The Irish Lace Workers.

James suggested by a pleas of the wrought by a

Lange suggested to a place of the weighted to the beauty with the passand with a sure things there are enclosed the they stretch mysterious hands. To exce, and we, half-decaming, follow their light commands; flarts throb o'er wayside blossoms, on breath of mealer rise. And little shining star-rays make ladders to the skites. In asilos of great cathedrals we walk with mitred Saint, For all we see of the unseen, is but a phantom fain.

phantom fail.
One low word spoken thrills us; we sigh
for pictured face;
And I've beheld a vision in a piece of Irish

Oh! sen-crowned Irish mountain! Oh

epirit-haunted hill t
Oh I glen where angels wander (we call
them faries still),

them faries still).

No wonder, graving on you, o'er flower besprinkled plain,
She senght, with magic shuttle, to bind you
in a chain.
She had no poet learning, yet as her bobblus
flow.

flow, The pattern she was weaving had poen

The pattern she was weaving had poems woven through.

While all day long she labored, with sunshine in her face,

And still her white hand fluttered about the

filmy thing. theme ethercal growing.-And still

the bird did sing.

agh sometimes want and serrow, and oruol sacrifico

Seemod asking as an off'ring, a young ilifo's poorloss price.

She breathed to it her troubles, her trials

and her fears,

And it grow whiter—whiter—for it was
bleached with tears.

The love of home and country—the valiant
pride of race—
She wore them all together in this lovely
Jrish lace.

And in and out, upon the mesh, she wrought a thought divine,
Among the weaving tendrils, of a softly

elinging vine, And here a modest primrose, for in the

primroso time
She thought her very heart-beats were set

She thought her very heart-beats were set to ringing rhyme;
And now it was a shamrock; but holy was this leaf,
She crossed herself devoutly with act of firm belief;
The angels smiled upon her, a smile of tender grace,
And counted all the stitches in this holy

Oh ! light and fragile tabric, thou still has

strength to stoor
Thy mossage o'er the ocean, to these that
greet then here.
We read, along thy tracing, that true and

honest art
Still lives, with pulses throbbing, within
the Irish heart:
We feel the subtle presence of a spirit like

our own.

The fragrance of the primrote has not entirely flown;

And through thy slender fibre methinks that I can trace

A golden thread of kin-love in our own dear Irish tace.

God speed thee on thy mission I Go, cast thy flower-genmed net, And capture hearts, and bind them; the world must know they yet.

Appeal to the art-lover, the generous

alluro;
Go, turn thy loamy whiteness to bread for Irish poor;
Annunciate the future—the sweetness of thy

one, vio music trembling, will reach heart-

depths unknown;

As aun through May mists chining, Irish
genius, Irish graco

genius, Irish graco
Look through thy vell with burning eyes,
sh priceless Irish lace!

## HER HEART'S APOLOGY.

There was a blaze of lights in the Van Arsdale manslon, 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!

The passor-by was wrong however, for this was in reality a small and entirely impromptu affair, arranged by Miss Estherina at a moment's notice, in honor of a party of friends who had some up from town to dine with thom, and were going back by the midnight train.

The friends had expected to meet

come up from vorantal and were going back by the midnight train.

The friends had expected to meet Mr. Aredale in town, but at the last moment he had sent them word that he had been unavoidably detained, and would not be able to come up until the 0.80 express; and now, instead of Mr. Van Aredale, a boy had come with a telegram, which said: "Shall not be home to night; staying with Judgo Blank. Send law papers down by Dick to-morrow."

down by Dick to morrow."

