

SOME DAY.

JAMES WHITCOMB KILY.

Some days—so many fearful ones
Are waiting for the dawn of light!
So many faces toward the skies
Are weary of the night!

So many falling prayers that reel
And stagger upward through the storm;
And yearning hands that reach and feel
No pressure true and warm!

So many hearts whose crimson wine
Is wanted to a purple stain;
And blurred and streaked with drops of brine
Upon the lips of pain!

O, come to them—those weary ones!
Or, if thou still must bide a while,
Make stronger yet the hope that runs
Before thy coming smile.

And bese and find them where they wait,
Let summer winds blow down that way,
And all they long for soon or late,
Bring round to them—some day.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

A Tale of the Irish Struggles of 1866 and of recent times.

(By Christine Faber.)

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SEARCH.

In one of the wildest parts of Ireland, where mountains and moorland, brush and woodland gave beauty and variety to the scene, a company of her Majesty's soldiers were slowly winding their way.

It was nearly sunset, and viewed in the mellow splendour of the dying day, the prospect had all that softened beauty which has been the heart with something akin to pathos, even while it was to enthusiastic admiration. It seemed to have such an effect on the rough, bearded fellows who were treading their way by the side of the moor, for, from murmurs at the fitful doom of them to such useless and fatiguing expeditions, and jokes at some of their companions who had been outdone in individual exploits by the rascally Irish, they had become suddenly silent, their eyes wandering from object to object of the beautiful scene, and more than one hardened face expressing the softened emotions of a soul long unused to any but lawless impulses.

Their leader appeared the most impressed; his face, more youthful than any of his companions, was unmarked by the lines which indicate a reckless and dissolute living, and his stern and piercing eyes had all the candour of a truthful heart.

His whole countenance was aglow from some secret feeling, his step became slower, and at length, as if overcome by his strange emotion, he paused, and brushing his hand over his forehead, murmured audibly:

"What does it mean—what are these impressions I am trying to recall—are they only parts of a lost dream?"

Roused by a cough from one of his men, the craving of whose appetite had overmastered his desire to linger on the scene, he abruptly resumed his way, the glow fading from his face and his eyes resumed their stern and piercing expression.

The road began to grow more tortuous and unmarked, the scene itself to become more wild; night was descending, and even the stern and reticent leader betrayed a little anxiety as he glanced about him to discover, if possible, some cabin from which he and his men might be directed. None appeared in sight, and as he eagerly peered about him, the half-suppressed murmurs of his men fell upon his ears.

They were approaching what seemed to be the ruins of some ancient abbey; arches, niches, and narrow pointed windows came dimly into sight, their very outlines suggesting thoughts of vivid and romantic interest. A few steps farther, and the broken remains of ancient tombs strewn there, while the dense ivy, hanging from the walls, and the crumbling and crumbling structure, imparted a weird and supernatural aspect to the scene.

Suddenly there emerged from behind the broken remnant of a wall which was once part of the castle dominions of the lords of Kerry a strange-looking form; bounding forward until it reached the side of the officer in command, it gave a cry so wild that every man of the little detachment was brought to a sudden and somewhat alarmed halt.

The form was that of a man of medium, slender stature, and a head much sunken between high, drooping shoulders; it was clothed in such grotesque garb, and the countenance expressed so much stupid bewilderment, that even the stern leader was provoked to a smile.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Eyes!" was the reply, accompanied by an idiotic rolling of the head.

Presuming that the strange being might be deaf, the officer repeated his question.

The man shook back the coarse hair that hung almost over his eyes, and stood erect. "Is it you I am ye asking?" he said. "It would be madness to tell me who ye are, seeing that ye don't belong to this part of the country at all."

Willing to humor the singular being for the sake of being guided perhaps to their destination by him, the officer replied:

"Well, my man, we are a part of her Majesty's—Regiment, sent to Ireland to keep the peace between the Fenians and the queen's loyal subjects. We have happened to get in this confounded spot to-night because we have lost our way; if you will lead us back to the garrison at Tralee you shall be well rewarded."

