

The True Lover.

To him whose love flows on beyond the shore... Of life, whose days are full of loneliness...

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KNOCKNAGOW

OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HOOK-NOSED HERO.

Here is Beresford! Here is Beresford! Here is Beresford! Going to dine at Woodlands!

Old Isaac stood in the lawn in front of his own house, talking to three or four poor men...

Mr. Beresford Pender was as fond of holding imaginary conversations with the "colonel" as his father was of sending him to eat imaginary dinners at Woodlands.

"I don't think," said Isaac, closing the door carefully behind him, and looking under the table for a concealed assassin.

"Well, well," rejoined old Isaac in his nervous anxious way, "I don't think they can take any advantage of us."

Old Isaac started, and, closing one of the shutters, placed his back against the wall between the two windows, and commenced rubbing his hand over his face as

If a swarm of midges were persecuting him. "Well, if that could be done," he replied, "it might be no harm. But I don't see how it could be managed."

"I was talking to Darby about it," rejoined his son, "and I think we can manage it."

"Well, Beresford, be cautious. Don't do anything rash. Easy things are best."

"That's a fine place Kearney has," Beresford observed, after opening the shutter his father had closed, and looking out on the unsheltered fields around Wellington Lodge.

"I don't know," his father replied. "He was always extravagant. Always extravagant," he repeated, as if he were very sorry that so good a man as Maurice Kearney had not more sense.

"No surrender!" muttered Beresford. "Now, Beresford! There is Strabblenton has his property cleared out to a man without ever bringing out the Sheriff."

"Well, he let them run into arrears first, and then 'twas easy to manage them. They gave up one by one. Then he commenced extensive dringings and improvements."

"Why couldn't you press him and make him pay up? I'd be down on him the very day the rent fell due!"

"Now Beresford, I wonder at you. Just think, if he had his rent paid up when the lease dropped, how much harder it would be to get him out than if he owed a couple of years' rent."

"I know that—I know that. But he has improved the place so much, and pays such a high rent, and is so well able to pay it, I'm afraid 'twill make a noise if he can't be induced to go of his own free will."

"That's true—that's true, Beresford. 'Tis a hard case, a very hard case. And Isaac fell to rubbing his face again.

"But do you think Kearney can hold the property for a considerable sum. But if Attorney Hanly could get about a hundred acres of land adjoining his own, including Tom Hogan's farm, he would be accommodating in the matter of the bond."

worthy father replied, as if in the charity of his benevolent heart he wished to believe that Maurice Kearney was not quite devoid of Christian principles.

"Here is Lowe," said Beresford. "I just want to speak to Darby. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"My worthy sir," exclaimed old Isaac, as he shuffled out to receive his visitor, "I'm proud to welcome you to my humble residence—proud to welcome you to Wellington Lodge. Come in, Mr. Lowe—come in. Darby, take Mr. Lowe's horse—take Mr. Lowe's horse."

"Mr. Lowe glanced at the 'humble residence,' and thought that Wellington Lodge, with its unplastered walls—for the house was unfinished, though not new—was by no means an inviting domicile.

"I think we had better go," Mr. Lowe observed, laughing. "It would be too bad if I went back without at least looking at the houses of some of the tenants."

"My own horse is after casting a shoe," Beresford replied. "But it is safe to ride that old horse? Look at his knees—look at his knees."

"The animal referred to was a tall, raw-boned, hook-nosed, ill-conditioned brute, both mentally and physically."

"There's no danger," replied Beresford, climbing into the saddle, in which he sat quite perpendicularly, with his elbows as far as possible from his ribs.

"Where is Darby, to open the gate?" his father called out. "I sent him of a message," Beresford answered, as he rode off upon the horse named "Waterloo."

Two of the poor tenants before alluded to ran to open the gate, dividing the honor equally between them, as one raised the latch, while the other pulled up the long, perpendicular bolt.

"They rode for half an hour in silence upon a narrow road that led into a rather wild looking glen among the hills. Mr. Lowe was busy with his own thoughts, and his companion, not being largely gifted with conversational powers, confined himself to staring at nothing out between the ears of the hook-nosed steed."

