The Magical Music Farmannan and annan anna

THE little hamlet of Kildory, looking down on the long reaches of the bog of Ballycorkasheen, was buried in deepest gloom. In the light of the wintry moon a little crowd of villagers talked of their common loss, gazing the while towards a distant cabin "car-road" running through the bog. A small poorly fenced farm was at the back of it; and the whole situation seemed miserable in the extreme.

The moon hurried through the flying clouds, and the wind whistled in the stunted trees that fringed the village, still the neighbors stood at their vantfilled the intervals of his heavy hammering with sentences that rang as crepit tenant of it who had gone.

Doclen had been like an old institution in the place. He had held the old cabin, and toiled in the miserable garden, and | who felt sorely afraid. coiced his shrewd and original views on any 'livin' sinner' in Kildory or Bally-·o.kasneen was born. All this had been the case as long as the oldest folks could remember. Tom Doolen, with his grave and wrinkled face, his shaggy eye-brows, his sarewd, wild look, his deep, cavernous yet resonant voice, his latter day crutches, and above all, his extraordinary fidule playing, had impressed his personality as deeply as a creed upon Aldery's life. His going was something scartling, as would be the abolition of Father Christmas' to the mind of a

Now, to the mind of Kildory, going to the workhouse summed up the deepest icgradation of life. It was the ghastliest we ree than disgrace and death combined. is old age. He had been unable to gone; and his one surviving relative-a nepnew—was unable to give him turther constance. Poverty, Indeed, lay black at the people's doors. So, institution, tradition, history though he was, there was no hope for Tom Doolen. He was gone to the poor house."

liatner, he had been taken there by orre. Decrepit though he was, on the silence. evening-now three days past-when the efficials brought the workhouse car for him, a flish of his old vitality returned and ne fought-aye, desperately fought-against the hands whose mission was to bear him from all he loved forever. He struggled, he used his crutches, he thundered as long as he was thle against the force and the indignity. It seemed as if he would break his very heart strings. Tearful, passionate but yet impotent, the neighbors locked on. ais death like eyes, was heartrending when his voice was gone and he was no ionger sble to call the people to keep nim in 'the old place' and send the poor house ruffians' empty handed from kildory. Women wailed, children no longer.' screamed; and the 'color of death' was 'Gid ble on the faces of the men as the workhouse car ambled up the hill and past modern Swiss peacant go into exile with scenes of his life and love.

And, now, as the nights grew darker and the bog at times was in gloom, the neighbors still talked of Poor Tom 'far away,' as they said, 'in the dismal poorhouse.'

'As sure as I'm standin' here,' said one, 'Tom Doolen will be a dead man before a week is over. His heart is broke. The poor house will finish him.' bog cabin,' and another, ''tis purgatory and no mistake.

'An' they can't find the fiddle, whereever he bid it,' a third interjected.
'I firmly believe 'two a tairy fiddle,'

put in a fourth neighbor. 'The divil of the like of it I ever heard. I'll take me oath that he's returned it to the fairies to mind it for him.' 'An' when he's dead, poor fellow, he'll

haunt the bog and fiddle in the old cabin in the night time.'

Suddenly a strange burst of music started as one man and looked in each other's faces. The music grew higher and clearer, then died in the shrill uprising of the wind. As the latter lowered, a little faint wave of the minetrelay stole upward once more with the suggestion of something gentle and ghostly. The wind lulled in its sudden, wonted way, and wild and clear, on the moment, from the depths of the bog, arose another burst of the melody. The tune was 'The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow,' the instrument evidently a fiddle.

'The Cross of Christ about us,' said Barney Dwyer; 'tis aither Tom Doolen's sperit or a sperit imitatin' him.'

Or it's the head divil of all,' cried Jim Doberty, who always went to extremes. Twee a bad job for the divil that he didn t thry his pranks in the bog while poor old Tom was to the fore, said Rody Brophy, who was a sad sort of humorist.

The music anon grew lower and lower, but suddenly it again swelled high for a few moments:

No mortal fiddler would dar' to play that tune in Kildory except Tom Dool-en, declared Barney Dwyer. Ye know the priest was always against it and said twas cursed on account that wance

ERIT is wint has given Hood's

in the old times when a priest, answerthe poor patient was dead when he sweeten me old mind for the dark pass-reached the house. 'Twas the divil had age. Poor old fiddle!' played it to delay him. Tom Doolen R dy took the fiddle, and slowly and always stuck up for the tune and said 't was too good a one to laive to the divil and that he had a betther right to a good Irish air than any divil that was ever bred or born."

