October 3, '83

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

was outlied prisoner to Newgate."

"That was the beginning of our misfor-

"Host, lassis dear, and what's a' the mie

ling, an a' because they wudna tak up airms for

Glencairn, the fause heretic boon. Au there's

"As for myself, Nell, I would cheerfully

and mony a fecfu' habe was christened that's

"And then," murmured Alice, communing

with her own thoughts rather than in reply

speaks to, as if they understood him ; there's

shrine of the Abbot of Glastonbury, whese

bones he carried from Newgate, and on which

he hath seen mass offered up, on the first of

every month, for five and twenty years ; there

are the trees in the garden on which he hath

chronicled many a national event, and the

The dog, hearing the plaintive tones of his

mistress's voice, lesped through the open

window, fawned upon her, licked her hand,

and then lay down whining fadly at her

Noll Gower brushed back the auburn locks

from the fair forehead of the young girl, and

would not be repressed, trickled down her

ava; ye'll be a puir comfort to the bonnie

Queen o' Scots when ye gang wi' me to Holy-

how she suffers ira fause friends an open focs,

the bonnie bird that s' the English kites an

Scotch heatrils are pursuin' or. And wha'll

console Sir Geoffrey, when his ain bairs, who

ought to be a stout staff to lean upon

in his auld age, is nathing but a windle

kill him to part with Brockton."

feet.

now the head o' a princely house,"

from the top of his barrel, into the gutter by jerkin, and drew forth two or three papers or a blow from Nell's tough orabiree; and many parchments, one of which fell on the floor. a villfler of Mary Stuart was dragged from his horse pond, by some of Nell's adherents, in

payment for his dastardly calumnies. Nell knew every body, and every body seemed to know her; and yet she had but few intlmater, seldom seen in the company of any but Whitret Machairn, and even then she was always in advance, like the cuckoo and her faithful moss-cheeper. Yet with all this seeming repugnance, on Nell's part, to associate with her neighbors, she was not without followers and friends, in various districts of London, ready to espouss her cause and execute her orders at a moment's warning. Who they were, where they lived, or how she could gather them so soon on certain sudden emergencies, no one could tell; at all events, they were at her elbow when she required their services. Such was Nell Gower; much beloved and trusted by the few whom she admitted to her confidence, but regarded by all others as a gypsy, a fortune-teller and a dangerous woman.

The creature who now trotted alter her on the road to Wimbleton, as the reader has been already informed, was the unfortunate off. spring of Grace Goodniff, niece of Oliver, the host of the Whitshorse. He was now in his swentieth year, a diminutive, misshapenthing, seemingly deaf and dumb, and without a spark of intellect or a semblance of feeling. Who his father was no one knew, and Grace would never tell. When spoken to, he always shook his head and pointed to his tongueless mouth ; and yet some said he was known to speak, and sing, and enjoy himself at certain times as well as the best of them.

When the travellers reached Wimbleton the stars were fast paling out before the dawn of the morning, and the lights in Olivor Guodniff's hostelrie windows had grown small and dim. As Nell approached, the curses and shouts of drunken revelry and elashing of doors that rung in his carr, gave strong proof that their friend Oliver had slept little or risen early. To Nell Gower this was no matter of surprise, for, often as she parsed the Whitehorse, night or day, she seldom found it without customers for the well-served platter or the foaming beer can. As she entered the front door, a tall, soldier

looking fellow, with his neck bare and his shirt and doublet sadly torn, was holding a pint pot somewhat unsteadily in his hand, and disputing angrily with the master of the house. In brashing by, Nell happened to touch his arm, and spill some of his liquor, which so annoyed him, engaged, as he was, in the heat of argument with his heat, that he turned instantly on the intruder, and roughly laying hold of her hood, demanded who presumed to pass so unceremoniously.

Without deigning to answer so civil a question, and provoked by the gross assault on her person, Nell struck him a sharp crack on the knuckles with the ond of her staff, that made him suddenly loose his hold.