Miss Estherina laughod gaily.
"Just like poor, dear papa," she said,
"not to remember that Dick has gone
to Oxford, for Charlio Davis's wedding!" And turning to the friends
from town, she added, with amusing
plaintivenees: you really ought to let
yourselves bepersuaded to romain over

now. How can you think of going downto-night and leaving poor mamma and me, two lone womon, alone in this wilderness of a house?"
This gaze rise to many josts and bright suggestions, one of which was that Mrs. and Miss Van Aredale should abandon the house and accompany their friends back to town. But Mrs. Van Aredale added the elimax to the amusement of the party by her complacent announcement that "she should not be afraid to stay in a haunted house with her daughter, for Esthorina was as good as any man."
There was at least one man among the little company who thought that Isthorina Van Aredale was better any man—or than any other young woman, and he thought too, that the object of his adors tion had nover locked more lovely or more unattainable than head all the night. Her black gaze

object of his adors tion had nover looked more lovely or more unattainable than she did that night. Her black gauze dinner gown was so wonderfully becoming to her rich coloring and majostic style of beauty; and her dark eyes were as brilliant as the superbonds not diamonds which lay upon her perfect neck, and rose and fell and fashed its thousand points of light with her overy breath and motion.

"But, Miss Van Aradale," question da a youth from the otty. "if you

"But, Miss Van Aradalo," quection od a youth from the ofty, "if you should be awakened to night by a burglar in the house, what would you do?"

do?"
"Shoot him!" sho replied without an instant's hesitation, and Mrs. Van Arsdale added:

sdalo added : "Estherina is a good markswoman, d indeed I was myself in my carliest days."
Harold Ingram lingered a moment

Harold Ingrain lingared a moment after the other guests were gone.

"Mrs. Van Aradalo," he said, 'joking aside, will you not permit me to stay here to-night on guard? I assure you I should be most happy—."

nappy——''
Ilo spoke to the mother, but his eyes
were fixed upon the daughter's levely

were fixed upon the daughter's levely face.

"Mr. Ingram, you are very kind, but I could not think of such a thing. And you must not take our jests os seriously; my daughter and I have often been alone together, both in the country and in town, and neither of us is at all nervous."

"But, at least, cannot I be of service in closing up the house?"

Ilis eyes sought Estherina's with a mute appeal, but sho only smiled and shook her head.

"Haundau always sees to the closing

must appeal, but sho only smiled and shook her head.

"Haunah always sees to the closing up; you are really very kind, but there is nothing you can do."

There was no possible excuse for lingering now, so, with a gentle presence of her lovely but unresponsive hand, he went away; and his heart grow heavy as he traversed the few hundred foot that lay between their homes, and thought how self-reliant Estherina's nature was, and how hopeless it seemed that she would over accept his protection or his love.

After Ingram's departure, Mrs. Van Aradale went at once to her room, but Estherina remained in the drawing-room for a few minutes, while Hannah was locking up the house. She bent for a mement, over a jar filled with the roses that Ingram had brought to her that night; and as she inheled their fragrance, she thought, with a mild compassion, of his infatuation for her, and wondered a little why it had not been possible for her to roturn his affection. She certainly liked him, but then she liked a dezen other men as well; and she tried to find some sufficient reason to explain her indifference to them all. "Must be because I have never found a nature as strong as my own," she thought." It would be insufferable to be tied to a husband upon whom I must necessarily look down; and it is the fate of all strong natures to he level, see the fate of all strong natures to the healest to the healest to the healest to the last the see to the last the second as the tries.

found a nature as strong as my own, she thought." It would be insufforable to be tied to a husband upon whom I must necessarily look down; and it is the fate of all strong natures to be lonely—to stand apart by them selves, as if upon an inaccessible mountain height."

Looking up from her raverie, she saw Hannah struggling with a window which refused to let itself be sint.

"Come, let us try it, she said." There?" she added, triumphantly; for while Hannah held back the lace draperies, Estherina had reached forward among the palms, while gracely fightly filled the window riches, and, with a slight exertion of her superstrength, had closed the unruly window and turned its refractory eatch. Then she draw back with a little smile of satisfaction, not unpleased to have shown physical superiority as well as the mental power of which she was so proud.

She slowly ascended the broad stairway while Hannah was extinguishing the lights, and she saw with some surprise that her mother had made all of her preparations for the night, while she had been dreaming in the room below.

"Come, hurry a while, Estherina," Mrs. Van Aradale said. "You will stoop in my bedroom with ne to-right, and I am tired and want to get quieted scon."

and I am tired and want to got quieted soon."

Estherina therefore hurried rather more than was usual with her, and in a few minutes entered her mother's bed-room, ar stately and landsome in her dainty whiteruffled wrapper, ever which her luxuriant dark heir fell in heavy braids, as she had been in her black gauze evening gown so short a time before.