Whatever you say" exclaimed Rody Brophy, 'that tune is Tom Doolen's out and out. I'd know his touch anywhere.' 'I always said,' put in old Martin Casey impressively, 'that Tom Doolen wouldn't bear the poor house. He'd be dead in three days. I tould ye, An' God sind that it isn't his poor soul thats that rose, drear and desolate, beside the playin' away in the bog this holy night. He may have to play the tune there as a purgatory on account of the times he played it in disobadience to Father Clancey.'

'God be merciful to us,' exclaimed a

dozen of the neighbors. Swiftly the tune changed again. Up from the dim bog came the weird notes of 'Oh Ye Dead' The villagers listened age spot at Casey's forge, wile the smith spell bound. No sooner was the tune concluded than the 'Minstrel Boy ' succeeded and this again was followed by 'The Geese in the Box,' all well known decisively as his aledge strokes. And 'The Geese in the Box,' all well known still the talk was all of that desolate favorites of the vanished Tom. Occas cabin in the bog, and of the crippled, de lionally the wind warred wildly over the heath, as if it would drown the musician tione! There was the surrow. Tom of the night, weird or otherwise.

The villagers were puzzled and startled Truth to tell, there were some of them

'Most likely 'tis the sowl of poor old all things under the sun, and told a thou-and times of his wild adventures in the Casey; "twould be an act of charity to stirring days of his youth, long before | go down where the sound comes ir m an' ask in God's name what is wanted,' That was easier said than done. No

one volunteered for such a journey. And still the strange music continued. It grew weaker on the whole but now and then there was a shrill and sudden burst which thrilled the heart of every listener.

Martin Casey who was a privileged man, went up to the parochial house and told Father Clancy of the strange melody in the bog. His reverence was at first very ekeptical; but he came to the door. looked down the slope to the sweep of trusting child. Yet, gone he was, and heath and turf, and heard the gaily-worst of all, he was going to the poor coming notes of The Wind that shakes the Barley.'

His reverence put on his hat and great coat and declared that he would solve the mystery, if it were capable of solutate the years could bring. It was tion. Every one in the crowd followed the priest and Martiz Casey, as they pro-Let Tom Doolen had had to face it in ceeded along the bog road in the direcof Tom Doolen's cabin, for it was there work for years; his little savings were abouts they considered the night music

had its origin. However, as they came within a hundred yards of the little homestead the and grim over Kildory; famine loomed | melody had died away. Only the wind sang its plaintive time over the heath. The priest and the crowd paused. They listened attentively for a few minutes. And still it was the wind alone which sang. Then it fulled and there was

> A weird feeling held the little group The minstrel then was a spirit!

> Let us return,' said Father Clancy,

simply, after a long pause A moment or two alterwards there was one brief burst-just a couple of bars-of 'St. Patrick's Day.' It proceeded from a spot apparently not ten yards from where they stood. Father Ciancy hur ried forward along the dim path. He stopped in another minute, arrested by a low groan from beside the car-road He The mure appeal of his pale, old face, of looked, and dimly caught sight of the figure of a man in the boghole below.

I thought no wan would ever come. moaned a feeble voice; 'and then again I thought ye wor goin' without me. I was too waik to call out, and I could play

'God bless us!' cried the priest, ''tis poor Tom Duolen himself!

He bent down and caught hold of the the village. Tom Doolen still crying or attempting to cry from the window, his hand. His crutches were buried in Never, never did ancient Roman or the bog hole beside him. In his feeble his hand. His crutches were buried in and helpless condition he was dragged the bursting of heart and the eclipse of out with difficulty. He was in a state soul with which Tom Doolen faced the of intense pain; he groaned pitiably and workhouse seven miles away from the when he was brought to the bank he sat

down exhausted. 'Take me in-intc-the-old-cabin,' he mouned when he recovered. 'And-and-prepare-me-for-the long journey -yer-Reverence-I'm goin'-I'm goin' fast—the walk from the poorhouse—and -and-the long hour in the could boghole have finished me, yer Reverence.' The neighbors clustered round, horri-

fied at the miserable plight of the old He can't bear to be away from th' old man, but loud and loving in the testi monies of their commiseration and affec-

> 'I couldn't live away--from-the-old cabin-I stole home-I walked the--bit ter seven miles wid the old crutches--I got the fiddle from where I had it-and was goin' to the old corner, but I slipped from the car-road and-into the hole."

