# THE HONOR OF SHAUN MALIA.

Of the terrible periods of starvation that swept over Ireland, beginning in the year 1845, the famine of '48 will be remembered as the most destructive and devastating. It was in the small hamlets and among the isolated tenant farmers that the famine wreaked the greatest havor, for among those people there were no philanthropists to give aid.

The cabin of Shaun Malia was

situated on a barren tract of land, in the mountain region, some twenty-five miles northwest of Cork. There he lived with his wife and child for the five years that had ensued since the death of Captain Sanderson. This death marked an epoch in Shaun's hitherto uneventful life; for the old caffain-and his ancestors for generations back had been lords of the broad domain that surrounded Sanderson Manor. A typical country "squire" of that period, the captain was a heavy drinker and an ardent sportsman, and a poor business man. His estates were so heavily encumbered at his death that his son despaired of reclaiming them, and consequently they passed into other hands.

With the passing of the old family, Shaun lost his position as gardener, for the menor heaves was bearded up situated on a barren tract of land,

with the passing of the old family, Shaun lost his position as gardener, for the manor house was boarded up after the sale, and the Sanderson family moved away. Many a time afterwards, while tilling the soil of his stony farm on the mountain side, he sighed for the good old days of the easy-going captain.

It had been a weary struggle since the first famine year to keep starvation away; but now, with the failure of the potato crop through the blight, the end seemed very near. For a while they managed to subsist on the half-decayed potatoes that they dug from the ground; but Shaun knew that they must soon be made ill by the decaying vegetables. Even this source of food was pearly exhausted when five-year-old Mary fell ill. The first day of her sickness Shaun sat by her bedside, motionless, a despairing glare in his eyes, and his pale, bearded face haggard with both mental and physical anguish. Maggies, his wife, with a wistful smile on her wan face, sought to comfort him with words of hope as the night wore on: but in the gray hours of dawn, when she to comfort him with words of hope as the night wore on: but in the gray hours of dawn, when she thought he was sleeping, she softly stole out of the cabin. When he followed her, he found her leaning against the window-ledge, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Come, Maggie, machree," he said, "sure it'll do ye no good to be actin' this way. I was thinkin' uv a plan just whin ye wint out, an' whin the daylight comes I'll thry it."

Brying her eyes confusedly, she allowed him to lead her back to the dwelling while he eagerly unfolded his plan.

"A good many years ago," he

weining wine he eagerly unloaded his plan.

"'A good many years ago," he said, "I had a chance to do a favor fur a great man—a priest now he is, in the city of Cork. At that time he told me if I ever needed a frind to write to him. Maybe he's forgotten me, but it'll do no harrum to thry an' see. So, whin the daylight breaks, I'll walk to the village, an'—although God knows\"\" it'll go against me to do \"\" (-I'll beg the price uv the paper an' postage an' write to him."

It's a long way to the village-a good eight miles," she said, dubi-ously; "an' ye're not sthrong." "Yes," he answered, wearily, as he sat on the side of the bed where

the sick child lay tossing uneasily, "it's a long way, but it's our last chance. We must thry and save

chance. We must thry and save her."
With the first glint of the rising sun he made ready to depart, and he kissed the child before leaving. Maggie followed him to the door and laid her hand on his coat sleeve with a pale pathetic gesture: "Are ye sure to have the strength, Shaun?" she said. "Ye know Pat Murphy, the hold man, started for the village two days ago, an', an'."

Shaun?" she said. "Ye know Pat Murphy, the hold man, started for the village two days ago, an', an'—"
Shaun looked at her curiously as he noticed her hesitation. "I know what ye mean," he said. "They found him along the road yesterday. But don't worry. I'm sthrong an' I'll te back to-night, with the help of God. Good-bye!"
She stood at the door and watched him until he was swallowed up in the haze of the dawn that covered the valley and made the landscape a nebulous blur. A cry from the sick child drew her into the cabin. She smoothed the little sufferer's tangled auburn locks and moistened her fevered lips with water. Then, taking her in her arms, she crooned a soothing air until the child slept.

