Jeanette's Hair. BY CHAS. G. HALPINE. (Republished by request.)

Oh, loosen the curls that you wear, Jeanette, Let me tangle my hard in your hair, my Por the world to me had no daintier sight Than your brown hair veiling your shoulder white.

It was brown with a golden glows, Jeanette, It was finer than the slik of the floss, my pet. 'I was a beautid mist falling down to your wrist, 'Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and kiesed; Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jeanette, It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet, But warmly and softly it loved to caress Your round white neck and your wealth of

Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Jeanette, Revealing the old, dear story, my pet; They were gray with the chastened tinge of the sky When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly. And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Jeanette, They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my When the spring is young and the roses are wet
With the dewdrops in each red blossom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair, my

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Jean Twas a sliken and golden spare, my pet, But so gentle the bondage, my soul did im-The light to continue your slave evermore, With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my

Thus, ever I dream what you were, Jeanette, with your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet.

In the darkness of desolate years I mean, And my tears fall bitterly over the stone That covers your golden hair, my pet.

KNOCKNAGOW

OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER VII. MORAH LAHY-THE OLD LINNET'S SONG.

Richard's proposal to take a stroll to an old castle within about a mile of the house old castle within about a mile of the house was readily agreed to by Mr. Lowe; and, as they passed through Knocknagow, the latter had a good opportunity of seeing for himself what an Irish hamlet looked Though most of the houses looked comfortless enough, and the place as a whole had the struggling appearance which he was accustomed to associate with an Irish village, there was none of that understanding the struggling appearance with an Irish village, there was none of that understanding the struggling and the struggling and the struggling and the struggling are struggling and the struggling and the struggling are struggling as the struggling and the struggling are struggling as the struggling as the struggling are struggling as the struggling as the struggling are struggling as the struggling as the struggling are struggling as the struggling as the struggling are struggling as the strug redeemed equalor and wretchedness which certain writers had led him to expect. With one or two exceptions every house had at least two windows. Several had each a small out-house, and the little cart or "car," with a high creel in it, indicated that the owner was the resultant dicated that the owner was the proprietor

of a donkey.

Mat the Thrasher's habitation, with its whitewashed walls and elegantly thatched roof, was particularly noticeable. Mr. Lowe remarked also the little ornamental wooden gate, the work of Mat's own hands, that led to the kitchen-garden— invariably called the "haggart" in this part of the world—which was fenced all round by a thick thorn hedge, with a little privet and holly intermixed here and there. There were two or three small there. There were two or three small farm houses, the owners of which held from ten to twenty acres each. Two pipes "across" a pound of soap, with a button of blue stuck to it, and a very yellow halfpenny caudle in the windows
—If we may dignify them with the name
—of four or five poor cabins, showed that there was brisk competition in the shop-keeping line in Knocknagow.

The title of "shop," however, was

through what seemed literally a deserted willage, till a loud shout called their attention to a pretty considerable crowd in a deep quarry, near a limekiln, by the the attraction which the quarry possessed for the urchins on this occasion being a frozen sheet of water. The shout brought a curly headed boy

in corduroy jacket and trousers to Honor Lahy's shop door. He looked wistfully towards the sliders, as if sorely tempted to join them, when a very weak but singularly sweet voice called to him from

"Ah, Tommy, don't go." "I'm not goin' to go," he replied. "I'm on'y goin' to look at my crib."

Mr. Lowe and Richard, as if moved by the same impulse, walked into the house. Sitting in a straw armchair, near the Sitting in a straw around girl, whose back kitchen fire, was a young girl, whose back was towards them. Her wasted hand, which was laid on the head of a large, rough terrier that sat near her, with its head, or rather its throat resting on her knees, at once attracted Mr. Lowe's atten-tion. She did not seem to be aware of their presence. The dog, however, watched them with no friendly eye; but, as if spellbound by the wasted hand on his head, he remained quite motionless, save that his eyes alternately glared on the intruders and looked wistfully in her

face. "Tommy," said she, "like a good boy, will you hold the prayer-book again, till I finish the Preparation for Confession? I

won't be long."

Richard placed his finger on his lips, and becknoed to the boy to do as she desired. The prayer-book was on her knees, but she had not sufficient strength to hold it up. The boy knelt down, and held the book open before her, so that she could read it. His fresh, round, rosy face and laughing blue eyes contrasted strik-mail laughing blue eyes cont

if the action were almost beyond her strength, and made the sign of the Cross. Then, with her hands clasped, and resting on her knees, she raised her eyes for a moment, as if offering up a short mental prayer, and commenced to read from the book which her brother held for her.