"With what?" and the comically stupid look accompanying the question again provoked the officer's smile.

"With a good supper, and perhaps what you will like as well, or better, a glass of good whiskey."

"I dun na," was the reply, "mebbe it's wanting me to turn informer you'd be when you'd get me into your clutches."

"No," was the answer, "that shall be left to you; if you have information which is of use to her Majesty's government and wish to tell it, you shall be well paid for it; but if you do not choose to do so you shall be free to leave us when you will, only guide us out of here."

The stranger still hesitated, gazing at each in turn of the men, who had somewhat forgotten their fatigue and their anxiety to reach their quarters, in the interest and amusement afforded by this novel scene.

"Will you pledge me your word of honor, then, that you will do me no harm, neither now nor again?" he said at last, turning his eyes full upon his questioner, and extending a brown, knobby and horny hand. Captain Denner of her Majesty's—, shrunk a little from the offered grasp; his fastidious taste and innate haughtiness could hardly yield to such close contact with the being before him, and it was a second or two before he suffered his own own pale, aristocratic, shapely hand to lie in the horny palm.

"It's to the garrison you want to go," pursued the strange man; "well this is the road to Ardara, and Tralee is a good five miles beyond—but follow me and I'll have you there in no time, or my name is not Rick of the Hill's." Rick's "no time" as he had

expressed it, lengthened itself to what seemed to the Irish and hungry men an undue period, and at moments when there seemed to be no termination to the tortuous path, and no more signs of habitation in the wild spot than there had been at the beginning of the journey, Captain Denner and his men grew impatient, and even a little anxious lest their wild guide might be playing them false.

"Look here, my man," the captain said at last, "there's something wrong about this; you are not keeping your word with us."

"Whist!" was the reply, accompanied by a gesture commanding silence, "don't let your voice be heard in this place, or maybe you'd have more company than would be to your liking."

"The officer, though a man of tried courage, qualified for a moment at the words of his guide. His hand sought the hilt of his sword, and his eyes tried more anxiously to pierce the gloom of the night. All the wild stories which he had heard, even over camp-fires in India, of the places of concealment afforded to the Irish by the very wilderness of their country, and of the lengths to which desperation occasionally drove them, came before him. His fears for the instant roused into fabled being a hundred lawless, despairing wretches swooping down from the very hills beside which they were walking, and hurling death to every man of the little party. Then also, the disturbed and excited state of the times, owing to those troubles to which Irish grievances have ever, under some form or other, given being, arose before him in vivid and distressing pictures. Wild reports of an anticipated general Fenian rising had already reached him, and knowing that they were in that very part of the country where the young and daring Captain O'Connor secreted his followers in the fastnesses of the mountains, he became each moment more certain of being attacked.

Rick of the Hill, a little in advance of the soldiers, kept steadily on his way. He seemed aware of the road, tortuous as it was, that he looked neither to the right nor to the left of him, and only occasionally peered ahead.

His path at last became broader and widened into one that appeared to lead into some hamlet or town. The soldiers, relieved from the oppression, gloom, and wildness of the scenes of the last few hours, recovered their spirits, and their leader, recognizing by certain landmarks that the garrison-town was not far distant, ceased to grasp his sword.

They arrived at the barracks, from one quarter of which as they approached they could hear the sound of distant revelry. The step of the guard as paced his rounds was lost in the quick, heavy tramp of the approaching band. A halt was demanded, the countersign given by Captain Denner, and the soldiers, with Rick in their midst, passed within the barracks.

"I am much obliged to you, my man," said the captain, turning to the strange guide as he made him about to file into the guard-room, "and you shall have all that I promised." His eyes turned for a moment as if in search of some attendant to whom he might consign Rick, and at that instant a man in civilian dress, who had been standing in an angle of the wall watching the scene with peculiar interest, darted forward and responded as if answer to the officer's look.

"I know something of this man, captain; I will take charge of him."