Then she looked the doors and put out the light.
In the middle of the night Esterma was awakened suddenly by a sound like steathy footstops on the piarzs roof. Like a lissh 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 batk, and that the burglars they had been talking about for years had come at last!

Quickly and softly she arose and shipped on her wrapper, while she awakened her sleeping mother with the words

shiped on her wrapper, while she awakened her sleeping mother with the words

"Hugh! — den't be frightened; there's a man on the roof. If I see him I shall shoot?

Swifely reaching the table where it lay. Estherma eaught up the revolver, and then turned to the French window, which stood open upon a tiny balcony. The whole place was bathed in moonlight. She saw a shadow pass swifely across the piazza roof, and disappear just where a ladder was uproared outside the window of her dressing room.

"Thioves! murderers!" oried Estherina, in a ringing voice, and the roport of e rovolver was heard on the still tar. Again she orted out: "Help! Robbors! Don't let them get away!" And again and again the sharp roport of the rovolver rang through the night.

Answering ories were heard in the distance, and soon swife approaching footstops; and while Estherina still stood litte a beautiful statue in the pale moonlight, a smoking rovolver clasped in her hand, and Mrs. Van Aradale crouched in the window be side her, Harold Ingram came dashing up, the first to arrive, hastily dressed and breathless, and white with alarm.

Other neighbours quickly followed; the frightened servants came flocking down, and a thorough search was made through the house, and also through the grounds, lest the thieves might still be lurking in the bushes about the place.

Estherina's statement was calm and positive; and the ladder, together

unrough the grounds, lest the thieves raight still be lurking in the bushes about the place.

Estherina's statement was calm and positive; and the ladder, together with heavy footprints on the soft turf below her window, were additional and most convincing proofs of the attempted robbery, which as far as could be ascertained in this first lasty examination, had been without success. After a while those who had come to their assistance went away one by one. Some went to earry the story of Estherina's bravery back to those at home and to see that their own fastenings were secure, while others had gone to rouse the eleeping village official, so that active measures might be employed to trace the would be robbers.

Topbors. Ingrata had again offered his services to Mrs. Van Arsdalo, and this time she had accepted them gratefully, for she had admitted that she felt a little nervous now, and drended lest the robbors should return. So during the few remaining hours of the night he remained in the house, pasing slowly to and fro in the now dimly-lighted and quiet drawing room, so recently the scene of brilliant raparcee and mirth.

and quiet drawing room, so recently the scene of brilliant raparice and mitth.

Estherina, meanwhile, cat by the window overhead and watched the monlight grow pale and fade away in the first dim light of dawn. She wes not nervous, but calm—yes very calm, and well satisfied that she had proved herself so efficient in the late emorgency—even though in the uncertain monlight she had missed her aim.

The pale light on horizon grow rosy in the glow of the coming sun rise. Estherina saw that her mother was sleeping peacefully now, and she went softly to her own room to dress, and then, early as it was, joined Ingram, who was now walking up and down the gravel path before the door. She was sunoyed to find that he had removed the ladder, though from the orushed and tramped grass she easily found the place where it stood As she was looking at the heavy foot prints she discovered something else—a olet of red that stained the ground, and then another—and still another.

She turned to Ingram, he too, had seen the orimson spots and started visibly, but he checked the words that had risen to his ligh, as Estherina said, in a low voice:

"Then I must have hit one of them, after all. See, you can trace

said, in a low voice:
"Then I must have hit one of
them, after all. See, you can trace
him by these drops of blood here—
here; he went around the house and
off in that direction."

She straightened berself, and went

She straightened berself, and went on, composedly:

'I thought last night they had not taken anything, but I was mistaken. My diamond condant is goue."

Ingram started, and a curious pallor overspread his face.

"Your pendant the one you were last night gone?" he stammered.

"Yes," she reglied: "I carelessly loft it lying on the bureau in my dressing room. I never thought of it again until this morning, and then it was gone. The ladder was just outside of that whadow," she added, significantly. Ingram seemed so disconcerted at this intelligence that Estherina thought scornfully that was not much of a man, and she felt something very like a contemptuous pity for him at the moment.

before.

