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## SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

### CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Brian felt a queer sensation about his heart on hearing this.

"Do you think she cares for him?" he asked, in a tone of affected carelessness.

"I won't tell you anything at all about her," replied Kate. "Find it out yourself."

"How did it happen that you and she became such friends?"

"Well, I suppose because I liked her better than any one I ever met. We became friends almost the first day she came to the convent. I suppose her uncle being our parish priest, and her aunt having known mamma, had something to do with it. But no one could know little Fanny O'Gorman without loving her. Don't you think so, Brian?"

"Well, I do think so," said Brian. "She is a most lovable little creature."

Kate's eyes sparkled with pleasure at hearing him say so. She really believed that Fanny loved him, even before she ever saw him,—for which piece of foolishness Kate was responsible; for when they were at school together, Kate never tired of talking about her brother, and Fanny never tired of listening to her. It was the dearest wish of her heart (except one, perhaps, but that was only a dream) that Brian should love the little maiden who loved him.

Brian and Kate had been silent for some time, when their father came in, brushing the snow from his coat.

"We'll have a heavy fall of snow," he remarked: "do you think they put in your lambs?"

"Oh, yes," replied Brian; "since I got Mick Dunphy everything is sure to be all right."

"Tim Croak is in the kitchen, and wants to speak to you. Maybe 'tis some message from Grindem."

"Well, Tim," said Brian, on reaching the kitchen.

Tim Croak, who was accompanied by one of Mr. Grindem's grooms, called him, aside: "The master that's after ridin' off somewhere, blazin' drunk," said Tim, "an' from somethin' they h'ard him sayin' I thought we'd find him over in this direction."

"He wasn't here," replied Brian.

"Where the deuce must he be after facin' to? Dick Fahy saw him passin' his door about half an hour ago."

Brian whispered a word in Tim Croak's ear.

"Begob aye!" Tim exclaimed, and lighting the candle in his lantern, and catching up his long wattle, he beckoned to the groom, and started for the mountain foot in a sling trot.

There was a deep frown upon Brian Purcell's face, and he had some thought of following them. But after reflecting for a moment, he changed his mind and returned to the parlor.

"Kate," said he, "I'll tell you to-morrow whether I'll ask Captain Dawson to dine with us. And, by the way, I thought his manner rather odd for some time back; but I see the reason now. He knew his uncle was determined to have

us in his clutches. Dawson was always a good-natured fellow."

Brian never suspected the real cause of the change in Captain Dawson's manner towards him.

Tim Croak found his master stupidly drunk at Sally Cavanagh's door.

"Make a load of him," said Tim to the groom. They lifted Mr. Grindem to his saddle. The well-trained cob had remained quietly in the snow. A colossal figure approached them from the shed in the yard, and the groom started as a voice broke upon the stillness as if it issued from a cavern of the mountain. The words, however, were commonplace enough. They were simply: "Very well for him."

The colossal figure disappeared in the darkness; but Tim Croak had no difficulty in recognizing Shawn Gow, the blacksmith.

Brian Purcell had given the blacksmith a hint, that there was a possibility that Sally Cavanagh might need a protector; and Shawn Gow rested his brawny arm upon the half-door, and took a short survey of Connor Shea's little white house. He then took hold of the handle of the forge bellows and swayed it gently up and down. Then, suddenly becoming more energetic in his movements, he snatched a "coultter," at a white heat, from the fire, and struck it edgewise on the anvil, making Brian retreat from the shower of sparks that flew about in every direction. He then hammered at the iron while the heat lasted, and thrust it again into the fire. After which, he commenced blowing the bellows again, and turning to Brian Purcell, Shawn at last appeared to think a reply in words necessary.

"Lave that to me," says Shawn Gow.

From that moment Brian was satisfied that Sally Cavanagh had a friend at hand.

Tim Croak and the groom held Mr. Oliver Grindem on his horse, as they might hold a bag of wheat, till they reached Grindem Hall.

"Tim," said the groom, in a whisper, as they came down the stairs after depositing their burden on his bed "he's worse nor I thought."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

AND what has a certain little friend of ours been doing all this time?

