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No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so com-pletely ments the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Saraparilla.

It leads the list as a transcention for all blood disease is a lurk-

SCROFULA AYER'S ARLLA WILL AWILL AWI ing odor of the breati

"Hutte, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

UCEROUS "At the age of two years one of SORES my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swellen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powble erful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. Johnson." "Hutte, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Si, six bottles for \$5.

PREPARED BY

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inac tive life are more less subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach neglected in a changeable climate it nours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate :)ery. An occasional dose of McGale's and Butternut Pills, will stimulate the 2 ter to healthy action, tone up the 3ton 1 land Digestive Organs, thereby giving it; and vigor to the system generally. For sale: very-There. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.-B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal.

An American critic having charged Mr. Irving with anachronism in permitting makes us remove our prisoners to members of his company to appear in the safer quarters? Our effort against Drogplay of "Louis XI." in high-heeled shoes, G. A Sala has been consulting the authorities on the subject, and finds the charge to skilled commander, is still a brave and deter-be well founded. High-heeled shoes did mined soldier. It is treachery among our not come in until the reign of Henry IV., a own clergy-among our own bishops." hundred years after Louis XI.

William H. Field shot his brother at Green wich, Conn., Saturday, under the insane ments from reaching the Ir sharmy. The Irish bellef that when he was fourteen years old his leaders' forebodings were too true; another brother broke his spirit, and it could only be restored by his brother's death.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING. _By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and yet by a careful applitables with a delicately flavored beverage. which may save us many heavy doctors bills. ST. JOSEPH AND THE CHILD. On a copy from one of the Old Masters.]

A grave grand face, eyes dark and gentle— Ryes that on Jesus smiled, Whose watchful care must oft have seen The winning Face of the Child.

One arm is round his precious charge That God gave to his care, The other austains a dimpled hand That holds a Lily fair.

A beauty Divine in the yoling Child's face, Enchantingly sweet and fair, It breathes in those wondrous azure eyes, And bides in the golden hair.

And the smile on Thy lips, Child Lesus, Sure never on earth belorg.

Was zeen such a smile—may it great us When we wake on Eternity's shore. AGNES BURY

THE WILD ROSE

OF LOUGH GILL.

A Tale of the Irish War in the Seventeenth . Century:

ECHAPTER VII. (Continued.) 48

saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the hilt of an enormous falchion that hung at his side.

His was a kingly head and kingly ocuntenance. His features were well cut and strikingly handsome, an expression of energy and resolution mingling with a lingering one of mirth and good humor, and were lighted up by a wondrous pair of eyes of Irich blue-eyes whose sparkle in mirth and in anger differed as much as the sunlight and lightning on the water.

This magnificent giant was destined to play an exciting part in the stormy affairs now impending. The soul of honor and of valor, the Ajax of the Irish army, the first horseman in Ulster-perhaps in Ireland-and the idol of the Irish cavalry -such was Maelmora O'Reilly of Cavan, better known by his sobriquet of Miles the

"The youth is both good and brave," remarked Plunket, in an undertone, this admirable Colossus, who was intently surveying Edmund; "twas myself who brought him from Leitrim. I've had a message of inquiry this very morning as to this young fellow's welfare, so I wish to send him home unscathed. He is too likely a lad to have his bones in a nameless grave in this luckless neighborhood, as has been the case with too many of our poor fellows."

"A foster-son of Owen O'Rourke, of Dromshaire," continued the general, introducing our hero; " 'twere hard if you know not the goodly gentleman."

" A dalla (toster-son) of my gossip Owen," exclaimed the gigantic cavaller, "Your

hand, ma bouchal! He seized O'Tracy's hand, and shook it warmly. That iron grip seemed to the latter to dislocate all the bones of his hand; is made the muscles of his arm tingle right up to the shoulder.

"Your name, avio?" "Edmund O'Tracy, captain."