"In all, 'tis a goodly lot," he observed at last, "where the ploughs are at work."

"He's a first-rate horse for the plough," continued "Waterloo's" owner, patting him on the shoulder.

"He's a legacy," returned Mat Donovan, sentimentally. "What would you say he's worth?" Mr. Lowe asked, laughing.

"He'd do the spring work well for Mr. Kearney," rejoined Beresford, relaying up his steed as they reached the gate of the farmyard.

"I should not have expected that land on the side of the spring hill like this would require draining."

"The subsoil was like a flag, and all the water oozed through the surface," replied Mr. Kearney. "Look all along there beyond and you can see the difference."

"I certainly do see the difference," replied Mr. Lowe. "There, for instance, that field where the man is digging is not at all like this. Even the colour of the soil is quite different."

"He's preparing that for oats," said Maurice Kearney. "I don't know how that poor man is able to live and pay the rent at all."

"The man looked up and touched his hat, and they saw Mr. Beresford Pender passing within a little distance of him. Suddenly he stuck his spade in the ground and started forward towards the road."

"Quite a war of succession seems to be passing over the troubled waters of Anglicanism. Only the other day the Rev. C. W. Townsend, M. A., the principal of the Oxford University Mission at Calcutta, followed the example of the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A., the head of the similar mission at Bombay, and submitted to the Catholic Church; and now it is stated that the Revs. William Tatlock, M. A., R. Beasley, M. A., George Clarke, M. A., formerly attached to such well-known 'High' churches as Christ Church, Clapham (where the Sarum was distinguished from the Roman ritual as carried out in its entirety), Helmsley (Yorkshire), and St. James the Less, Liverpool, have been 'received.'"

"I believe that Mr. Kearney himself at the further end of the field," returned Mr. Lowe.

"He has that place for twenty-five shillings an acre," continued Beresford. "It ought to be two pounds, but he has a lease."

"Oh, is that you, Mat?" Mr. Lowe exclaimed, coming up with Mat Donovan, who was standing along in advance of Barney Broderick's donkey-cart—Barney himself having disappeared down a ravine by the roadside to out a blackthorn stick which had caught his fancy, leaving Bobby to tumble after him if anything happened to catch his fancy at the bottom of the ravine.

MARGARET: A PEARL.

FROM HER WEAKNESS CAME STRENGTH AND HER LIFE WAS NOT IN VAIN.

Not far from the beach where the ocean ended its long travels there was a city, and in this city there dwelt with her parents a maiden of the name of Margaret.

From infancy she had been sickly, and although she had now reached the years of early womanhood, she could not run or walk about as others did, but she had to be wheeled hither and thither in a chair. This was very sad, yet Margaret was so gentle and uncomplaining that her mother thought her never would have thought her life was full of suffering.

"I'll turn in to speak to Mr. Kearney," he observed. "I'll ride on and you will overtake me," returned Beresford.

"This is a fine day for seed-sowing, Mr. Kearney," said the young gentleman, "for riding round the headland; and this land seems to be in very good condition for it."

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garet had taught them. They wondered that he came alone. "See," cried one of the boys, running to meet him and holding a tiny shell in his hand—the shell of a little oyster; "see what we have found in this strange little shell. It is beautiful!"

Edward took the dwarfed, misshapen thing, and lo! it held a beautiful pearl.

O little slater mine, let me look into your eyes and read an inspiration there; let me hold your thin white hand and know the strength of a philosophy more beautiful than human knowledge teaches; let me see your dear, patient, little face and hear in your gentle voice the untold valor of your suffering life. Come, little slater, let me fold you in my arms and have you ever with me, that in the glory of your faith and love I may walk the path of wisdom and of peace.

THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND SISTERS AMONG THE LEPERS.

A correspondent of the New York Herald writes: "My pleasantest experience while visiting Molokai, was in making the acquaintance of the religious people who are working there. They are Father Conrady, Father Conrady, Mr. Dutton and the six Franciscan nuns."