It was night when Shaun returned, dragging his feet after him as if they were weighted. He stumbled toward the bed, and lay on it with a long-drawn sigh of weariness, closing his eyes that he might the more thoroughly enjoy the sense of rest that came to him. Maggie came close to him with evident anxiety to hear the result of his errand. After a while he opend h s eyes and spoke: "I sint the letter on the first mail. I met Squire Bagley—him that used to visit at Sanderson's—and I tould him that I wanted sixpence to post a letter. He gave me a shillin' an' I bought this for her."

He pointed his thumb towards little Mary, and Maggie noticed for the

a letter. He gave me a shillin' an' I bought this for her."

He pointed his thumb towards little Mary, and Maggie noticed for the first time that he held a package in his hand. She opened the parcel and found a sixpenny loaf of dark bread, and then she broke some of the loaf into water, treasuring the crumbs as if they were gold. Before feeding the mixture to the child she offered some to Shaun; but he would not eat any, and turned away to gains the sodden potatoes that were on the well that the sodden potatoes that were on the well that the sodden potatoes that were on the well that the sodden potatoes that were on the well that the sodden potatoes that were on the well that the sodden potatoes that were on the well that the sodden potatoes that were on the sodden potatoes that were sodden potatoes that the sodden potat

served no purpose but to feed the fever that was consuming her, for after nightfall she commenced to rave violently.

Towards midnight the air grew chilly, and Shaun put a fresh piece of turf, of which he had a plentful supply, on the smoldering embers in the huge stone fireplace. The wind walled dismally down the chimney, and, as if in answer to an unexpressed thought, Shaun shook his head dejectedly, saying: "No, there's no use thinkin' that anny one would vinture out to-night."

A few minutes later there was a contradiction to his speech in a guarded knock that came to the door. Shaun and Maggie both rose to their feet and listened. The knock was repeated.

was repeated.

"It's the answer to me letter," said Shaun, trembling with agitation as he started toward the door to unbar it. A tall, heavily cloaked man in riding costume stepped in, in the wake of a gust of wind-driven rain and dead leaves. He shook the rain from his hat, and took in the outlines of the room as best as he could by the turf light, his eyes at last resting on Shaun.

"You are Shaun Malia?" His voice, proportioned to his physique, was deep and resonant.

"I am," said Shaun.

The stranger walked over to the door, and after peering out for an instant, set the bar in place. Then he continued: "You wrote to a certain priest in Cork asking for assistance. He was on the point of sending you some money when I came to him a fugitive from justice on account of a political offense. My needs were urgent, immediate: I had to leave for America. I knew that I could not take shipping from Cork, so I decided to ride through these mountains on horseback to Limerick and sail from there. He gave me the money that was intended for you, and he told me that I might take refuge with you to-night, and tell you that he would send you relief as soon as he could—within two or three days at the lonest."

Shaun reeled as if he had been struck. "Two or three days!" he muttered, weakly, clutching at the door-post for support. "Two or three days!" he muttered, weakly, clutching at the door-post for support. "Two or three days!" he muttered, weakly, clutching at the door-post for support. "Two or three days!" he muttered in his sunken eyes, and grasping the stranger roughly by the coat lapel he drew him over to the bedside of the sick child: "Will death wait two or three days? Can ye tell me that, you that was so ready takin' what was hers to save yourself? Oh! but ye're a brave man to come an' tell me."

"Shaun! Shaun!" cried Maggie. clutching his arm in alarm, "don't be talkin' like that. The priest had a right to do as he plazed with his money, for 'twas not ours. An' sure he knew best annyhow. Don't be abusin' the man that

speaking 'slowly: "I'm very sorry. Of course I did not know that things were as they are or I would not have taken the money. But it is not yet too late, and if you will accept—"
"No, no!" said Shaun. "Don't mind what I said. I'm not right in me mind, I guess, since she took sick. Maggie is right, for the money didn't belong to me."
"Hark!" said the stranger, and he stole over to the single window and peered out into the darkness. Commanding silence by a gesture of his hand, he listened intently for a few moments and then came back to the group at the bedside. "It is as I suspected; my trail has been discovered and I have been pursued. There is a company of soldiers down there in the roadway; even now they are surrounding the house. Of course I cannot escape, so my friend, you can free yourself from blame for harboring me and save your child's life by giving me up to the soldiers. There is a reward offered for me; if I am giving me up to the soldiers. There is a reward offered for me; if I am captured here it may go hard with

Shaun stood for an instant, dazed with the sudden turn events had taken. "If ye can't escape," he said, his eyes vacantly following the outlines of the one room of the cabin, "an' it'll mane life to her, I—but, O God! help me. I can't be a thraitor!" He said this with a sudden energy, as if he feared that the temptation might prove too strong for him.

or!" He said this with a sudden energy, as if he feared that the temptation might prove too strong for him.

