard lesson to poor children of nature, whilst to return good for evil seemed to them impossible. But God's is all-sufficient, and it was so abundantly bestowed that on the recurring Feast of St. Michael, in honor of the deliverer of the doves of their fold, nearly all were made children of the Great Spirit by the saving waters of Bap-

Current Wit.

tism.

When a fast steamship breaks her record, she does not stop to repair

Go west, young man, and send to your friends for enough money to get back. Have your fun while you're young.—Oil City Blizzard.

Bobby (standing before the glass): Did God make me ma? Mother; Yes, dear. Boby: Well, he made a poor job of these two front teeth!-Life.

Author to printer)-"Are you in favor of international copyright my friend?" Printer (struggling with a page of blind MS,—"No, sir! I'm in favor of international typewrite."— Burlington Free Press.

A correspondent asks in which of the arts alcohol is most used. Well, we don't like to give an excathedra judgment, but we think the art of painting noses red gets away with the greatest quantity.

Groom-(to bride; they are waiting for the minister-"Hadn't I better skip out and see what is the matter, dear? The minister should have been here twenty minutes ago." Bride-"No, George; you stay right Geological Associations

Geological Associations. The geological society of London was established in 1907, and now has about 1,450 members. The geological society of Dublin came into existence in 1832, that of Edinburgh in 1834, of France in 1830, of Germany in 1848. The first in-ternational geological congress met at Paris in 1878, and decided to assemble results, easer third, was in different regularly every third year in different cities of the world. 'The geological sec-tion of the American association for the advancement of science was formed in 1849, and the organization of the Ameri-can geological society will date from the meeting at Ithaca, N. Y., on December 07, 1000 27, 1888.

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, as an anodyne has no equal in the market. It kills pain every time. Price twenty five cents.

The latest riddle out: Why was my baby's last attack of croup like this para-graph? Because it was very short and ended with that wonderful cure, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

"If you believe in protection buy a lung pad," is the way a druggist puts it.

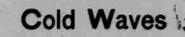
We call your attention to the seed adver-tisement of H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill. If you intend to purchase seeds, plants, etc., you will find this a first-chase reliable house. Illustrated catalogue mailed free, upon application.

Who bath no more bread than need must not keep a dog.

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

on this page. Try them; it costs you nothing to do so.



Are predicted with reliable accuracy and people Ma e to the pains and aches of ricumstian ery change to damp or stormy weather. Aith do not claim Hood's Barsaparilla to be a po wife for ricumstian, the remarkable cu specific for rheumatism, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for theuma-tism with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its ac-tion in neutralizing the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Saraspariis in curing this complaint. If you suffer from rheumatism try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared will by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass,

100 Doses One Dollar.



Bwift's Specific cured ms of malignant Blood Po m after I had been treated in value with old so-call menders of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not on ured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rhs natism which was caused by the poisonous miners (GEO, BOVELL, 2023 d Arense, N. T. Nine years ago ferofula attacked two of my o iren, and they were badly afficied with that mase, which remixed the treatment of my fan obysician. I was persuaded to use Swift's Spe-

rien, and they were badly amicies of my family ane, which resisted the treatment of my family byncian. I was persuaded to use Switc's Specific present an account of cures in my county paper. The improvement was apparent from the first fee doses, and is a short time my children were cured, and are still "Office any county paper. Swirr's Specific is entirely a vessible remedy, and is the only moletine which germaneutly cured Biood Foison. Send for books on Biood and Skin Biood Foison. Send free. This SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Diseases, mailed free. This SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.



sent up when we were led into their camp!"

"Sister, repeat the story of Sebas. tain, and I will recount the martyrdom of Eulalia; and, better yet, let us think of the Sorrowing Mother and the agony of Him who died to save us."

"Tis well, wise one," answered Snowflake. "Begin with the story of the virgin m artyr. It will beguile newed their fervent prayers that the time and inspire us with holy courage."

Thus conversed, in subdued tones, two maidens captured from a tribe of the Dakotas by the treacherous Blackfeet, and bound hand and foct with ropes of buffalo hide to the trunk of a large pine-tree. Throughout the day some women of the hostile tribe had busied them-

selves with preparations for the mor-row's death feast. Having cleared away the undergrowth, they had directed the braves to erect a pile of resinous wood on which to burn their innocent victims, while they gathered mint, wintergreen, and pennyroyal, mingling them with twigs of birch, spice-bush, and sassairas, to be thrown from time to time into the blazing logs.

At a late hour, wearied with their task, the squaws withdrew, never deigning to bestow a word of pity or look of compassion on their helpless young victims. Confiding them to the care of two old men of their tribe, they walked away, humming the re-frain of one of their death-songs. which was suggested by the feast that awaited them.