The scene was so touching that the two young men stole softly from the house, neither of them uttering a word till they reached the old castle.

"I suppose that poor girl cannot live long," said Mr. Lowe. "I never saw a human face so wasted away. It will haunt me, I fear, for some time. There is something unearthly in her eyes—and did you remark the long eyelashes, how they contrasted with the pale cheeks? I suppose she is dying of consumption!"

"I can't quite understand her case," replied Richard, with an air of professional importance; "It is rather peculiar. She has not had the use of her limbs for several years back. I think it is the spine, though Kiely says not."

The view from the top of the old castle was very fine, though the breez; was too keen to allow of their dwelling for any length of time upon its beauties. Richard, however, remained so resolutely gezing in one directior, though the wind was

length of time upon its beauties. Richard, however, remained so resolutely gezing in one direction, though the wind was directly in his face, that his companion suspected there was some object of peculiar interest in that quarter.
"That is a pretty house on the side of

the bill," he remarked.
"Yes, the white house in the trees," said Richard, turning his eyes in quite a

different direction.
"No, I mean the house on the hill near

"No, I mean the house on the hill near that square grove. Who lives there?"

"A Mr. Hanly."

"I thought so. And have we any chance of getting a glimpse of the beauty?"

Richard stared at him with surprise.

"You forget," said Mr. Lowe, laughing, "that you promised last night to show me where she lived. I dare say the wall near the paling at the end of the grove is the scene of your misadventure?"

The doctor began pulling his moustache.

The doctor began pulling his moustache, and put on a grave, not to say a frowning look. He was trying to recall what he had and on the subject the night before, but apparently without success.
"Yes," he replied, quite seriously, as if he considered it no subject for jest, "that is the place where the accident occurred.

is the place where the accident occurred. Miss Hanly is a highly respectable and very superior young lady. However, he added, fixing another lingering look on the house near the grove, "this would be too early an hour to call. And, besides, we must be back before breakfast." He looked at his watch, and, finding there was no time to be lost, they walked briskly back towards Ballinaclash.

As they passed through the village, Tommy Lahy was in the act of climbing up a rather tall beech tree that stood in front of the old house, the lower part of its truck protected by a piece of mason work which looked like a foot or two of a thick round gate pier. Tommy's laugh.

thick round gate pier. Tommy's laughing face looked down at them over his shoulder, as he mounted higher and higher, with the case and regularity of a swimmer. But after reaching the topmost bough, he came tumbling down with such breakneck precipitation that Mr. Lowe started, under the impression that he had missed his hold and was grasping at the branches to save himself from being dashed to pleces. This view of the case was at once proved to be erroneous, when Tommy reached the amooth part of the tree, and slid down to the low pedestal, which he touched as lightly as a bird. Without a

moment's pause he ran up the hill and into Mat the Thrasher's garden, where the thick hedge concealed him from view.

"What the devil is he up to?" said

out its tail,

"Why have you pulled out the bird's
tail?" Mr. Lowe asked.

"What made he knock my crib?" replied Tommy. "I'd have a blackbird only

Richard explained to his companion that the robin was the plague of boys who had cribs set to catch birds, as he was perpetually getting bimself caught, thereby making it necessary to "set" the crib again. And, as taking the life of cock robin was a crime from which even the wickedest urchin would shrink sghast, pulling out his tail, which was looked upon as a legitimate mode of punishment, was the only revenge they could have for all the trouble and loss he put them to. "Dld you catch much to-day, Tommy ?"

Richard asked. "No, sir; only two wran-boys an' an

"What have you your trap baited with ?"

Mr. Lowe inquired.

Tommy opened his eyes wide, evidently not understanding the question.
"He means," said Richard, "what have

you under the crib to tempt the birds to go into it?"

"A bit of a biled pueata, sir," Tommy answered readily, "an' a shillig-a-booka, and a few skhehoshies."