"Quick! Decide!" said the stranger. "I hear footsteps outside."
Shaum, not answering, ran across the room to the chimney.

There was a loud hammering at the door and a voice shouted:
"Open, in the queen's name!"
"Come on," whispered Shaum; "there's a way to escape. Off with yer cloak an' up the chimney. It's wide enough to hould ye, an' it's built rough inside, so ye can climb. Go to the top an' stay there until the soldiers lave. Maybe they wont find your horse."

"But—" said the stranger, making ready to talk.
"Hurry," said Shaun, stripping off the stranger's cloak and throwing it under the bed. "In with ye now an' up; an' may heaven speed ye!"

The stranger disappeared from view in the yawning black hole above the fireplace, and an occasional chip of plaster falling told of his progress upward. The hammering at the door redoubled; and Shaun, quickly removing his coat to make believe that he had just risen, withdrew the bar and let the searching party enter. Two officers came first, followed by a file of soldiers.

"Well," said the elder officer, "you seem to be mighty hard sleepers here; it took you a long time to open that door."

"Tax yer pardon, sirs," said Shaun. "We have sickness here an' I'm not overly nimble meself."

will lead

ing the sick child. The little sufferer began to call her father's name in a piteous tone of voice, and he hurried to her and kissed her, whispering terms of endearment in her ear. "Well, what do you say to my proposition? You need the money your child requires attention; we will capture him anyhow."

Shaun sat at the head of the bed staring at the wall with a strange, blanched face.
"I need the money an' she needs it," he repeated absently, ingering the bedclothes. Maggie looked at his face and became frightened at its expression.

the bedclothes. Maggie looked at his face and became frightened at its expression.

"Shaun! Shaun!" she cried. He buried his face in his arms, and a half-smothered sob was heard. The soldiers looked on curiously.

Suddenly Shaun rose to his feet, and shouted hoarsely: "Search the place; don't tempt me anny more; I can't tell ye annything!"

It took but a few minutes to examine the hut. The cloak worn by the fugitive, still wet with rain, was taken from under the bed. Preparations were then begun to start a roaring fire in the fireplace, so as to smoke the fugitive out if, as they suspected, he had taken refuge in the chimney. Suddenly several shots were heard, and a soldier ran in, saluting the commanding officer, and said: "Sir, a man on horseback has just ridden through our lines on the roadway below. We fired on him, but did not succeed in wounding him."

"Curse the luck!" said the officer.

roadway below. We fired on him, but did not succeed in wounding him."

\*\*Curse the luck!" said the officer, "we shall never find him now among these mountain roads. But to your saddles and after him; we must do our best."

Then he saddressed himself to Shaun, saying: "The finding of the Eriminal's cloak here in your dwelling looks bad for you, my man; but in view of your unfortunate condition, and the consistent, though in this case reprehensible, sense of honor you have manifested, I have decided to overlook your part in tonight's business."

In a few minutes the cabin was cleared of its unwelcome visitors; and Shaun and Maggie uttered prayers for the escape of the unfortunate they had harbored, sat down to await the coming of daylight. But weakn'ss, coupled with the exciting events of the night, proved too much for them, and after awhile both slept.

Sunlight was streaming in through the window when Shaun awoke, and outside a blackbird was lustily warbling his last song before flying to the South. The sound of strange voices blended with the song of the bird, and Shaun, throwing open the door, looked out. Two gentlemen were coming up the path from the roadway. One of them was a stranger to Shaun; but in the other, a gray-haired, kindly-faced man in clerical garb, he recognized his friend of long ago—the man to whom all Ireland turned in the drad years of famine—Rev. Theobald Mathew.

