Gone to Baltimore.

O, 'tis merrily the pipers play.

And there's dancing on the moonlit shore.
But how can I be glad without my Irish lad?
For he's gone away to Baltimore.

Does be think of me, I wonder, in the far-off foreign town,
With the pretty lasses round him and the
startight shining down?
Dies he think of what he asked me by the
old Killarney shore.
When I told him that I loved him forever.

O, 'lis merrily the pipers play, And there's dancing on the moonlit shore, thow can I be gisd without my Irish iad? For he's gone away to Beitimore.

Ah, then, Thady, darling, list to me and never mind the gold,
It's only yet I'm wanting in the home you loved think I want a palace? ah, the smallest hut will do.
If you only love me, Thady, and will take me there with you.

O, 'tis merrily the pipers play, And there's caucity on the moonlit shore, But how can I be glad without my Irish lad? For he's gone away to Baltimore.

you never find.

Come back to dear old Ireland, and the girl you left behind;
She's waiting for you, darling, as she's waited eversiore,
Since we narted in the moonlight by the old Killsrney shore. So, if fortune fail you, Thady, and the gold

And 'its merrily the pipes shall play,
And we'll dence upon the happy shore.
When you sail across the sea; with all your
heart for me.
And you come again from Baltimore!
—Temple Bar.

KNOCKNAGOW OR,

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXIX .- CONTINUED.

"Begor, I did, sir," be answered, "but when you worn't stirrin' I thought you wor dead—an' you bein' such a bad cha-rac-ter I was afeared to have anything to do wad

"Nice people to live among," muttered Baresford

"He means," was the reply, "that if
Pender was killed he might swing for it.
And, as it is, he may be thankful that you
And, as it is, he may be thankful that you and I saw it all. Many a man was trans-ported for less."

The smoke from the chimneys of Knock nagow attracted Mr. Lowe's attention— for dinner hour was approaching—and from the pointed gables of Pail Laby's old house he turned to a pointed gable in the trees, a little to the right; and thought it would be pleasanter to spend the after noon in that quarter than riding with Mr. Berzeford Pender up among those wild bills

"Of course you won't venture to ride liked. So 'twould be betther for Darby that horse again?" he said.
"No, I'll lead him," replied Mr. Pen "Blur an' ours, Poll, tell me where he

der, "Oh, we'll go back," sald Mr. Lowe. "I couldn't think of asking you to walk."
"Bat I'd like you'd come as far as that place of my own.'

"About a mile. There it is above where you see the three poplar trees."
"Oh, 'tis very far," returned Mr. Lowe.

"I'd much prefer returning."

Mr. Beresford Pender ground his teeth,
and commenced to kick "Waterloo" in

the ribs. "Could I leave him here?" he asked,

"and would you send one of these men for my servant?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Kearney, not very graciously, put him under the shed in the yard, and I'll tell Wattletoes to run up

for your man. As you're going back," he added, turning to Mr. Lowe, 'I'll go "Oa, don't leave your business on my

"I have no more business here; Mat will see everything right. Mat," he called out, "when you have that seed scattered, bring your own plough-from to the forge, as I'm going to break the kiln field."
"Goin' to break the kiln field!" ex-

claimed Mat in amazement; "begob it is a shame for you!' by this intelligence, Mr. Lowe thought breaking the kiln-field must be a heartless and an altogether unjustifiable proceeding—something like turning out a vidow and nine young children to perish

on the roadside. "An' there is the whole winther gone now," continued Mat, looking at Mr. Lowe, as much as to say, "Was the like ever known before in any civilised coun-

"Why so ?" his master asked. "Why so ?" retorted Mat, almost gruffly. "An' not a field about the place that a goal could be hurled in wud any satisfac We couldn't finish the match ba tween the two sides uv the river in Doran's moon thaun on account uv the disputes about the fall. Au' there was the kiln-field, that ud put a stop to all bother, goin' for nothin.' An' you never let us know you wor goin' to break it."

"I didn't make up my mind about it till last night," replied Maurice Kearney, as if he were really ashamed of himself for when a large field is intended to be broken it is customary to give it for hurling matches and even horse races Caring the winter months.

