BY JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

Pray for the dead! Not fruitlessly they per Our butchered brothers in the flery breath Of battle, waged for deep convictions cher-In the gray lap of immemorial faith.

Pray for the dead! When, conscienceless the nations
Rebellious rose to smite the thorned head
Of Christendom, their proudest aspirations
Ambitioned but a place amongst the dead.

Whose corpses ramparted, in bloody labor, Carist's citadel, submerged in foul eclipse, Clutched in each stiff right hand the blunted And frozen prayers upon their lifeless lips

Pray for the dead! The seeming fabled of early chivalry, in them renewed, Shines out to-day with an ascendant glory Above that field of parricidal feud:

Brave children of a persecuted mother, When nations heard the drum of battle Through coward Europe, brother leagued with brother Rallied and perished at her sacred feet.

O Ireland! ever waiting the to-morrow, Lift up thy widowed, venerable head Exultingly through thy maternal sorrow, Not comfortless, like Rachel, for thy dead. For where the crimson shock of battle thun deted

deted
From hosts precipitated on a few,
Above thy sous, outnumbered, crushed and
sundered.
Thy green flag through the smoke and
gitter flew.

Lift up thy head! The hurricane that Its giant billows on the rock of time Divests thee, mother, of thy weeds and

Rendering, at least, thy mighty grief sub-lime. or nations, banded into conclaves solemn Thy name and spirit in the grave had cast nd caved thy name upon the crumbling

Which stands amid the unremembered past. Pray for the dead! Cold, cold, amid the Of the Italian South our brothers sleep! The blue air broods above them warm and

The pists glide o'er them from the barren deep. Pray for the dead! High-souled and lion

hearted,
Heroic martyrs to a glorious trust,
By them our scorned name is reasserted,
By them our banner's rescued from the

TWELVE MONTHS' SPECULA-

worked wonders. named him Fortune's Favorite. He had a beautiful and highly accomplished wife; his children were the prettiest and the best mannered I have ever met. All the women considered Mrs. F——as near perfection as mortals can achieve; all the men voted Eugene F ____ as clever a man as one could desire to claim fellowship with. He was rich in associations, in the integrity of a name that commanded the respect of four generations. He possessed the advantages a liberal education gives; his place was assured as well as it is possible to assure anything in a country where the wheel of fortune obliterates the accumulations and recommendations. wheel of fortune obliterates the accumu-lations and reputations of generations, and lifts men and women out of obscurity in a day. That is to accumulate the control of th employed him was the oldest, most reliable, and the richest organization of its kind in the country. Finally, in addition to a salary of a thousand a year, Eugene

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der him independent.

The noteworthy trait fellowship with
Engene F——revealed was his equable

risks. His efforts were attended with
varying success. He experienced downright bad luck, and rare good fortune too. Eugene F—— revealed was his equable spirits, born, as he asserted, of contentment. He was satisfied with his place, his ment. He was satisfied with his belongings, and enjoyments. had more to make him happy, he said.

No man enjoyed life more philosophically, or fretted himself less over the big

and failed to find it, weary with fruitless effort, despairing under the world's rebuffs, plunged recklessly into the unknown. The means employed emphasized the poverty of the wretched creature. The rewretched creature. The newspapers made much of it. It was the item of the day and proved a base for columns. I dropped in on Eugene one day when his hour's work was done. He had a newspaper in his hand. He threw it down impatiently, anguily, as he handed me a cigar, and pushed me into a seat,

am disgusted with you newspaper men. Why do you give so much prominence and space to that horrible spicide. By all accounts, the fellow did all that was left him to do. If he had only displayed common-sense, when he was about it, and adopted easier means! If a man must kill himself, why does he disfigure himself, or impose unnecessary and horrible agonies such as this poor wretch inflicted

Aside from the fact that I have no patience with the speculation and theory that cuts ground from under every Christian's cets, I was tired. Eugene worked a couple of hours every day. I worked, on an average, twelve at least, and did more in one hour than Eugene did in three.

Since it was clear to me that he received at least ten times more for his mental toil than I did, I could afford to permit him to indulge himself in a prolonged dissertation of the "survival of the fitter." It pleased him and amused me.

