

The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND

At Home.
On March 7th a splendid demonstration, organized by the Belfast and Ulster United Centenary Association in honor of the anniversary of Robert Emmet, was held in St. Mary's Hall. The hall was crowded with a large and enthusiastic audience. Round the balconies were hung flags inscribed with National sentiments. Bands were scattered through the hall, bands that could not get admittance played in the street outside, and an excellent brass band was stationed at the back of the platform. When Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Harrington, who were to speak at the meeting, entered on the platform, escorted by the patriotically dressed Emmet Guards, they were received with a tremendous outburst of welcome.

While conducting a special mission Rev. Dr. Keane referred in denunciatory terms to the fact that secret societies were being formed in Ireland, and young men, notwithstanding their experiences in the past, were being sworn in. He condemned those societies as well as the spirit of revolt against the Church which was apparent in the continued existence of Parnellism. The Parnellites were following a wicked and sinful man whom they held up as a leader against their bishop. Ex-Alderman O'Donnell interrupted the preacher by denying that he and his friends were in revolt against the Church, and he, with a number of others, left the church as a protest against the preacher's remarks.

Waterford.
Alarming intelligence has reached Londonderry that the inhabitants of Tory Island are in imminent danger of being starved. Stormy weather has prevailed for a considerable time, completely cutting off communication with the mainland. The authorities attempted to land provisions by means of a gunboat on Tuesday, but without success, and the steamship Tyrone, from Londonderry, also had to put back after an abortive attempt to land flour and meal.

Dublin.
The Freeman's Journal contains the following: "The annual report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language contains gratifying evidence that the efforts to popularize the study of the old tongue meet with increasing success. The society is able to report 'the steady and highly satisfactory progress of the movement during the past year. Its advance has been uniform and solid, and encourages us to think that it will continue the even tenor of its course until the objects at which it aimed have been attained.' Last year was one of the most prosperous in the history of the movement. A significant evidence of its vitality is shown in the increasing demand for Gaelic books. The society sold last year 7,285 of its elementary books, as compared with 4,986 in 1896. This brings the total of such publications sold to 140,980. As the valuable little publications of the Gaelic League have also secured a wide circulation, it is clear that Gaelic studies are no longer relegated to the shelf. In the school, too, progress is visible. The society pays a warm tribute to the Archbishop of Dublin's services to the cause. Certainly the day on which the appointment of a Professor of Gaelic in St. Patrick's Training College was made deserves to be marked with a red letter in the calendar of the movement. The increase in the Irish classes of the National Schools should become more rapid than ever now, though it is already hopeful. Last year the total passes numbered 882, as compared with 760 in the previous year, 371 ten years before, and 17 in 1882. Twenty-six teachers presented themselves for the certificate, of whom twenty were successful. 'All excepting four,' says the Inspector, 'speak Irish well and read Irish very well. Their teaching of the language will, it may be expected, be genuine. The Intermediate Schools do not show the same advance, as the passes last year numbered only 69, as compared with 544 in 1896, and 628 in 1905. But better even than the prosperity of the language in the schools is its increasing popularity outside them. The celebration of the Columbian Festival was an event of far-reaching importance in the history of the language. The success that attended the celebrations, together with the subsequent account of the proceedings, including the sermons and addresses in the Irish language and character published in the newspapers, was very gratifying. Only one newspaper, it may be noted in passing, published the sermons and addresses in the Irish language, and the society should not give its credit away in this fashion. That the proceedings attracted wide attention among the sea-divided Gael is evident from the letter of M. Lonel Radigue, correspondent of L'Indepance Bretonne, who writes to the Secretary of the Society for some numbers of The Freeman's Journal, 10th June, 'containing the account of the St. Columba Celebrations, which is being asked for on every side. The record of the year gives ground for crediting the Association of another sympathizer, M.

Balcon, another Breton student: 'The movement for the restoration of the national language of Ireland, which seemed to be dead, is universal throughout Europe. A new spring is beginning for the languages of the people, which will flourish afresh after a long winter.'"
Waterford.
Mr. Cotter Kyo, who owns a large property in the parish of Moore, Co. Roscommon, a few miles from Ballinacorney, has given a very generous settlement to his Moore tenants, some of whom owed sixteen years' rent. Owing to the intervention of Father Begly, who represented to Mr. Kyo the futility of holding these arrears over the heads of his poor tenants and which never could be paid, he has generously offered to strike off all arrears and give a clear receipt on payment of one year's rent, and to give 25 per cent. reduction to those who are not in arrears on payment of a year's rent. Close on 100 tenants are affected by this settlement.

