What is It All When All is Told?

ith and glory, piece and power, hat are they worth to me or you? the lease of life runs out is an hould death stands ready to claim his ading honors or heaps of gold, t are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear,
What does it matter what we claim?
For we step from the crafle into the ble
And a careless world goes on the same
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friends,
Tender caresses or crusi sneers,
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night

Homeless vagrant, or honored guest, Poor and humble, or rich and great All are raxed with the world's unrestend All must meet with the common fa Life from childhood till we are old, What is it a.l when all is told?

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM. CHAPTER XLV. TOM CUDDENY BIDS HIS OLD SWEETHEART

GOOD BYE, Bessy Morris, too, had her reflections as she walked round and round the little ehe walked round and round the little garden. But she had not much time to indulge in them when Miss Kearney's return brought her back to the little room, into which the sun was now shining so brightly, that Mary seemed in its rosy light a being too ethereally beautiful for a mare mortal.

"Now I wonder what that girl on the car is thinking of," said Grace. "And why has she stopped there?"

It was a farmer's cart, well stuffed with straw, over which was spread a blue woolen quilt. The young woman who sat on the quilt, with the skirt of a rather showy gown spread over the greater part of it, had turned quickly round, and, laying her hand on the shoulder of the driver, desired him to stop. It was just at the part of the road nearest to the house, and Grace the road nearest to the house, and Grace was able to see the young woman so distinctly, that the expression of her face suggested the remark she had just made.

"Really," she continued, "there is some thing awfully sullen about her. She certainly has about as unpreposessing a face

as ever I saw."

"I know her, mis," said Bessy Morris.
"She was at the wedding; and she's to be married to one of the richest men at the

'I cau't approve of his taste," returned

"But she has four hundred pounds for-

"I suppose this is the intended," Grace remarked, pointing to a man who was just waiking by the Bush, with his horse's bridle hanging over his arm. "He is a rather good looking fellow."

"That is not the man, miss," returned Bessy. "I saw him pass with her father

The young woman in the car was now The young woman in the car was now observed to become restless, and floundered about upon her quilt, as if trying to fix berself in a more comfortable position; and opened her cloak and hooked it sgain; and knocked her bonnet back upon her poll when intending to push it the other way and fasten it on her head; and pulled from around her neck—and immediately flung it back again with a swing—that particular piece of finery which, even more than the yellow gloves, seemed to have excited Peg Brady's indignation when "indeed she see her goin" to Ned Brophy's wedding, and which Peg designated her "boy-o." And, after exhibiting all these symptoms of unesainess, she bent her head and pressed her gloved hand over her eyes; and then looked up.

"My goodness! "Gram exclaimed. Did ever any one see such a metamorphosis? She is postively beautiful now."

He was just conscious that there was a car on the road before him, and on looking carelessly up, was startled, and did not know whether to be glad or sorry when he saw Jady Lvaghlan holding out her hand to him, laughing and blushing, and on the very brink of crying. Well, why should he not shake hands with her? Why should they not he felends? Of course there was no reason in life why they should not. So Tom Cuddehy stepped up close to the tail-board and shook hands very warmly with his old sweetheart. And it was such a long, long time since he had done the same thing before—though they were near neighbours. But he had done Why should they not be friends? Of thing before—though they were near neighbours. But she had been forbidden neighbours. But she had been forbidden to speak to him; and her father was heard to say that Tom Cuddeby was no match for his daughter; and Tom Cuddeby was not the sort of person to put himself in the way of being insulted by any purse pound old biddagh. And so the meadow between his house and old Paddy Lamphlar's might ear will hear Paidy Langhlan's might as well have been the Great Z bara so far as his old sweetheart were concerned. And now as she was going to be married to a rich man—the thought crossed his mind that she'd be driving in her jaunting car the next time again he'd see her—she wanted, he supposed, to part friends with him. And, like a manly fellow that he was, he shook hands with her in a manly and friendly