"A plague on thee, old beldam I" cried the fellow, smarting from the blow; "thon deservest the bastinado for thy uncivil behavior."

"Nay, then," said Oliver, "she hath purlabed thee right justly for thy foul speech, Master Houghton."

"Out on thes for a white-livered ox !" responded the follow; "how darest thou do. fend so rank a Papist as Sir Geoffrey Wentworth in my presence? Gadzooks, what a crabbit old she devil !" he added, examining his fingers. "Who is she, Oliver ?" "That's more than I can tell thee, Master

Houghton." "Hast not seen her before ?"

"Ay, marry have I; and yet I know her

"She's indifferently well versed in the ways the house-see! she's gone down among the kitchen wenches. Hol I'll have at her gain! I'll try another bout with her." And emptying his can, he hastened after the old

Nell saw it, and signed to Whitret Maobairn

e uning a sign measurement

-, 14-14 M

mous oath of supremacy and abjuration, and prepared to read it in test of Nell's faith, Oliver Goodniff waddled into the room, wiping the perspiration from his fat, round face with the end of his apron.

"How now, Master Houghton !" he ejaculated, "what wouldst thou with the woman ?" "Test her loyalty, my fat host, and thine hereafter, mayhap. Away i out with thee, and leave me to do my office. But first, good Mistrees Witch," he continued, "thou'dst better first renounce | leave Neil Gower and Grace Goodniff to their the svil one, so thou can't forswear the pope | secret gossip, and proceed with our story in | an now lyin' low in the anid kirdyerd o' Str without hindrance and with a clear consolence."

"Mind thine own business, Sorgeant Houghton," Interposed Oliver, pushing him back from before Nell Gower; "the queen's uniform gives thee no right to maltreat the queen's lieges. Let the woman go her way in peace,"

"Ho, gramercy, sir host! what knowest thou of rights and lieges ?" replied Houghton, balancing on his heels and grasping at Nell's cloak. "Hillos, there, most learned Master Millar 1 come hither, and leave thy points and reasonings. Here's a Papist, or a devil, or a something o' that kind-help me to arrest her in the queen's name."

"What, man !" muttered Millar, a strong, thick-yet, clerical-looking man of about fifty years of age, staggering up to Houghton, "dost not know the woman? Gads me! that's the spacewife, and's as mad as a March hare. Away!' he continued, "away, thou crazy old baggage, and rid us thy presence instantly !" and he pointed to the door; " out with thee, and begone !"

"Thou knowest her, then ?" observed Houghton.

"Ay, right well do I."

"A murrain take her the wicked, ill-tem pered. old she-witch !"

"Ay, faith, she's like her native thistle : she pricks thy finger if thou but touch her. And so thou wouldst test her-ha, ha !-did she crack thy knuckles, that thou feelest them so ?"

"Ay, marry hath she." "Well, sergeant, she hath but given thes a token, in those swollen fingers, to remember her by; so put up thy papers, and let's be going. Our stay at the Whitehorse has been somewhat of the longest, and Sir Thomas may expect our presence in German Street. So have at thes once more, Master Oliver, and let's drink the parting stoup to ----" "Gadzooks! how's this?" Interrupted Ser-

geant Houghton, taking out various papers from his pockets, and looking round the floor of the tap.

"What concerns thee, friend Houghton? Hast lost thy purse?"

"Carse take the parse! No; I tell thee I've lost what's of more value than ten pur-868."

"A paper, was't?"

"Ay, a paper ; hast seen it ?"

"Truly, yes, thereabout on the floor, but thought it of little moment. Marry, I saw the dumb creature pick it up. Hos, there, dwarf, or evil spirit, where art theu?" And Millar, followed by Sergeant Houghton, p>ccocded to search for Whitret Maobairn.