"Oh thank you, Carter, then I transfer him to you; you know the ways of the barracks sufficiently to provide for his being treated well, and being permitted to leave when he will," and Captain Denner turned away.

The man addressed as Carter beckoned Rick to follow him. They traversed a long hall until a turn brought them into a narrower and shorter passage, from beyond which came plainly the sounds of uproarious mirth. Here he who had been addressed as Carter stopped suddenly, and wheeling round upon his companion, just where the light from a pendent lamp brought his round, red face and constantly working eyes into distinct view, he barked rather than said to Rick: "You devil's imp, what brings you here?"

Rick shook himself free, and going close to the speaker that his breath fanned the latter's countenance, he answered in a tone of mingled passion and defiance:

"To watch you, Morty Carter, and to tell you my mind."

"You'll never do it; you and them you're serving shall feel the weight of my fury—I have sworn it—do you understand? and I would come from my grave to have revenge on Carroll O'Donoghue."

"Spare yourself," retorted Rick, "for you'll fall yourself into the trap you're laying; you thought to win when you gave the information which set them beyant," making a gesture toward where he had left Captain Denner's men, "on the search they were after when I met them. But did you succeed? Have a care, Morty Carter, that your treachery doesn't betray yourself into a worse pit than that you'd dig for those that never harmed you."

The round red face glowering beneath the lamp gave more lurid, and the hands hanging by his side clenched themselves up. If they would have felled the audacious speaker. "What proof have you that I gave the information?" he hissed.

"That proof—you were at Carroll Hurley's the other night—you swore to die in the cause you intended to betray, and then you came straight here and gave the information which sent Captain Denner and his men on the search they were after to-night, and only the boys were on the watch, the soldiers would have caught another fox than the only one they went to hunt."

"What do you mean?" said Carter.

"I mean that Carroll O'Donoghue would have been in their clutches but for the watch of the boys."

Carter staggered against the wall, his face becoming of an ashen hue, and his hands falling helpless by his side: "Carroll O'Donoghue here!" he exclaimed, "in Ireland—good God!"

"Yes, here to bring you to an account," pursued Rick, "telling to him; 'here to see that justice is done to the innocent beings you would rob; here to give the lie to your actions.' What have you to say now, Morty Carter?"

"This," said the latter, straightening himself, and seeming to recover his previous arrogant manner: "I shall be as a bound upon Carroll O'Donoghue's track—I shall unearth him, though he were hidden miles under ground, and I shall hunt him to his death."

The sounds of mirth each moment more continuous and prolonged, now swelled into shouts of laughter, which a suddenly opened door sent with startling distinctness to the ears of the two angry speakers, and fears of some unbidden spectator coming upon the scene made both men anxious to withdraw. Warned by approaching steps, Carter turned in the direction of the boisterous merriment, closely followed by Rick.

In a moment both men were within the cauteen whence the laughter proceeded; it was a large, irregularly shaped apartment, against the walls of which, on wooden shelves, stood various potted mosses and quarter pichers, while about the room in scattered places were several bear casks. The soldiers themselves were dispersed in groups; those who had formed a portion of Captain Denner's company being distinguished from their companions by certain marks which

they bore at their recent journey. The majority seemed to be drinking, and it was from those who appeared to be most under the influence of the potent that the boisterous mirth proceeded.

Deep in the mystery of the stimulating cup, no one appeared to notice the entrance of Carter and his companion till the former had snatched Rick to the midst of one of the noisy groups, and had repeated the instructions of Captain Denner. The soldiers half in their cups, gazed with amused interest on the unsmooth-looking being introduced to them, and one, eager to provoke fun out of the strange character, said with a tone of cockneyism, "So you are one of these d— Irish that we are expected to catch, are you?"

A look of intense disgust passed over Rick's features, and his deep-set eyes glared beneath their shaggy brows while he retorted, "And you are one of these English that mimicked the other, that didn't catch us, though you're scouring the country this while back."

The half-mad Irish soldier was nettled by the reply; rising from his seat, he said in a tone that he strove to render authoritative: "Look here, you fellow, be careful how you speak to one of her Majesty's soldiers."