· I know him now, miss," Bessy Morris remarked. "He is the leader of the hurlers at the other side of the river, the same as Mat Donovan is at this side. But he got so stout since I saw him last I did not know him till he smiled." He water did not know him till he smiled. "He water did not know him till he smiled." He water did not know him till he smiled." He water did not know him till he smiled. "He water did not know him till he smiled." He water did not know him till he smiled. "He crowd that might well have moved a harder heart than hers. Yet Bessy has because she had, at the moment, any distinct did not know him till he smiled." He water did not know him till he smiled. The constant that in the eager anxious faces of the crowd that might well have moved a harder heart than hers. Yet Bessy Morris stood still, without moving a muscle, her lips apart, and her eyes fixed upon the mass of hay that now lay flam her grandfather's stories of '98, ought to have stopped sud remained standing there in sach a videulous manner for nothing as all! Ani toen she said, "Good evening," with another smile to Tom Caddeby, Hugh Kearney and a few others con-ing," with another smile to Tom Caddeby, Hugh Kearney and a few others con-ing," with another smile to Tom Caddeby,

ere mortal.
"Now I wonder what that girl on the heart."
"And Billy Heffernan," returned Bessy.
"And Billy Heffernan," cheeved. "he is

"I thought so, miss," Bessy replied.
But, on looking in the direction from which the flash seemed to have come, they glanced at each other and smiled. they glanced at each other and smiled. They saw Mat Donovan near the top of what remained of a large hay-rick in the lawn. The rick had been cut away till it looked like a rectangular tower, and had quite a picturesque effect, its brown hue contrasting agreeably with the fir grove behind. "Old hay is old gold," was a stereotyped phrase with Maurice Kearney's visitors when they stood at the hall-door and looked around the handsome lawn. Mat Donovan was about commending to

"My goodness!" Grace exclaimed. Did ever any one sees such a metamorphosis? She is postively beautiful now."

It was really so. The face that seemed a minute before so dull and sullen was minute before so dull and sullen was the cherries over the hedge to her! The recollection of this came back so minute and all a-glow with smiles. a minute before so dull and sullen was now radiant and all a-glow with sulles.
"I never thought Judy Laughlin was so hadsome a girl," said Beesy Morria, wonderingly. "Look at her teeth, miss, and her eyes! I never saw such a change all in a minute."

Mat a race white he same such a tossed the cherries over the hedge to her! The recollection of this came back so vividly now that Bessy could not help laughing. She knew he could see her grandfather's house from the hayrick; and the conscioueness that he was think ing of herself now, as of old, may have "I was all Tom Cuddehy's doing; though he had not the least notion such was the case. He walked on with the bridle on his arm, and his eyes bent on the ground. He was just conscious that there was a car on the road before him, and on looking carelessly up, was startled, and did not know whether to be glad or sorry when he saw Judy Laughlan holding out her hand to him. laughing and blushing.

In of herself now, as of old, may have had something to do with the laugh that leaped up to her eyes as she turned to say "Remark what I say," said Grace, with a knowing nod of the head. "I was watching to may have leaped up to her eyes as she turned to say "Remark what I say," said Grace, with a knowing nod of the head. "I was watching to any one else, as the window at which they were standing was near the door; and Mary was just in the act of shaking when he saw Judy Laughlan holding out her hand to him. laughing and blushing.

was the cry of a woman, and was followed by the words, "Mat Donovan is killed!" Mary looked instinctively to the hay-rick. But, to her utter amazement, it was gone! There was the elm tree; and the grove beyond; and the blue moun-tain; and the sky. But the tower-like remnant of the hayrick, upon which, one short minute before she say Mat Donoshort minute before, she saw Mat Dono van standing, had vanished like a vision Everything without seemed calm and still; and the last thing she noticed, as she

and children, who seemed to have spring spoke of love to her, except in jest; just up as if by magic from the ground. They were climbing over the gate, and over the fences, and running wildly through the laws. Mrs. Kearney, who stood tremblaws. Mrs. Kearney, who stood tremblang at the window, burst into tears; not because she had, at the moment, any distinct idea of what had occurred—but there was that in the care any lower fews of the dance, and escorted her from Mass, and the dance, and escorted her from Mass, and the dance, and escorted her from Mass, and the dance are represented by the state of the dance and escorted her from Mass, and the dance are represented by the state of the dance and escorted her from Mass, and the dance are represented by the state of the state o

sun was just setting, and the shadows of the trees on the grass were beginning to disappear, when a flash of light through the branches of a large elm tree out in the lawn made Mary start.