When Nell Gower left the tap, she took the paper from Whitret, and quietly ensconcing herself in a small room off the kitchen, opened it, and red as follows :---

Written at HAMPTON, the 16th day of June. SEBGEANT HOUGHTON :---

Be ready with thy guard to accompany me, three days hence, to Worcestershire, there to execute the commands of her most gracious majesty in raference to what I have already made known to thee. Be "O dear, Nell, I have been oareful that thy roistering propensities loosen What bath detained thee?" not thy tongue to thy prejudice, lest the old fox carry eff his young ere we reach his lair

sendin' Whitret Maobaim for ye to Hampton. | said mass, under the suld ivy wass o' the cas-Sae I'm mare nor a trifle pleased to has ye the. It was the day poor Jack Nicholson, here at my elbow. So the queen's no to the dait baille, was burled; and ye wur say jist west in health ?" inquired Nell cau- kneeling by Sir Geoffrey, the comlitiously.

"Hush!" responded Grace, glancing at the door ; "there be long ears in Wimbleton."" since his wedding' I e'er set eye on his honest, "Na doubt on't, lassie; na doubt on't," sonsy face; an' mair, betoken, he was married whispered Nell; "and it's, as we mann say, the very day the holy Abbot of Glastonbury atween us twe, a hittle subject to branch, een in the kiln pot. So I'll pit a kippin in the besp, and draw the kist nearer the bed for tune?, Nell; when are they to end?" maro security,"

As we are bolted out, gentle reader, wo must not be tempted, as many have been be- skoath I has endured? There's my two lads, tore us, to play the cavesdropper. Bo we as douse callants as o'er drew bow or brest sword, cut down in a' their pith and might another chapter.

OHAPTER VII.

the auld abbey o' Whippinscauld ; and there's It was a beautiful moonlight night in my bit cablo, where I was born, an a' afore June, and the dews on the flowers before the me sin' the days o' guid King Bobert, burnt parlor windows of Brockton Hall, the to the ground, an no as much as a kippin residence of Sir Geofirey Wantworth, left. Weel, an wasre's the Injary-wha's and I am has imparted a delightful and southing insgrance the evil it did ma? Pughl deli to the air. The monbeams, struggling a bodie's worth. And why for no, through the dense foliage of the elm hinnie? Why, e'en because I keep "No, inder and sycamore, silvered the well-trimmed aye sayin' to mysel, Its a' right, its the will avenues with checkered streaks. The o' Heaven. Things maun change; an if for brook below the garden wound its tortucus the batter, let's be thankfu'; an if for the course through the alders and dwarf hazel waur, why, let's even mak the best o't." that grow thickly on its banks, and intertwining their branches, covered it over like an arbor. The lights had been long extinbear all the evils they could inflict," replied Alice, " if they but spared Sir Geoffrey in the guished in the front rooms of the old manold place. To part with Brockton, I fear, sion, and the dark shadows which the aged will break his heart." "It's a bra' stately auld mansion, I'll no trees, planted there some centuries before, throw upon the venerable pile, gave it a look deny that," responded Nell, looking up to of loneliness and descrition. Not a sound was the careful ceiling and round the oaken astir, if we except the dreary and monotonous wainscoting, partially illumined by the moonlight, "an it gars me greet amaist murmur of the little brook below that came to think it may yet fa' to the lot o' a heretic ever upon the ear like the hum of a distant wind-mill. Yet under those sombre towers like Sir Thomas Plimpton, who na doubt's impatient to desecrate the wee chapel, an the of Brockton, still and Jonely as they looked, bonnie altar, where mony a mass was sung, there were sad hearts and waking eyes.