"Now," he said, at the end of the chapter, "tell me why a man who chooses to kill himself, let us say with rat poison, should be regarded as much above a rat. Here is another account, in this morning's paper, of a woman who held her head in a woman who does that is entitled to the a woman who does that is entitled to the line."

"Yes: in the long ago. Do you know, paper, of a woman who does that is entitled to the a woman who does that is entitled to the line."

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"Yes: in the long ago. Do you know, paper, of a woman who held her head in a woman who h

could not bring himself to witness the ceremonies in the house or at the grave. He had a prejudice against burial.

"Why can't everybody have vaults, with nice, pleasing colours on the walls—have the interior as well as the exterior, ornamented, and made so attractive that people going into them would feel as they do when they enter an attractive chamber with a bed in it?"

"In earn there is danger that one day you will look with contempt on a man with less than ten thousand a year."

with a bed in it?"
"Do you mean the dead?"
"You know well enough I refer to
visitors—to the living."
"I am afraid," I could not help saying,

gravely, "you have yet to learn, Eugene, that not all the religion, all the learning, and all the philosophy in the world can ever make death other than death."

"But that is no reason why everybody should make death so horrible and grisly. They make it ghastly, and in the same breath tell you it is the way to Heaven. The way to Heaven ought to be beautiful?"

"Have you forgotten Pilgrim's Progress?"
"A piece of rank plagiarism. The idea is thousands of years old."

is thousands of years old."

is thousands of years old."
"Why do we introduce discords in music ? "Nonsense! I'll name you a thousand pieces—famous compositions—without a discord," Eugene answered. "The fact is, the world doesn't believe what it pro-

"Why don't you advocate cremation?" I retorted. "If your theory is correct, burn 'em all up; burn the whole world, and carry twenty generations in a watch-

A friend called upon Eugene Fsolicited his counsel and services in a business matter. It was a responsible trust. The friend was going abroad to remain for years, perhaps permanently. He owned, jointly with his sister, a piece of property near the great Oil Belt. It might be worthless, and it might prove very valuable. What the friend required was honest dealing. For himself he did not care. He had great wealth, but his invalid sister was entitled to all that could be realized from her half of the land. It was for Eugene F—— to discover the value of the land, and to exercise his the value of the land, and to exercise his judgment in disposing of it. He under-took the task with ill concealed repugnance. He disliked travelling, had a ror of unaired beds and pot-luck. He went to the Oil Regions in a bad humour. When he returned, a great change was noticed in his manner. A month had

"Just think of it," he said to me when "Just think of it," he said to me when he dropped in to shake hands in his cheery, hearty way. "I thought those six hundred acres were worth about five dollars an acre. At the end of a week I was offered sixteen thousand dollars; in another week it jumped up to a hundred thousand, and finally I let it go for four hundred thousand, half each better the said to me when the said the said the said to me when the said the sai hundred thousand, half cash, balance in three months."

It struck all as a surprising streak of luck, and everybody put it that way, but Eugene, who was a convert to the "Belt" theory, held it was simply a matter of That is to say, the company that ed him was the oldest, most relief when he announced his resolve to demonstrate the same of our territory undeveloped, and his relief when he announced his resolve to demonstrate the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his friends were surprised beyond expression when he announced his resolve to demonstrate the same of our territory undeveloped, and his friends were surprised beyond expression when he announced his resolve to demonstrate the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped, and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped and his remains the same of our territory undeveloped and his remains the same of the same of our territo He undertook the task of developing, and, to a salary of a thousand a year, Eugéne like many another who started out on the had good reason to count upon an inheritance in the near future that would render him independent.

The nateworthy trait followship with the property of the task of developing, and, like many another who started out on the "Belt" theory, he ended "wild catting." In other words, he assumed extraordinary risks. His efforts were attended with

in a year—less time—his old friends scarcely knew Eugene F——He was energetic, confident, positive, and decisive; as aid.

a very fair specimen of a thorough going American business man. His ventures proved profitable in the main, and then, lit all at once accident filled his provets one.

And this was my bookish friend who, a

Ar ago, as snuglibrary, as snuglibrary, as singlibrary, as singlibrary, as wife and children were panions.