"Emon Ul-Treassigh—a fine old lrish name. Your clan is plenty in our parts—ay, plenty as he zel-nuts in harvest-but poor as the boccaghe of Lough Derg-and more's the pily say I. Well, there's a good time at hand, and the old blood must have its own. Are you ready for the read, avie?" "Immediately captain."

"Not captain, but colonel—Colonel Miles O'Rellly, or the Cavan Horse, at your service. The Clan Ragballaigh might feel angry if I were robbed of my title.'

And with a light-hearted laugh the glant vaulted gracefully into his saddle.

Edmund O'Tracy's preparations for his

journey were soon made. When he was mounted and ready to start, he perceived that a detachment of about a score of cavalry, well mounted and armed, was drawn up. awaiting to accompany Miles the Blasher. " Slan leat, General," said the latter, extending his hand to Finnket; I will be very happy in a few days' time to hear that you've taken in yonder unlucky town-a malison on

By "take in" the speaker, in the military parlance of the times, meant capture. There was a suspicion of stiffed sarcasm in O'Beilly's voice. The general smiled, shook his head significantly, and said something in a flerce whisper—something which had the shape of

an impressiion. The Slather gave the word of command, and the cavalcade started.

On the road to Ardee they met no less personage than Bory O'Moore himself, accompanied by a few dragoons. The Organiser was now in command of about two thousand cavelry in that neighborhood. He looked baggard and downcast. After saluting both Miles O'Rellly and our hero, he remarked to the fermer

"Of course you know what your present mission points to?" "All I know is that 1 am commanded to see our prisoner, Lord Caulfield of Charle-

mout, escorted safely to Oloughoughter Castle, and that my journey home is about doubled on that account." "Do you not see, colonel, that it

is the dread of impending defeat that heds will isil-and why? It is not the fault of bir Phelim, who, if he be an un-

O'Moore alluded to the Palesman prelate, Thos. Dease, Bishop of Meath, who by his influence had prevented supplies and reinforcemonth saw the Irish army retreating northwards, heartless and dismayed, before a

superior force. The Blasher and his detachment rode on It was by a very circultous route the squadron was to reach Leitrim. Miles O'Beilly's orders, as appear above, were to escort Lord cation of the fine properties of well selected Cauifield, the former commandant of the Cocca Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast Charlemont Fort; from that place to a more secure place of detention in Cloughoughter, in Cavan. Nothing of interest occurred on It is by the judicious use of such articles of the road to Charlemont. The towns they diet that a constitution may be gradual. passed through, Oarrickmacross, Castle-built up until strong enough to resist every blayney, and Armagh—were held by the endency to disease. Hundreds of subtle Irlsb, foraging parties of whom they met may esoape meny is said to the passed by large straggling herds staunch the blood from the wound is at the shore of the sh

the journey to Osvan. The gardeon town of Obaricanom with the Bod Header Disir Secting to the State of great contaston. The header Disir Secting to the state of great contaston. The header Disir Secting to the state of great contaston. The header Disir Secting of the state of the battlemants, the great collecting about and state of the state

VOICE OF THEIR TENDER The state of Charlemont during C. Tray's be rode was a powerful one. But short sojourn tide of the therefore the state of the control of the saint stumbled and imagined. The popular excitament was in fell on the alippary snow, and the tense, Only a few months before, the bridge rider had scarce disentangled himself and tense. Only a few months before, the bridge of Portadown, about eight or ten miles off, Hewas dressed in cavalier costume his, broad, swelling chest being encased in a pollahed steel corriet, crossed by an embroidered sword-belt, while the parti-colored plumes of bloodshed was over, but the shoulders, mingling with the rich profusion of his dark hair. One gloved hand rested on the pommel of the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on resolved to make no prisoners. If Blood for the steel of the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the pommel of the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the pommel of the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the saddle, holding the reins; the other rested on the saddle, holding the reins and the massacre of many Protection in the saddle plated the saddle of the saddle in the sadd had witnessed the massacre of many Proresolved to make no prisoners. "Blood for blood!" was the cry of many of the Irish. Lord Caulfield and many other prisoners were detained at Obarlemont; many of the more hot headed Irish demanded and agitated for their immolation-hence the secret of the commotion in the town.