A large white staghound lay stretched at full length in one of those streams of light that fell upon the avenue before the house, enjoying the cool air after the fatigue of the to her companion, "there are the old family pictures, which he visits every day, and chase. The poor fellow had doubliess run many a long mile under the warm sun of the preceding day, and laid himseli down to rest his wearled limbs and cool his fevered the orstory, where he goes every even-ing to pray, at my mother's tomb; there's the blood under the night dews. He was, as he lay there, the very picture of repose and contentment. Yet, motionless as he seemed, he was not asleep, for over and anon his eyes would suddenly open, fix themselves steadily for a moment on some object within the parlor window, and then slowly close name of many a martyr; and there's the fish again. The interest he seemed to pond, and the falcons-O Nell," she cried, feel in something there was apparently throwing her arms round the old woman's the only cause of his watchfulness; for every neck and weeping bitterly; "it will surely thing around him, even to the leaves and flowers, after a long effort to sustain life through the sultry day, had at length sunk exhausted in a profound lethargy. Whilst the dog was thus enjoying his sleepless rest, a figure might be seen stealing along the side wall of the house, in the direction of the open window, watching the daugerous animal, and treading lightly on the greensward. kissed it affectionately, while a tear, that The figure was that of a woman, wrap-ped closely in a gray-colored cloak, the own this and wrinkled cheek. "Weel, now," hood of which covered nearly the whole face. she muttered in that low, endearing tone As soon as she had approached within a few yards of the window, the dog saw her, and so peculiar to the Scotch, "I'll gang sprang up growling; but the woman spoke] awa, 1'll gang awa and leave ye, if yo dinna tak tent and liston to me. I little thought to him as he rushed forward, and he instantly crouched and returned to his place. When yo'd tak on sas childish, an a' aboot nathing she reached the window, she touched some one within, who swoke with a start, demandrood, two three days hence ; just think o' her, ing who was there, or if that was Nell Gower.

"And guid have us," said the person addressed, in broad Lowland Scotch, "hae ye fell asleep under the cauld night air? Woot, lassie, ye maun tak tent ye dinna harm ver-8el.'

"O dear, Nell, I have been waiting so long straw, that bends wi' the first breath o' the storm. Hoot, lassie, dinna be sae doon-

"Nathin, ava," replied the old woman, hearted."

THE FATHER OF FISH-OULTURE. SETH GREEN'S IDEAS ABOUT THE FLARY TRIBE AND SOME OF HIS VABIED EXPERIENCE'. (Turf, Field and Farm.) est knight in a that getherin,' O, weel do I remember. It was the first time

"How did you ever come to devise this soheme ?" "I have been working at it ever since I

was large enough to bend a pin." The above remark was addressed to Mr Seth Green, the votorau fin oalsurist, who is known to the optire world, and his reply in-

dicates the extent of his labors. "When I was guite young," he continued fortune can e'er beia' ye, to the rack and " I would lis on the limbs of trees that reson. ed out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer mult see, the des tructive elements that are warring against my last baim, shot in my alrms comin' frae act this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accom-

"Were you successful on the start?" "No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to batch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and fedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent of all spawn."

'Enormous! Why, that is a larger per centage than either the vegetable or animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoin conversation occurred at Oaledonia where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the state fish hatchories. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest any ever before attempted.

" How many fish are there in those ponde, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it will be impossible to say. They extend way upinto the millions though. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds variety of the trout family and many l hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that ?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the bybrid with the brock troat, which give us three-quarter brook trout and cac-quarter selmon trout. This makes one of the finest rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook P. Donahoe, Boston, \$2 per year. trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great, and we are rayidly ascertaining what they are.' As the man of news watched the counter-

ance of hir. Green while he was giving the table of contents :- The Answer ; The Rose above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly re- etc. Published by J. P. Dunne, 5 Barclay sembling that of Socrates, and covered with a street, New York. white sliky beard and luxuriant gray hair. Sath Green, the father of fish oulture, is a ploture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought propriate, alteration as to the date of their an-

Review of Books, &c.

