THE CATHOLIG RECORD

DECEMBER 2. 1899

-by means of which he could in a few minutes at one and the same instant boil his kettle and his egg, broil his bacon, and draw his tea, was a source to him of pride only tempered by the thought of some more perfect system of which he had read, worked by gas. The mention had read, worked by gas. To be all the atom of the word "gas" set him bewalling for an interval. Gas had not yet reached this valley-town, hedged in by many a mountainous mile from the outer world

mountainous mile from the outer world; this antediluvian spot where folk burned rush-lights in their shops and cabins, or oil in their parlors, as in the times of their fathers. But presently he began to chirp again concerning himself and his surroundings like a happy bird. His home so trim and bright was almost nearest to make one in love with old nome so trim and oright was almost enough to make one in love with old bachelorhood. Not a speck of dust was anywhere to be seen, and no object in the house was more spick and span than himself. He had but just risen from his papers, yet he looked new brushed. His his face was clean-shaved and the arrangement of his hair as perfect as usual. Broshed up from the sides, where it grew thickly, it covered up the bald crown without a hitch; every hair was made to tell, not a crack anywhere betrayed the faintest streak of skull. How long did it faintest streak of skull. How long did it take him of a morning to arrange? What was the dye that produced its peculiar hue? Why did he—but there, enough. Speculation on this topic I know by ex-perience ends only in confusion and be-wilderment. All I will dare to say upon the foreingting subject is that if it had this fascinating subject is, that if it had not been for the light-brown color of his hair, one might have guessed at Mr. Jarhair, one might have guessed at Mr. Jar-dire's age with greater safety. Dr. O'Leary is my authority that on this im-portant question public opinion in the town was strangely divided. Some said Mr. Jardine was not so old at all, others that he was very old entirely. Disput-ants of the first way of thinking pointed in support of the'r theory to his walk, which had no age in it, being light and easy; those of the second class maintained that "jaunty" was more the word to call it by; and that a short, spare man like him might live to any age without show-ing the sign of a totter. Some said his face, which had a delicate wax-like trans-parency, was not the face of an old man, ace, which had a dencate wax-like trans-parency, was not the face of an old man, for ithad few lines or wrinkles, and hardly any crowsfeet about the corners of the eyes; while others asked what was the while the event of the droop in the eyelids, and whispered that if you could only see his neck and throat without the heavy cravat and the high collar, you would find scragabout three things-that even if he were as old as Mathusala, he bore his age well;

giness to your heart's content. All agreed that old Nick himself didn't know more about the law; and that he was possessed of untold wealth. That there should have been so much peculation in regard to the attorney, hows that for the most part he was not shows that for the most part he was not familiar with his neighbors. In fact, as a rule, he saw but little company, lived very much to himself, was devoted to his business, which afforded him numerons opportunities of gaining a pretty clear in-sight into the affairs of other people. No doubt it was a true instinct which led him to be generally reserved; for simpli-ity does not inspire respect; and, as I had been glad to learn from the doctor, the lawyer, though a competent man of busithe doctor, the lawyer, though a competent man of busi-ness, had very artless moments, was not unfrequently humorous without knowing it, was often glaringly inconsistent, and by no means the incarnation of the knowing ness he was proud of being held to be by the cutely simple folk amongst whom he dwelt. During dinner we got talking dwelt. During dinner we got taking about the law as a profession. It had once been designed for myself, and I re-marked how fortunate it was that I had not spent much of my time in preparing for it, because from what I could make out, it was a profession in which nothing but brilliant gifts, united to very assiduous perseverance, could ever achieve success.

"Ah, now!" said Mr. Jardine, holding up a glass of claret to the light, "people make great mistakes about that. It isn't those that slick closest to their books those that suck closest to their books that make the best lawyers. I have seen a man come into court having given his whole attention to his case, thought of nothing else may be for days, sat up at it

DECEMBER 2, 1899.

TOM O'KEEFE, THE UNBELIEVER

It was when the child died that Tom O'Keeffe uttered his first blasphemy against God.

Don't tell me that it is the will of God," he said to the pale-faced curate who tried to comfort him. "'Tis more who tried to conflort ithit. This more like the will of the divil, if divil there is or God either. This as a divil's act to rob me first of Mary and then of the child. What do you know of the loss of a woman and a child, that never had the like nor ever will have?