Half an hour's conversation proved to me that my friend—the man I had respected and loved—was as dead as the Pharaohs. In his place I found a man who seemed a bundle of nerves. He had was lot the repose of my old friend, and with it his grace. While it was impossible for and it his grace. While it was impossible for Eagene F— to become either coarse or Eagene F— to become either coarse or Eagene F— to become either coarse or masque, his positive manner and tones, gave him an angularity that mired than his former was a good "item" in Slade's building, a locality well known to the police and press gang. The last were disgusted with the sameness of the "items" the premiser and concertedly called for any the part of the was wet for the lives and concertedly called for the part of the part of the content of the part of the part

astonishment. "What makes you say

"They say you are worth nearly a mil-

you will look with contempt on a man with less than ten thousand a year." "Don't blame me, my boy," he replied, in a patronizing manner I immediately resented, "if I've set my peg for five millions."
"I've seen the time you were as well off,

enjoyed the world, literature, art, the society of your friends, and, above all, the companionship of your wife and children, and all on less than three thousand a year,

and all on less than three thousand a year, for I happen to know you gave liberally and lent freely."

"I can only repeat—five million is my figure. And I've only made the first notch on that skick." on that stick."
"How if you fail? You never know

when the see-saw will bump you on the

ground."

The next day Eugene F—— lost a hundred thousand. A week later he was not worth ten. There came out of a contest, such as was never witnessed before nor such as was never witnessed before nor since between oil operators, mere wrecks of men mentally and morally, physically and financially, chief among whom was Eugene F. The tarantuala's bite had poisoned his life's blood. He was no poisoned his life's blood. He was he longer the brisk, neat, scrupulously dressed, quiet mannered gentleman. He was unshaven half the time. His eyes was unshaven half the time. His eyes were shifting, never steady, and partly discolored. Unrest and the fever of speculation left their traces—stamped—I should say branded him as an unsuccessful

I once heard a man (and he belonged to my own guild, more's the pity), say that all labor was degrading. He cited our great manufacturing centres—pointed to homes of the workers whose products are the very pillars of the earth, so far as its commercial, monied, and many of its social institutions are concerned, and proved to his own satisfaction that the tendency of all labor was to brutalize; to harden; to destroy the sensibilities. He made the too common mistake of confounding effects with causes. with causes.

I wonder what this student would say

if somebody should cite to him the case of Eugene F.—. It might puzzle him to define the precise value of the patent of nobility he derived through two years tercourse with the men who govern the world's marts, and represent the ramified

interests of trade.
Eugene was rushing—he never walked as other men walk now—past me one day, when I caught his arm. "Hello! Howd'y old boy?"

"Hello! Howa'y old boy?"

"That's precisely the question I have determined to ask you. Come in here and have a glass of wine." As I led him into a little snuggery few frequented, he answered, "Permit me to nominate brandy or whi-key for mine."

Looking him in the face as of old, I

"The battle has gone against you." "Yes. I haven't a dollar to my name Ned."

I was amazed. I thought there was something left that he could turn into cash, and could not help expressing my thought.

"No, no! Nothing of the sort. I could have—in fact I should have—managed differently, and put aside something—a little bit in real estate, or a few bonds— "What next?"

"What next!" he repeated dreamily and drearily. "Oh! I've not made up

"Make it to-night, at home, and I'll be on hand."

"I wish I could; but the truth is I am so seidom at home now—I don't know when I've spent a night, or rather an evening, at home."

A month later there was a battle royal, lasting three days, in which the bulls and bears were so thoroughly mixed and bears when I've spent a night, or rather an evening, at home." mine the relative positions of the horned and clawed competitors. Immense sums were made and lost. On the first day it

year ago, could not be induced to leave his snug library, or cosy livingroom, where his wife and children were his chief com-

Eugene, I suppose you will be off to Europe some of these days. Possibly we may lose you altogether."

He looked at me with undisguised astonishment. "What makes furnished, and concertedly called for strenuous action on the part of the authorities. The morning was wet and chilly; one of those sleety, dismal morn-ings that drives man and beast into hasty common shelter. I refused to stir at first,

TWO IRISHMEN'S EXPLOITS.

