

## THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE WEAVER.

(Concluded from 2nd page.)

no trouble in life to you; and I am only sorry that it isn't better with your while, for he isn't worth fearin' at all; only I must tell you that he lives in the county Galway, in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that."

"Oh, I don't value it in the laste," says the Waiver, "for the last three-score and tin I killed was in a soft place."

"When will you undhertake the job, then?" says the king.

"Let me at him at wast," says the Waiver.

"That is what I like," says the king, "your the very man for my money," says he.

"Talkin' of money," says the Waiver, "by the same token I'll want a thrille o' change from you for my travellin' charges."

"As much as you please," says the king, and with the word, he brought him into his closet, where there was an owld stockin' in an owld chest, burstin' wid golden guineas.

"Take as many as you please," says the king; and sure enough, my dear, the little Waiver stuffed his tin clothes as full as they could howld with them.

"Now I'm ready for the road," says the Waiver.

"Very well," says the king, "but you must have a fresh horse," says he.

"With all my heart," says the Waiver, who thought he might as well exchange the miller's owld garron for a better.

And maybe it's wonderthine you are, that the Waiver would think of goin' to fight the dhraggin' afther what he heard about him, whin he was purtendin' to be asleep; but he had no sitch notion, all he intended was to fob the goold, and ride back to Duleck with his gains and a good horse. But you see, 'cute as the Waiver was, the king was 'cutter still; for these high quality, you see, is great deasurers; and so the horse the Waiver was put an was learned an purpose, and, sure, the minit he was mounted, away powdered the horse, and the devil a toe he'd go but right down to Galway.

Well, for four days he was goin' ever more, until at last the Waiver seen a crowd o' people runnin' as if owld Nick was at their heels, and they shoutin' a thousand murders, and cryin' "The dhraggin, the dhraggin!" and he couldn't stop the horse nor make him turn back, but away he pelted right forinst the terrible baste that was comin' up to him, and there was the most nefarious smell o' sulphur, savin' your presence, enough to knock you down; and, faith, the Waiver seen he had no time to lose, and so he threw himself off the horse, and made to a three that was growin' nigh hand, and away he clambered up into it as nimble as a cat; and not a minit had he to spare, for the dhraggin' ken up in a powerful rage, and he devoured the horse, body and bones, in less than no time; and thin he began to sniffle and scent about for the Waiver, and at last he clapt his eye on him, where he was, up in the three, and says he:

"In troth you might as well come down out o' that," says he, "for I'll have you as sure as eggs is mate."

"Divil a foot I'll go down," says the Waiver.

"Sorra care I care," says the dhraggin, "for you're as good as ready money in my pocket this minit; for I'll lie under this tree" says he, "and sooner or later you must fall to my share."

And sure enough he sot down, and began to pick his teeth with his tail, afther the heavy break-quest he made

that mornin' (for he ate a whole village, let alone a horse) and he got drowsy at last, and fell asleep; but before he wint to sleep, he wound himself all around about the three, all as one as a lady windin' ribbon round her finger, so that the Waiver could not escape.

Well, as soon as the Waiver knew he was dead asleep, by the snorin' of him—and every snore he got out of him was like a clap o' thunder—that mirit the Waiver began to creep down the three as cautious as a fox, and he was very nigh hand the bottom, whin bad cess to it, a thievlin' branch he was dipindin' an bruk, and down he fell right a top of the dhraggin; but if he did good luck was on his side, for where should he fall but with his two legs right across the dhraggin's neck, and my jew'l, he laid howlt o' the baste's ears, and there he kept his grip, for the dhraggin' wakened and endayvored for to bite him, but, you see, by reason the Waiver was behind his ears, he could not come at him, and with that, he endayvored for to shake him off; but the devil a stir could he stir the Waiver; and though he shuk all the scales in his body, he cud not turn the scale agin the Waiver.

"By the hokey, this is too bad, intirely," says the dhraggin; "but if you won't let go," says he, "by the powers o' wild fire, I'll give you a ride that'll astonish your sivin small sines, my boy;" and with that, away he flew like mad, and where do you think did he fly? by dad, he flew straight for Dublin, divil a less. But the Waiver bein' an his neck was a great disthress to him, and he would rather have had him an *inside passenger*; but anyway he flew and he flew till he kem slap up agin the palace of the king, or bein' blind with the rage he never seen it, and he knocked his brains out; that is, the small trifle he had, and down he fell spacheless. An' you see, good luck would have it, that the king o' Dublin was lookin' out in his dhravin room windy for divarshum, that day also, and whin he seen the Waiver ridin' an the fiery dhraggin (for he was blazin' like a tar barrel) he called out to his coortyers to come and see the show.

"By the powders of war here comes the knight arraint," says the king, "ridin' the dhraggin that's all a fire, and if he gets into the palace yis must be ready with the fire engines," says he "for to put him out."

But whin they seen the dhraggin fall outside, they all run down stairs and scampered into the palace yard for to circumspect the curiosity; and by the time they got down, the Waiver had got off the dhraggin's neck, and, running up to the king, says he,

"Plaze your holiness," says he, "I did not think myself worthy of killin' this facetious baste, so I brought him to yourself for to do him the honor of decapitation by your own royal five fingers. But I tamed him first, before I allowed him the liberty for to dar' to appear in your royal prisance, and you'll oblige me if you'll just make your mark upon the onruly baste's neck."