"Heavens above, comrades!" Edmund heard one man exclaim in the streets, "shall it be that these Sassenach and Albanach bo dagha shall be left unharmed while their countrymen are murdering our innocent people in cold blood elsewhere? Too long they've hanged us and imprisoned us, slit our noses, bored our ears, burnt our tongues, and scourged us like dogs. Too long they've hunted our soggarths and persecuted our faith. But now a day of reckoning has arrived. Vengeance on the accursed craw Death to the Undertakers!

"Death to the Undertakers!" echoed the crowd of angry listeners, and weapons were brandished in the air.

Edmund's anxiety amounted to alarm when be saw a number of these very men, under the command of a leader more dangerouslooking than any of them, forming part of the escort of Lord Canifield and the other prisoners. He intimated his fears to Miles O'Reitly, and the latter said:

" I don't half like the look of all this, but it can't be helped. The dark-visaged captain is the foster-brother of Sir Puelim O'Neillone Edmund Boy O'Hugh-so you see we must isin put up with his company. But keep your eye on the fellow, and report to me if you think necessary."

However, despite those apprehensions the whole party, prisoners and escort, rode tranquilly out of Charlemont that evening to commence their journey to Cloughoughter, iAfter going some miles a halt was called at a roadside hostelry for retreshment, and among others, Lord Caul field himself dismounted and took his seat at a small table before the inn. Edmund had in capturing Charlemont—a stratagem afterwards practised by the Scotch General Monroe in Dunluce Castle-viz., inviting himsulf and some of his companions in the plot table. He now gazed stealthly at the Gov- the castle, he felt an inward presentiment elderly man of grave and dignified bearing, who bore his captivity with quiet resignation. Buddenly, to Edmund's sarprise, the instr-

gent captain alluded to came and sat deliberately on a seat opposite to the ex-governor of Charlemont, leant his arms on the table that stood between them, and with a malicious grin stared in his face.

"Now, dog!' he began, in a snarling tone of triumph, after looking round to make sure there was none listening. or observing, "now, dog, where are you? Where are your castle and lands, your horses and hounds, your gold and silver now? Your day is past, you accursed bodagh. Do you remember the day you flogged me in the market place of Charlemont? Didn't I tell you you'd curse and rue the day you raised a whip to Ned O'Hugh? You rue it now, you do! And to add to your sorrow, you inernal bodagh, take that !"

The ruffian speaker leaned over the table and spit into the face of the captive lord. Edmund O'Trapy started forward, pale with rage and anger. But that instant there was a surprising change in the manner of Lord Caulfield. With flashing eyes he leaped to his feet, enatched a heavy tankard from the table, and burled it at his luculter. His aim was a sure one. O'Hugh received the missile with great violence on the side of the head, and rolled over the snowy ground, his blood flowing freely from the wound. Whatever Lord Caulfield's previous faults might have been, our hero felt like adoring him for that act.

The tallen man arose, half atunned, and immediately draw a large horse-pistol from his belt, but O'Tracy seized his arm ere he could use it. O'Hugh, with a flerce oath, endeavered to shake him off, but in vain, and together the two struggled for the possession

of the deadly weapon.
"Hallo! what means all this!" cried the voice of Miles the Blasber. "You scoundfelly lord has struck me!"

shouted O'Hugh, passionately, but at the same time relinquishing his hold of the platela "Ay, but you insulted him first-I saw it," exclaimed Edmund.