Richard explained that the "biled

pueata" meant a boiled potatoe, the shilling a books a snall in its shell, and the skibehoshies the scarlet hips of the wild briar. While he was speaking a black-bird flew across the garden and into the holly at the other side; and Tommy knelt

down to put the crib in order for his cap-ture. But as he turned away to leave the coast clear for the blackbird, his counten-

gate, and take a look down into the straw chair; though she felt and believed quarry. The boys shouted and waved that God had willed she should never raise their hats at him, but Tommy felt no way unnaesisted from that chair—never sgain chaken in his resolution not to join them till his mother came home. But the sight of Jacky Ryan gliding over the frezen pool on one leg was so frightful a tempta tion that it was only by instantly shutting the gate that he was able to resist it. He rejoined his cister in high spirits. So proud was he, indeed, of the victory he had just gained, that even the apprehended misery of finding the frost all gone next morning was forgotten.

"Mind," said he to the service wild flowers, and the "bold thrush" on the tree top, and the blackbirds' whistle from the thicket, and, welcomest of all, the shout of the cuckoo, proclaiming that summer was come!

Never again!

next morning was forgotten.
"Mind," said he to his sister, "'twas settin' my crib I was."

settin' my crib I was."

She smiled, and turned her large, sor rowful eyes towards him, but without turning her head, which rested against the back of her staw chair.

"What did you ketch, Tommy?" she asked in her sweet, low voice.

"A robineen," he replied, "bad—" He was going to say "bad luck to him," but checked himself.

"Did you pull the tell out of him?"

"Did you pull the tail out of him?"
"I—I— did." He was on the point of comfortable looking dame, enveloped in saying he did not; but, like the rough blue cloth cloak, with the bood drawn over her head, and her hands encased in over her head, and her hands encased in "Did you pull the tail out of him?"

who had received some rough handling in

Tommy eat on a stool near the fire, to all appearances on excellent terms with himself. He had acquitted himself to his own entire satisfaction during the morning. The task of "having an eye to the shop" was almost a sinecure, as the customers were nearly all at the Station. So he took the torgs in his two hands and built up the turf fire till it blezed pleas-

antly.

The twitter of a bird made him turn round and fix his merry eyes on a cage that hung near the window.

"Norah," said he, "I think the gold-finch will shortly be tame enough for Miss Eille. He's beginnin' to sing aiready."

"That was the old linnet." she said.

"No, 'twasn't," he replied positively.
"Do you think I don't know the call of a all not from a goldfisch? An' look out at the tree—the lower branch at the right hand side—an' you'll see what made him call. Don't lean your head that way. Wait, an' I'll turn the chair."

Wait, an' I'il turn the chair."

He turned her chair round till she faced the window. Then with his chin resting on the back of the chair, and his ropy cheek leaning against her dark hair, he pointed to two birds in the tree.

"Do you see their yellow wings?" he exclaimed, gleefully, as the birds flattered mong the branches they're beautiful!" she replied,

"On, they're beautiful!" she repited, her dark eyes beaming with pleasure. "I could ketch them two, now, if I liked," said Tommy, "wud black buttons. But I won't, as I don't want 'em. But

gallipot. You're not taking care of him since you got the goldfinch for Miss Ellie."

Tommy immediately got upon a chair and filled the gallipot.

"And now, Tommy, put a couple of sods behind the fire, and run to the well for a kettle of fresh water, and put it down to boil, as mother will soon be Tommy seized the kettle, and after

whistling in a peculiar manner to his "Read it," she said at last calmly, and birds, with his underlip bulged out by his sat down again after handing him the lettongue, he trotted off to the well in the "rushy field" near the bridge. But stopping suddenly at the besch-tree he laid down the kettle and climbed sufficiently high to look at his crib in Mat the Thrasher's garden. The crib, however, was standing: so he slid down as slowly as he possibly could with his eyes shut—after the manner of boys when left to "die" on a swing swong—and then, suddenly re-gaining his wonted vigor on touching mother earth, he caught up the kettle, and

Nora Laby watched the linnet as it sipped its water.

"Ah, poor old Dick," said she, "you must not be forgotten for that gay young gentleman. When will he be able to sing like you, I'd like to know? As grand as he is with his golden wings, and his crimson-velvet head, and his pretty, sharp bill, I would not give one of your songs, poor old fellow, for all his grandeur."

The linnet, as if he understood her praises, regained his perch with a single ance fell, for on looking at his brogues, which felt even heavier than usual, he saw the red clay clinging to them. And this fatal symptom of the awful calamity of a thaw caused poor Tommy Lahy's heart to listened till her bosom began to heave, and the red clay clinging to them. Then, with his and something which we cannot call a blush glowed on her cheek. And seldom and laughing blue eyes contrasted strikingly with her death-like paleness and
the deep melancholy of her eyes, which
were almost black. She raised her
maciated hand slowly and painfully, as

die within him.