"Then do you be careful to be civil to your betters," answered Rick, nothing daunted.

Carter, knowing the outspoken and vindictive character of Rick of the Hill, and fearing a quarrel which might result unpleasantly to himself, stepped between the wordy combatants, and with a whisper to the soldier quieted him. He dropped into his seat, but not without a glowering look at Rick and a muttered:

"The next time we meet you shall know what it is to have checked an English soldier."

Rick promptly responded: "And the next time we meet may be you'll feel what it is to have insulted an Irishman."

Carter, now really alarmed, savagely caught Rick and forced him out of the group.

"You imp of the devil, do you want to destroy yourself, that you are talking in this manner?" but in so low a tone that no one save Rick heard him.

"I want to destroy you," was the whispered reply, "and the evidence that I mean to will twist the hamp for your neck—do you mind that, Morty Carter?"

Carter did not reply; but, summoning one of the soldiers, bade him prepare a meal for Rick, and afterward assign him a place to sleep.

In an apartment in another portion of the barracks, actively removed from the soldiers' quarters, Captain Denner, still in his marching dress, and with the dusty marks of his recent expedition not yet removed, stood with respectful attitude before an elderly officer of imposing presence.

The latter was also standing, but he seemed to have assumed the attitude rather in the best of his speech to the young man, and his fingers played nervously with the ribbon of some decoration upon his person.

"It is exceedingly discreditable, this continued ill success of yours," he said in an irritated tone, "and I warn you to speedily redress it; nothing could be clearer than the clew with which this fellow Carter furnished you, and he has the most important testimony to bring forward as soon as you capture your prey."

Captain Denner's face flushed hotly, but he made no reply.

"Here am I," continued the senior officer, "hurried over from England to find after all that her Majesty's soldiers are unequal to the task of unseating a few poor rampant Irishmen, who have more bluster than brains. And here is another dispatch."

He drew toward him one out of a loose packet of papers that lay upon a table, and tendered it to the captain. The latter read aloud:

"A convict, Carroll O'Donoghue by name, has escaped from penal servitude in Australia, and is supposed to be concealed in or about Cahirciveen. Let a sufficient number of men be detailed to search and guard the place, and let all precautions be taken to prevent the escape of the convict by sea."

The captain replaced the paper without a word.

"You must be ready, sir, to undertake that expedition to-morrow," said the senior officer.

A bow of assent was the reply.

"And let it be your effort to cover by its success your failure of day."

With a wave of his hand he dismissed the young man, and throwing himself into a chair, turned wearily to the packet of papers lying before him.

(To be continued.)

NOT A MEMBER OF THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.

Father McKenna's Letter Draws Out Interesting Replies.

At the recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish National League, in St. Louis, Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of that city, one of the best known and most respected Irishmen in America, a leader in his profession and a man of high social standing in St. Louis, was selected as the proper person to write to John Dillon, M.P., on the condition of the League in America. This was an irregular proceeding. If any address was in order it ought to have been sent to Mr. Parnell, and it should have come from the president of the League in America, or from the whole Executive Committee. But the irregularity was overlooked on account of the high character of the gentleman selected to write.

The first word of opposition came in a surprising manner from a respected New England priest with a national reputation, the Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlboro', Mass., who fills the second place in the Irish National League in America, of which he is vice-president.

FATHER McKENNA'S LETTER.

Father McKenna's letter was given to the Associated Press as follows:

Dr. O'Reilly, off St. Louis, sent a letter last week to John Dillon, M.P., against which I wish to protest. I write this, then, in order to protest against the spirit and letter of his writing. I do this for more reasons than one. In the first place he is a Clan-na-Gael man. I am not and never have been, although the Clan has wished to make it appear that I was one. I do not believe in their methods.

Secondly, Dr. O'Reilly states what is false when he talks about the delegates of last week assembling from every State within the United States. There were no delegates present from every State within the United States. The National League has no existence in this country at the present time.