About ten years ago the schooner Catalphia left this port bound for western Australia. She had on board, men, besides the crew, who had determined to attempt the rescue of the six Irish political prisoners then in penal servitude in that colony. So well was the enterprise organized and commanded that it was a complete success. The six Lish political complete success. The six Irish political prisoners were rescued from the jail at Freemantle. No lives were lost, no ar-rests made, and the Catalphia, after an rests made, and the Catalphia, after an absence of nearly two years, returned to her moorings in New York, with the rescued. There was great rejoicing among the Irish Nationalists, and the men who had been engaged in the expedition be-came the heroes of the hour. Every man in this country attributed the rescue to Irish-American daring only. It was never even hinted that any one else had a finger in the pie. Up to this hour it is believed that the men who went on the Catalphia did the work unaided. There are not fifty men in the United States who ever heard of or suspected anything else, and in this light the rescue was passing into history. There are a few men in this country who know that this is only half the story. They know that the Irish Nain this country attributed the rescue to the story. They know that the Irish Na-tionalists in England had as much to do with the rescue as the Irish Nationalists of America. The English police are now aware of this fact, and it is no longer a

In 1879 the Fenians in England deter

for that purpose. Two of the most trust-worthy men in England, Pat. Walsh of Middlesborough, and one McCarthy were selected to do the work. These mer hard working mechanics. They gave up their jobs, received their instructions, were handed the \$5,000, took a steamer at Southampton and sailed for St. George's Sound in western Australia. They knew nothing of the Catalphia expedition. None of the men in England had heard of it. There was no communica-tion, either directly or indirectly, between them. They were organized about the same time. This was a coincidence, and same time. This was a coincidence, and that was all. The Catalphia sailed on her mission long before Walsh and McCarthy left Southampton. The voyage of the latter was uneventful. They led their fellow passengers to believe that they were going to settle on Government lands. latter was uneventful. They Although they left Southampton many months after the Catalphia sailed from New York, yet they reached St. George's Sound shortly after the vessel arrived off the coast. They had gone by steamer. At St. George's Sound they still had to go 350 miles to Freemantle, where the Irish political prisoners were confined. Coasting steamers ply along the shore, and Walsh and McCarthy, still ignorant of the existence of the Catalphia, made for their lestination. They were assiduous in their inquiries about Government lands. They made notes of localities to which they were recommended. They played that part of their game with a good deal of

on horseback every day and to all points of the compass. The settlers received them with open arms. In a place so thinly populated, even two new squatters, who evidently had a little money, were a welcome addition to the population. They were the recipients of some hospitality, which they, for the purpose of disguise, had wisely accepted. Meantime they had opened communication with the prisoners—how Learnot tall. That is still contained the prisoners are now in this country—McCarthy in Chicago, and Walsh, as I write, in New York.—New York Sun.

Priest Hunting.

The profession of priest hunting was a lucrative one. For, besides the reward -how I cannot tell. That is still a secret my mind."

"Eugene," I said briskly, "go back and ask for your old place. I believe its there for the asking. And in six months you will look back on your experiences in oil as had draam."

the expedition hung. But then, and not till then, did the two parties become aware of each other's existence. At first there was mutual doubt, if not suspicion, which soon gave way to an understanding and co-operation. Walsh and McCarthy and co-operation. Walsh and McCarthy and co-operation. and it is the point on which the success of American business man. His ventues of less favored people, that rendered sursed. Generous to a fault, he misfortunes and temptations of the port was unable to comprehend the dire necessities that drive the unfortunate to destine that drive the unfortunate to desperation and death. He was severe—could with difficulty find language strong enough to express his contempt of the average suicide.

A near man who sought employment

A merican business man. His ventues will look back on your experiences in oil as a bad dream."

"You are right, Ned. I always thought you as low goer, but you are right nine times out of ten. I'll act on your advice, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for the interest you manifest in me."

I seldom met Eugene now. We were in different channels. Chance brought us face to face one day in front of the Erro colled with difficulty find language strong enough to express his contempt of the average suicide.