Kerry.
Father Mangan of Sween, acknowledging in The Freeman's Journal a number of generous subscriptions in response to an appeal for funds to build a home for the victims of the late heartless evictions on the Warden property says: "Such is the dread existing in the district that up to the present Sullivan can get no better shelter than a cowshed. Neill, protected by a doctor's certificate testifying that he was too sick to be removed, still occupies his miserable cabin. His wife and sickly children, with the few sticks of old furniture, were put out on the road-side. Even the sick man, as evidence of possession, was obliged to give a wisp of the straw on which he was lying to the bailiff."

Waterford.
A Solemn Requiem High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Most Rev. James V. Cleary, D. D., Archbishop of Kingstown, Canada, as celebrated in the Cathedral, Waterford. The attendance of priests and people was exceedingly large, testifying to the great affection entertained for the deceased prelate in his native diocese. His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan presided at the High Mass. The deacons at the throne were—Very Rev. Thomas McDonnell, P. P. V. G., Clonmel, and Very Rev. William Sheehy, P. P. V. G., Dungarvan. Rev. O. O'Donnell, B. D., was celebrant; Rev. D. Whelan, Professor, St. John's College, deacon; Rev. B. Hackett, D., sub-deacon; Rev. W. B. O'Donnell, Adm., Cathedral, and Rev. Thomas Power, O. O., Ballybricken, masters of ceremonies.

Waterford.
Mr. Godfrey Lovings, J. P., agent over the Donnell estate in County Cork of Lord Castletown, committed suicide at the residence of his brother, Sir William Lovings, Bart., Knockdrin Castle, Mullingar.

ENGLAND.
Oldest Prelate in the British Isles.
The Right Rev. Dr. William Vaughan, Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, and the oldest prelate in the British Isles, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on March 10th. The Bishop, who was eighty-five in February, has been sixty years a priest and forty-three years a bishop. Cardinal Vaughan, nephew of the Bishop, has, on behalf of the British Catholic Hierarchy, forwarded congratulations, and a telegram from Rome has notified the despatch of a letter from the Pope to the venerable Bishop.

Catholic Children for Canada.
An interesting gathering took place in the Cambridge Baths for the purpose of bidding farewell to a band of Catholic boys who in the course of a few days were to sail for Canada. The work of emigration of Catholics is yet in its infancy, at least, so far as South-west is concerned; but during recent years the Rev. E. St. John, whose name is well known in England in connection with rescue work, has given the matter very serious attention. Homes for the shelter of destitute Catholic boys were opened in Blackfriars Road, and from time to time, as funds permitted, lads have been sent out to farms in Canada. The farewell meeting was considered an excellent opportunity to place before the Catholics of the district a description of the rescue work which has been undertaken by the South-west Rescue Society, and this was done in a very admirable lecture by Father St. John. The chair was taken by the Very Rev. Canon Murnane, and amongst those present were the Very Rev. Canon McGrath, Fathers Clarke, Miller, and many others interested in the welfare of Catholic destitute children. The hall was gallily decorated with flags, and selections of music were given during the evening by St. George's Home band under the direction of Mr. Burt.

The Church of England and Protestantism.
The committee of the National Protestant Church Union has passed the following resolution, which has been forwarded to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and to all the members of the Lambeth Conference:—"That, as concerning any advance