O'Hugh flashed a glance of fiendish malice at the speaker, and bit his lip in savage stience. Lord Caulfield calmiy related the circumstances, while the Slasher listened with gathering anger, his eyes fixed on the sullen visage of the originator of the disturbance:

"Listen, O'Hogh," said the Slasher, as soon as he had heard all. "You happen to be the foster-brother of the commander-in-chief, and that saves you for the present. Out of respect for Sir Phelim, Loannot hang you, and, besides, you hold the rank of captain. But take back your pistol, and when we reach our journey's end we will arrange this matter netween us-aword or pistol, as you wishthough m'anam an dissul, I must lower myself to meet you."

O'Hugh slunk away with a bitter oath of vengeance under his breath, endeavoring to

make good his seresper for the horse

gained his feet when the feremost pursuer's portance. hand was on his collar and the muzzle of his

The captured assassin turned;upon O'Tracy a glare of the most appalling hatrad, and ground his teeth in impotent fury.

" So it's you, you whelp of evil," he hissed and it is the second time you've crossed my path to-day. Bewere ! As sure as my enemy yonder lies in his gore by this hand, ac sure will you when the time comes."

Other horsemen coming up, O'Hugh was secured and led back to the scene of his crime. The escort was nearly all dismounted, standing in a group around the dead body of Lord Caulfield, which lay face upwards on the snow.

" Great heaven !" exclaimed Miles O'Reilly, vehemently, as the murderer was led before him. "Are you a devil in human form? Come here, wretch, and gloat your evil eyes on the body of your viotim. See, this black deed will be reckoned one of the greatest stairs on our holy cause-ceadmile mollaght on the hand that did it !"

The Slasher was pale with emotion, and spoke in a house and hollow voice. The the strong castles of Killeagh and Croban fell perpetrator of the orime stood trembling, deserted by all his fury and bravado.

"But the murder shall not remain long unpunished," continued O Reilly; "ho! some of you fetch a confessor for the culorit; let him be shrived where he stands. Fetch ye also a rope—yonder tree shall bear strange

fruit ere an hour passes."
O'Hugh threw himself on his knees and uttered a wild and confused appeal for mercy.

"Had you mercy for him whose corpse ites here? No, Edmund O'Hugh; seek mercy from heaven while you have still time." The grovelling wretch repeated and re

echoed his ories for mercy.
"Mercy! mercy!" he sbricked ;—"give

Heartsick at the painful scene, O'Tracy appealed to the Slasher to postpone the execution. And after some hesitation the latter acquiesced, and addressed the murderer in impressive accents: "Listen, O'Hugh; a few hours' delay will

make but little difference to you, save in the

way of preparing your soul for its transit. I am unused to the office of hangman, and will learned the story of Sir Phelim's stratagem | forego it for the present; but if ever there was a man cast for death, you are that man. This reprieve proved rather an unlucky one for him at whose intercession it was granted.

> derer of the unfortunate Caulfield he had arms and armor. A large turi fire was burnfound a most feroclous and malevolent Is will not do to leave the reader in obli-

vion as to O'Hugh. That worthy was after some days transmitted from Kinard to Armagh jail, to be tried for the murder of Lord Caulfield. He escaped from the latter place, and Sir Phelim O'Neill had the sentry placed over him hanged for neglect, and also hanged and beheaded six other persons accused of implication in a plot to murder Lord Caulfield. But to continue :

The corpse of Lord Caulfield was borne into the castle and laid in one of the rooms. The sanguinary event just described cast a gloom over the habitation, and the Slasher's little detachment of dragoons were not sorry when early on the following morning-raw and chilly morning though it was they heard their trumpeter sounding the reveille, and when, after a hasty breakfast, they rode out of the gateway of Kinard, on their way to Cloughoughter.

CHAPTER VIII. THE HOME OF THE O'REILLYS. "Bigh-tigherna na ruathar n-garbh O'Raghallaigh na ruadh-arm, Do Cluintear aolbh a orghuth Os Muintir Maoil-min-Mordha."

Boyal lord of rough incursions. Is O'Beilly of red weepons; The delicionsness of his golden voice is heard Over the polished class of Masimora."