"There's no help for idnow," rejoined "There's no help to the Mat Donovan, with resignation. "But Donovan, with resignation." But I'll send word to Tom Cuddehy this I'll send word to Tom Cuddehy this we'll have wan Sunday out uv id at any

He filled the long, narrow straw basket out of the bag, which now stood on the ground beside the little blue cart, and ommenced scattering the seed before the two ploughs. Jim Dunn and Tom Maher both remarked that Mat stopped very often to gaze towards the three poplar trees on the hill, for which Barney Brod herick was now making at the top of his speed-muttering curses on Mr. Beresford ander and his booked nose charger for Pander and his mooked hose charger for being the cause of sending him upon a journey, that would be sure to entail, "Ballyhooly" upon his devoted head when he got home, for being away so

"If ever I marry, I solemuly vow I'll marry young Roders that foldes the plough,"

Mat gave no heed to him.

He was thinking how, one summer evening some years before, he was standing upon the little bridge upon which Ned Brophy's heart was wont to fail to pieces, and seeing the bright face beside him become pensive, he inquired the cause. "I always feel sad," she replied, "when I look at the Three Trees. I love that old place better than any piece else. that old place better than any place else in the world." And ever since that summer evening, so surely as he looked at the three poplar trees, so surely would Mat Donovan commence to build a castle in the sir.

"God save all here where is Darby?" exclaimed Barney in a breath, as he burst into Mr. Beresford Pender's farm house. "Wisha, is that Barney? returned the old woman who acted as a house-keeper. "An', Barney, what way are you?
An' have you any strange news? An'
is id thrue ye're goin' to have a weddin'
at the cottage? An' what soart is the
young man? I always said that Miss Mary was a lady, an', Barney, is my words goin' to come thrue in earnest, an' no nistake?"

Tals torrent of questions bewildered

Barney considerably; but he grappled with one of them, and answered:
"Very well, I thank you, Poll."
"An' 'its yourse'f that is lookin' brave an' hearty, sure enough," returned Poll.
"'Tis of'en your mother tould me you wor the very moral uv your poor father, God be good to bim. 'Poil,' siz she, 'look at Barney runnin' up the road. I can bardly b'ileve the sight uv my eyes that Id isn't his father is in id."'

A striking proof, it may be remarked, of the truth of the proverb, "Every eye forms a beauty"—bearing in mind the clerk's daughter of Ballyporeen.
"Where is Darby?" Barney asked

again.
"'Maurice Keerney's daughter is a fine girl, Poll, six Mr. Beresford. 'The a pity down the hill at the bottom of the ravine; she hasn't a fortune.' 'Faix an' sure'tis and to its hoarse music, Barney dissbe that will have the fortune, and the covered, was added the cawing of a flock fine fortune, siz I; 'for isn't her father of crows, that whirled round and round wan uv the richest men in the parish?' overhead, sometimes swooping down as if siz I. 'The divil a stiver she'll get,' siz they would precipitate themselves into Bereeford.

"What does he mean?" Mr. Lowe asked, turning to Murice Kearney, who had just come up panting for breath, and wiping his face with his pocket handker-wiping his face with his pocket handker-wipin

'ds id Darby? Well, Darby kem in that doore a while ago an' tuck down the gun off uv the rack, 'Darby,' s'z I, 'where are you goin'?' 'Ax the divil,' stz Darby. But the most and terror, when he saw Darby has a gun off uv the rack, 'Darby,' s'z I, 'where are you goin'?' 'Ax the divil,' stz Darby. But the most and terror, when he saw Darby has a gun the saw and the saw Darby has a gun the saw and the saw Darby has a gun the saw that the saw that the saw that the saw Darby has a gun the saw that t 'where are you goin'?' 'Ax the divil,' siz Darby. But it might be betther for Darby if he kep a civil tongue in his heal, I do have my eyes an' my ears open though they think I don't. An' maybe I could tell some things that 'ad get some people into a nice hoult if I litted So 'twenthe he hatter for Darby.