She carried a little case of polished wood, which she placed upon the table, saying, composedly:

"Dick's revolver: it won't be needed, of course, but it's just as well to have it handy."

"Ike a contemptuous pity for him at the moment.

"Now, I wish to recover my pendant at any cost," she went on, after a short pause. "I am very fond it, aside from its value; and I am more anxious to get it back than to

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 hambs at once, and also to advertise in all the papers, offering a suit able reward, and us questions asked?"

"Don't do that, I bog of you, Miss Van Ardsdale," Ingram said, impulsively. Van Ardsdaio, Angelin.
sively.
Estherina looked at him in some

Estuarina looked at him in some surprise.

"Why not, I pray?" she asked, with a slight elevation of her beautiful lovel brows

"Because for you I dread all such publicity; and—and I think the chances for the pendant's recovery are better the more questly we can work. I wish I could persuade you to leave it entirely to me."

But the idea of publicity was not altogether distasted to her; and when The Weekly Gazette made its appearance, with a long seen account of Miss Estherina Van Ardsdale's beauty and bravery, she bought then account of Miss Estherina Van Ardsdale's beauty and bravery, she bought then throadcast to her friends.

But neither the slow local authorities nor the detective could succeed in tracing the robbers; nor did the advertisements, which were repeated week after week in the papers, bring any tidings of Miss Yan Ardsdale's precious diamond pendant, and Estherina had now begun to despir of ever soeing it sgain.

But the thieves had made no further attempts to enter the house, which had now been made doubly secure by the latest patent burglar alarms, and by the presence of a fine young mustiff, which Dick had brought with him from Oxford, where the news of the burglary had reached him.

The summer festivities had gone on without interruption, and every different set of guests at Van Ardsdale's had been regaled with the story of Estherina's bravery, until that young woman had begun to tire of all the praise that she received.

Oan warm afternoon she was half reclining in her low plazza chair, awaiting the return of a driving party of Dick's friends. Ingram, on his way up from the train, had seen her there alone, and joined her.

Conversation had now languished, and Estherina was watching him from under her half-closed cyclids, half amused at his glances of unities guised admiration in her direction.

He was still her devoted attendant—her slave—upon whom she looked and Estherina with son him exactly, but his unfailing attentions, after the inovitable question had been asked and answered.

As they

nation impelied her to look from her window at what was taking place below.

But she was all unprepared for the sight which met her eyes. Ingram, upon she had looked down so long from her superior height, had not attempted to escape, but had esught the brute by the throat, and was holding him out at arm's length, while his singers were closing tighter and tighter, like a vice, choking away the struggling animal's breath.

But would Ingraham's strength hold out? She had never dreamed of such strength in those slim, white hands. Would not the brute, in his agony, wronch himself free, and bury his cruel fangs in the flesh of the man she—once—thought she despised?

"Ah!" She caught at the window frame for support, for Ingram, suddonly hurling the weakened brute to the ground, had eaught up his heavy stick, and dealt a blow so swift and true, that Lion noither moved nor moaned.

Still trembling in every limb, Estherina slowly descended the broad

stick, and dealt a blow so swift and true, that Lion noither moved nor moaned.

Still trembling in every limb, Estherina slowly descended the broad stairway. Once or twice she had to stop a moment to recover herself, and when she at last reached the piazza, lngram was gone, and two of the workmen he had sent wore carrying the dead mastiff away.

Suppose, in the desperate encounter, the dog's teeth had even grazed his hand! The auxiety and suspense she felt were maddening, and she hastonened in to send the first servant she could find, to follow Mr. Ingram, and bring her word whether or not he had ecsaped unhurt.

She went into the drawing room, to await the answer, and there the first thing that met her eyes were the had costing that he word in the stillight. A feeling of shame came over her and mingled with other now and unknown enotions, as she thought of her sudden and cowardly retreat, and contrasted it with Ingraham's rinstant courage.