O'DUGAN'S Topographical Poem

The winter evening was drawing rapidly to a close as the party of Irish dragoons approached the end of their journey. Their route now lay through a long avenue of stately trees, whose frosted branches closed overhead, sending down sparkling showers of powdery fost at every breath of wind that shock them. The sky was changeable as ever was Irish sky. Now came skurrying huge masses of clouds, each sending down its shower of flying snow or rattling hall as it passed; and now the red rays of the declining sun shot through the lofty vistas of the wood striking the gloomy recesses as with the wands of magiclans, converting them into wondrous fairy palaces of light.

Just'as the red sun was shooting his last flery arrows from his dark fortress of cloud, the party of cavalry came in sight of Lough Oughter. The lough, even under that winter sunset, and with its girdle of hills wrapped in a mantle of snow, presented a lovely picture. The waters gianced and sparkled in the crimson radiance, which made the ruined abbey on historic Trinity island and the lordly Castle of Cloughoughfer itself look like enchanted mansions sprung from the bosom of the lake by some subtle speil of facrie. The datant surrounding hills loomed spectre-like through the gray evening mist.

The party dismounted at some buildings on the shore of the lough, dillers also they pro-

town, was, Indeed, O'Rellly's chief residence, and Tullyvin Castle was also a favorité abode of the Brefinian princes; but this did not rob the celebrated lake fortress of any of its im-

The boats soon glided beneath the shadow of the ivied walls of the cestle. At the open portal of Cloughoughter, the center of a growd of soldiers and servitors, stood a tail and wallmade gentleman, of graceful bearing and elegant address, who accorded Miles O'Reilly, and O'Tracy also, upon introduction, a cordial in his native Leitrim."

welcome, exclaiming:
"Cead mile failte to Cloughoughter!" This was the courtly, gallant, and humano representative of the Clan Baghallaigh,

namely, Colonel Philip O'Reilly. The the last sally from Drogheda like a true colonel was rather past his prime, but his O'Beilly with the blood of an O'Neill in him features had not yet lost the bronze which as I live, Philip, a brave boy. But how go he had gallantly won on the battle fields of things hereabout?" namely, Colonel Phillip O'Belliy. The colonel was rather past, his prime, but his Flanders in the ranks of the Spanish. army. He had been one of the first to listen to the hold design of Rory O'Moore, whom he met while attending the previous year's Parliament in Dublin. The military talent he had acquired on the Continent served his country wall; for when he and his younger brother, Miles-a namesake of the Slasher, and then sheriff of Cavan-summoned the Breffnian clans to arms on the advent of the famous " 24th," before them, as also did the Undertakers' town of Belturbet, whose "cage-work" houses had aroused the admiration of the Government surveyor Pynner, twenty years before. The Hamiltons, Oraigs, Elliots, and the other men of the "Plants. tion," Red from the district; but those of them who remained behind were most humanely protected, with their wives and

chlidren, by the brave O'Beilly. Cloughoughter Castle, which the clan Belliy in a former century had wrested from the Red Earl of Ulster, was now again re-covered by them from the Undertaker in possession of one Captain Arthur Oulme; and thither Philip O'Rellis had removed from his me a week—a day—a few hours, for heaven's own castle of Ballynacargy; and so the C'Reillys had "their own again."

"What of Lord Caulfield?—did he accom pany you?" inquired Philip O'Reilly; and great was his surprise and horror when he learned the melancholy fate of the distinguished prisoner. He then led the way into the castle. On passing through the large hall, Edmund remarked a number of persons, both males and females, whose dress, accent, and features denoted them to be some of the Scotch and English settlers of Uister. He afterwards learned that they were here for protection.