In conclusion, I have always remarked that the States "of the United States" which contribute the least—like Missouri and Illinois and Michigan—always dictate the policy of the League.

For one, I will not submit to such a leadership of session and, like Mr. McCaffrey, of Philadelphia, I publicly resign my position.

(Signed) P. A. McKenna, National Vice-President of the I. N. League.

That Father McKenna was acting under misinformation regarding Dr. O'Reilly and the National League in America was at once

clear to every one who knew the latter gentleman. Therefore few were surprised when the following letter appeared:

DR. O'REILLY'S REPLY TO FR. MCKENNA.

St. Louis, April 22.

DEAR SIR:—The Associated Press despatch from Boston of this morning contains a letter over the signature of one who calls himself P. A. McKenna, National Vice-President of the I. N. L., in which the writer protests against my letter to John Dillon, M.P., for the reason, as he asserts, that I am a Clan-na-Gael man. Let me correct this statement by saying that I never belonged to any secret society; and as I am sure some, if not all, of his other sweeping and intemperate expressions have no better foundation for truth, I will not allude to them except to say that they remind me more of the ravings of a disappointed man than of the words of a disappointed man than of one who has been disappointed in a point on which he and others differ. Respectfully,

THOMAS O'REILLY.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S COMMENTS.

LONDON, April 23.

Referring to the reply of Father McKenna, late national vice-president of the Irish National League, to Dr. O'Reilly, of St. Louis, Michael Davitt said today that he attaches no importance whatever to the charges. He said it was unfair to couple O'Reilly's name with the Clan-na-Gael, as he was not a member of that society.

Davitt further said that it was untrue and a libel to the members of the Clan-na-Gael, and that all Irishmen in America were humiliated by having charges of this kind made by one class of Irishmen against another class, which was simply done for the purpose of party warfare. Mr. Davitt stated that he does not think the National League is dead or anything like it, if he could judge by the constant large reunions which were being received from across the water.

Dr. O'Reilly, he considered, had been most untiring and unselfish in his labors in the relief of evicted tenants. Mr. Davitt concluded by stating that no president of the League in America worked more earnestly and generously on behalf of Ireland than John Fitzgerald of New York, and that the National League in America rendered enormous service to the cause.

WHAT THE NATIONAL TREASURER SAYS.

With respect to the condition of the League the word of Dr. Charles O'Reilly of Detroit, the National Treasurer, are of the first importance. He says:

"Contributions are not now what they were in 1886, when two general elections were held in England, and I received as high as \$20,000 a day on forwarding to Mr. Biggar \$100,000 in ten days. Still the contributions which, in spite of the Parnell Commission and other discouraging things, have been received up to January 1 last since that time show that the League is far from being dead, and financial evidence is strong evidence. The League is as much alive in 1890 as in 1886. As to the statement regarding the seemingly small amounts given by Michigan and one or two other States, we might point to the great Irish population of Massachusetts and New York as compared with our own. We give according to our strength."

"The meeting of the executive committee in St. Louis last week," concluded the Doctor, "was one of the most harmonious gatherings I ever attended. It was decided to put forth increased effort in behalf of the Tenants' Defense Fund."

WHAT THE LEADERS IN IRELAND SAY.

LONDON, April 23.—Nearly all the prominent Irish Nationalists here are opposed to the proposition to call a convention of the National League of America.

Mr. Parnell has not yet received the letter on the subject which was said to have been forwarded by Dr. O'Reilly of St. Louis, and until he has received the letter will say nothing on the subject. But among his leading colleagues there is a feeling that the present would be an inopportune moment to summon the convention.

Opinions expressed by John Dillon about the state of the organization in America do not tally with the statement alleged to be made in Dr. O'Reilly's letter, to the effect that the National League is moribund.

Dr. O'Reilly's expression in his letter to John Dillon, was—"As you have Mr. Parnell's confidence, permit me to improve on you that the necessity just now for calling a convention is pressing, as the present organization in this country is moribund."

How he was Converted.