towards 'closer relations' with the Greek Church, as suggested in resolution No. 36 of the conference, the executive committee of the National Protestant Church Union respectfully presents its emphatic protest, on the ground of the following false tenets, held by that Church, and of practices which are entirely at variance with the principles and doctrines of the Protestant Reformed Church of England, viz.—1. Co-ordinating authority of the Holy Scriptures. 2. Infallibility of the Church. 3. The seven sacraments, as contrasted with the two sacraments. 4. Transubstantiation, and all its evils. 5. Mariolatry. 6. Veneration of icons or images. 7. Invocation of saints. 8. Purgatory and Masses for the dead. 9. Justification by works. 10. Priestly absolution. 11. The pretended miracle of holy fire at the season of Easter. 12. The close identity of the distinctive doctrines of the Greek Church with those of the Church of Rome. To this further and recent testimony has been given by the respective representatives of the Roman Catholic Church in the country, who in their 'Vindication of the Bull, Apostolicum Curæ' (p. 82, sec. 49), state that—"In all which concerns the Real objective Presence, the true Proprietary Sacrifice, and the nature and extent of the priesthood, the Church over which Leo XIII. rules and the great Eastern or Russian Church hold identical doctrine. . . . you cannot reject the doctrine of Leo XIII. without at the same time rejecting that of the East." Furthermore, the committee protests that it is inconsistent with sound doctrine, and with true charity of the Gospel of Christ, to invite ecclesiastics of an erring Church to take part in the services of our Reformed Church; and that it is contrary to the principles of our Protestant Church for her clergy to assist in the services of the Greek Church, both of which have been done of late years."

Nurse Morris' Secret.

EXPLAINS HOW SHE SAVES MOTHERS' LIVES.

The Critical Time of Maternity and the Methods of a Famous Nurse to Restore the Mother's Strength.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.
No woman is better fitted for nursing, or has had more years of practical experience in the work, than Miss Morris, of 340 Fourteenth Street, Detroit, Mich. For twenty years she has been recognized as the best and most successful nurse in confinement cases, and over three hundred happy mothers can testify to her skill and kind and care. Always engaged months ahead, she has had to decline hundreds of pressing and pleading applications for her services. She has made a specialty of confinement cases, and has had such a reputation in this city that her engagement, in all cases, is taken as a sure sign of the mother's speedy recovery.

Mr. Morris was a nurse in England before she came to America, and so was her mother and her mother's mother before her. When asked once by a leading physician the secret of her great success in treating mothers in confinement cases, she said she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in such cases, as they built up the mother more quickly and surely than any other medicine she had ever used.

Mr. Morris was seen at her pretty little home on Fourteenth Street, and when asked regarding the use of these pills in her practice, she said: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People since they were put on the market. They built me up when I was all run down and so nervous I could not get any rest. After they had helped me I tried to use them in restoring mothers in confinement cases. There is nothing that can be prescribed or given by any physician that will give health and strength to a mother so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is true that in some cases where the father or parents were prejudiced against the much advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I gave them as 'Tonic Pills,' but they all came out of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box."

"I have given them in hundreds of cases of confinement to the mother, and it is wonderful how they build up the system. I have practically demonstrated their great worth many times, and have recommended them to hundreds of mothers for their young daughters. Yes, I have been successful in confinement cases, but I must give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a great part of the credit for the speedy recovery of mothers. They certainly are no equal as a strength and health builder. You can say for me that I strongly advise that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be kept and used in every home."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are a specific and best medicine for women, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sickly cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases of general debility, strain, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

To do little things from the greatest motives, and see in the smallest objects the greatest relations, is the great means of perfecting in one's self the feeling and the intellectual man.

The End of Black Donal

STANISH O'GRADY
IN THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

What I am about to relate quoth my friend Ralph Randon in one of his story telling moods took place when I was fourteen years old and home for the Christmas holidays. I saw a sight then which will remain stamped upon my memory with all the clearness of visually as long as I am alive, and possibly to all eternity, for I think you know I hold with those who maintain that the soul forgets nothing.

On the morning after my return my father, though the weather was wild and threatening, ordered the mare and trap to the hall door and drove off towards the hills, taking me with him. I did not know his purpose in this unseasonable jaunt along muddy roads and under dripping trees, nor did I ask him. I knew pretty well why he took me with him. It was to question me, which he did pretty sharply too, concerning my last half.

I do not wish to say in awe of my father in those days. He was a man, if ever there were such, of a strong mind in a strong body, was of a very active habit, and very masterful and imperious in all his ways. In a short time, for the long-legged mare went at a wild rate, we entered a dismal looking glen in the hills—dismal even in summer, and to day looking its dreariest and worst.

We drew up before a cabin, the door of which, facing the roadway, was shut, but from the interior came strains of a concertina rather well played. I followed my father round the house to the other door, which was open. As you know, they keep doors open or shut according to the direction from which the wind blows.

While I saw a very big man sitting before the fire, and surrounded by his family, one of whom, a boy of my own age, was playing the concertina.