And with that the king, sure enough, drew out his sword and took the head off the dirty brute, as *clane* as a new pin. Well, there was great rejoicin' in the court that the dhraggin was killed, and says the king to the little Waiver, says he,

"You are a knight arraint as it is so it would be no use for to knight you over agin; but I will make you a lord," says he.

"Oh Lord!" says the Waiver, thunderstruck like at his own good luck.

"I will," says the king, "and as you're the first man I ever heard tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be

called Lord Mount Dhraggin," says he.

"And where's my estates? plaze your holiness," says the Waiver, who always had a sharp look out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king, "It's my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that reason I make you a present of all the dhraggins in the world, and give you power over thim from this out," says he.

"Is that all?" says the Waiver.

"All!" says the king, "why you ongrateful little vagabone, was the like ever given to any man before?"

"I believe not indeed," says the Waiver; "many thanks to your majesty."

"But that is not all I do for you," says the king, "I'll give you my daughter too in marriage," says he.

Now you see that was nothin' more than what he promised the Waiver in his first promise; for by all accounts the king's daughter was the greatest dhraggin ever was seen, and had the devil's own tongue and a beard a yard long, which she purtinded was put an her by way of a penance, by Father Mulcahy, her confessor; but it was well known was in the family for ages, and no wonder it was so long, by reason of the same.

## ABSCESS IN BACK.

## PARALYSIS.

Steady Recovery and Cure by B. B. B.

## A REPRESENTATIVE FARMER SPEAKS.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he had decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery. I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower part of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN,  
Welland P.O.

## FAME.

To Emerson is this story attributed:—On being asked by a friend what he lectured for, he replied: "Fa-me." "What do you mean by that?" inquired the other. "Fame and my own name."

## HELPLESS and HOPELESS

TIRED OF LIFE.

DYING OF DYSPEPSIA.

NOW STRONG AND WELL.

B. B. B. DID IT.

(From the Toronto Star.)

## No. 22 MCGILL STREET.

Passing by this quaint, old-fashioned house nestling among the tall lilac bushes one would scarcely dream of the interesting history related to a *Star* reporter by Miss Lottie Booth, a young lady who resides there. Miss B.'s bright and happy way of telling the story lent an added charm to its interest.

Seated in the cosy parlor Miss Booth told me a story of an experience she had had that fairly out-

through my brain. Often I would awake screaming and crying. One day Miss Booth sent to the drug store to have a prescription filled. The clerk wrapped the bottle up with a circular. When she undid the wrapper Miss Booth picked up the circular and read it. It opened her eyes. It told her that often times heart troubles were caused by that dread disease dyspepsia. "I believed that circular," said Miss Booth, "and I stopped taking the



MISS LOTTIE BOOTH.

rivalled anything I had ever heard. I thought the quaint old building had its romance, and I was not mistaken. Listen, and I will tell it to you, for I did not promise secrecy, and I am sure Miss Booth will not care.

A scrap of paper saved Miss Booth's life. To a little scrap of paper she owes the pleasure of many happy days. This is how it happened:

"Miss Booth formerly lived in the city of Winnipeg. She is well known there, and people who live on Ross street will smile when they read this incident, because they know it's true. Eight months ago she was a bright happy girl. She is now, but there was an interval between then and now, that Miss Booth never recalls without a shudder.

From health and happiness Miss Booth fell into a languid, spiritless state. Rapidly her health declined, and friends saw with pained eyes that there was something radically wrong with her constitution. Day by day she faded away until no one would recognize her thin, sickly-looking self as the one-time healthy, rosy girl. Doctors were consulted time and again. "It's your heart," they said, and wrote out prescription after prescription accordingly. For three long, weary, miserable months Miss Booth took their medicine, but the months were not longer than the medical bill that was presented and paid regularly every month.

Said Miss Booth: "My condition was a most deplorable one. I really thought my heart was affected, for it almost stopped beating at times, and I would have fainting spells that left me weak and helpless. Day by day I grew weaker. I could eat nothing with a relish. Food was really distasteful to me. Oh, how weary and tired of life I was. At night I might have slept had it not been for horrible

doctor's medicine at once. The circular said take Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia. I did so. One half bottle was all I used before I began to get well. I took eleven bottles altogether. Now I am well and sound. The scrap of paper and Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

## ACTOR SULLIVAN ON HIS PROFESSION.

John L. gives it as his unbiased opinion that the stage is not going to the dogs. This is encouraging, coming from one who, it is but reasonable to presume, would at once, and vigorously, denounce any deterioration in the profession of which he is so exemplary an ornament.

## HUMAN NATURE TRIUMPHS.

Historian—Why have the Quakers so nearly disappeared?

Observer—The girls married outsiders who would buy them pretty bonnets, and the boys married girls who wore pretty bonnets.

## JOY IN QUEBEC.

A Lady Saved.

Life was a Burden and all Remedies Failed Till B.B.B. was Tried, now Digestion is Perfect, and Health has Returned.

DEAR SIRS,—Until lately I suffered continually from Headache caused by Constipation, which rendered my life a burden to myself and to others. After trying doctors and remedies without number and with no good results, I was advised to try B.B.B. I now rejoice that I did so, for two bottles have completely cured me. I now eat well, and my digestion is perfect. I believe there is no remedy equal to B.B.B., and I recommend it to all sufferers.

DAME ADJUTOR LACHANCE,