"Was it lightning?" she asked.

"I thought so, miss," Bessy replied.

But, on looking in the direction from which the flash seemed to have come, they glanced at each other and smiled.

she stopped short. Then from the outskirts of the crowd came the shrill response, "Gir.r.r.r.r out, you bla'guard!" and Kit Cummins turned round with a bonne, and was beginning again, when she was struck dumb with surprise on hearing a voice; from the clouds right over her head.

"Mat," said the voice, "will I throw down your coat?"

All evas were turned upwards; and

All eyes were turned upwards; and Honor Lahy was seen to raise her hands as

All eyes were turned upwards; and Honor Luby was seen to raise her hands as if imploring Providence to take pity on her; for there was our friend Tommy as much at his ease on one of the highest boughs of the elm tree as if he lived in the old magple's nest, into which he was just after peeping, and had run out merely to throw Mat Donovan his cast, which he had hung upon a branch of the tree befors he commenced cutting the hay.

This little episode seemed to some extent to remove the gloom that hung over the crowd. And when Barney Broduerick walked round and round the Thrasher, surveying him from his shoes to the crown of his head, and from every possible point of view, with a look of the profoundest wonder; and pushing back his hat on his poll, exclaimed solemaly—as if the miracle he had just witnessed was too great for his comprehension—"Begob, Donovan i you'll never be killed!—be a cock uv hay;" there was a shout of laughter, in which Mat himself, interest a section of the profounder, in which Mat himself, interest a section of the profounder. hay;" there was a shout of laughter, in which Mat himself joined; and all was gladness and congratulation as the people dispursed and moved toward home—some returning as they had come through the fields, and other going out by the gate near the Bush and on by the road to the

"Did you remark Bessy Morris?" Grace

"Yes; and it has occurred to me she must be cold hearted," replied Mary. "She was not in the least moved." "That was because she was stunned," returned Grace.

Bessy's thoughts flew back to the old happy times. He was the hero of the district. Wherever she turned she heard district. Wherever she turned she heard his name mentioned with praise. The old people who smoked their pipes round her grandfather's fire, and the boys and girls at school, were equally proud of him. And when he had accepted the challenge of some renowned champion from another parish, or even another country for Mat Dynova's ferm hed county—for Mat Donovan's fame had gone far beyond the boundaries of his sank almost fainting into a chair, was that the sheep were quietly cropping the grass.

"Oh! Mat Donovan is killed!"

The cry was not very loud; but the words were strangely distinct, and no one could say from what particular direction they had come, or whether the person who uttered them was near or far off.

Hugh leaped through the window, and Mary saw that he and Tom Maher rushed against each other near the elm tree and fell. In an instant they were on their feet again, and wildly flinging the hay about in armfulls. They were soon joined by others; and immediately the whole place was alive with men, women, and children, who seemed to have sprung up as if by magic from the ground. They were climbing over the gate, and over the fences, and running wildly through the laws. Mars Kasaraw who steed the street was the beautiful to be seven the place. sank almost fainting into a chair, was that the sheep were quietly cropping the grass.

"Oh! Mat Donovan is killed!"

gone far beyond the boundaries of his native district—with what nervous anxity the result of the contest was looked for! And with what a thrill of joy the

and turned her head round very quickly, self-the face of the house were gridge for me when he judged Man smach have fallent the house made, about the head to make the head the head to head the head the head to head the head t were more of the comforts and luxuries

herself dared to hope for. In fact, Beesy
Morris was beginning to see that a poor
man's wife might be very happy, and a
rich man's very wretched.