"God help you, Tom," said the cur-ate lifting his hands in horror, " and forgive you ! The trouble has driven

you mad, surely." For it was the first time in that since St. Patrick turned imen parish from idols that any had said there was God, or had stiffened their neck against the yoke, however heavy He would lay upon it. The mood did not pass with the firs

despair, as the curate had hoped. The third day after the death, Ton

carried the little coffin in his arms to lay it in the new grave that was only opened a year before for his young wife. A little coffin it was, yet th sweat was on the man's white face a though he were carrying the round world.

A group of the neighbors waited by rave. Tom's terrible way of taking he child's death had indeed cause grave. something of a scandal, but, talkin it over the most of the people we agreed that God would not take seri ously, or perhaps did not pretend hear the man's denial of Him.

hear the man's denial of Hum. "Tis like a sick child," said Jud Malone, who had lost her seven chi dren in the great famine. "You never know them, they do be the cranky an' impident when they's down, but who'd be remembren' agen them, the craturs, wance they about again ?"

They drew closer to Tom as he la the little coffin in the grave and hit with the clay. Then, as he put on I coat and turned to go, an old man a proached him. "God help you, Tom," he sai

"to be a man and bear it.

Tom turned a ghastly face upon hi "There's no God," he said, " think there's a divil, but I'm su there's no God."

After that people held away fr him, but he didn't seem to know care. And presently, when it w hay-making time, the roaming came upon him, and he left his spa struck in the ground one day a was off with the harvesters to En

'He'll come back in his ri mind," said the curate, who had tenderness for poor Tom even now. Maybe he might have, too, only when the harvest was over, instea

going back with the other men Ballygrun, he tramped to Liverp and got taken on as a dock laborer He was still sick of his trouble w

one day he stopped in the street hear a man who was preaching on pavement that there was no God, that the image men had formed of was a tyranny that blasted the jo the world. The things the prea the world. said went to Tom's head like str drink. It wasn't in him, though didn't know it, really to disbelies God. He said, "There is no G but all the time he hated that P which had robbed him of his wife child, and had a blind desire to in to outrage, to destroy if he might image he had formed to himself devil-god. He remained a yea Liverpool, and was known at e below-every platform w hall and men said like himself that there w God, hating God all the time.

meant

GLENCOONOGE. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES CHAPTER XVII. TRACKING.

2

PIMPLES

Giticura

Sold everywhere. POTTER DEED AND CHEM. CORP. Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. 15 Hish@lenot: F. NEW EET & Sons, London. "How to Cure Pimples," free.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your Dealer to obtain full particular

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

CRICKS THE BEST ANTI-RHEUMATIC

MANUFACTURERS

O'KEEFE'S

Liquid Extract of Malt

For SCIATICA

PLEURISY

STITCHES

NEURALGIA

RINELINATISM

LAMEBACK

1000HT0

KEETEJ

1-5

MENTHOL

THE D&L

LASTER

PLASTER MADE

EACH PLASTER IN ENAMELED

TIN BOX PRICE 254ALSO IN1YARD

ROLLS PRICE \$100 DAVIS&LAWRENCE CO

ls the best made.

During the last few

months a great many

so-called Liquid E: tracts of Malt have been

placed on the marke

and sold at prices fo

which it would be im sible to make a genu

ne Liquid Extract

O'Keefe's.'

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

DEBELETY, the benefits

Malt. If you want th

best ask for "O'Keefe's d insist upon getting

Price 25c. per bottle 30c, per dozan allowed for emity bottles when returned.

EMULSION

CONSTRUCTION and all HENG BISEASES, SPITTING of BLOOD, OF APPETITE, the benefits of this article are most manifest.

Are

supplied in various

qualities

for all

purposes

"No. 7" was too impatient to wait for luncheon, and as soon as Jan had landed us, we started for the Castle. "We," for my friend begged of me to accompany him as a tacit reassurance to the honse-keeper. I warned him that he would probably find Mrs. Mackenzie extra cau-tions if I were by, as she knew of old that I was a friend of the family; but he still insisted, though more doubtfully, that I should come. We walked briskly, and presently came in sight of Conn and the book-keeper strolling along the road some The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. It strikes at for toilet, bath, and nursery. It strikes at the cause of bad complexions, red, rough hands, falling hair, and baby blemishes, viz, the clogged, irritated, inflamed, over-worked, or sluggish PORES.