Remembering his promise, however,
that he would not leave his sister till his
mother returned from the Station, he
hurried back towards home, merely stopping to climb to the top of Tom Hogan's

Nora Lahy, as she sat there alone in her

join her young companions in their rambles by the hedge rows and through the green fields and along by the bank of the clear, noisy little brook, to gather the wild flowers, and listen to the lark high

the linnet's song, her whole being, every faculty of her soul, was a hymn of praise and gratitude to God for His boundless

CHAPTER VIII

HONOR LAHY'S GOOD LUCK The keitle was just beginning to join ite song to the song of the old linnet when Mrs. Laby -or Honor Laby, as she was more generally called by her neighbours— returned from the Station. She was a comfortable looking dame, enveloped in a

saying he did not; but, like the rough terrier, which was now coiled up at berfeet, Tommy seemed under a spell in her presence. He could not curse or tell a lie while speaking to her. Wickedness of every kind seemed doubly wicked when Norah was by.

"Ah! Tommy," sa'd she, "I teld you never to do that again. It is not so had to kill the poor blackbirds, as we can roast 'em an' ate 'em; but to wantonly hurt any living creature—above all, the poor little robin that hops into the house to us, an' that everybody loves."

"That was the third turn wud him knockin' id to day," said Tommy, almost beginning to blabber, for her reproaches affected him as nothing else could. "An' was the third delay had be a liberty, looking fat and healthy are well as the said to the loss of the colt clock, with the hood drawn over her head, and her hands encased in grav worsted mittens.

For honest to make both ends meet. For honest to wake both ends meet. For honest to wake both ends meet. For honest to make both ends meet. For honest weekly score at the public house. His customers dropped off one by one, the few worked mittens.

For honest to make both ends meet. For honest weekly score at the public house. His customers dropped off one by one, the few over her head, and her hands encased in grav worsted mittens.

For honest worsted mittens.

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For honest worsted mittens. hurt any living creature—about hurt any living creature—about to us, an' that everybody loves."

"That was the third turn wud him knockin' id to day," said Tommy, almost beginning to blubber, for her reproaches affected him as nothing else could. "An' sure, what harm did it do bim? On'y ike wat Corcoran, when the bys cut the tail off uv his bodycost."

This logic, and the recollection of Wat till off uv his bodycost."

This logic, and the recollection of Wat tail off uv his bodycost."

This logic, and the recollection of Wat tail off uv his bodycost."

This logic, and the recollection of Wat tail off uv his bodycost."

This logic, and the recollection of Wat tail off uv his bodycost."

This logic, and the recollection of Wat tail off uv his bodycost. I laugh; and Tommy the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at ever, she grew poorer and poorer, till at the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer, till at the way of most Irish pigs—to the land-lord. In spite of all her exertions, however, she grew poorer and poorer. ever, she grew poorer and poorer, till at last she and her busband returned one fine evening from the fair Ballymullin, and all the neighbors remarked that, instead of the "slip" which, as usual, they expected to see trotting before them, and which was sure to be a good one—for Phil Lahy was acknowledged to be "the best judge of a pig" in the country—Phil on this May evening carried a "boneen"

under his arm.

When the next gale day came round— 'twas an "admiration" how fast and sure gale days did come round in Knocknagow-"Berky," in spite of the care lav-ished on her-including scratching her sides during meal times, to keep her in good humot—was little better them a "slip," and poor Honor looked into her sick child's face with a heart almost break-

ing.
One fine morning, however, Barney
Brodherick tumbled himself out of the
little blue donkey cart in which he made his daily journeys to town, and announced to Honor the startling piece of news that there was an American letter for her at the Post Office.

Honor flung her old cloak on her head,

and set off to town in a very excited state of mind, a proceeding which caused every soul of a pretty numerous female crowd, who were "bittling" in the little stream, to "wonder" where she was going. There was a feeling of anxlety among the younger girls lest it might be that Nora had got suddenly worse, and that her mother was hastening for the priest or the doctor. But a girl standing on the bridge,

there was brisk competition.

**Reciping line in Knocknagow.

The title of "shop," however, was exclusively given to the establishment of Pail Laby—or rather of Honor, his wife—who occapied an old slated house with pointed gables and very thick chimneys, which had seen better days, and which trailition sail had been an ion in the reign of Queen Anne. But a later tradition had fixed the name of "the barrack" on Phil Laby's house, greatly to his annoyance. In spite of all hend with no friendly expression.