The soldier's visit had greatly
disturbed her; and she wished,
though she scarcely knew why, that
Mat Donovan should never know it.
No light matter, she was sare, could
weaken his love for her. He would so though she scarcely knew why, that Mat Donovan should never know it. No light matter, whe was sure, could weaken his love for her. He would go on loving, without a hope that his love would ever be returned. But if he once thought her unworthy, she felt he would since her return from Dublin the feeling that she could not afford to lose his regard was daily growing stronger. And when the cry, "Mat Donovan is killed!" struck upon her heart, and for some minutes she thought his was attilled for ever, a sense of desolation fell upon her, and she felt as if she were alone in the world. She twas really stunned, as Grace said. And when that wild cheer announced to her that he was asfe, she feit like one just recould from drowning, and too exhausted particularly as it reminded has to first felt pleased and amused, and them is there was something about Grace that reminded Mat of throwing cherries over a hedge and other little incidents of by-gone had a since her return from Dublin the feeling that she could not afford to lose his regard was daily growing stronger. And when the cry, "Mat Donovan is killed!" struck upon her heart, and for some minutes she thought his was stilled for ever, a sense of desolation fell upon her, and she felt as if she were alone in the world. She was really stunned, as Grace said. And when that wild cheer announced to her that he was asfe, she felt like one just returned from drowning, and too exhausted broken, the shock she got was so great—perioded from drowning, and too exhausted rescaed from drowning, and too exhausted to experience the full sense of joy and gratitude which one ought naturally to feel on being enatched, as it were, from the dark grave back to the bright world, with all grave back to the bright world, with all its life and sunshine—never so bright, never so full of life, and light, and gladness, as when it is on the point of being leat to us for ever, Grace, then, was mistaken in supposing that only self control had any thing to do with Bessy Morris's calmness when she mechanically bade them "Good evening" and left the parlour to go home. He was thinking of her while he sang the old refrain—when was it he was not

the ground below, the last thought that swelled his heart was a "God be with you," to Bessy Morris. He then became insensible. Consciousness, however, soon returned, and he felt that he was being suffocated to death. Then he thought of his gray-haired mother and his sitter, and his gray-haired mother and his sister, and how desolate their little home would be when he was gone; and, feeling that he was relapsing into unconscioumess, he prayed fervently that God would have mercy on his soul. At this moment he fancied that the weight that was crushing him became lighter, and, exerting sil his strength, he raised himself upon his hands and knees; and pulling the hay from about his mouth he found that he could breathe. But the weight of those who about his mouth he found that he could breathe. But the weight of those who were pulling away the hay, when they happened to stand directly over him threatened to crush him down again; and seizing a moment when they had stepped aside, and the pressure was lightest, he made a vigorous effort, and emerged into the light like a lusty swimmer through the breakers. the breakers.

Bessy Morris's first impulse was to get

Bessy Morris's first impulse was to get home without meeting Mat Donovan. She was hurrying through the kitchen in order to get out to the road by the back gate, when she almost knocked against Nelly Donovan who was running into the house for a drink of water for her brother. Their eyes met, and the looks of surprise and inquiry with which they regarded each other, seemed to have something of distrust or suspicion in it. Their looks were not alike, however, for while Nelly's expressed reproach, Bessy's seemed to indicate a dread of being detected. If Nelly Donovan had spoken what she thought, she would have said, "It that all you care about him, you heartless thing?" Aud if Bessy Morris gave utterance to her And if Bassy Morris gave utterance to her

"Well," replied Bessy—who was not quite so candid—"I thought it would be only troublesome to you and your mother if I went to talk to him. I knew ye'd rather have him all to yourselves. And, besides, poor Mat himself might rather be left quiet after such a shock. So I said to myself I'd slip out by the back gate and run home, when I saw he was safe."

Tals seemed natural enough to Nelly Donovan, and she was satisfied.

"Well, maybe you're right," said she.
"But, for all that, I believe he'd be glad to see you, no matther what way he'd be."