I knew him at once—his name was Donal Du, or Black Donal. He was in a sense the butcher of the countryside, and used to appear at "The Beeches"—our place—every Christmas, as long as I can remember. It was his annual function to kill our Christmas pig. This year, however, he had refused to come, and had even sworn at my father's messenger.

As we entered, I saw his wife sitting beside him, with her hand on his knee; a grown-up daughter stood behind his chair. He sat with his head drooped between his hands, while his wife, with a suggestive grief and despondency, was the jolting and my father's voice raised in sharp interrogation and rebuke, he stood up. I have seldom seen a bigger man. As he rose to his full height, I thought he would put his head through the roof of the little cabin. "Mr. Randon, Sir," he said; and with a certain natural dignity, "it's myself that was sorry to disappoint a gentleman more especial a gentleman who has stood me friend more nor once nor twice. Sure I was not right at all when the gooseon came to me last night. I'll tell you all about it, Sir. Et, yesterday I was coming up out of Dankilly, and 'twas nightfall, and yam mind running on all the fine killing jobs I had on the Christmas, with you, Sir, and with the neighbours, and I all the time, singing or joking, and as pleasant as you please. Well, Sir, I came to the bend of the road at the mouth of the glen. There's unnookawn [small hillock] there, and a ring of crag-hazels around it, and the same is the lonnest part of the road."

"And though I used to be hearing stories about that unnookawn all my life, being born and bred here, and me father before me, sozza the unlucky thing I ever seen or heard there afore this, man or baste, woman or divil. I wasn't wate the little bit fretted be reason of the place, for me spirits were extra unnook high and I was as bold as a lion, Sir. I seen something come out of the unnookawn me make towards me. Says I to it, 'Faith, you're the greatest of the great beasts I ever set eyes on.' It was only a pig, your honour, but bigger nor any pig ever seen, and that thin and leggy you'd think she was a greyhound. She was white as chalk, too, and same as if she was dead, scalded, and scoured, only her eyes were like coals of fire, and there was something like a crown on her, and all around about her there was a light; and now it was that I was fretted in earnest."

"Sir, she stood right over me out on the road, and says she to me, as plain as I am speaking to you now, Sir—'Donal Du,' says she, 'I'm the queen of the pigs. I'm come live for to give you fair warning that if you don't stop this practice of killing my people, who are the knowinst and the most like Christians of all baste, your end will come quick and sudden, and till the Day of Judgment you'll never lack a dead pig to be waiting on you and haunting you, whether you're alive or dead! And with that she turns and goes again into the fort."