"What is it?" Richard asked.

"Omny I she has nice as Miss Ellie!"

"She'l never see the day," said Tommy, with emphasis. "She's as proud as a peating himself observed, but immediately an however, his neighbors swered:

"A robineen, st." And Tommy deliberately pulled the tsil out of the robin, and conveyed his option of that proud little lady by a very expressive toss of his culf wheat.

"And Tommy mitheded Grace's manner, and conveyed his option of that proud little lady by a very expressive toss of his culf head."

"And then let it fly away. It perched on the little lady by a very expressive toss of his culf head."

"And Tommy mitheded Grace's manner, and conveyed his option of that proud little lady by a very expressive toss of his culf head."

"And the lites.

"When Honor came back and word. She took of fire rolak and hung should be hanged."

"She'l never seet beday," said Tommy, and word. She took of fire rolak and hung should be hanged."

"And Tommy himselfed Grace's manner, and conveyed his option of that proud little lady by a very expressive toss of his culf head."

"And the lites.

"And Tommy are a the out of the robin, which he had just delivered with hund had the late of the proud little lady by a very expressive toss of his culf head."

"And the lites of the late of the late of the robin late of the robin late of the proud little lady by a very expressive toss of his culf head."

"And Tommy l

"Well, tell him," said Phil, in a tone of the blandest politeness-"tell him I don't mend. I only make and repair."

The boy tucked the dilapidated garment under his arm and disappeared.

Mrs. Laby took the letter from her bosom, and let the hand which held it drop down by her side, looking into Phil's face as if she suspected he knew all about t, and was playing off some trick upon

her.
"Read it," she said at last calmly, and

Phil put on his spectacles, and studied the superscription and the post-marks with great deliberation, a proceeding which Honor seemed to consider quite necessary, for when she saw him bsfiled by a blotted post mark, she stood up and pulled aside the little window-curtain to give him more

"Twas posted in Boston, United States,"
id Phil, "on either the first or fourth of said Phil,

September, eighteen hundred and-"Maybe, wud the help uv God, 'tis from Larry,' said she, leaning affectionately on Phil's shoulder. "Open it, Phil, in the name uv God."

Phil did so, and holding back his head, read: "My dear sister—"
"'Tis Larry," she exclaimed, giving
Phil a shake that made him request she

would "be easy."
"Thanks be to God! 'Tis Larry. "Thanks be to God! 'Tis Larry. He's alive. What did I tell you? Eh, Phil?' And she gave him another shake, which had the effect of making Phil deliberately push back his chair and lean against the wall, thereby preventing further assaults from behind. He glanced at the end of the letter, and said after a pause:

"Tis from Larry."

"'Tis from Larry."
But on separating the leaves of the large sheet of letter-paper a slip fell from between them on his knees.

'There's ten pounds in id," said Phil, looking at the writing on the slip.

"Arra whisth, Phil! Where is id?"

"Take this to the bank to-morrow, an' cu'll get ten goold sovereigns for id." Honor fixed her eyes upon his face, as if his words were quite beyond her com-"Phil achorra," said she, in a reproach

ful tone, and trying to recover her breath, "Phil, achorra, read the letter." She drew a low stool towards her, and gently pushing the dog from between Phil's legs, sat down in front of him with her hand under her chin. Phil read the letter in a steady monotonous tone, stopping occasionally to comment upon its contents, and leaving off altogether at one place, and fixing his eyes on the opposite wall, as if he were addressing a rather numerous audience, delivered an interesting lecture on the rapid growth of American cities; dwelling particularly on the fact that the man was still alive when the book from which he had his information was printed, who sold the ground upon which the city of Cincinnati was built for a "pony horse"—greatly to the edification of his wife, who had a pro-found respect for his erudition. -greatly to

"Put that in your hussif," said Phil, handing her the cheque.

She did so; and set about preparing Norsh's boiled bread and milk without

speaking a word.
"Are you goin' to get that cheque cashed?" Phil asked next morning after breakfast, as he unfolded a newspaper the schoolmaster had just given him on his way to school.

"Arra whisht, Phil," was her only reply, "Don't be makin' an oonshugh uv

yourself," said Phil.
"Go get yourself ready, an' as soon as I finish this speech uv the counsellor's

I'll go with you."