"How are you, Ned? Had dinner? Come with me. I want company. No refusal now."

A near man who sought employment is a near that allured thousands, floated a fraction into safe harbor, and stranded the great majority.

I seldom met Eugene now. We were in different channels. Chance brought was as good as his word, but before the month was out he joined forces with another clerk, and made a hundred and fifty dollars on a turn in oil. He was bobbing up beside the dashing operators inside of a month.

A month later there was a battle royal, lasting three days, in which the bulls and it was of oreat service to Breslin. Betore broughty mixed and its was of oreat service to Breslin. Betore browded with out of the zero in different channels.

A month later there was a battle royal, lasting three days, in which the bulls and its was of oreat service to Breslin. Betore But the communication was perfect, and it was of great service to Breslin. Before the two parties came together, Breslin's means of communication with the prisoners was unsatisfactory.

The youngest of the political prisoners was made the postman for the jail. He

From Freemantle they made excursion

had to go to the Post Office every day for letters. He was obliged to walk in the middle of the street and was not allowed to speak to any one. Citizens found speaking to him were liable to be taken speaking to a citizen he would have been speaking to a citizen he would have been punished. It was through this young man before a magistrate, and if he was seen speaking to a citizen he would have been punished. It was through this young man that Breslin carried on his communication with the men inside. It was not as full of detail as either could wish. It was dangers were increased. His great successor Dr. Doyle thus speaks of detail as either could wish. It was dangers were increased. His great successor Dr. Doyle thus speaks of detail as either could wish. It was dangers were increased. His great successor Dr. Doyle thus speaks of detail as either could wish. It was dangers were increased. His great successor Dr. Doyle thus speaks of when I meet a Catholic, high or low, who sneers at intemperance I say that he is not a good Catholic. Right now went about like his Divine Master, doing good, and consoling his afflicted people. For some years previous to his death he is not a good Catholic. Right now and family is drink, and we are compelled to express our heartfelt indignation of the great enemy of the crucian say, Look at the drunkards. This will be so unless you stop the curse of intemperance. When I meet a Catholic, high or low, who sneers at intemperance I say that he is not a good Catholic. Right now the great enemy of the Church, country and family is drink, and we are compelled to express our heartfelt indignation. Written communications might have been fatal, while the spoken word was liable to be overheard. But by the plan of Walsh and McCarthy there was no danger and every detail could be arranged fully and satisfactorily. On that communication everything depended. The means of communication between the outside and the inside had been settled by Walsh and Mc-Carthy before leaving England. It was because these means were so perfect that the rescue was proposed by the men in England. If Walsh and McCarthy had done nothing but place the Catalphia party in possession of their secret they would have done their share in the exploit. They did far more than this. To them fell the dangerous task of remaining behind and covering the retreat after the prisoners had escaped.

The story of the rescue, as told by the Catalphia men, is a familiar one, but the part taken by the men from England before, at, and after the rescue, has never been written. We all know how the the of water until she drowned. Tell me a woman who does that is entitled to the benefits of the Nineteenth Century! Why, if such people were fairly balanced on the fence round heaven, they would hap with their heads downward of choice, Human tadpoles, all of them!"

Eugene had a horror of death; cemeteries were his special aversion. He was "You have only another step to take."

"Here's what's the matter, I guess," said another policeman, as he picked up a stand another policeman, as he picked up a said another policeman, as he

ering the retreat. They were followed and dogged from post to pillar. They were questioned at one station and stopped at another. Descriptions of them were posted everywhere. They were in constant danger of arrest. But they managed to escape. They covered up their tracks with admirable skill. The bush tracks with admirable skill. The bush was the only refuge. They must have exhibited the cunning of the fox to avoid arrest while never shirking publicity. Their cool audacity carried them through Their cool audacity carried them through dangers in which weaker or more exettable men would betray themselves. But to Walsh and McCarthy the outward expression of emotion was unknown, and the suspicion which followed them to Melbourne and Sydney gave them no evident trouble. They slept as soundly and ate as heartily as if they were under some neutral flag on the high seas. They returned by way of San Francisco, and arrived in New York some time before the Catalphia. Ordinary people would think that Walsh and McCarthy would not venture to England after having been think that Walsh and McCarthy would not venture to England after having been engaged in so daring an exploit. Both, however, are extraordinary men. As for Walsh, I have known the man's life to be in such danger that a second of time was worth a life; but he sat as emotionless as a stone. I know that he ate his breakfast once at a public restaurant when he was aware that the police were in the same street hunting for him on a charge of a very serious political offence. This apparent callousness saved his life. It is then no wonder that such a man returned to England. He did so, he said, to give a personal account of what he had done. mined to attempt the rescue of the six Irish political prisoners then in Western Australia. A fund of \$5,000 was raised He wanted to report himself officially, and he did. McCarthy accompanied him.