presently came in sight of Conn and the book-keeper strolling along the road some distance ahead of us. Conn had his hat on, as if he was going further. The book-keewer had left the house as she was, and had apparently not started with an intention of coming so far. She was in her usual dress, and he in his Sunday suit of blue pilot cloth. Both had natural ad-yantages of figure and carriage, and made

of blue pilot cloth. Both had natural ad-vantages of figure and carriage, and made as gravely elegant a pair as you could wish to see, walking slowly under the high gothic archway of meeting boughe. I remarked as much to my companion; but he was too completely preoccupied with the prospects and possibilities opened out to his mind by our conversa-tion of the mcrning to head any thing else; and I fell to speculating in my own mind on what the sensation could be like of having at last attained one's heart's de-sire. for it to die.

having at last attained one's neart's de-sire. We gradually gained upon Conn Hoola-han and his wife, and they hearing our approach turned and awaited us, think-ing, perhaps, that I was the bearer of some message from the inn. "This is the gentleman," said I to the book-keeper as soon as we had exchanged greetings, "whom I could not induce to join our festivities last night; but I sus-pect he has since been regretting his mis-take." take.

The book keeper smiled slightly and

blushed. "You were vexed, sir," she answered, addressing "No. 7," to find everything upset and uncomfortable. It was too bad certainly after such a long drive."

"Everybody says the same when they see how occurs to a place is Glenconcoge. Descriptions don't do it justice, and I am sure a hasty rushing through does not. I hope Mr. Shipley will persuade you to stay for a few days." "No. 7" shook his head and smiled the subterly."

thoughtfully. "I have been hard at work," said I, "all the morning showing the sights. We have scoured the lake and explored Bruff Island. Now we are on our way to

Bruff Island. Now we are on our way to see the a Castle." "I am going there myself," Conn struck in, "at least to the lodge, and if you like, sir, I can show you a short cut." "That gcces without saying," said I. "Leave you alone, Conn, for finding out a short cut." "Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I didn't find it at all. I made it. "Tis a good saying to go through the wood, if

good saving to go through the wood, if you're not afraid of a few scratches." I turned indignantly to the book-keep

"What a heartless monster he must be to propose such a thing to you." "Oh! I must turn back. I have got my natient to attend to." "Your patient?" "Your patient?" "Your patient?" "Yes, Mrs. Ennis. Have you not heard? She has not got up. Over-fatigue, I think. She did too much yes-terday. Mr. Bannon is driving to Lis-heen this afternoon, and Mr. Hoolahan is going to send word by him to Dr. O'Leary to come over and see her. Make haste, Conn, or you will miss him," and with this and a slight inclination of the head to us the book-keeper turned away and

alone, if needs be. Once favorably intro-duced, I think I can trust to myself to draw her out." We came up with Conn at the lodge, talking in high good humor to the lodge-keeper's little girl, as abe sat on his shoulder -her accustomed seat whenever he came that way. The lodge keeper's wife was hurrying towards him across the grass as we approached "Ab, Conn!" she cried, "is it there

"Himself, sure enough," said Conn. "Himself'll be mad to have missed ou. He never enjoyed himself so much s last night. But what's this I hear bout Mike Connolly's child? She's

worse, they say. "Dying, ma'am," replied Conn, in his

"Dying, ma'am," replied Conn, in his bright, musical voice. "Do ye tell me so!" exclaimed the woman, much shocked. "This as true as I'm here," said Conn, putting down Dolly from his shoulder; who crestfallen at not being allowed to play longer with his ears, and pull his hair, and dig her little knuckles into his areas becan to turn down the corners of eyes, began to turn down the corners of her mouth; "the child is ravin'. Sure,

there's no hope, and 'tis better every way "Just listen to him!" exclaimed the

"Just listen to him." exclaimed the woman. "Oh, then, wait, my fine boy, till you've got some of your own, and see if you'll be so willing to part with them let alone an only one." Conn took no notice of this remark, but asking whether "himself" had set out for Lisheen yet, and learning that he had not, left the instructions he had brought concerning the doctor. It was no difficult matter to smooth away Conor's annovance, if any still re-

It was no difficult matter to smooth away Conn's annoyance, if any still re-mained, and he readily agreed to accom-rany us to the Castle. Glencoonoge Castle is certainly less impressive when you come near to it, than when seen at a distance; what from the island had looked like venerable age, was found on a nearer view to be only modern shabbi-ness. No one would have expected from nearer view to be only modern shabbi-ness. No one would have expected from the dilapidated exterior to find within so much that was rich and costly. But what surprised the stranger most was to learn that the sprightly Irishwoman who received us was the housekeeper, her Scotch name having prepared him for a forbidden personage. Mrs. Mackenzie was in fact delivered to have the excitaforbidden personage. Mrs. Mackenzie was, in fact, delighted to have the excite