An interesting story is told of the conversion of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of London Punch. Mr. Burnand was without religion; according to his own account he had never given the subject serious thought. What he did give serious thought to, however, was his humorous work in Punch. He was always on the lookout for "material." One day he found the "Confessions of St. Augustine" of a book stall; he bought it, and took it to the Punch office in hope of finding a joke in it. There an Anglican bishop, who came to visit the famous editor, saw it. He concluded that Mr. Burnand was on the way to Rome, or why should he read St. Augustine? "Have you really considered the step you are about to take?" he asked solemnly. "Very carefully," answered the professional joker, fancying the bishop was alluding to his projected irreverence. "Well," said the bishop, "come to me to-morrow and I will show you reasons against it." Burnand went, and the bishop explained the Anglican attitude to him. "I shall now show you how weak the Roman position is," added the prelate. Burnand thanked him, but said he thought he had better go to Cardinal Newman for the "Roman position." He saw the Cardinal for the first time, and this was the beginning of his conversion.—Ave Maria.

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Took the Wrong Kidney.

HAMILTON, Ont., April 30.—The story of a bungling job which occurred at the City hospital some time ago has just leaked out. A man went to the hospital some months since suffering from an internal trouble, and when a diagnosis of the case was made it was discovered one of the patient's kidneys was diseased but the other was perfectly healthy. It was decided to perform an operation on the man and remove the diseased kidney. The surgical operation as far as exposing the kidney was successfully performed, but the doctor on whom devolved the duty of removing the diseased kidney made the dreadful blunder of removing the one which was perfectly sound. The mistake was not discovered until it was too late to rectify it and the man was left with the bad kidney, while the good one was taken from him. As a result the bungling patient died a few days after the operation. The doctor who performed the man's name has not been divulged and until now the public knew nothing about the affair, although it occurred some months ago and almost every medical practitioner in the city knew of it.

Two of a Kind.

The Ontario Conservative party and the Equal Rights men are working hand and glove. We find Mr. Robert Birmingham, chief organizer of the Tory party in Ontario, working with the Conservatives or Peel in favor of the nomination of the notorious James L. Hughes. The same Mr. Birmingham, with the authority of Mr. Meredith, in favor of Mr. Clendenen, another Equal Rights man, in East Peterborough, was a whole and this supporter of Meredith in the Legislature. In East Peterborough Mr. Kidd, who is nominated as an Equal Rights man, is willing to retire if a Conservative is nominated—which shows that he looks upon the two parties as equal by-intent. Mr. Shaw, the Equal Rights candidate for Ontario, was a faithful follower of the Tory Chief in the House of Commons from 1879 to 1882. Birds of a feather—Equal Rights and Ontario Tories—flock together.—Kingston Freeman

The Abbe Batifol, of Paris, has just discovered in a manuscript in the National Library the Greek original of the apocryphal "Assension of Jesus," which was only known from the Ethiopic version edited by Professor Dillmann. The Abbe proposes to publish this Greek text in one of the fasciculi of his "Studia Patristica," the first of which contains the "Prayers of Assension."

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TO BOUCHERVILLE, VARENNES, VERMOREL and B. L. DE LAKE—Daily (Sundays excepted) per steamer HURON at 5:30 p.m. Saturdays at 2 p.m.

LONGUEUIL FERRY—From Longueuil, 5 a.m. and every other hour. From Montreal, 6:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Last trip, 8:30 p.m. See time table.

TO LAPELLE—From now until 5th May, 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. From 5th May to 20th May, 7 a.m., 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. From 20th May to 1st September, 6:30 a.m., noon, 4 and 6:15 p.m., 4 times a week and on Tuesdays and Fridays 6 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st September to 1st October, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st October to 1st November, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st November to 1st December, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st December to 1st January, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st January to 1st February, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st February to 1st March, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st March to 1st April, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st April to 1st May, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st May to 1st June, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st June to 1st July, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st July to 1st August, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st August to 1st September, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st September to 1st October, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st October to 1st November, 6:30 a.m. and 3 a.m. From 1st November to 1st 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