During the afternoon of that day Mat the Thrasher observed Honor and Phil from the roof of Tom Hogan's barn, which he was thatching, slowly wending their way up the hill towards the hamlet. When they came opposite the first house Honor went in, and Phil slackened his pace to wait for her. There was nothing extraordinary in this, and Mat pro-ceeded with his work. But when he saw the same thing occur at every house they passed, his curiosity was excited; and instead of looking over his shoulder, he turned round and sat upon the ladder to observe them more conveniently. He now saw that Honor, both on entering and leaving each house, held out her hand as if she were begging for alms, By the time she reached Tom Hogan's there was quite a crowd at her heels, the looks of most of whom expressed wonder and delight; but Mat did not fail to notice a dark scowl of envy in the faces of a few-which only showed, however, that human nature in Knocknagow was then a like human nature all the world Mat came down from the roof of the house to see what it was all about.

"Wishs, more uv that to you, Honor; an' didn't I always tell you the luck'd come when you laste expected id," ex-claimed Tom Hogan's wife, as she fol-lowed Honor outside the door, with the stirsbout stick smoking in her hand. And now Mat's own face assumed the

look of astonishment which it so puzzled him to account for in the faces of those around him. For spread over the palm of Honor Lahy's extended hand he beheld ten bright gold sovereigns shining in the sun. Honor and Phil spent nearly the whole

of that night discussing the important question of how their capital might be invested to the greatest advantage. Pail was divided between the purchase of a "new milk's cow" and turning corn marchant.

"As you won't agree to the cow," said Phil, "what do you think of buying oats? The loft'd be very handy, by gettin' the holes mended. I always thought it as beech tree, reading a book, with "Fiskey" on his haunches—"grug" was the word she used—on the "bench," snapping at the files.

When Honor came back from the postoffics she passed Norsh without uttering a word. She took off her cloak and hung ou for her benefit party. But Honor had her own plan, and was resolved upon following it. "I'll talk to Mat Donovan to morrow,"

said she, "an' he'll tell me what things'll be wanted to fit the place up properly." So Mat was conculted; and the second next day after, Wattletoes stopped his little blue cartat Phil Laby's door again; but this time Pail was called out to but this time Pail was called out to assist in carrying in several inch and half-inch deal boards. Tom Carey, the carpenter, was employed inside the house during the remainder of the week. And on a certain memorable Tuesday morning a straw basket heaped up with meal, with a bright tin measure on the top of the heap, was seen in the windew of Phil Lahy's old house; a stand of the finest salt herrings that eye ever beheld—to judge from the three that glistened on the segment of the top of the harrel that was left. ment of the top of the barrel that was left
—stood outside the door; and Honor Lahy stood behind her new counter, upon

was laid a huge square of salt as white as her cap.

From that day forward the world went. From that day forward the world went well with Honor Laby. So well, indeed, that dark hints were thrown out by some people that the ten sovereigns were part of the contents of a "crock" found under the hearthstone in the "barrack," at the left hand side of the fire. There were no fewer than five living witnesses—but four of them bappened to be in America—who could bear testimony to an important cir-cumstance in connection with the story of the crock. The circumstance referred to was this: Three years before—the year of the big snow, in fact—Phil Lahy, while removing a projection of the hob, that en-croached too far upon the fireplace, found a bad halfpenny all encrusted with mortar, which was so hard that Phil altogether failed to remore it from the coin by the application of his thumb. But when it was recollected that Phil himself had told his neighbours that the halfpenny was one of James the Second's—the truth of the story of the crock of gold was considered beyond all reasonable doubt.

TO BE CONTINUED.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kinglons have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get "Putnam's," and no other. THE AGNOSTIC GIRL.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. The existence of the Agnostic girl is a fact, although there are elderly people who doubt it, just as some of us have doubted the possibility of the griffin or the dragon. She is generally round in cities. She may have been at college she has at least gone through the course of one of the public high schools. She has read Matthew Arnold's "Literature and the Dogma,"—the most impertinent piece of work done by that master of words; she has dipped into Draper's "Conflict of Religion and Science,"—whose author appears to have been a good physician, but a sciolist in everything else; she knows something of John Stuart Mill, adores the inantities of Vernon Lee and revels in (Pleberger). Vernon Lee, and revels in "Robert Ellsmere."