The vigilant guardians smoked, and chatted of their feats in the chase and on the battlefield, ever and anon and on the battlefield, ever and anon casting angry glances toward the gentle captives. At length, thinking the maidens asleep, they gave them-selves up to profound repose. The prisoners, after hours of fervent prayer, and by recalling the lessons of faith they had learned from the Blackrobe, had succeeded in resign-ing themselves to their awful fate. "Our death may convert our father," suggested Snowflake. "And if Redfeather learns the Black

robe's prayer and is baptized, our whole nation will embrace the Christ-

inn Faith. The Afflicted Motherstood inn Faith. The Afficied Mother stood at the foot of the Cross: we are her children, and must try to imitate her," answered Wildbird. With words like these the two prisoners encouraged each other, and though often startled as a bat or an ewl cleft the midzight air, or terrified

but before beginning the altar. Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he informed the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of the danger to which the young Christian disciples were exposed, and explained what a loss the lives of these exemplary maidens would be to their little mission. He also told them of Redfeather's solemn promise to influence his nation to embrace the true Faith. Then all present re-

God would show His power, and promote his own greater glory by delivering the captives. Meantime the two maidens were

prey to involuntary dread of the torments which awaited them. Again and again they called upon the Mother of Sorrows to obtain for them fortitude and perseverance, that they

might die like the martyrs of whom Blackrobe had told them. Sudden-ly they beheld a youth of radiant countenance, attired in the festal costume adopted by their own tribe. His eyes shone with supernatural light, and there was something about him that reassured the stricken doves even before he spoke. "I come to deliver you," he said, at the same time cutting as if by heavenly magic the strong cords that bound them to the

pine tree. His voice was sweet and low, and he added, "Follow me." Joyfully the two fugitives followed their mysterious guide, who walked a short distance ahead of them.

"He must be an angel," whispered Wild-bird "for I feel weary no lonerg, nor is my heart fearful.

"Did we not invoke the Queen of Angels? She has sent a messenger to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies," answered Snowflake. "Glory be to Jesus and Mary!" she added; and Wildbird replied, "Amen." On, on their silent conductor led them, through dim, deep woods, by crystal lakes, over flowery mead-ows, up and down hills, until they reached the broad, beautiful prairie that divided the land of Dukotas from the territory of the Blackfeet. To their surprise the soft soil did not yield to their tread, nor did the rose or purple centaury bend its joyous chorus to the Creatorcho of the gladness that filled those quick-throbbing hearts. Now the trio attained an eminence, and from its wood-crowned height they discern the smoke of the campfires of the Debeter.

"Rest here a while," said their guide; and when they turned to thank him for his kindness, loi he

where you are."-Harper's Bazar.

The colored servant in the South is occasionally good at repartee. Mrs. Yerger found her servant, Belindy, reposing in the rocking chair reading a newspaper. "You seem to think you are the lady of the house,' said Mrs. Yergersarcastically. "No mum, I's brack, but I'seno sich a fool as dat ?

A young lady fainted in a Buffalo theatre the other day, whereupon her young man ran away and has not been heard of since. This ought to put young ladies on their guard. Some men will take advantage of any chance to escape, and it behooves young ladies not to lose conscious ness where the doors are wide open. -Binghamton Republican.

She: I can only be a sister to you, Henry. He-with repressed emotion: How old are you? She-curiously: Twenty, last October. He: Well, you can't be a sister to me. I'vegot a sister at home, who was twenty last August, and you see that sort of relationship won't work. Try something else.

"Mary," remarked the old gentleto the housemaid, as he went poking around the parlor last night, "did you see anything of that 'Robert Elsmere, down here?" "Indade, sor," hesitated Mary, "Oi couldn't say af his name wor that same, sor, er no, but there's a young man ascomes to say yer daughter, sor, as is holdin' behind the sofy, sor."-Washington Post.

Sick Man-"What kind of a place is heaven?" Minister-"It's a place of eternal rest, joy and peace." Sick Man-"Any girls practicing on the piano there?" Minister-"No; noth-ing of the kind." Sick Man-"Does anybody ask you how you feel to-day?" Minister-"No. But, brother, you have but a short time to prepare; are you ready to go ?" Sick Man-"Y-yes; send in the dcctor."

In some parts of Africa a man's wealth is judged by the number of his wives. A man with 60 wives is looked upon as a sort of bonanza king. His wives probably go out washing at 50 cents a day, or . make shirts at 40 cents a dozen. In this country a man's wealth is judged by the number of dogs he owns. The possessor of eight dogs is generally to poor to pay school tax, and his wife takes in washing.