"Blur an' ouns, Poll, tell me where he is an' let me go."
"Well, I see him loadin' the gun in the

stable," the old woman answered. "An' maybe I didn't notice 'twas a lead ball he put in id," she muttered, "though 'twas little Darby suspected I had my eye on him. An' maybe 'twould be betther for Darby if he kep a civil tongue in his head." This speech, except the first few words,

was a solitoquy, for by the time it was concluded Barney was running from one to the other of the out offices in search of Darby Rusdh - or Darby the "Rad-halred." "Begob," Barney sollloquised, as he ran

from one empty and ruised outhouse to another, looking up at the sky through the broken roof, and at the patches of grass growing through the floors-"begob, this is a quare soart uv a place. The divil a cow or a calf, or a sheep or a goat, put a fut in there this five year. Nor a pig, nor a slip, nor a bounive," he added, running in and out of two or three other flices in the same condition as the cowhouse. 'Nor a goose, nor a goslin, cowhouse. nor a duck, nor a cock, nor a chickennor a wranneen, nor anything! shouted, as he stopped short after finishing his round, and gazed in amezement on the rained concern, from the thatched dwellis not the soart uv place id was afore poor Dick Morris was turned out, an Pender on'y keeps grazin' stock in the summer and nothin' at all in the winther. On! be the hoky! he has a big windy broke out here! exclaimed Barney, turned the corner of the house and found himself face to face with a large window, which certainly was not in keeping with the old thatched house, but which, accord-ing to Mr. Beresford Pender's notions, had the advantage of proclaiming to all passers by that the place was in posses-

sion of a "gentleman."
"I'll run over to the double ditch," continued Barney, "aa' if he's about the place I can see him—bad luck to him for bringin' me up here."

Not a living thing did he see from the double-ditch, but two carrion crows on a little island in the middle of a field covered with water. He felt a sense of desolation as he looked all round the dreary spot. And observing a single which all the world knows is a sign of bad luck—pitching upon one of the rafters of the tumbled down barn, Barney resolved to get away from the illomened place as fast as his legs could carry blind him. He made for a pile of stones at a "But point of the road, where the engineer had to turn short at a right angle to avoid a to turn snort at a right angle to avoid a level stretch of country, and carry his road over the sharpest point of the hill— by which ingenious manœuvre the engineer added considerably to the length of his road, besides avoiding three miles of a dead level.

But as Barney approached the landmark by which he steered his course, it suddenly occurred to him that it marked the spot where "Black Humphrey" was found one winter's morning with his skull broken-and Barney immediately wheeled to one side, so as to avoid the pile of stones at the turn of the road. For, thought it was the middle of the noonday, and not "the witching hour of night when church-yards yawn," Barney Brodherick felt by no means comfortable, and had a secret misgiving that, in a back-of God-speed spot like that, Black Humphrey might be met with, looking for the fragments of his plough,"

Tom Maher chanted, as he passed by Mat

| Granlum, any hour of the twenty-four. He faced now to an old sandpit near the

in order to attract his attention. But road a little lower down, and was climb-ing up the embankment on the brink of ing up the embankment on the brink of it, when he suddenly started back and fell

down upon his hands and knees.

"The Lord betwee us au' all harm!" he muttered through his chattering teeth, while hig drops of perspiration ran down the few "Thet House all. "The wall." his face. "That flogs all! 'Twas well Billy Heffernan said there was somethin' bad about the old sandpit since the night the mule got into a cowld sweat an' sae But in the middle of the noonday to think he'd be out uv his warm grave is a show entirely!" For Birney was quite sure he had just caught a glimpse of Black Humphrey himself, with his head all bloody, lying in the old sand-

"If I could get round to th' other eide,"

"If I could get round to th' other side," he continued, "maybe I might be able to cut off before he could see me."

He crept round the embankment till he came to a gap in it, by which he saw he could not pass without exposing himself to the object of his terror. Glancing round feerfully, he discovered, greatly to his relief, that Mat Donovan and the ploughmen were within view, though too far off to hear his cry for help if the owner of the bloody head should lay violent of the bloody head should lay violent hands upon him. He took courage, how ever, to peep over the embankment again; and to his utter horror the bloody head started up at the same moment, and seemed to be looking along the road, at-tracted, no doubt, by the sound of horses' hoofs, which Barney could now hear ap-proaching at a brisk trot. This last-mentioned circumstance gave him further courage, and he looked more steadily than before at the figure in the sand pit.