Thus equipped she faces the "eternal verities." She fancies the can look down on the merch of the ages with the calmness of wise impartiality. She finds the Christian idea of God "repeliant to her," —but she "does not know"; she denies in one breath and takes refuse in Know-Nothingism in the other. She strikes one with more amazement than the Agnostic young man; and one is constantly asking how a young woman can be a fool, for fools are rarer among the youthful female sex than among the male. youthur remaie sex than among the male. She is aggressive: she is always affirming her disbelief in God and Christianity—for to deny so universal a belief amounts to an effirmation—yet she always flounders when asked to take the burde

of proof which reasonably rests on her. It is charming to hear a sweet young thing, in the pauses of the dance, throw out a few fascinatiog nothings on bythibius or protoplasm and the foolishness of faith. Perhaps before '93, young French ladies, who dabbled a little in Voltaire and the Encyclopedia, made similar pleasantries. But if they did similar pleasantries. But if they did, they suffered for it; and when the masked headsman faced them at the guillotine, it was not on Voltaire they

called. In the cultivated society in which the Agnostic girl swims it is thought rather low to be anything but a Know Nothing or a Buddhist. The fashion may change next year; but this year Buddhism is still the rage, and the visit of Sir Edwin Arnold will no doubt give an impetus to a form of opinion delightfully vague and deliciously incomprehensible. As the Bud-dhists themselves have not yet settled what the nirvant is, or the exact meaning of their adored golden lotus, it is easy for the Agnostic girl to pass from Agnos ticism into a more romantic form of Know-Nothingism. And when the em-pire gown and the directory bonnet go out of fashion, she will need a new relig-ion. When she no longer shocks her friends by her "advanced" assertions, she will cease to assert.

An analysis of the state of mind of the An analysis of the state of mind of the Agnostic maiden has led us to the conclusion that it is made up of two very compatible elements—a little learning and a great deal of vanity. She will tell you that she grounds her opinion on facts. Facts! Why, her beloved apostle, Matthew Arnold, tells us that facts have failed the new helivage! These is a state of the state o new believers! There is nothing now left to them but poetry. And Mr. Arnold was almost infahible in his time—in his time; but, poor man, he had but a short day as an authority on religious opinion!

And has it ever struck his infallible young disciple that, if his slurs on the manners of her countrymen were as well considered as those on the Christian faith, they are valuable indeed?

Given a course of garbled history, a

habit of discussing conclusions without knowledge of premises, a tendency to the reading of pessimistic novels and woman.

Your wasted cheeks may have all the plumpness and bloom of health through your use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This time-honored remedy still leads the van. It improves digestion, purifies the blood, and languages the system. Climate the system of the system of the system. and invigorates the system. Give it trial.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

Hospital remedies of reliable remedies of unquestionable merit, the Hospital Remedy Company obtained the prescriptions of the celebrated hospitals of the Old World—London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. These hospitals are presided over by the most brilliabt medical minds in the world, and to obtain the prescriptions, elaborate and place on the market the remedies in use and endorsed by such eminent medical authorities was a bold and brilliant plece of enterprise, and worthy of the success which has attended it. Shoals of quack remedies crowd the market, each absurdly claiming to cure every ill from one bottle. The public will turn with relief from such blatent and shameless catchpennies, and patronize, not a remedy, but a list of remedies, each of which is a specific for a single disease, and has the recommendation of having been originated (not by the old woman or the beastly Indian, as the quack advertisements read), but by educated gentlemen, who are physician and specialists of the highest standing in Europe, and whose patrons have topay from \$25 to \$500 to command their services. This is the greatest depart he known to modern medicine. The specifics, which are sold at one dollar each, are eight in number, and cover the following alments: No. 1, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Rose Cold. No. 2, Diseases of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds. Eronchitis and Consumption. No. 5, Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Neuralgia. No. 6, Fennale Weakness, Leucorrhot, Irregularities. No. 7, System Tonic and Development of Form and Figure. No. 8, a golden remedy for Nervous Debility. We send a circular describing the above disease and treatment on receipt of stamp. The remedies can be had of any druggist. If your druggist does not keep them remit price so us and we will ship direct. Address all letters to Hospital Remedy Company, 305; West King St., Toronto, Canada.

Ton can make a large sum of money at work for ure in your own locality. Duration of the past few years, those who have not the past few years, those who have sufficient of the past few years, those who have will be sufficient of the past few years, the work is the sum of the past few years, the work is the sum of the past few fine or in spart time only. Any one can do the work after studying our distributions for a day or two. This is the sum of the past few fine or in spart time only. Any of the past few years and the work after studying our distributions for a day or two. This is the sum of the past few fine or in spart time only. Any of the past few fine or in spart time only any of the past few fine or in spart time only any of the past few fine or in spart time of the work after studying our distributions for those who appears to the past few fine or in spart time of the past few fine or in spart time of the past few fine or in spart time or in spart time of the past few fine or in spart time or in spart t 320 a du and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work with the many of the most are a state of the most and the world are work with the many of the most of the mo

smount of their fents and the litigation.