Father Clancy's idea was that Tom should be wrapped round with better and warmer clothes and borne at once to the parochial house. But Tom would not hear of it. He would not live for came up from the bog. The villagers the distance, he said; and he would die in the "old cabin."

Here a couple of the neighbors came over with the sad intelligence that in the storm the poor cabin had fared badly. The whole front had been crushed in and it was now little better than a mass of ragged ruins.

Tom Doolen grouned and fell heavily against the priest. They bore him to the shelter of the end wall. The wind went down with a plaintive will as if sorrowful for the trouble in which Tom Doolen's soul was buried, trouble of which it was the front and origin, the wreck of his beloved cabin.

His state grew lower and lower. In the shelter of the still standing end wall, while the wind moaned plaintively across the bog, Father Clancy fortified the sad lived cripple with the last rites of his Church. Once the moon peeped out on the lonely rite, then gently hid ber face.

'It's an angel gone to prepare his bed in heaven,' murmured Roby Brophy.

'Now bear him gently to the parochial house,' said the priest; and he hastened away to get everything warm and ready for the patient.

As they neared the end of the bog path Tom Doolen moaned.

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In the old times when a priest, answer-in' a sick call, heard it, and was so in-thranced that he liegered too long and low. His riverence won't object. 'Twill

softly, as they passed to the village, played a favorite old melaucholy tune. Tom, avic, does that plaise ye?' he whispered, as he finished.

But Tom Doolen's cares were past, His concern was done with the minstrelsy of this world, -San Francisco Monitor.

ANÆMIA. OR BLOODLESSNESS.

Its Victims are Pale in Color, Subject to Dissiness, Palpitation of the Heart and Other Distressing Symptoms.

From the Echo, Platteville, Ont.

Actemia which literally means bloodlessness, is prevalent to an alarming extent among young girls and young women of the present day, and is a truit ful source of "decline" and consump-tion. The symptoms of this trouble are many, but among the most nonceable are pallor of the face, lips and gums. snortness of breath on slight exertion, dizziness, severe headaches, weakness of vital organs, palpitation of the heart and dropsical swelling of the limbs. The more of these symptoms shown, the greater the necessity for prompt treatment. Among those who have suffered from aremia and found a cure is Miss Emily Webb, a young lady residing near Wolverton, Ont. Miss Webb says :- My tilness first came on when I was about sixteen years of age. My complexion. was a pale waxy color; I was trimbled with general weakness, dezzmess and pulpitation of the neart. I was placed under medical treatment, but the medicine prescribed by the dector did not appear to a one the slightest good. As time went by I was slowly but surely growing worse. I was unable to do any work shout the house, and my that I could scarcely stand upon my feet. Then my stomach became so weak that I vomited almost everything fate; I grew despondent and feired I would not recover. While in this condition a friend urged me to try D: Wuli mis' Pink Pills and I followed the advice. Atter I had used two boxes I noticed an improvement and my neart was giaddened with the hepp of renewed health. At the end of six box is in appetite had fully returned, and with it strength. color to my checks, and brightness to the eyes. I still continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills antil I had taken in all twelve boxes, and I can im hoully asser; that I am healthfer and stronger than lever was before I ove this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pitts, and I would orgealigirls who soff ras I did to give them a tair trial

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done more to make strong, neultny, respechecked, bright eved girls than any other medicine ever disc vered, and mathers should insist up antheir daughters taking an occasional course of this medict of Sold only in boxes the wrapper ar next which bears the full name, "Dr. Williams" Pink Pills for Pale Proofe." Offered in any other form the pills are substitutes. intended to decrive.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to Canadian inventors y the Canadian and United States Gov ernments. This report is prepared especially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors and experts, New York Life Building, Montreal: CANADIAN PATENTS.

60102-Ignace Panama, Santa Anna, Rep San Selvader, improvements in methods for planting trees.

604 15-8 B Joneson, Winnipeg, Man., which walcek.

604 18 - Dominat Quintal, Isle Dupas, cow making apparatus.

AMERICAN PATENTS. 606 334-John M. Downer, Torinto, oaken prism was bicycle brake.

606 456-Charles Haraden, Bowmanville, dental mouth mirror. 606 392-Finlay W. Ross, Birtle, Can. au omatic awitch.

606 367-William M. Tegart, Yorkton, Can., carrier for bicycles.