"Be the hoky!" exclaimed Barney, "'tis Darby Ruadh!" And sure enough, there was Darby Ruadn's red head plain to be seen, as he peered stealthily through a brake of briers over the ravine that divided his hiding place from the road. A stream gurgled down the hill at the bottom of the ravine; an' plantin' siz he, 'an' more d-a fool moment's silence and confused clapping of Wings, shooting upwards again, till their angry voices were softened and almost

lost in the distance. "Id must be a fox that's about here," don't keep me here all day, an' ali I have Barney though, 'or else they smell to do."

ment and terror, when he saw Durby Ruadh drop upon one knee and thrust the muzzle of his gun through the briers, resting his elbow on the brink of the sand-pit, evidently with the intention of taking steady sim.

"Be cripes!" Barney mentally ejucu-lated, "he's goin' to let the daylight through some wan !"

Oa came the horsemen, nearer and nearer. But just as he had the gun to his shoulder, Darby Ruadh drew back, as if something unlooked for had presented it. elf; and, instead of firing off his gun, he dropped upon his knees and let the horse. men pass. And, as they got higher up the hill, Barney could see by their shining accoutrements and clanking sabres that they were two mounted policeman-pro-bably bearing a dispatch to the nearest military barracks for a troop or company of soldiers to protect the sheriff while clearing a townland of its human inhab-

When Barney looked again into the sandpit, Darby was slitting in an easy posi-tion, quietly filling his pipe, with his gun on the ground beside him.

"Id must be rabbits," thought Barney, "though the divil a hole I cau see. Bless

your work," he added aload. The man in the pit was so startled that his pipe dropped from his mouth, as he crambled to his feet at the risk of himself with the open knife he held in his

"In the divil's name what brought you here?" he growled on seeing who it was had spoken to him. "Your own blessed masther," Barney

answered, "an' his ould broken-winded horse that fell ondher him, an' I was sint in to tell you to carry him below ondher the shed in Raheen."

"Aren't they comin' up this way?" Darby asked. "The divil a up," returned Barney. 'He's gone home on shanks' mare,

"Sweet bad luck to him! afther all my trouble," growled Darby Ruadh. "I must lave this gun at the house," he added, as he walked off without condescending to take any further notice of Barney, who set off for home muttering that he'd want to be able to change himself into a crow, the way he was ordered from one place to another and expected to be back again "while a cat 'd be lickin' his ear"what was worse, that backguard Tom Maher would be sure to steal his blackthorn out of the ase's car, where in an evil hour he had left it.

It was to "Waterloo" that Darby Ruadh wished "sweet bad luck." And we, too, have reason to be indignant with that un lucky quadruped. Had he but kept upon his legs till he reached the sand pit, even he, "Waterloo," might have been the mak-We'd have something to tell that would make the reader's breath come and go. The scene of our story would have been immortalized to our hand; halfa dozan "specials" would have done it. way disreputable brute not fallen with his rider, Mr. Beresford Pender's horse would have been shot under him-or, what would have answered as well the horse would have been shot when the rider had dismounted and moved to a safe distance ; and Mr. Beresford Pender, after discharge ing all his pistols, would have pursued the intended assassin into the fox cover in the glen-and heaven only knows what would

have happened after.

It is a comfort to know that the old legacy" was "bound for a tanyard;" and that he never did "hear the cackoo" again. for before that day week his ribs were well polished by old Somerfield's beagles; and for many a day after his shin-bone might be seen under a little boy's arm at the

CHAPTER XL

THE DRAGOON'S PRESENT—THE BEAUTY
RACE.

During all this time Bessy Morris's tongue and fingers were very busy. She talked and pited her needle incessarily; but ever and anon she would pause for a but ever and anon she would pause for a little while and take to thinking. During those moments of abstraction, Grace remarked that Bessy invariably hard into her pocket; and in the little circumstance Graceszwa "mystery" which she resolved forthwith to set about unravelling. And as a pocket naturally suggests money, Grace concluded that it was of money Bress Morris was thinking every time she stopped working and slipped her hand into her pocket. So, by way of a beginning Grace and beginning, Grace said:

"Just before you came in Miss Kearney was lecturing me because I allowed my mind to dwell sometimes on so vulga: a subject as wealth. Now don't you agree with me that poverty must be a very dis-

agreeable thing?"

"Indeed I do," Pessy answered, looking surprised. "I was always wishing to be rich."