Mr. Peter O'Brier, now Attorneral for Ireland, succeeds Sir Mich ris as Lord Chief Justice of Irelan A correspondent of the Irish writes from Liverpool: "I pleasure of seeing the victim of rule in Donegal, Father Stephe he was on a short visit to St. A recently. I was indeed glad to look so well after sil his st and his spirit is not broken rigors of Derry jail and the in sought to be heaped upon locasion requires he is again ret the man in the gap in defence struggling poor of his flock."

Mr. T. W. Russel maintains result of the bye-elections in Equ result of the bye elections in Enno index to what will be the rest next general election. He si between 1880 and 1885 the Cons won twenty seats from the whereas the latter won only f the former were badly beate general elections which follow William Harcourt meets this stat the situation as follows: "The situation was chief the situ lesses in bye-elections were chief towns, and in the towns the Lib heavily at the general election, if firming the impression the bye had given. Of the twenty Convictories in the bye elections fift in boroughs. Of these fifteen Berwick, St. Ives, Evesham, borough and Sandwich were a county divisions by the R tion Act, so that the Cor successes went for little general election came. Seven the boroughs, Brighton, Covent pool, Oxford, Southampton, and the Wigton District, did at the general election as in

DECEMBER 14, 1889.

IRELAND'S STRUGGI A cable despatch states that the Campaign has collapsed on the estate. Sixty tenants have paid amount of their rents and the

the general election, as there reason to believe they will be present administration." The late bye elections, occ over the country, and in cons which were unchanged in the undoubtedly indicate a great r public sentiment, and the Li cesses have been so marked b gain of seats and in reducing servative majorities that a con

elections, and returned Cons

only three reversed the pre cision, and of these Stafford had years in which to change its mi bury three years and York to The bye-elections, from 1880 to therefore fairly indicative of the

Liberal success is certain.

Mr. Gladstone, in an arti
Nineteenth Century, ssys he
an election were held now th
would return a Home Rule m

Parliament of 109.

The Government have under tion a £10,000 000 land purcha but as the proposal discriminate of Ireland who are entitled benefits of any such scheme, it ably be strongly objected to b and Nationaliets as well as man

atives.

Rev. Father O'Reilly, Treas
Irish Land League of Am
Colonel Atkinson, both of I
ceived an ovation at the Natio
meeting in Dublin before their

for America.

In the fifty cases for ejetements on the Ponsonby escame up for hearing at M November 5, decrees were the court. The Tenants' Details and the state of the court. the court. The Tenants Del ciation will provide shelter for hundred and fifty persons wh thus deprived of their homes. The Donneale tenants have

great victory, their dispute landlady, Mrs. Foley, having cessfully settled by arbitration.
The rents are to be reduced per cent, for the next five large amount of arrears will out, and all law costs incu

late proceedings against the be settled by the landlady.

On the estate of the Dra pany in Londonderry, eject been served on all the tenant in whose cases the land con have sanctioned the advan said that it is the intention pany not to press for decreases where the tenants have have the sales proceeded vecoming session, and also is which the tenants sign agr purchase and pay a propor arrears due. In every case sale falls through the ejective be proceeded with. In all dred and fifty ejectments

This is worse than even the The editor of the Wate has been sentenced to t imprisonment for printing of trary to the views of the (which is called intimidationalled by Mr. Balfour, "free

served on the Drapers' Com

A cartoon issued by Un represents an evicted far notice up: "No trespasses First prize, Irish bull Boyc possession until rightful or restored. The Prize Bull is in an attitude ready to gor being labelled "Public Of "Ridicule." Just before u terror stands a land grabber cloth, which the buil is in th ing to bits. An emerger represented sprawling at off where he has been by the bull, with a wflying out of his pocked cloth are inscribed the time. Protection, Coercion Prosecone side is the old home ant in ruins, one the other ing which has been erecte Plan of Campaign, the tenar it contentedly waiting his the land-grabber not su the land-grabber not su planting himself upon the fo His Grace the patriotic A Cashel has sent a donation Tenants' Defence Associa perary with his best wishe cess in the context. His ch