ment of displaying once more the curios ities of the house in which she had for years taken something of the pride of ownership. In vain we besonght her not to remove the cover from the huge alabaser vase that stood in the drawing-roo

ter vase that stood in the drawing-room, the re-adjusting of which would inevitably be a work of nicety and time. Not a chair, sofa, or table would she suffer to remain in velled splendor; and as she re-vealed the embroidery of the one or the inlaid work of the other, she would look brightly in our faces, as if to enjoy the satonighment or pleasure such sights astonishment or pleasure such sight must necessarily call out. For my part

nust necessarily can out. For my part, I did my best to express wonder and ad-miration enough to make up for the stranger's laconic approval. "The O'Doherty leaves his house in read header when he score area"? I have good hands when he gces away," I remarked. "Look at that instrument," marke added, touching my friend's elbow,

marked. "Look at that instantion," added, touching my friend's elbow, as Mrs. Mackenzie uncovered a rosewood grand piano, that shone as darkly pellu-cid as a deep river in the shade; " no suspicion of damp! not a speck of dust! not a shade of dimness anywhere!" " "As to that," said the old woman, much pleased, " it would be strange if I didn't take an interest in anything be-longing to this house. I've lived with the family since I was a girl. I was married to a bailiff here, and kept the lodge for many a year; and since my good man died I've been housekeeper in this house, and that's for ten years past; and my daughter and her husband now keep the lodge where I was before I came s here. Yes, sir," she continued, seeing keep the lodge where I was before I came here. Yes, sir," she continued, seeing me bend over the piano, "'tis a fine piece of wood-real rosewood, I've heard teli-but don't touch, ah! for goodness don't," she cried, laughing, as I laid my hand upon the surface and made its brightness cloudy.

brightness cloudy. "It is a beautiful instrument," I said,

"I would have come a greater distance for the sake of being here," said the "Everybody says the same when the

"What a heartless monster he must b

to us the book-keeper turned away and began to retrace her steps.

MONTREAL. The Dyke Cure for Drunkenness is a health-fug for Drunkenness and a certainty of cure. Consultation and correspon-Home Cure DR. McTAGGART. 300 For Drink For Drink Taggart's profession al istancing and personal in-Chief Justice; Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Statustice Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Saccreb Pictures Saccreb Pictures Wa here "repeniantly, "at least as far as the out-side goes." "Then the outside is not the best part of it," she returned, rubbing the dimmed of it," she returned, rubbing the dimmed surface with her apron." Many's the hap, y half-hour the servants and I have spent in the passage outside listening to the sound of it. Sure tis a wonderful instrusound of it. Sure us a woncommunication ment, entirely. Now 'tis like thunder, and then as soft as easy breathing. At one time you can make it wail like a ban-shee—if you know how that is; another," she added, with a glance at Con,, " you'd think to hear it that it was full of the spirit of some lively boy dancing on his wedding night. Oh, then! trust Miss Tresillian—that was, I beg her pardon, Madame O'Doherty that is—trust her to make it epeak as if it was human. I'll say that to her anyhow. And 'tis not only play she can," continued Mrs. Mac-kenzie, as she resettled the covering, " but sing. There's not a song that ever was that she can't sing." " I' will be cheerful for the old gentle-man of an evening," said I. ment, entirely. Now 'tis like thunder, an the position from which he had forced them, swinged smartly in the faces of both of us who followed. "Tis only for a little way longer, sir, like this," said Conn, laughing at sundry muttered imprecations that he heard be-hind him. "We shall be in clearer ground presently. There is the broad nethway, now running straight to the pathway now running straight to th You remind me," said "No. 7" to You remind me," said "No. 7" to Cond, as soon as we had reached the said pathway, "of those half-dezen country-men of yours who competed for a situa-tion as coachman. The master asked each in the heat " It will be cheerin for the old gentle-man of an evening," said I. " Well, sir, the chances are now she's married she'll give up singing; and any-way he had daughters enough to enter-vice him?" each in turn how near he would drive each in turn how hear he would three to the edge of a cliff, supposing such a thing lay on one side of the road. With-two feet av it yer honor,' says one; 'With-in one foot,' says the text; 'Within three inches, sir,' says a third, determined not to beaten, 'within three inches and no harm.' A bit of reckless and useless adtain him." "The daughters, if I remember rightly, never took kindly to their accomplish ments.