"Did you ever think it would be pleasant to get a rich husband?"
"Well, I believe that used to cross my mind sometimes," replied Bessy with a sad sort of smile. "But what I most desired was to be able to do something for myself."
"I suppose it was that made you learn

dressmaking ?" Mary observed.
"It was, miss," she replied. "Though pretended to my grandfather that it was on account of my aunt's health I was obliged to stay so long in Dablin. Only for that he would not consent to have me

'And were you able to get money?" "Well, I was able to lay by a little dur-ng the last year. Bat 'tis very hard to make a fortune, and only that I was stopping with my aunt I'd find it hard earn as much as would make me inde-pendent,"

Grace thought that this was a higher ambition than her own.
"But you seem to have enjoyed the at-"But you seem to have enjoyed the at-tractions of the city very much, and I wonder how you could come back to the country," she observed, musingly. "Well, I could not leave the old man alone," Bessy replied. "And there were other reasons to induce me to come home."

"And used you not ever wish to b

back in the country?" Mary asked. fancy I'd pine away and die longing for green fields if I were shut up in a

"Well, an odd time I would," Bessy plied. "When I'd be alone of an evening I'd find myself wishing for the old place and the old friends. But I like citement, and I think it very dull and lonesome now, having no one hardly to converse with, and no change, but the same thing over and over every day." "I can understand that feeling very well," said Grace. "I am dying to plunge

into the gaieties and excitement of Dab-lin. I am to go next winter, and it puts me in a fever to think of it "I never could be tired of the country,"

said Mary.

Bessy Morris made no reply.

Bessy Morris made no reply. hand was in her pocket again, and her

tongue and her needle at rest.

'Here is a letter that Wattletoes had in his hat, and he forgot it," said Willie as he opened the room door.

Mary started in a way that was unusual with her, and snatched the letter eagerly

from her brother. Was she thinking of another letter which Barney had put in his hat and forgotten?
"It is for you," she remarked, handling the letter to Bessy Morris, who took is without evincing any surprise, and was putting it in her pocket with a quiet

mile when Grace said : "Ob, you need not stand upon ceremonv. Bessy cut open the envelope with her

sclesors, and read the letter.
"Not a love letter at all events," thought Grace, who was watching the expression of her countenance. "Oh, it is only a habit she has," she added, as Bessy's hand glided into her pocket the moment she had finished reading the letter.

"Is it a love-letter?" Mary asked.
"It is, miss," replied Bessy, laughing.
Both Mary and Grace looked at her in

surprise, for neither expected such s "Maybe you'd like to read it, miss,"

she said, turning to Grace, who eagerly accepted the offer, remarking that it was the first love letter she had ever seen ex cept in a novel.
"'DEAR MISS MORRIS'-Oh! that's

shockingly bad beginning. I am quite disappointed—'I take the present favour able opportunity of writing these few lines to you, hoping that you are in the enjoyment of good health, and free from all the ills that flesh is heir to, as Byron save Dear and best beloved'—Ah! that is some-thing," Grace observed, with an approving nod-" words are inadequate to conver an idea of the state of my mind since tha nodfatal Sunday afternoon, when I called at your highly respectable female relative's at twenty minutes past one p. m., accord ing to appointment, for the purpose of escorting you to the Zpological and the harrowing intelligence fell upon my soul like the war of elements, wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds -28 Byron says—that you had vanished ike a star from the horizon when the storm-lashed barque of the mariner is ossed upon the foaming breakers, and he paces the deck alone, and mourns the hopes that leave him, while his life is a wilderness unblest by fortune's gale his fevered lips are parched on Africa's burning sand, and no one near to whisper hopes of happiness and tales of distant land -as Byron says. It was then, for the first time in the course of a chequered existence, that I fully realized the truth of the sentiment that absence makes th heart grow fonder, as the supflower that turns on its god when he sets the same says. But, dear Miss Morris, I cannot by any possibility endure my present state of mind, which sleeping or waking 'tis all quarry, as the little boy glanced over his shoulder at the passing traveller—while another little boy was thrusting out his head, impatiently, at the door, and dancing upon his heels. my barque to your native locality, the situation of which I have learned from

who has on saveral occasions poured the who has on several occasions poured the the balm of hope into my lacerated bosom, and give me all necessary information for fielding the whereabouts of the object of my pilgrimage through the valley of the chadow. For truly may I say that the kies, dear maid, thy lips have left shall never part from mine till happier hours restors the offt unablated back to this.

restore the gift untainted back to thinerestore the gitt untainted back to thine—
as Byron says. Till then firewell, and
give a thought to one who never can
cease to think of thee?"