Ever since the night the proud beauty's lips touched her cheek Fanny O'Gorman has been heroically resolving never to think of Brian Purcell except as a friend—"a dear, dear friend." She begs and prays her aunt, however, to induce her father to give up the notion of marrying her to Mr. M., whom she never could like. But she has become wondrous kind to that young medical student, who is in such a frightened state of mind since the night he danced with her at Doctor C.'s. For Fanny says she'll never again laugh at any one who truly loves.

"I suppose," Aunt Sarah remarks, noticing Fanny a little sad, "I suppose you feel disappointed, as Kate Purcell could not come."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Fanny.

"But you will be glad to see your uncle?"

Fanny put her two little hands together, as if she were going to pray.

"I declare, Aunt Sarah," said she, "Uncle Paul's smile would do any one good. 'Tis like—"

"Like the sun," suggested Aunt Sarah, seeing her at a loss.

"No, that's not it."

"Well, like the moon, then."

"Oh, no, the moon is too cold."

"Well, I suppose, then, his smile is like I don't know what. Is not that what it is like?" And whatever Aunt Sarah's own smile was like as she spoke, it was certainly a very sweet smile.

"I think," said Fanny, "that Uncle Paul's smile is like the glow of a turf fire."

"Well, that is quite an original idea, at all events."

Fanny looked out at the Wicklow mountain. We suspect she was thinking of a mountain farther south.

"Aunt Sarah," said Fanny, after a silence of some minutes, "you never told me what sort of a person Mr. O'Donnell was. I mean his appearance."

Aunt Sarah was engaged on some sort of needlework, and her hand shook as she asked, "what put it into your head, Fanny, to ask such an odd question?"

"Well, I was thinking about—about all of them."

"I really believe you are always thinking about them. But there is no time now to gratify your curiosity, as I must

go see about the dinner. They'll be here by next omnibus."

Fanny knew the "they" meant her father, and uncle, and Brian Purcell. Mr. O'Gorman had sent out a note from his warehouse, saying that two friends of his who had just arrived from the country had engaged to dine with him. And Fanny, who had a letter from Kate Purcell in the morning, had no difficulty in guessing who the two friends were.

The bus stopped at the gate. Fanny felt her heart sinking in spite of her, when she saw her father and her Father and Father O'Gorman coming up the door, and nobody with them. Father Paul clasped her hand between his own two, and that wonderful smile of his immediately sent a pleasant glow all over her.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed Father Paul as he shook hands with Miss Conway, "here I am, a gray-headed old man; and there are you, Sarah, almost the same as I saw you—I won't say how many years ago."

Aunt Sarah blushed, for she remembered when she used to think she could spoil her brother-in-law's vocation for the Church if she had a mind to.

"But where is Brian?" asked Father Paul. "He went to see a friend, and promised to be here before us."

There was a knock at the door, and Fanny ran to open it herself. She returned immediately, holding Brian Purcell by the hand. Miss Conway held out her hand to him, and Fanny, observing his look of surprise, said, laughing, "Tis Aunt Sarah."

Brian had pictured to himself a sour-looking old maid, and hence his astonishment. The handsome, ladylike person before him was so unlike the Aunt Sarah of his imagination.

"I'll leave you to Fanny, Mr. Purcell," said she, "while I am going to see what they are doing with dinner."

But the dinner bell rang before Miss Conway appeared again. Fanny knocked at her room door, which was locked.

"Oh, how like him he is," thought Aunt Sarah, as she rose to open the door. "Poor little Fanny! I do hope he cares for her."

She opened the door, and Fanny looked into her eyes. Aunt Sarah replied by pressing her lips to little Fanny's forehead. We sometimes think that what is called constancy runs in families.

The two brothers talked "of happy days when they were young," and kept the conversation pretty well to themselves during dinner.

"I am sorry, Mr. Purcell," said the host, after the cloth was removed, "to hear about this bad landlord you have got."

"It is an unfortunate affair, sir," replied Brian.

"But you have a good farm of which you have a lease, I understand."

"Yes," said Brian, "and I have done my best to persuade my father to give up Ballycorrig, but I could not get him to think of it. Indeed I fear he will not live long if he is obliged to leave the place."

"Could you not offer the landlord a fine, and get a lease of it?"

