

The Irish Lace Workers.

Some things there are enchanted—they stretch mysterious hands To ease, and we, half-dreaming, follow their light commands; Hearts thro' o'er way-side blossoms, on breath of musio rise, And little shining star-rays make ladders to the skies. In aisles of great cathedrals we walk with mildred Saint, For all we see of the unseen, is but a phantom fall. Ooo low word spoken thrills us; we sigh or plover face; And I've beheld a vision in a piece of Irish lace.

HER HEART'S APOLOGY.

There was a blaze of lights in the Van Arsdale mansion, and the sound of music came floating through the open windows and the still night air; so that a belated pedestrian, passing down Maple Avenue, said that they were giving another of their "big blow-outs," and he wondered how much it must cost old Van Arsdale a year to entertain on such an enormous scale!

now. How can you think of going down-to-night and leaving poor mamma and me, two lone women, alone in this wilderness of a house? This gave rise to many jests and bright suggestions, one of which was that Mrs. and Miss Van Arsdale should abandon the house and accompany their friends back to town. But Mrs. Van Arsdale added the climax to the amusement of the party by her complacent announcement that "she should not be afraid to stand in a haunted house with her daughter, for Estherina was as good as any man."

Then she locked the doors and put out the light. In the middle of the night Estherina was awakened suddenly by a sound like stealthy footsteps on the piazza roof. Like a flash it came over her that her father and brother were away, that the jewels and plate which they were known to have were a tempting bait, and that the burglars they had been talking about for years had come at last!

have the robbers bought to justice. If I wait until papa's return to night it may be too late. So may I ask you to put the matter into a good detective's hands at once, and also to advance in all the papers, offering a suitable reward, and us questions asked? "Don't do that, I beg of you, Miss Van Arsdale," Ingram said, impulsively.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla. That's Ayer's. The same old Sarsaparilla it was made and sold 50 years ago. It is the best medicine for all kinds of blood and skin diseases.

other, when she saw that the fallen ar in which it had stood had been broken in its fall, and was now lying in two pieces, like an open shell. At the same time she caught sight of something sparkling, yet half concealed by the fallen fragments and the earthen pot of prostrated palm.

DEAR SIR—I am pleased to say that you have treated the subject of bequests for Masses in an exhaustive and admirable manner. As I was counsel for the complainant in the case of Kohov vs. Kehov, cited in your work, I had occasion to carefully examine the law, and I advised my client he was justified in using the funds for such purpose, but in order to certainly protect him, I filed a bill to have the question passed upon.

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