Now comes another phase of the ques-tion. I told you that these two men received \$5,000 before they left England. They had been absent nearly a year and had travelled round the globe. Considering the expense they were obliged to incur, it would not have been considered extravagant if the greater part of the \$5,000 had been spent. But they did not spend half of it. Their disbursements were only \$2,017. They handed the balance over to the Fenian exchequer, and quietly returned to their everyday work. The rescue was the cause of much rejoicing among the Fenians in England. but so unostentatious were Walsh and McCarthy about the part they played that some of the men in England began to express doubts as to whether they were present at the rescue at all or not. The men from this side never mentioned their names. The accounts in the paper were all about the Catalphia and the men who left here in her. Even the names that Walsh and McCarthy assumed did not reach the public ear. The two men found it necessary to visit several towns and give a personal account of the part they played before some men would be satished. And it never leaked out until lately, although it was known in every Fenian circle in Great Britain. It is supposed, and with good reason, that Carey, the Phoenix Park informer, finally told it to the authorities. He knew it, and it is certain that the authorities did not know it until after they had secured him as an informer for the Crown. Both Walsh and McCarthy had to fly, but whether it was for their connection with the rescue or something more serious I do not know. They are now in this country-McCarthy

lucrative one. For, besides the reward appointed by law for the apprehension of any person exercising episcopal or priestly jurisdiction, there was also the prospect of obtaining all or a great part of the pro-perty belonging to the layman who shel-

tered them.
In 1734, while Dr. Gallagher was still Bishop of Raphoe, he was the guest of Father O'Hagerty at Ballygorvan. The obeyed without question all orders received. They had some advantages over Breslin and his men, but the latter were Breslin and his men, but the latter were first on the ground, and for that reason a wealthy landlord in the neighborhood, than I deserved." inviting the prelate to his house. The invitation, at the priest's suggestion, was declined. The Bishop, however, was alarmed and at midnight quitted the house silently and went on his way. Scarcely had he left, when the house was surrounded by soldiers who, not finding surrounded by soldiers who, not finding surrounded by soldiers who, not finding the Bishop, seized the priest, tied his hands behind his back, and drove him before them. The people apprised of their pastor's danger, assembled in large numbers and pelted the soldiers with stones. The officer in command thereupon drew his pistol and shot the priest through the head.

Dr. Gallagher fled to the Island of

Lough Erne where he varied his apostolic labors by writing, in Irish a volume of sermons which is one of the most precious are separated by a ditch from the highway expanded just below.—Rev. Dr. B. O'Reilly.

Farmers-Try it! Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only oil color that will not become rancid.

Test it and you will prove it. It will not color the butter-milk; it gives the bright-est color of any made, and is the strongest and therefore the cheapest. We do not sound a needless alarm

quired, it is there, and Ayer's Sarsapar-illa alone will effectually eradicate it.

A PITIFUL SCENE IN A COURT. ROOM.

FATHER ASKS JUDGE DUFFY FOR THE COMMITMENT OF A 43-YEAR-OLD SON. A venerable man, hale and hearty, stood ket Police Court yesterday afternoon. Although the snows of nearly seventy winters had whitened his head and moustache, he was as straight as an arrow. He had the Roman features, the flashing grey eyes and the ruddy complexion of Major George W. McLean and other veterans of the Old Guard. He held a silk hat in his the Old Guard. He held a silk hat in his left hand, and his attire was faultless. A smaller man, made permanently old by dissipation, stood at his side. His clothes were shabby, and he twirled his frosted moustache with tremulous fingers. His hollow eyes had a feverish lustre, and there were deep lines in his face. His

manner was apprehensive, and he moistened his lips with his tongue as he pleaded with the white-haired gentleman. "Judge," said the Roman-faced veteran, in a courtly manner, "I wish you would commit my son to the Island. He is a hopeless drunkard. It is my only hope for his reformation." "Father, oh, father!" exclaimed the man at his side, in accents of grief, "not this time, not this time! Please give me one more chance."