"And how I oem home after that, Sir, I can't tell."
"Blazed nonsense!" cried my father stamping with his foot. "It was all drunk, man. Too much whisky, and that bad. 'Twas all drunk and a disordered imagination. Don't be a fool; knock off drink and don't knock off an honest occupation. Everyone can see spirits if he drinks four or five, and I'll drive you down to 'The Beeches.' The scalding-water is bubbling in the boiler and the pig is at the pen, and everything ready."
My father spoke as if opposition to him would was to get out of the question. Said Donal slowly, 'I'll go with you, Sir. Maybe 'twas only a fancy or a drama, as they do keep telling me; on y I seen her so plain, and the eyes of her!'"
We drove home rapidly, with Black Donal behind weighing down the trap. The boys who came with us had to walk.
I confess I was much affected by Donal's tale. The strange beast and the strange colloquy, the earnestness, simplicity, and sincerity of his manner, and the menace about the Day of Judgment and the haunting by a dead pig, filled me with a horror which I could not shake away.
We passed "the fort" on the way home "Sod and rod, Donal," said my father pointing to it with his whip as we passed "nothing else in the world!"
"No, Sir," said Donal.
It was only a little hill overgrown with hazel, and in no way conspicuous.
When we reached home I went off by myself shooting, and did not return till dusk. The Christmas pig in the meantime had been slain, scalded, etc., and was now hanging up in one of the outhouses tied with cords by the hind legs to a rafter. As I passed through the kitchen I saw Donal eating a plain supper of bread-and-butter and tea, or rather drinking tea, for, as the good-natured housekeeper told me afterwards, "a lark would eat more, and he was mighty queer and wild-looking besides." Afterward he sat by the fire for a long while, silent and not even smoking, and went away without taking leave of anyone. Of our outsiders, he was the last to leave the yard. I went to bed at nine, and a little before ten heard my father shut the great folding doors of the yard gate and shoot the bar across them, muttering to himself as he did so.
As for me, I lay sleepless—sleepless and expectant too. I felt that something was about to happen. I heard ten strikes and the household going to bed. I heard eleven strikes, and twelve, and still listened to the mysterious noises with which the night and silence are always thronged.
It might have been a quarter to one when I heard a violent knocking at the gate, as if a wise calling. "I don't think I mentioned that my bedroom window looked into the yard. I alone heard the knocking and the cry. I dressed quickly and went down and out, passing through the kitchen and a long scullery, and so by the back door into the yard. The moon was almost overhead and floundering wildly through seamy and scurrying clouds. I unbarred and opened the folding-doors and found there Donal's eldest son, Mike, the boy who in the morning had been playing the concertina.
"Is my father here?" he said.
"No," I replied, "he left this at nine. Did he not return?"
"No, sir, and I'm in dread something has happened him. Was he drunk, Sir?"
"No; he drank nothing at all here."
I hastened back into the house and awoke my father. As soon as he was sufficiently awake to comprehend my tidings I ran back to Mike.
"He has probably fallen down in a fit," I said, "and is somewhere by the roadside. Let us search along the griesps and ditches. You keep one side of the road and I will keep the other."
So we went till we came to a shallow ford about a quarter of a mile from the house. Vehicles and horses crossed here through the shallows, pedestrians by a rude causeway of stepping-stones. I noticed something black pressed by the force of the current between two stepping-stones which were close together. It was a man's hat. Mike at once recognized it as his father's, and began to cry out and lament, saying that his father was drowned.
"That is impossible," I said; "at all events here. He's drowned it must be up stream. The water here is not deep enough to drown a rabbit. Your father's hat has come down stream."
I hastened up the right bank of the stream, followed by poor Mike, who was weeping, and talked and lamented ceaselessly.
"Sure you heard what he said your self," he cried; "that his end would come sudden, and he to be haunted in that way till the Day of Judgment."

I did not first see him, but the phantom with whose never ending persistence he had been haunted in that visionary colloquy at "the fort." I saw both as clearly as I see you now. Over the man where he stood, and as if it had swooped upon him from above, was a great white pig, and like the man, perfectly still. The brute's left cheek was pressed against the man's right, and his two forefeet reached down over his shoulders carelessly, while the eye of the latter, protruding in a fixed agony of terror, were turned to the heavens as in a piteous appeal. The two, victim and persecutor, the haunted and the haunted, were still as carved marble.

Extreme terror is, as I now know, a silent passion. I stood rooted and staring for many seconds before my limbs would obey my will. Then, without a word or cry, I turned and fled. Mike had left me. I could hear the quick patter of his bare feet as he ran across the level field beyond the willows.

I remember falling and rising many times, but nothing clearly till I broke into my father's kitchen, where he and some half-dozen of his men were assembled.
When I had sufficiently recovered to be able to tell what I had seen, my father pronounced me to be "a superstitious young fool," and as none of the men would accompany him, set off by himself for the scene of the apparition.
In less than half an hour he returned, looking very grave and stern.
"Men," he said, "come with me at once to bring in the body of Donal Du. He's in the river—dead; choked and strangled at the Droih-na-Olia. It's a bad business every way. Come, you fools, and don't stand there gaping. He's no more a ghost than I am myself. He was stealing away the pig which he killed for me to-day. Crossing the plank bridge he slipped, and fell. The pig fell on one side of the plank and he on the other. He stands there in the middle of the Meeluch, choked, with the pig over him, the extender at his throat and his face to the stars; and I would to God every thief could see him as he is to-night."

I accompanied the party which now set out, headed by my father, and witnessed again, as a frightful rustic tragedy of death what as an imagined apparition had so recently all but driven me mad with terror. The plank from which he had fallen was of bog-oak, and of the same hue as the pool. So, though the moonlight was so clear, neither Mike nor myself had noticed it. Also, no doubt, our attention was fixed and concentrated on the two frightful forms.
"But, Ralph," said I, interrupting the narrator, "I don't understand, even with the assistance of our father's explanation, how the man came to be strangled. When he slipped on the plank he and his burden would both fall apart into the pool. Would they not?"
"A fair question," replied Ralph. "You must know that what my father called the extender is a strong wooden peg with sharpened ends, used by butchers in order to keep apart the ripped sides of a slain and disembowelled animal, and fixed between the shoulders under the throat.
Donal carried the pig on his back lengthwise, and his own head inside the timber peg. The peg would then be at his throat, but not pressing against it, for he would hold it away with his hands from actual contact. Donal, however, used but one hand for that purpose. When he slipped and fell his hand relaxed its hold; and as he fell on one side of the plank and the greater portion of the weight of the animal on the other, the poor fellow was quickly done to death."