"Well, I have thought of that," said Brian. "I find we can afford to do so, as I am sure of getting this money about which I have come to Dublin. But then I fear this landlord simply wants to ruin us. And, besides, he cannot bear to see a tenant independent of him. My lease of Coolbawn is the only one on his whole property."

"Tis no wonder the country is going to the bad," Mr. O'Gorman observed. "How can the people improve their land while such men have the power to rob them? In fact there is no security for the tiller of the soil, and I very much fear the people will continue to fly from a land where, as Baron Pennefather said, the laws are all for the landlord, and against the tenant. And if the peasantry and working farmers go we are all down."

"I believe that," said Father Paul; "but God is good, and something will turn up yet to save old Ireland."

"Come, Brian," he continued, "your place is with the ladies. Leave Ned and me to talk over old times together."

"How do you like him?" was Father Paul's first question when Brian was gone.

"He is evidently a fine fellow," Mr. O'Gorman replied.

"And now, Ned," continued Father Paul, "what do you think of what I was saying to you?"

"I need not tell you," said his brother, "that Fanny's happiness is my first object."

"If it be, you'll take my advice. Happiness! Why, you might as well bury the poor child alive as send her among those people."

"If I thought that, there would be an end of the matter. But how do you know your plan would be more welcome to her than mine?"

"Well, I know it," said Father Paul, with his pleasant smile.

"And have you any reason to think that your friend is particularly anxious about the matter?"

"Leave that to me," said the good-natured priest. "I'll settle that, never fear. Just let her come down with me for a few weeks. There need be no hurry about it. And, please God, you'll see her as happy as a queen."

"Well, I have no objection to her going. Between you and Sarah I am almost persuaded to give up what you call my ambitious views. Yet, Paul, few men in my position would do so. Think of M.'s respectability."

"Nonsense! The happiness of your child is of more importance than gentility. And besides, Ned, barring the few thousands you have scraped together, Brian Purcell is good enough for you."

"Well, let it be so. But mind, nothing is to be decided upon for at least a year."

"Very well, very well," said Father Paul, cheerfully; "there's no hurry: easy things are best."

Brian and Aunt Sarah were chatting pleasantly in the drawing-room, with little Fanny sitting on a low stool near them. He felt himself falling head and ears in love with Aunt Sarah,—she was so gentle and handsome, and there was such a winning grace about her altogether. And then her love for her niece was as apparent as Fanny's love for her.

"This is a woman with a heart," he thought. And he could almost fancy his uncle's spirit smiling down upon them.

"The fact is, Mr. Purcell," said Aunt Sarah, "ye have Fanny quite spoiled."

Before Brian could reply, Father O'Gorman opened the door, and coming up to Fanny, exclaimed, with a knowing wink: "All right, Fanny."

Fanny clapped her hands, as was her wont when suddenly surprised with good news.

"What is it?" Aunt Sarah asked.

"I have got leave to go," replied Fanny, with delight dancing in her eyes.

Miss Conway stole a sidelong look at Brian, without being observed.

"No; he does not love her," she thought. Though why she should think so we are at a loss to conjecture; for there certainly was a great deal of fondness in Brian Purcell's look at that moment. But women are much better judges of these things than we can pretend to be.

"Fanny," said Miss Conway, quietly, "you appear to have forgotten your engagement."

Fanny looked dismayed; and she hung her head as if she felt rather ashamed of herself for requiring the reminder.

The word "engagement" sounded ominously in Brian's ears: he could not help turning to Miss Conway for an explanation, with an expression of countenance decidedly blank. Miss Conway felt bound to reply to Brian Purcell's face, for though she waited for the expected question, he did not speak.

"A friend of Fanny's," said Aunt Sarah, "is to be married the week after next, and she is to be the bridesmaid."

Brian felt considerably relieved.

Little Fanny was so much distressed that her aunt, who was the soul of good nature, said:—

"Well, Fanny, a week or ten days won't make much difference, and I'll engage that you can go after the wedding. That is, if Mr. Purcell will think it worth his while to send the car to meet you at K—."

But Fanny's distress was not altogether the result of disappointment. She was quite ashamed of herself for having forgotten the great compliment her friend had paid her in asking her to be her bridesmaid. She was shocked with herself for ingratitude.

(To be continued)

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