"Thank God! Thank God!" was all that he could utter as the priest came towards him and grasped his hand. "I was afraid that you had

"Thank God! Thank God! was all that he could utter as the priest came towards him and grasped his hand. "I was afraid that you had forgotten me, until you sint word last night," he managed to say a

last night," he managed to say at last.

"No, indeed, Shaun," said the priest; "I have often thought of you, and often prayed for you since that time when we met in Cork." Turning to his companion, then he said: "Or. Burnham, this is Shaun Malia, of whom you have heard me speak. He was a gardener in Cork when I was a young priest there, and one day I asked him to so some work on the grave of a dear friend of mine, Father O'Neil, I was away for over a year, and when I returned I learned, quite by accident, that he had cared for the grave all of that time. And he thought that I might have forgotten him!"

I learned, quite by accident, that he had cared for the grave all of that time. And he thought that I might have forgotten him!"

Father Mathew laughed—a merry, contagious laugh it was; and the doctor said "Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry; and the doctor said "Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry; and the doctor made an examination af little Mary while Father Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious visitor. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision. "It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there need be no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point, said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor meeds a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him, the position is yours."

Father Mathew smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, overcome with ioy, buried her face in her apron and sobbed hysterically, while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say: "God bless you! it's more than I desarve."

One afternoon in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of Dr. Burnham's lawn when one of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a hold hand and hore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said, "now I'll find out his name."

He eagerly tore the envelope open and found enclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for

# IN MEMORY OF ARCHBISHOP

A movement has been started among the Catholic women of St. Louis looking to the raising of \$20,-000 for a bronze monument in honor of the late Archbishop Kenrick Many Protestants, it is thought, will contribute to the fund because of their personal admiration for the prelnte, and even if the subscriptions should be limited to those whom Archbishop Kenrick confirmed at the altar, it has been estimated that 25 cents apiece from each would more than build the monument.

## IRISH CENTENARIANS.

There are three Irishmen now living in the United States who have seen three centuries :

seen three centuries:

Joseph McGrath, of No. 444 East Eighty-second street, New York, celebrated his one hundred and third birthday the other day. Seated erect in a straight-backed chair, his bright cyes twinkling under perfectly black brows, he told of many interesting incidents of his life.

The centenarian lives with his daughter, Mrs. Catharine Ruddy, who is one of his eighty-four living descendants. His hair, which is by no means scant, is perfectly black. He has never worn spectacles, and his sight is still perfect. He walks every morning to Mass in the Church of St. Monica, nearly four blocks away, and every pleasant afternoon to East River Park.

"In my youth I was a champion

Thi my youth I was a chempion athlete and as proof that I am still himble I have jumped from the eighteenth clear over the nineteenth and into the twenty century, and here I am, physically without a blemish, at the age of 109 years."

Thus spoke Michael Mooney, an inmate of the Home for the Aged, at the corner of Eighteenth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, who has seen three centuries. He was born in the County of Longford, Ireland, in 1792, where he was rated a good poet and something of a dandy as well. He expects to live many years yet.

Mr. Mooney has a suit of clothes of the style worn in the seventeenth century. It consists of a long-tail coat, knee breeches, white stockings, buckled shoes, with white vest and necktie. In this striking garb he often presents himself when prelates of the church visit the home. Then he recites one of his poems and makes a short address.

Mr. John Tubbert, of Syracuse, is now numbered among the distinguished citizens of the State of New York. He has passed his one hundred and second year. He celebrated his latest birthday anniversary, as he has lived all his life, without an overcoat and with plenty of tobacco. Mr. Tubbert was born in Ireland.

If all those who are in debt were to be told that with the doing of a short task each day for fifteen days



# Up-To-Date

the qualities that go to make an up-to-date soop.

It removes the dirt with the least amount of rubbing, keeps the hands soft and amouth, and saves the tem-per of the laundress.

It differs from other soaps in that it gives superior quality at a price asked for poorer soaps.

#### COST OF WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

COST OF WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Hon. Philip Stanhope, speek ing at a peace meeting in Newcastle-on-Type recently, declared that it would require 200,000 men in South would require 200,000 men in South Africa for an indefinite period to preserve order after the war. Nothing, he added, would justify those terrible facts—the 30,000 dead men who 200,000,000 of money which had were buried in the veldt and the nearly been spent over this war.