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Whe Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Butfalo, N.Y. published the first edition of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, be announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1 50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great right in its path. He was literally blown amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next hall million free. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now giving away, absolutely free 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at above address, 31 one-ent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, and the book will be sent post paid. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. Contains 1008 pages, profusely illustrat ed. The Free Edition is precisely the same as that sold at \$150 except only that the books are in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away.

A Protestant bishop visiting an Indian reservation got a very striking object leason on the value of the civilizing influences exerted by the missionaries. Will my things be safe here?" he said to a chief. "Perfectly safe," said the chief in reply; "there is not a white man within 100 miles."

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After a man's friends really know him they very often cease to recognize him.



TERRIBLE PROJECTILE.

In the Wake of a Shell that Pulverized Iron Stanchions.

An Almost Miraculous Escape-Steel Plating Torn Into Ribbons and a Suffocating Smoke Produced-A Man Blown to Atoms.

The fearful havor which may be accomplished by the bursting of even a small modern shell is well illustrated by the incident of the Texas being struck while sitencing the shore batteries and covering the landing parties at Buquari. The special correspondent of the London Telegraph at Guantanamo thus describes the incident:-

The projectile was a steel six-inch chell, fired, it is believed, from one of the highpower ship's guns that have been mounted on the fortifications since Admiral Cervera's fleet was blockaded in Santiago harbor. It struck the Texas on the port bow, between the gun deck and the spar deck, bursting in the forward compartment where there are six opounder guns, three on either side. The crews of all these guns, were at quarters and there were besides a number of other men in the compartment at the time.

"It is miraculous tast only one man wsa killed and one wounded. The part of the ship hit is outside the central and abovet e protected deck. The sides of the suin at the point of impact consisted of a scel plate one and a quarter inches tnick The suell pierced thrafike so much paper, hit a metal stanchion amidships and exploded about seven feet from the plating on the starboard side. A note worthy feature of the steel plating was limbs would tremble to such an extent that it all ided no splinters or debris to carry inboard.

TI WAS TORN INTO RIEBONS

and folded back in a way that give the impression that the taugh metal had been half melted by the torpact and pass age of the propostile. The shock, now ever, was not sufficient to explode the shell, and had it missed the stanchion it would neve passed through the sturboard wide and possibly exploded outside the entp. Unforturately, the stangaton was directly in the path of the shell, and the neavy metal column offered enough resistence to explade it. The effect was terribe. Although the shell was only a small one, six metres in diameter, and, th refere, not weigning more than about seventy pounds, it practically wrecked the big compartment in which it burst while the smake from it torced itself down the ammunition hoists and intthe breward compartments of the ship. so that for a few minutes

THE CREW WERE ALMOST SUPPOSITED.

The stanchion was shivered into atoms for I lect of its length, and the fragments of the burst shell, thing forward against the starb and side, buiged the stout steel plates - covard to a depth of three inches. Just at the point one of the big double neaded angle irons of the ship's frame was situated. This great rib of steel, nearly twice as thick and heavy as a railroad rail, was cut through in two pieces as if it had been made of cheese, and nearly two teet of it was carried

away bodily in minute pieces. The base of the shell ploughed a fur row down the smel deck just as a plough would cut through the soft soil of a fallow field. It hit and broke another rib of the ship, and, breaking itself in two, both pieces lodged in a cable steel star de ing close to the starboard side. The core of this reel was a prism of oak over two feet in circumference and there was would on it at the time a coil of hemp hawser that made a cylinder about four feet in diameter. The bemp rope was cut through to the wood and the stout

SHIVERED TO SPLINTERS.

This one fact alone would be sufficient to give an idea of the appalling energy of modern projectiles. Showers of steel resulting from the exploded shell itself and the torn stanchion and the angle irons swept along the starboard side for about thirty feet, cutting off heads of bolts, breaking gun fittings and stripping off the paint as if a score of men had worked for hours with steel chisels.

' Every man in its path was wounded. one gunner was hit with no fewer than lifteen pieces of steel, each about the size of a hazel nut. At the moment the shell exploded one man was standing to fragments. He was talking to a comrade, and strange as it may seem, the latter, although less than arm's length away, was unburt, save for being knock ed down by the shock of the explosion. Others of the men thirty feet from the fatal shot had a dozen pieces of the shell plunged into their bodies. A remarkable feature of the explosion was the smallness of the pieces into which the shell burst. It shivered into fragments weighing about an ounce. The only piece of any size picked up warather less than half the base, just enough to enable it to be ascertained that it had been a six-inch shell, fired from a high-power breech loading gun and exploded by a percussion tuse lixed in the none.

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