"What do you think of it, miss?"
Bessy seked, as Grace was trying to make
out the signature, which was dashed off
in a manner betokening the distracted
tatte of the writer, miss?"

state of the writer's mind. "Oh, 'tls very fine indeed," she replied,

with a wise look. "But I don't know what to think of that kissing." Mary observed. "Was there really anything of that sort, Bessy ?" "Well, not much, miss," returned Bessy,

laughing.
"Take care, Bessy. If he is not a person you really care for there may be some thing not quite right in it. It is quite possible he feels as he says he does; and if so, what would you do ?"

Bessy looked grave, but said nothing.
"Don't mind her preaching," said Grace. "For my part, I'm determined to break hearts like china-ware"—as Byron says," she added with her ringing laugh Bersy Morris continued to look grave, and slipped her hand into her pocket, as she had so often done during the day. But this time she drew out the little box

Billy Heffernan had given her, when I gustius cooly said that he did not then Grace thought he was only shaking hands with her over his creel. She would have opened it at once, but seeing Mat Donovan approaching she thrust it hurriedly if she could give him anything in that way into her pocket, looking so frightened for a moment, and so very inucent and unconscious immediately after, that Billy Heffernan shoot his hand as he drove ou after the usual "Yo-up, Kit!" to his mule, and mentally came to the conclusion that Bessy had "the two ways in her."

"But where is the wan uv 'em that haven't?" Billy Heffernan philosophically observed, as he untted his whip, and gave Kit-who was deliberately bent upon ringing the wheel of his cart into contact with that of an approaching dray—a touch upon the shoulder that made her wince,

and keep her own side of the road. Mat Donovan escorted Bessy to the house, and she had no opportunity to examine the dragoon's gift alone afterwards, though her curiosity was sufficiently strong every time her thoughts recurred to it.

Removing the paper in which it was wrapped, she hastily took off the lid of the little box. She started on seeing what it contained, and after looking at it for early a minute with her eyer wide open,

handed it to Miss Kearney.
"They are very handsome," she observed. "They are very namesons, since of every on, they are just the same as Eva's," exclaimed Grace, snatching the box from Mary's hand, "just the same."
"D) you think are they gold, miss?"

Bessy asked. 'On, yes, I am quite sure they are gold,"
returned Mary.
Bessy Morris selzed the box, quite egitated with pleasure, and taking from it one of a handsome pair of earnings, fixed it with a trembling hand in her ear.

TO BE CONTINUED. IT IS ONLY A WAVE.

Our excellent contemporary, the Michigan Catholic, is quite properly dis-turbed by the avalanche of lurid anticountry from Music Hall to Detroit, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We ad mit that it is discounted from the first the kingdom of heaven to live on the charity of His own creatures.

—Life of Father Impaires of St. Catholic rhetoric which is deluging the from the Atlantic to the Pacific. mit that it is discouraging to witness such an amount of unseemly and unreasonable intolerance, but we have faith in the good sense of the plain, every day people who make their living, not by manufacturing slanders, but by honest industry. The right will prevail in the sud. What our Catholic citizens should do, and what they must do, is to stand firmly together in grim resistance to the wave of bigotry aud fanaticism that is sweeping over the country, stimulated and encouraged and propelled by a lot of mountebanks who pro fees to be Caristians, but who violate every principle and precept of Christianity in their wild and windy distribes.

Our Michigan contemporary calle atention to the injustice an ness of the anti-Catholic position. It says: "It will be seen that the Boston bigots convict Catholic citizens of treason without allowing us to deny the charge. We are to be disfranchised, because we do acknowledge primal allegiance civil affairs' to the State! The Boston bigots will not permit us to say that we do acknowledge primal allegiance to the State in civil affairs. We are to be disfranchised, unless we 'renounce allegiance to the Pope, so far as politics are con-cerned'—the Boston bigots will not listen to us while we say that, so far as politics are concerned, the Pope has no more to do with American citizens than has the Angel Gabriel, And the Boston bigots insist that all Catholic institutions, edu cational, philanthropic and ecclesiastical,

shall be subject to S. ate inspection!"

That is very well stated, so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough.