There were tears in his eyes. The old man was as immovable as a statue. He kept his eyes fixed on the Judge. In terms cold and almost pitiless he urged the Judge to send his son to the work-

"Don't listen to him, Judge," said the vounger man. He don't mean it. Oh, I'n

sure he don't mean it. Father doesn't know what he is saying."
"Be quiet," said the Judge. "We will hear you in due season. Old age must have the precedence. Gray hairs must be

respected."
In set terms the stern veteran again urged the punishment of his son. He had evidently steeled his nerves before entering court, and he was as firm as a rock. Not for an instant, however, would he

trust his eyes to look on his son. Though deaf to his entreaty, the sight of his boy's misery might soften his heart.

"Are you this gentleman's son?" asked Judge Duffy of the younger man.

"He is my father, Judge," was the reply, after the feverish lips had again been moistened. moistened.

"How old are you?" the Judge quired.

"Forty-three years!" was the almos naudible answer.

"Forty three years!" exclaimed the Judge in a tone of surprise. "Is it possible? Dissipation has made you prematurely old. You are older in appearance than your father." Then turning to the father, he asked: "For how long a time

do you want your son committed?"

The old man was stone. He had not taken his eyes from the Judge. "For one

year," he replied in an impassive tone.

"Oh, father," broke in the son in a thin tremulous voice. "For God's sake don't make it a year. Give me three months. I'll try and be satisfied with three—not more. Please Judge," turning to the heart appearance of the heart satisfied with the three to the heart satisfied with three to the heart satisfied with the three to the heart satisfied with the terms of the heart satisfied with the terms of the heart satisfied with the satisfied with th the bench appealingly, "make it three months. Here's Mr. Maneirre here," pointing to a gentleman resembling Ber Franklin, who stood in the background

Franklin, who stood in the background. "he'll say a good word for me."

The father was obdurate. The son pleaded so strenuously that even the heart of the Judge was touched. "I might make it nine months," he said, with an observant look at the old man.

"Twelve months," the old Roman urged, despite the sobbing of the degraded son.

"Father," the son cried, "not twelve, if you ever loved me. Make it six. Oh, Judge, make it six months. I'll take six months willingly, but not twelve."

months willingly, but not twelve."
"It is the Judge's duty to fix the term of imprisonment," the Police Justice sternly said. "You must both remember that. I give you five months, and if you behave yourself I'll let you off before that

"Thank you, Judge," the younger man sobbed. "You have treated me better

into the prison.

Five minutes afterwards the unforgiv-

ing father stood in the corridor of the down-town elevated station at Eighth street weeping as though his heart would break .- New York Sun.

Look at the Drunkards.

"When a Catholic stands up in a pulpit and says the Catholic Church is the Church of God, others can say, Look at For some years previous to his death he resided for a part of each year in a small of this moral evil, which opposes the resided for a part of each year in a small hut of mud walls, thatched with straw or rushes, near the bog of Allen, to which he might fly when sought after by the myrmidons of the ruling faction. The remains of his cabin still exist on the road from Allen to Robertstown; they form a sort of an ill-shapen mound or mounds, on the right hand as you proceed, and are separated by a ditch from the hishway of the church. The not for the good of the Church. The as it passes over a small eminence, which looks down upon the vast moor or bog, aftect the family; therefore this evil must be remedied to insure peace and happiness."—Bishop Spalding at Balti-

> At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the

How Women Differ from Men.

women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy when we tell you that the taint of scro-fula is in your blood. Inherited or ac-in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, Dr. Low's Worm Syrup will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

The Low's Worm Syrup will remove dispirited woman, into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

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