"Why did you say that he used but one hand?"
"Because I rejected altogether my father's notion that poor Donal intended to steal the pig. I felt perfectly convinced that he was no thief, and also that what seemed to be theft was in some way an outcome or resultant of his situation. There was a pathway here leading to the plank bridge from 'The Beeches,' and which half a mile further on passed by an old and deserted churchyard. I have not the least doubt that Black Donal, in his drunk-disordered brain, hoped to please the mystic queue of pigs and make amends to his recently slaughtered victim by according to it a Christian burial. I was so certain of this that a few days after, hearing one of the men complain of the loss of a spade, I searched the bed of the stream below the plank bridge and found it."

Kidney Sense.
Cases are not out of the question in Kidney Disorders—A Liquid Remedy—A Specific Kidney Tonic in the Only Safe Remedy.

How Many Discover When It Is Too Late that the kidneys have literally been ground out by the little solid particles which are contained in the blood of all sufferers from kidney disease, and which accumulate in these cases, and which cause such a medical science has proven that a liquid solvent which will dissolve these solids and eradicate them from the system is the only sure cure for kidney disorder. South American Kidney Cure is a solvent. It has been tested in almost countless cases, and there is yet to be recorded against it a failure to cure when it has had a faithful trial. Pills will not do it as they are not solvents. Don't trifle.

At a point about a hundred yards from the ford, as we emerged out of a clump of willows at the bend of the river, Mike clutched me by the arm, whispering, "Glory to God! What is that?"
But I had seen it too. Eastward about a stone's throw, in the midst of a dark pool of the stream, I saw Donal Du standing upright and perfectly still, with the moonlight shining on

his white, upturned face. And yet I did not first see him, but the phantom with whose never ending persistence he had been haunted in that visionary colloquy at "the fort." I saw both as clearly as I see you now. Over the man where he stood, and as if it had swooped upon him from above, was a great white pig, and like the man, perfectly still. The brute's left cheek was pressed against the man's right, and his two forefeet reached down over his shoulders carelessly, while the eye of the latter, protruding in a fixed agony of terror, were turned to the heavens as in a piteous appeal. The two, victim and persecutor, the haunted and the haunted, were still as carved marble.

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Kidney Sense.
Cases are not out of the question in Kidney Disorders—A Liquid Remedy—A Specific Kidney Tonic in the Only Safe Remedy.

How Many Discover When It Is Too Late that the kidneys have literally been ground out by the little solid particles which are contained in the blood of all sufferers from kidney disease, and which accumulate in these cases, and which cause such a medical science has proven that a liquid solvent which will dissolve these solids and eradicate them from the system is the only sure cure for kidney disorder. South American Kidney Cure is a solvent. It has been tested in almost countless cases, and there is yet to be recorded against it a failure to cure when it has had a faithful trial. Pills will not do it as they are not solvents. Don't trifle.

At a point about a hundred yards from the ford, as we emerged out of a clump of willows at the bend of the river, Mike clutched me by the arm, whispering, "Glory to God! What is that?"
But I had seen it too. Eastward about a stone's throw, in the midst of a dark pool of the stream, I saw Donal Du standing upright and perfectly still, with the moonlight shining on

his white, upturned face. And yet I did not first see him, but the phantom with whose never ending persistence he had been haunted in that visionary colloquy at "the fort." I saw both as clearly as I see you now. Over the man where he stood, and as if it had swooped upon him from above, was a great white pig, and like the man, perfectly still. The brute's left cheek was pressed against the man's right, and his two forefeet reached down over his shoulders carelessly, while the eye of the latter, protruding in a fixed agony of terror, were turned to the heavens as in a piteous appeal. The two, victim and persecutor, the haunted and the haunted, were still as carved marble.