"Well, Nelly," returned Bessy, after

him, after his smothering, with a cup of tea of fabulous strength, out of the little black tea pot. And there was Mary Kearney, as beautiful as an angel, coming from the house, and giving him her hand, with such a heavenly smile, and telling him how glai she was be had escaped unhurt. And there was Grace following her example in her own way; and, strange to say, Mat held Grace's hand so tightly and so long, that she at first felt pleased and amused, and then looked up in surrals.

broken, the shock she got was so great— particularly as it reminded her of the day the horse ran away with her nucle Dan and broke his collar bone—and insisted that Mat should come in and take somethat Mat should come in and take some-thing; a request which Maurice Kearney seconded by selzing Mat by the collar, which he was induced to let go when Mat requested permission to put on his coat, And as Mat Donovan put on his coat, he looked round him again, and wondered that there was one particular face which he could not see anywher. He looked when she mechanically bade them "Good evening" and left the parlour to go home.

He was thinking of her while he sang the old refrain—when he felt the trick coming down with him, and expected in another second to be flung lifsless on the ground below, the last thought that there was one particular face which is could not see anywhere. He looked again, and tried to think of a plausible reason for the absence of this trick coming down with him, and expected in another second to be flung lifsless on the ground below, the last thought that there was one particular face which for the london Daily News.

Cardinal Newman, who is now in his ninetieth year, was able on Wnit Monday to attend Mass at the Oratory, Brompton, the could not see anywhere. He looked a large in the total the there was one particular face which for the looked of a london Daily News.

Cardinal Newman, who is now in his ninetieth year, was able on Wnit Monday to attend Mass at the Oratory, Brompton, the could not see anywhere. He looked a large in and again, and tried to think of a plausible reason for the absence of this to exist the was pot plausible reason for the owards the occasion being the From the London Daily News.

Cardinal Newman, who is now in his ninetieth year, was able on Wnit Monday to attend Mass at the Oratory, Brompton, the occasion being the From the London Daily News. hand. Mat Donovan called out .

"Do any uv ye know where is Billy Heffernan?" No one could tell where Billy Heffernan
was. And as he had been seem watering
his mule at the "lough" half an hour before, everyone wandered what had become
of him. And, in spite of all the kindness

and congratulations showered upon him, Mat Donovan felt as if a screw were loose somewhere, when Billy Heffernan's face was nowhere visible.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOULDN'T DO IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. John Deasy, Irish Nationalist member of Parliament for East Mayo, who has been in Australia recently with John Dillon, made a speech at Cork, on Sunday, May 25, in which, referring to the attempt to suppress Mr. Dillon's reception on the same day at Tipperary, he said:

In Adelaide (Australia), instead of In Adelaide (Australis), instead of being dogged by detectives, Mr. Oox, Mr. P., and himself (Mr. Deasy) were escorted through the streets by the police, who kept order amongst fifteen or sixteen thousand processionists, while their meeting was attended by the officers of the Crown and the Governor-General of the colony, and almost all the colonies placed free passes at the die colonies placed free passes at the disposal of the delegates, enabling them to travel free over the railways. If a minister attempted to suppress free speech there he would be evicted in forty eight hours.

Until the blood is cleansed of impurities, it is useless to attempt the cure of any disease. Rheumatism, which is traceable to an acid in the blood, has been cured, numerous cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilia, external treatment being of

What Say They?

In popularity increasing. In reliabity no standard. In merit the first. In fact, the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers

Leavenworth (Kansas) Times.

For a good many years the name of John Ireland has been a household word in Minnesota and a power for good throughout the North west. He holds a place in the popular esteem and affection of the people under his direct episcopal charge as well as outside of it, second only to that occupied by his episcopal neighborbor, Henry B. Whipple, the remarkable apostle of the Indiana.