I felt quite elated, and asked whether he had discovered anything fresh. "Everything tallies. Time, description —everything. My hope has become almost a certainty. That poor old lady! She itched to disparage the governess, yet was forced in spite of herself to admit that she was a superior person. I showed her way off, took it on himself to do the hon-ors of the place in my regard. To the office of cicerone he brought at least the charms of unconventionality and of a fresh enthueiasm. From some of the windows which lighted the gallery, hung cagee of birds in postures so lifelike as to fill one with impatience that they should all remain so long just going to swoop, or perch, or sing. was forced in spite of herself to admit that she was a superior person. I showed her the envelope addressed to Miss Walsing-ham, and she swears it is the handwrit-ing of the governess. The family have been at Paris, perhaps are there still. I have got the address and am off to Eng-land."

"Are they stuffed ?" I asked. "Stuffed, sir ? No. What think they are ?" No. What do you I stood on tip-toe, but their distance bove me still lent assistance to decep-

"They are painted charcoal, sir. Ah!

land." "I wish you God-speed," said I. "It is a very singular thing that when I first heard of the governess and cf the marri-age that was about to take place, I thought of you and of what you had told me so short a time before. Had I only known where you were, you should have heard from me. It certainly is remarkable, most remarkable that "They are painted charcoal, sir. Ah ! see how delicately they are carved and tinted; look at the tail of that robin and the color ! look at the red on his breast ! But come around here, sir. Wouldn't you take your oath that that was a living yel-low-hammer, with his bright eye and his beak just opening ? Oh, then, may be, this fellow here isn't going to dart down on some unlucky worm just poking his heard from me. It certainly is remarkable, most remarkable that Mrs. Mackenzie should recognize the handwriting of that letter," I said musingly, as I tried to recall when and where it was I had heard that Mrs.

this fellow here isn't going to dart down on some unlucky worm just poking his nose above ground. Ah, well now, tak-ing it altogether I never saw the like of that for beauty; now that's the finest sight entirely ever I saw." Conn's ecstacies were renewed at each cage, the minute and particular merits of which he insisted on pointing ont; and it appeared to puzzle him in no small de-gree that I should seem more interested in the mosaics and in the venetian glass which writhed and turned in an infinite variety of contortions radiating pearly which writed and turned in an infinite variety of contortions radiating pearly hues from a thousand shapes. I never saw so much or such diversity—and all antique—brought from Italy, Conn said,

the grandfather of the present man by the grandfather of the present man. He had fought in the wars against Napol-eon, and had about that time acquired in various ways most of the treasures the Castle contained. The walls were every-these hung with tareastry descriptive of Castle contained. The walls were every-where hung with tapestry descriptive of divers subjects, to most of which, how-ever, the key had been lost. Conn in-formed me confidentially and with much seriousness that it was not all equally good; and he proceeded to indicate those parts of any piece which he thought superior to the rest. From his criticisms it appeared asif his judgments were based more upon a consideration of the subject portrayed than upon the quality of the workmanship. A hunting or a war piece containing horses, dogs, cavalier hore-men with feathers in their wavy hats, soldiers on horseback charging with

A VILLAGE LAWYER.

let not your scanty pencillings recall in full the heaviness which now fell upo soldiers on horseback charging with spears, with plenty of wounded and slain thickly bestrewing the ground, Conn the eventless and monotonous days. Looking back, indeed, my mind often dwells upon that time, because it was the slain thickly bestrewing the ground, contained would gravely contemplate, and shaking his head, pronounce it to be well done, explaining at the same time with a re-lish the points that touched him. The library he dismissed with the curt remark that there was " a power of books there." Conn was no reader of books, or other Nature was his only hook-the tranquil prelude to events full of importo many in Glencoonoge; just as before the dawn there is a quiet hour when the wind falls and not a leaflet stirs, and stillness reigning, all things are as if they

had ceased. Yes, let me own it with repentance, rather Nature was his only book-the trees, the fresh air, the colors of the sky, the waves which he breasted swimming the waves which he breasted swimming or mounted in his boat, the curlew that field screeching over the lake, the eagle veering above the mountain top; Nature and life—the life of his hills, details of coefficient screeching which he wave high high I knew by heart, had lost their interest Nature, still in her dormant mood, had not yet begun to show the signs of her new year's life. I longed for human in-terest and some kind of human sym-pathy all the more, 'no doubt, because for months past I had been privy to every episode in the domestic drama I have de-scribed. The curtain, as I thought, had fallen on that play. The newly-mated lovers were sufficient for each other-were happy, and so no longer interesting. Then, too, Mrs. Ennis, being ailing, was unsociable and at times querulous. Not that she was ill enough to make any one but herself uneasy. Dr. O'Leary said she had "a heavy coid, that was all;" and when a doctor is so perfectly comfortable in his mind, the inclination of those about the invalid will be in most cases to dismiss passing events which he enjoyed with genial sympathy, sports which he loved with the keen ardor cf a youth gifted with faultless health, and a wholesome with faultiess health, and a wholesome unstained mind. Who would pity a young peasant possessed of so much be-cause he was not a reader ? I could not find it in my heart to think his want a defect, as by turns I stopped to examine some new object, or listened to the fresh and ringing tones of his voice. We accurately the hoursekeeper and her