Colonel Philip led the way to a large and to dinner, and arresting his host at his own As Edmund saw O'Hugh led a prisoner into manner of the times, and that tastily and well. | cold of our journey out of our bones. The floor was covered with thick maiting, ernor, on whom the successful trick had been that the wretch would live to keep his vow and the walls with caken wainscot of a high the famous Irish beverage, and presented one played. Lord Caulfield, he saw, was an of vengeance against him—that in the murp polish, hung with the usual decorations of to our hero, saying: ing in the old-fashioned fireplace, as only an Irish turi-fire can burn; and on the high mantel-piece were carved the armorial bearings of the clan Reilly—two lions supporting a right hand; the crest, an cak-tree on a mount, with a serpent descending; and the motto, " Fortitudine et prudentia."

As Edmund followed the two kinsmen O'Reillys into this room, he heard the deliclous harmony of female voices, mingled with the musical tinkling of a harp, and on entering he saw that the apartment was occupied by several ladies and young children. As the trio entered, the song and the music ceased, and most of the ladies rose to their feet. Very stately and beautiful some of them were.

With an exclamation of joyous surprise one lovely, darkeyed woman sprang towards the Slasher, and the latter promptly enfolded her in his huge arms, clasping her tenderly to his great breast.

" Acushla machree, my own sweet Kathless !' he said, in genuine joy; and is it, indeed yourself? Holy Saint Patrick, be thanked, but I'm the happy men to find you here I I thought you were at home at Lismore, or Lough Finvoy."

For Miles had residences as Liemors or Occasioney in Cavan, and on the island of Clogs into Turk in Lough Fivoy, county Leitrim, in the neighborhood of which latter place the pessantry, still preserve wondrous stories of his exploits.

"Twas I that requested your wife to come here, Miles," explained his kinsman, in order that she and your children might be secure from all danger in these troublous times. Here in Cloughoughter they shall be secure from all danger, let the storm of war sweep the surrounding country as it will; for the western district is in a state of great disturbance. Some of the chief Undertakers—notably the merciless Hamilton of Manorhamilton-bave shut themselves up in their strongholds, to issue forth at night like wild beasts in quest of prey-and, then the beacons of alarm are seen glimmering on manya hill."

"And the children ?" inquired the Slasher : my boys and girls, where are they? Ah here they are my own brive Shane, my pretty Rose, ma colleen dias Honora. M'anam po'n Dhia ! but you're all right glad to see this old father of yours again."

He kissed and caressed several fine children, who had broken from the clutches of their nurse, a fat old dame, who wore the apiral fleach or head-dress of snow white linen, and who sat complacently looking on. "Look at them, avic," orled the happy father, turning triumphantly to those precent. with a Blasher in embryo perched on one of his colossal shoulders and a little girl sitting in the hollow of his arm; "look at them;—
saw, you ever such pretty birdlings as inine?"
"But turning and perceiving the baniferna,
or lady of his kinsman, standing before him, or lady of the kineman, off-spring and took her extended hand, saying :

Edmund politely thanked his hostess, and took the seat which his courteous host proffered him. The kinsmen O'Reillys also seated themselves, and the conversation turn ed on the exolting topics of the hour. my

Well, husband mine, what of my dear father?" Inquired Miles's lady, whose father's name was also D'Bellly.

"Have no fear, alanns," was the reply;—
my father in law Cathal is well, and his regiment of foot is doing good work for the old country; a few weeks' time shall see him back

"And my son Hugh Ros?" queried the bantierns of the castle.

" Is a brave, noble boy, worthy of his father and mother. I saw him wield his cabro at

Gloriously, my good kineman, gloriously! answered . Philip : "I have just succeeded in raising a brigade of twolve hundred men, and my commission as lieutenant-general lies in yender chest."

"A blessing on yours; I knew you would not fail us. Twelve hundred, do you say, and your own stout heart to lead them? Dhar me land, that arm of yours, that struck so well at Louvain, will do better now for Innisiall. You will get a fine opportunity to display your talent as a

general." "Ay," said Philip, laughingly, "and I'll get a companion to this into the bargain," and he pointed to a scar which traversed his left temple, the gift of a French sabreur.