Well, this good man the other day preached by invitation in St. Augustine's Church, Washington, District of Columbia, to a cogregation of "colored Roman" Catholics. In the source of the sermon Archbishop Ireland urged his hearers to be orderly and law-abiding citizens, to be temperate and industrious, to own and love and beautify their homes, to educate their children, and to steadily insist upon their rights. He said the existing prejudice against men because of their color made him ashamed as a man, a citizen, and a Carlstian. He said further:

"Every prejudice entertained, every breach of justice and charity against a follow-citizen because of color is a stain flung on the banner of our liberty that flust over us. No hall, no parlor is worthy of existence where a man is excluded or driven to a corner because of his color. No church is a fit temple of God where a man, because of his color, is excluded or made to occupy a corner.

God where a man, because of his color, is excluded or made to occupy a corner. Religion teaches us that we cannot be pleasing to God unless we look upon all mankind as the children of the Father in mankind as the children of the Father in Heaven, and they who order and compel a man, because he is colored, to betake himself to a corner marked off for his race practically contradict the priciples of justice and equal rights established by the God of mercy, who lives on the altar. This prejudice and exclusion in the Church is a scandal and a shame. Let Christians act out their religion and then there is no more race prejudice. The color line must go, and soon, too. The line will be drawn at personal merit. The shame and scandal of putting colored people in corners and lofts in Catholic churches must be wiped out. The doors of all Catholic be wiped out. The doors of all Catholic institutions must be opened to colored Catholics."

It is the public utterance of these sentiments that has made the Archbishop of St. Paul a dangerous man and a pulpit firebrand in the eyes of our Southern contemporaries. A prominent Southern newspaper, the New Orleans Times. Democrat, a journal which, by the way, Temorat, a journal which, by the way, has been most active in urging the Legislature of its State to accept the huge bribe offered to it by the Louisiana Lottery Company, holds him up to public reprobation in solemn leading editorials as a holder of dangerous opinions and a mischief maker. It replies to him on the subject of the color line as follows:

"With us in the South there has always been recognized, and will to the end of time be recognized, all ne which divides the Caucassian from the negro in social condition as impassible as the gulf which separates Father Abraham's abode in bliss from Dive's home in Hades in the Srciptural narrative. Southern Oatholic and

tural narrative. Southern Catholic and southern Protestant and southern agnostic are althe agreed on that point, as are southern laymen and southern ecclesiastics. The color line in the matter of social intercourse is as inexprably drawn among Southern people as if it had been fixed by a flat of the Almighty or laid down by a law of nature."

Here are two conflicting theories of the proper and rightful attitude of white men and Christians towards their fellowmen. Which of the two shall ultimately prevail? That which is born of the love that Christ teaches, or that which is stained with prejudice and hatred?

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT NINETY.

From the London Daily News.

Bull dated July 15, 1575. The English house was founded in 1847, and owes its celebrity to its being the place selected by Cardinal Newman for his abode after his submission to the Roman Catholic Church. The crowded attendance at the Church. The crowded attendance at the Oratory on Whit Monday is in part attributed to the keen desire to see the venerable Cardinal. Relics of the patron saint are in the possession of the community at Edgbaston, and it is stated in a local account of Monday's service that these were "exposed for veneration at the bottom of the chancel steps, and were surrounded by choice flowers and candles." Banners of yellow and white satin bearing the words "St. Philip, servant of God, pray for us!" were suspended from the pillars of the church. Oardinal Newman had to be supported by two of the clergy, and required several minutes to walk a few yards. His genuflexion at the altar was accomplished with great difficulty; but, notwithstanding these painfully manifest infirmities of age, it was observed that the Cardinal looked well. At the close of the service he was led to the centre of the chancel, from which he imparted his service he was led to the centre of the chancel, from which he imparted his blessing to the congregation. "When decending the altar steps," says the account from which we quote, "he was compelled to halt several times, and without the assistance of the accompanying priests it would have been a physical impossibility for His Eminence to have got to or from the church. At the got to or from the church. At the bottom of the sanctuary steps those present had an excellent view of the Cardinal's thoughtful face, upon which time and care have plowed so many furrows; and here he lifted up his trembling hand once again in benedic-

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