She had lifted one of the plants up right and had returned to raise an-

The Same Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Aver's The same old are possible at was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboral evid to different. There modern appearances band speed to drift and expertence. But the sac spatificants the same consumption of the Bishop and the region of years of cur's Will, where noth in the condition of the Bishop and the rapidity. "Double, the best of the same old where the transfer the same old. Then not been all the region of the Bishop and the rapidity. "Double, the best of the same old. The notes of the war are the same old. I have the condition of the Bishop and the war are the spaniards. It has not been befored, but since the particular of the proposed of the

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now." Large many the content of the

undeceived."

Her haughty pride was now all gone, and with a new, sweet self-shasement, she said:

"You are the most generous and the bravest manliest man I have ever known!"

known!"
It was not Estherina's nature to do anything by halves, and when she stopped down from her lofty pedestal she enthroned Harold logram upon it in her stead; but he is still so much in love with his beautiful wife that he has nover yet abused his nower.

Beaucsts for Masses.

"An examination of the present condition of the law in America regarding the validity of bequests for Mauses for the soule of deceased persons, by William Dillon, LL D., of the frish Bar, and of the American Bar, States of Illinois and Colorado."

Of this book the Hon. Thomas A. Moran, late judge of the Sourt of Appeals of the State of Illinois, writes:

Chicago, Nov. 17th. 1000

writes: Chicago, Nov. 17th, 1896.
William Dillon, Esq.:
Don She how the state of th

other, when she saw that the fallon 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, yethalf concealed by the fallon fragments and the earthen pot of prostrate palm. She bent down, uttered a low ery, and rose sagain with her long lost diamond pondant in her hand!

At that moment Ingram entered the room.

"They told me you had sent over to inquire. I am unhurt, but should be beyond measure happy if I thought that you really cared," he said.

"I do care," she answored, slowly, while her colour came and went. "I care very much; I think I have been looking at things all summer through the large end of the glass; and—and it hasjust suddenly been turned round, but—I cannot see things plainly even now."

Her upturned glance was almost appealing; Ingram had never seen her eo levely, so gentle, before.

"Look," she continued, slowly, and the diamond pendant glittered in her outstrotched hand. "I have found this; it was in that broken jardiniere; there must have been just space enough for it to lie concealed."

"Ah," he exclaimed, with evident satisfaction, "I was sure it would be found at last!"

"Found!" she repeated. "Then you think it was not stolen?"

He bit his lip, but did not reply, and she went on hurriedly:

"Could it not have been solen and after wards placed here by the thief, either out of fear of discovery or for other reason, and knowing that it would be found and restored to its owner some day. I see you do not think so; but then, how clae could it have come here?"

She passed and seemed to be rapidly considering her own question in early light, then she stated and said.

The "practical suggestions" re-forred to in Judge Morau's letter con-tain precise directions as to how bequests of this character should be

bequests of this character should be framed and are accompanied by forms. The book is published in two forms, iz.: (1) bound in card-manila cover, price 50 cents; and (2) printed on oxtra fine, heavy, book paper, and bound in cl'2h, price \$1.00. It can be had in other form from the suthor, William Dillon, Rand-McNally Building, Ohicago.

## LUMBAGO CURED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Did what Doctors

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

Gives Way to this Marvellous Remedy, as Do All Affictions arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Kidaess.

Did you over, after weeding in the gardon, or wor, ing over a low bench or table, in a steoping posture, try to straightou up and feel a sharp pain as of a kuife thrust through your kidnoys? That is lumbago.

When it becomes chronic it is one of the most agouizing forms of Rheumatism. Sufferers from it have been known to commit suicide. They would gladly pay any price for surcease of pain.

pain.
Did you over have it? Do you know that will cure it? Do you know that the same romedy that has made marvellous and many cures of Ridney Discasses of all kinds and descriptions acts as magic charm upon this excreciating affliction?

seaso of the season of the sea

"THEODORE YOUNG,
"Smith's Fall, Ont."
"Gentlemen—I have been troubled for over oue year with feunds weakness and urival trouble. I have consulted a dector, who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse at times. I would be deaf and short-sighted. I was told of Dold's kidney Fills I got one box, and I have ouepletely cured. My urine is natural now. You may publish this if you like, that it may help others."
"MRS. GEORG E BARNES,"