"When such gifts are going one can scarcely refuse one now and then," remarked Miles; "but, with the help of our holy ra-tron, Saint Felimid, you will remain un-harmed. However," he added with a lurking smile, "here is a young friend of mine who has tasted cold steel already, short as has been his campaign."

"A more soratch, I assure you," said our hero, his modesty deeply wounded at the mention of his scar in the presence of such warriors as the two kinsmen.

" No matter, avio; you can carry it home to Dromahaire as an earnest of your military experience. Ha, ha, ha!" The Slasher gave vent to a hearty ringing laugh, which made all the cooupants of the room smile-all except our hero, who reddened deeply.

"Miles, Miles, you rogue," said that individual's handsome spouse, "you are annoying the young man."

"Don't fret, Kethleen schorrs," said the Slasher; "Emon Ut-Treasaigh won't begrudge Eiles O'Heilly his joke. Your hand, avic; I mean no harm. And here, help me comfortable apartment, furnished after the to a stoup of usquebaugh. Twill drive the

The gental Colossus filled two goblets of Drink it up; there's nothing like it when

the blood is cold. And now you shall tell us the whole story of the Dublin disappointment and the treachery of that dogyou know you promised to tell it to me during our converse on the road. Edmund readily acquiesced to this proposal, and his tale found an eager and interested

audience. When it was finished, Miles inquired of Philip's lady as to her Owen Roe, and, on receivbrother, ing the encouraging news that he would probably arrive in Ireland in summer, he slapped our hero on the back, saying: "And then, my boy, O'Connolly's treachery

"Let the young man's wound a lone. Miles." said the bantlerna, with a smile; "you had a certain scar yourself once upon a time." ." The the earth go lear" (you are right enough), put in Mile's wife ;-" you remem-

will not be worth a thrancen to the Bassenath

and your wound will be avenged, more be

ber that wound, husband? "Av. do I: though I honed, you wicked girleen, you'd forgotten all about it. Well, did I not receive it in fair, open fight for your hand, from Bad Manus MacGowen? and laugh as you may, I got the better of Manus in the end. Why, if I didn't bear more than that for you, ma colleen dhas, I should be only

a magonna O'Bellly I'' For the sake of the unread, it may be remarked that the epithet magonna was one of disgrace applied to a branch of the O'Reillys which renounced their faith in Elizabeth's time, in order to retain possession of their lands; and though they afterwards returned to the Catholic Church, the term of reproach continued to cling so closely to them that it required a special decree of the Primate of Ireland (the martyred Plunket) to

prevent its further use. " You should, indeed," said the bantlerns; "you should deserve to be called a regular Maelmora Breagh."

" Maelmora the Handsome-Matimora the Traffor," exclaimed the Blasher; and, crossing the room, he took a slender rapier from

its place on the wall.

"Have you ever heard, avid," he said, addressing O'Tracy, "of the false O'Belly who turned sgainst kith and kin, ored and country, and joined the army of the Saxon calliagh? Here is his sword, taken from his death-grasp at the Yellow Ford, when the great Hugh, this lady's unole, defeated Harr, Begnal and his army . See, the but a white compared to this falchion of mine, and yet

Maelmora could use it—and well!" Here Miles's younger son, a chubby, red. cheeked urohin, selzed the weapon, and was making off with the novel plaything when

his father arrested him. macAb, ab, you little Trojan, you young Fina MacCumhai. Do you want to kill some body? By the beard of Ouchullin, but its right naturally wou take to the sword, you mite of a warrior! Nover mind, you will be a fine, big soldier yet, avourneen, and fight

for the old country." and Disarming his heir, Miles ! restored the weapon to its place and the little of the little Shans, or John, became in his own day one of the bust adherents of the worthless James, and defeated the Williamite Colonel Wolfe

the personant and the resist of the people where the mood should be the Belouse has a chance to empartable the Government