"Father Conrady has been at the settlement going on ten years. He is a Belgian by birth, being a native of Liege, and was educated for his profession at Paris. He received Orders in the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. His early ambition was to be sent as a missionary to China or Japan. The first duty assigned him was at Pondicherry, in the southern part of India. There he remained for three years, and in 1874 he was sent to Oregon, where he labored among the Umastilla Indians until the time of his coming to Molokai. I spent an afternoon with him at his home in Kalawao and found him a most agreeable person."

"Father Wendelen lives at Kalapaapa. He is a German about forty years of age. The best part of his work has been spent in the Marquesas Islands. When the French took possession there, being a German, he was forced to leave, when he was sent to Molokai. Both of these men have led wonderful lives. If their experiences were written they would read like a romance. Father Conrady among the Umastilla Indians and Father Wendelen among the Canibals of the Marquesas have endured dangers and hardships far greater than what their life on Molokai requires. I believe them both to be brave, honest, sincere men. They are free from all vanity at least at their being regarded as martyrs."

"I cannot speak too highly of the six nuns who are working among the lepers. In 1883 they came to Honolulu among their convent in Syracuse, N. Y. Their first work was at a receiving station on the outskirts of Honolulu. There they labored faithfully for several years. The station was then abandoned and the Sisters sent to Kalapaapa. They live and work in what is called the Bishop Home, an institution founded by Hon. C. B. Bishop of Honolulu. When I visited them the Sisters had been there nearly two years. It was most pleasing to see the good they had accomplished. The Mother Superior, Sister Marianne, is a woman of great executive ability. I was told she was equal to accomplishing almost any task in business matters. During my visit she was engaged in superintending the construction of a home and school for boys in Kalawao, and she was a most agreeable little woman, gets up at five in the morning, performs her devotions and the duties at the home, then rides to Kalawao, two miles away, on a road so rough and rocky it would jolt the pety out of many a good body; then at work all day, sometimes tramping about in the hot sun. Late in the afternoon she returns home, performs her evening duties, and in the evening with a satisfied conscience and her heart as full of happiness as a mother having cared for her family of sweet babes. Nor are her associates less enthusiastic and industrious. One or more usually accompany her to Kalawao, or if not they remain to do the good they can at the home in Kalapaapa."

"These women are true martyrs if any are to be regarded so. They are gentle, loving, and kind, and they have done good in thousands of cases, has proved their contentment. Their sweet faces speak loudly of purity of purpose and honesty of intention. They scorn the idea of working for worldly praise."

Of Great Value. Capt. D. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. F. R. and R. W. and O. R. car ferry, Prescott, Ont., says: "I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of Croup of the Head. It was perfectly effective, a complete and thorough cure in less than 24 hours. I would not take \$100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it."

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having been placed by his hands by a East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the lungs, and a permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Marvellous Recovery. I was so ill with inflammatory rheumatism in 1882 that I was given up, and had all my earthly business put in order. One of my sons begged me to get Burdock Blood Bitters. After the third bottle I could sit up alone and get a good meal, and in six weeks I was out of bed feeling better than I ever felt. I take three bottles every spring, and two every fall. Mrs. M. N. D. BERNARD, Main St., Winnipeg, Man. If your children are troubled with worms give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure and effectual. Try it and mark the improvement in your child. Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria, Lamé Back Cured.

Fair Evidence for Everybody. No one can doubt the great merit of Polson's Nervine, for it has been placed in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give you the opportunity of testing its wonderful power over all kinds of pain. This is the best evidence of its efficacy, for every person can try for themselves. Polson's Nervine is a positive (it cannot fail) cure for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgia, and the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good to take, good to rub on. Go to any drug store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents. The Idea of March. "Last March mother caught a severe cold, terminating in a very bad cough. Everything we could hear of was tried without avail. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam was at last recommended and procured. The first dose relieved, and one bottle entirely cured her." Miss E. A. SPANHAM, Hesperia, Ont.