Do you know that every cruelty

indicted on an animal in killing or just before death poisons to a greater or less extent its meat?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow poisons to a greater or less extent its milk?

Do you know that fish killed as soon as taken from the water by a blow on the back of the head will keep longer and be better than those permitted to die slowly?

Lo you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects, that without the birds we could not live on the earth, and that every little insect-eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects.

Do you know that every kind act you do and every kind word you, speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier, and not only make you happier but also better?

GEO, T. ANGELL.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## RAISED THE PRICE.

A despatch from Port Washington, which appears in a New York journal, says:

The Hon. Bourke Cockran recently offered to present a site to the Rev. Father Cherry for a Roman Catholic Church in this village, It is asserted that Mr. Cockran selected a site, which was approved of by Father Cherry. It is said a price has been agreed upon with the owners of the property, but in the meantime information got out that the site was intended for a Catholic Church where-upon the owner more than trebled the original amount asked for the praperty. Mr. Cockran declined to pay the increased price, and now another site will be selected.

## ABOUT STRIKES.

ABOUT STRIKES.

A BOUT STRIKES.

The Statistical Bureau of the Ministry of Commerce, Paris, France, has lived all his life, without an overcoat and with plenty of tobactor. Mr. Tubbert was born in Ireland.

Martin Dyer, who died on March 4 at the home of his grandson, One Hundred and Eighty-eighth street and Third avenue. New York, also lived in three centuries.

He was born on November 24, 1800, in Ireland, and thus was 101 years old. In 1835 he came to America, going first to Ohio, where he was employed by railroad contractors as a foreman.

He was actively employed until he was 80 years old. Then he went to live with his son. He had two children and one hundred and ten great-grandchildren.

A man once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer to have it dyed black. He was so pleased with the result that, after a time, he went cloth and asked to have it dyed white. But the dyer answered: "A piece of cloth is like a man's reputation; it's can be dyed black but it's can be dyed blac

piece of cloth is like a man's reption; it can be dyed black, but can not be made white again."

BACKSLIDERS, who fail so furnish their due share in support of the church, have no feelings that we care to be considerate towards, says an exchange. But we do not admire methods of church revenue dictated by the idea of catching the backsliders. The charging of an admission fee at the church door can be justified only as a very disagreeable necessity.

CATHOLIC LAYMEN.—The Mil-waukee "Citizen" remarks —
We recently noted the e,ection to
the presidency of the Missouri Bar
Association of Judge Teasdale, a
prominent Catholic of Kansas City,
We are pleased to learn that another
Catholic, John McConlogue, of Mason City, has been elected president
of the Iowa State Bar Association.

The Boston "Pilot" says :—A a ple of weeks ago a sixteen-year girl in Kentucky killed herself cause her equel father brought back when she was eloping. She eloped with another man only week or two hefore, and the set interference with her liberty of her to death. Last week a seven year-old bride in Chicago, "the of her husband and married less a month," took carbolic acid

Society Directory.

lished March 8th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in
St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander etreet, first Monday of the
month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director,
Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President,
Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vic?, T. J.
O'Neill: 2nd Vice, F. Casey;
Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, P. J. Curran,
B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P.
Tansey.

LADIES AUXILIARY to the Macient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of every month. President, Mrs. Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Miss Annie Douovan; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Loyle; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Nora Kavanaugh, 155 Inspector street. Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Oatherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings. ADIES' AUXILIARY to the

1.O.H.-DIVISION NO. 2.- Meets A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.— Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corher Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President. John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording-Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Htbernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Coller, Treasurer, Delegates, to St. Patrick's League:—J. J. Cavanagh,

A O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Damé street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin. Rec.-Secretary, 1528F Ontario street; L. Brophy Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65-Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE-TY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.80 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev, E. Strubbe, C.SS.R.; President, D. fast, 10r Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.SS.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray: Delogates to St. Patrick's Leaguer J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SO-CIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father Mo-Grath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jion. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH 26,—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B. C.L., President; P. J. McDonarh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, jr., Treasurer. C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn. President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quins, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, trensurer 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, THE E. W. VANDUERN OD, Cincinnation

BOYS

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unconscious rebuk kained for him. It had he given his or taken any noti Indeed, he was no the day came, tho was some time month. Jack'e vo his thoughts.