We overtook the housekeeper and he We overtook the housekeeper and her guest in the picture gallery. "No.7" had made a long stand before the like-nese of The O'Doherty, which still bears a strong resemblance to the original, though painted some years ago. Next to his hung the portrait of his late wife, a delicate faded lady who had been good In his mind, the inclination of those about the invalid will be in most cases to dismiss anxiety, and to think it somewhat un-reasonable in the sick person not to be patient. But strong willed Mrs. Ennis looking in her youth, and whose beauty had never at any time that I could re member degenerated into the melancholy was nervous and frightened about her-self—which was natural after all, in an old lady—and insisted that the doctor

imper which the artist had put upon h should come to see her every day. The dispensary was not far from Lisheen, being a nttle way on this side of the features. Mrs. Mackenz'e became lacry mose before this picture, but the strange was untouched by her pathos, and pas town; and to have come all the way from there to "The Harp" and back every

was inforced by next pairies, and pairies, silently with her out of the room. Directly they were gone, Conn bright-ened up considerably. "Come here, sir, come here!" And he ied me over to a newly-painted picture of two girls in fanciful positions. After looking for some time. I made a guess that the figures benewly-painted picture of two girls in fanciful positions. After looking for some time, I made a guess that the figures be-fore me were intended for Alicia O'Doh-erty and her sister Bell. "But they are not a bit like," I added. "Oh, sir !" cried Conn, deprecatingly. "Not a bit," I continued relentlessly, determined to strangle once and for all

Mackenzie could neither read nor write "It is convincing," said "No. 7," bouy antly. Within an hour he had left Glencoon within an hour he had left Glencoon within an hour he had left Gifencoon-oge. Birds of passage are so common at "The Harp" that they pass through and away almost unnoticed; and, moreover, Mre. Ennis's indisposition claimed a good deal of attention instruments and and deal of attention just now. The only person who particularly referred to the stranger was Mrs. Mackenzie, who rare stranger was Mrs. Mackenzle, who rate ly went to church, but whom I met on the following Sunday on her way home, after listening in all the glory of new ribbons to the parson's sermon. She leaned to the idea that "No. 7" (the designation by which my friend was always referred to) was an American; but she declared at the same time that wherever he came from, he was a very pleasant, well-spoken, well-behaved pleasant, well-young gentleman After that I do not remember to have

heard him spoken of ; but as the days went on, I wondered from time to time how he had fared at Paris, and whether should ever hear from him again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Turn, turn, faithful pages of my diary

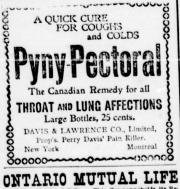
those early spring days were as dull as any I had ever known. Rides and rambles over ground every inch of which I knew by heart, had lost their interest Nature, still in her dormant mood, had

By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have otten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled is for ever a year, and have gained consider by in weight.

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.

We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary-size, 12x 22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (steel engrav-ing) 81 50 each

ents each. Extra large size, (see each and ng), \$1.50 each. ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua -size, 12⁴x16³-at 2⁵ cents each. Cash to accompany orders. Address: Cash to accompany orders. Address : Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ontario. Canada



\$20,000,000	This Company holds its R serve on the Actury
ROBERT MEL O M. Taylor, 1st Vice-Pres. Alfred Hoskin, Q.O., 2nd Vice President. Francis O. Brace. B. M. Britton, Q.O., M. P. J. Kerr Fiskin, B. A.	A per cent. Tab. Directors: .VIN, Passinger, Sir Wilfrid Lat. Bight Hon. Sir Wilfrid Lat. . ier, 6.0 M.G., Premier Ganada. W. J. Kidd, B. A. George A. Somerville, James Fair. William Hendry mut. Secretary.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.

THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. Searle. The price is ex-ceedingly low, only löc. Free by mail to any address. The book contains 360 pages. Ad-dress Tios. Corrsy, Catholic Record office, London, Ont.