The Boston bigots discovered another swild crime chargeable to the Catholic citizens of this country. One of their orators has found out, and has proclaimed the terrible fact, that the carrier that exemple that even. We presume that before long we will be accused of having conspired to kill Garfield. Boston Republic

Tender Corns. Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed with

out pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Moses had Asthma My husband had asth My husband had asthma for eight years with severe cough, and his lungs also were affected. He could neither rest, work, nor get relief from any medicine he tried. Some time ago we got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and after taking six or eight bottles his cough is entirely cured, the asthma greatly relieved, and his lungs greatly henefited

greatly benefited.
MRS. MOSES COUCH, Apsley, Ont. Engice the Blood by the use of Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine, which supplies the necessary blood-building material. your highly respectable female relative, Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

A NOBLE BEGGAR.

He was once fiercely abused-when beg ging for the new church as Aston Halland as the reviler had come to a full stop in his forward speech, Father Ignatins quietly retorted: "Well, as you have been so generous to myself personally, perhaps you would be so kind as to give me some

servent the object of his visit, his religious name, and asked if he could see the lady or gentleman of the house. The servant strode off to see, and in a few seconds returned to say that the gentleman was out. and the lady was engaged and could not receive him, neither could she afford to help him. He then remarked that perhaps she was not aware that he was the Honorable Mr. Spencer. The servant looked at him, bowed politely, and retired. In a minute or two Father Ignatius hears a rustling of silks and a tripping of steps on the stairs. In came my lady, and what with blushings and bowings, and excuses and apologies, she scarcely knew where she was until she found herself and him tete-a-tete. She really did not know it was he, and there were so many imposters.
"But what will you take, my dear sir?"
And before he could say yea or nay she rang for his friend the footman. Father he should be very glad to accept it. She handed him a five-pound note at once, expressing many regrets that something or other prevented its being more. Father Ignatius took the note, foided it carefully, made sure of its being safely lodged in his pocket, and then made thanksgiving in something like the following words:
"Now, I am very sorry to have
to tell that the alms you have to tell that the alms you have given me will do you very little good. If I had not been born of a noble family you would have turned me away with coldness and contempt. I take the money, because it will be as useful to me as if it were given with a good motive; but I would advise you for the future, if you have any regard for your soul, to let the love of God, and not

human respect, prompt your alms-giving." So saying, he took his hat and bade his benefactress a good morning. Many were the anecdotes he told us about his begging adventures, but it is next to impossible to remember them. In every case, however, we could see the saint through the veil his humility tried to cast over himself. Whether he was received well or ill he always tried to to turn his reception to the spiritual benefit of those who received him. He made more friends than any person living, perhaps, and never was known to make an enemy; his very simplicity and holiness disarmed malice. He says in a letter, upon getting his first commission to go and quest: "I am to be a great beggar!" His prognostication began to be verified. Strange fact the Honorable (Lores Section 1) fact! the Honorable George Spencer beggar! And happier, under all the trisis and crosses incident to such a life, than if he had lived in the luxury of Althorp. Religion is carrying out to-day what its Founder began eighteen hundred

A CATHOLIC REPUBLIC.

A month ago the tiny Republic of San Marino, which contains barely eight thousand people, had to perform its solemn annual function, the election of its Capitani Reggenti, or twin Presidents for the new year-for, like Rome, with her two annual Consuls, San Marino is ruled by a double authority. On the day fixed the retiring magistrates marched in solemn procession, headed by the band of the Republic, escorted by sixteen of the Mobile Guard belonging to the plebelan class, and followed by the authorities, to le class, and followed by the authorities, to the Pieve or chief church. Here they were received by the clergy and led to the throne. Then the Veni solemnly supp, after which the election (if we can so term I) began in the church itself. One of the priests read out the names of the citizens who were eligible each written on a ticket which is placed upon a salver, and the latter emptied into a large silver vase. A child is called upon to draw two tickets out of the vase, and the names as drawn are the elected Tae priest reads out the names in a loud voice, the band strikes up a hymn, the organ intones a tarantella, all the bells of the town and borgo are set aringing, and San Marino has got her two Reggenti for the next twelve months. Tae two magistrates who entered their office on this April 1st were Pietro Torniai and Francesco Morcucci.

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fula. In any case relief will be had from the first

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