We were ascending a broad staircase that led to the china gallery. "She was bringing them on in the fin-

"She was bringing them on in the fin-est way you ever saw," answered Mrs. Mackenzie; "and then he must go and fall in love with the governees and spoil everything! Not take kindly is it! There's Miss Alicia that yer honor may remember" (why did she look at me askance?) "and Miss Bell and the two little ones, Flossie and Fluffy-pet names their father gave them-och ! they're all getting on very well, entirely." "The governess is clever, it would seem," put in the stranger. "She is, sir, and not bad looking, neither." enture is dear to an Irishman's heart, venture is dear to an instman's hear, and I am sure that the last fellow who said he'd keep as far off it as he could— and got the place in consequence—must have had English or Scotch blood in him. If you, my friend, had acted in the spirit of that young man, you would have taken us the longer round on this occasion, and

ns the longer round on this occasion, and I would not have torn my coat." "I gave you fair warning, sir," said Conn, sharply, with a quick look up and down the stranger, " and I hadn't time to take you a longer round. There was no need for you to come if you didn't like. This is the pathway to the Castle, Mr. Shipley," he continued, turning to me, still with some sharpness, and then he strode off ahead of us at a rapid pace. "That's a reppery customer," remarked neither." " Amiable, I hope ?" Well, for an Englishwoman, not so

bad at all. She has more to say than most of them, too, and a good scholar to judge from all accounts, besides being—" Besides being what else is more than I strode off ahead of us at a rapid pace. "That's a peppery customer," remarked the stranger, as he looked after Conn. "He didn't come as our guide, but on business of his own." "Humph! I had no idea of hurting his feelings. I'll make it up with him presently. Couldn,t you ask him to come with us to the Castle? It may please him, and will serve my purpose." "How?" "We shall be three instead of two, and can here set down, because at this junc-ture I lagged behind to give my friend a ture I lagged behind to give my friend a clear coast, and beckoning to Conn to join me, made a pretence of examining some specimens of egg-shell china my eye had fallen on. As a matter of fact the various objects of curiosity with which I now renewed acquaintance, in-terested me less on this occasion than Comple sements upon them. He seeing

"How ?" "We shall be three instead of two, and it will be easier for you to give me an opportuntly of talking to the house-keeper the housekeeper and her charge a long

"Not a bit," I continued relentlessiy, determined to strangle once and for all the thought which Conn had several times previously betrayed, and which certain signs and tokens led me to be-lieve he had not kept to himself, "nct a bit. The faces on that canvas are far from being beantiful, but they are gross flatteries of the Misses O'Doherty. I suppose there never were two such ugly girls created before." zirls created before.

With this I turned lightly away, and With this I turned lightly away, and made a trivial remark on some altogether different subject. But Conn only ans-wered in a subdued way, and became thenceforth considerably dashed in his spirits. We sauntered back down the

spirits. spirits. We satisfies and through the long rooms almost in silence. Then we let ourselves out, and went to sit on a bench on the terrace to await "No. 7." As Conn seemed downcast, I tried to enliven

"When do the family return ?"

him. "When do the family return ?" "I don't know, sir, for certain. They may be expected any time now." There was a prolonged silence. "The young ladies have improved since they were children," said Conn at length, "and are considered very hand-some girls—especially the eldest." "That's a blessing !" Iremarked coolly, getting back to the defensive. "They used to be enough to frighten a horse from his oats—especially the eldest." We had no time to pursue the discus-sion, for the stranger came towards us from the house with the brick air of a man who has found what he wants and is now free to proceed to action. He was depositing a card in his purse, and Mrs. Mackenzie on her part was evidently gra-tified, too, from the way in which she smiled, standing on the dorsteps, and curtaeying repeatedly. "Do you know where my man is?" said the stranger, addressing Conn. "Find him if you don't, and tell him to get my ear ready directly. I start at once for the nearest railway station." "That's thirty-eight miles off," said Conn, aghast. "You'll want luncheon, sir, before yougo." "Let them get it ready."

Conn, aghast. "You'll want luncheon, sir, before you go." " Let them get it ready." And off went Conn at full speed. "What a lucky morning's work !" said my companion as we followed rapidly. " I have you to thank for this."

The doctor and The obstantial of the evening. At first I used to ask after the health of our hostess; but in rome undefinable way I was made to feel that the question was not relished. At odd times I fell to speculating why this should be, and concluded that the doctor, who had big abare of touchness, felt that the illcaused not by superiority or inferiority on one side or the other, but by a differ-ence in the treatment which each has re-ceived; the one having been dulled and made along by the much supplies from the made slow by too much application; the other preserved in all its original elastichis chare of touchiness, filt that the ill-ness did not warrant all the fuss that was being made about it, and that his falling ity by shorter strains, more frequent re being made about it, and that his falling in so easily with the whim of the old lady to see him constantly, was liable to be set down to interested motives. On other subjects the doctor would talk freely enough; and his descriptions of some of his friends at Lisheen were very enter-taining and remarkably clever. I was acquainted with only one of the person-ages, Mr. Jardine the attorney to wit, whom I had not seen since his visit to Clearconcore some months previously, "The fact is, a lawyer is a man of action, and his mental powers should be

rapid rather than deep TO BE CONTINUED.

CONVERTS TO ROME.

Converts to Rome since the Tractaran Movement to May, 1899, by whom I had not seen since in such that to Glencooncoge some months previously, when he had asked me to call on him. Why had I not availed myself of his in-vitation? I could hardly plead the dis-tance to Lisheen, or the rough country road, because I had surmounted those barriers to intercourse more than once since that time. The truth probably was Gordon Gorman, recently published in revised and enlarged edition, gives the following summary of conversions

in its preface : Converts who have become priests-Regular clergy, 158; secular clergy, 290; nuns, 130; Anglican clergymen, that I had not been much interested hitherto in the lawyer, and had always that I had not been much interested hitherto in the lawyer, and had always regarded him with a certain mixture of awe and uncertainty. Until Dr. O'Leary began to caricature him I hardly under-stood the man. The doctor showed me the lawyer in a clearer aspect, presented his humors in an amiable light, indicated traits the existence of which had not occurred to me — in fine, aroused my curiosity so much that the next time I had occasion to go to Lisheen, I did not return without redeeming the promise I had made at our last meeting. Mr. Jardine's house is one of three forming a block, which, like the old church with the square tower and a row of shops opposite, is a boundary of the market-square. The space which is ex-tremely animated on market and fair days, was quiet enough the day I knocked at Mr. Jardine's door. The lawyer read-ily left his papers to play the part of genial host, and showed me over his house, claiming credit at every step for the neat-ness of his bachelor home, and the in-genuity of its arrangements. His bath-room was constructed on a novel prin-ciple. The stove in his bed-room—" from 446; Anglican Sisters, 37; peers, 27; members of the nobility, 417; baronets, 32; the medical profession, 60; army officers, 205 ; naval officers, 39 ; the legal profession, 129; authors, poets and journalists, 162; public officials, 90 ; graduates of Oxford university, 445; Cambridge university, 213; Trinity college, Dablin, 23; London university, 11; Darham university, 10; Aberdeen university, 1; St. Andrew's university, 2 ; Elinburgh uni versity, 4; Glasgow university, 2; King's college, London, 10.

"Self-Preservation

"Belf-Preservation Is the first law of Nature." For this reason everyone who is ill desires to become well. Those who have impure or impoverished blood turn to Hood's Sarsuparilla because they know it will enrich and parity their blood and give them good health. To take this medicine on the first appearance of im-pure blood is an important step toward self-preservation. room was constructed on a novel prin-ciple. The stove in his bed-room — "from England," as he assured me with a bow

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indiges-

way for the sins of the flesh, as it n have meant with another. He w abstemious man by nature, and coarse vices only sickened him he saw them in others. But he paler every day, and his eyes guin his head. He worked like a consumed by an inward fire, and was with the fire of his hatred fo and his futile thirst for revenge Him

Then one day he went home. grave in St. Declan's churchya Ballygrua was calling him, and a sudden loathing of the fine murky streets he knew. It seen him that there was one little p earth his own forever, and h homesick to look upon it. It w his wretched bit of mountain and it was the sacred grave which t

at his heart strings. He opened his cabin door of spring afternoon and went in, a had only been gone one hour place smelt moldy and the rain d through a hole in the thatch ; th ashes of last year's fire lay up hearth. He looked out of the and saw the spade sticking in th where he had left it.

"''Tis time to be turnin' the again for the seedin'," he said self, and taking off his coat he w and turned a portion of the sod He didn't lock for living

people thought, but there was I the matter with him really sa consuming hatred. The pursu took him to the public house, likely ground in which to sow I in other men's minds. When i drink taken they didn't mind wild talk, and what they got tomed to when warm with the soon didn't shock them when th

There wereone or two return Americans in the village, w come back because they were use to the country they went the country they had left. I not likely to shock them. The ed with a cynical grin to speeches, and applauded him t