3

THE MANHATTAN .- This magazine grows in beauty and in interest with overy succeeding number. The October issue is very handsomely illustrated and the frontispiece is an exquisite little gem entitled " Stautifu Wonder Eyed, Strong Hearted, Glowing Oc tober." The opening paper is a decoriptive one of "The Valley of the Hacksusack," by Janet E. Raretz-Rees, numerously Illustrated Jallan Hawthorne's novel, "Beatrix Ram dolph," is coutinued, and Bichard Henry Stoddard offers six poems from the Spanish of Gustavo Becquer. An ontertaining pape 18 "Washington Through Eye Glasses A third illustrated article is on " The Irish Parliameniary Party," by Thomas P. Gill who describes the various members of that. party in a remarkably vigorous and entertainfish, and I realized that unless something ing way. The thirteen well-engraved por-were done, the life in the streams of this traits which accompany the text are valuable country would become extinct. To counter- in themselves, and are the first complete collection of such portraits which have appeared in this country. "Art and Literature in Eng-land" is discussed by W. J. Loitie, and Mrs. Lucy Hooper describes the 'Second Hand Shops in Paris." 'Ine table of contents is a long one and full of interest. The Manhat-

tan Magozine Co., Temple Court, New York-THE CATHOLIC WORLD .- This sterling Ca-1. Protestantiam vs the Ohnroh; 2. A Ninth Contury Antiphon and its Composer ; 3. The Sadiler & Co., 275 Notre Dame street, Montreal. P.Q.

SCIENTIFIC SOPHISMS, By Samuel Wainwright, D.D., "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." This rule Dr. Wainwright has followed in presenting a thorough review of the prevailing theories of Natural Science. He has submitted to searching orlticism the views of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and others on the subject of Evolution, Transmutation, Spontaneous Generation, stor, and has ably shown the fallacies involved in this year and there seemed to be as many their deductions. Although dcaling with afterward as before. We have nearly every difficult scientific problems, the book is written in a clear and simple style, attractives to overy intelligent mind. It is well calculated to remove ekeptical doubts, and to confirm the old belief that "He that built all things is God." Published in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library, No. 97. Price 25 conts.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE --- The October number of this popular monthly is at hand. It contalas its usual supply of choice reading for the family circls. Among the principal articles are: The effects of the Lost Cause, by Rev. fishes in the world. He has all the habits of A. J. Byan; Quarantine sgainst Lundlerdism, the brook trout, lives in both streams and by H. J. Desmond; The Irkh in Virginia; lukes, develops vermillion spots on his sides, Early Printing; The Existence of a Future Life Demonstrated ; etc., etc. Published by

THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE, -This magazine is doubly walcomed in all Catholic families. It contains nothing but sound and enteriaining literature and much that is instructive. Its September number presents the following of Ivywild ; Tim Crane and the Widow ; The Banana ; Aftor the Battle ; Labore et Honore The Old Stone Christ ; Vice-Versa ; Robert Emmet and Sarah Ourran; The Unmeant Rebuke; The Lazy Deceiver; several poems

SCOTCH CATHOLIC NEWS.

The members of the Catholie Caledonian Association have made a simple, but very ap-

tholio periodical for October is at hand and is found to contain several valuable papers. The following are the contents of the number :---Wizard of Sainte Marie; 4. Infallibility and Private Judgment; 5. Chantello; 6. Bancro;t's History of the United States-Maryland Toleration ; 7. Armine ; 8. When Visions Pass; 9. The Torpedo Station; 10, New Publications. Price, \$4 per annum; single copies 35 cents, sent free by mail. D. & J.

"Ho, there I" he cried ; "ho, Dame Beelzebub! where art thou?"

Nell took her position near the fire-place, scanning with her keen eyes the faces of three or four men scated round a table in tho kitchen, garnished with various drinking vossels, come of which were full and others empty and upset. They all seemed, from their sleepy and disordered looks, to have spent the previous night in a long drunken carouse. One of them had a book open be. fore him, that appeared to have sustained its own share of the debauch, for Its leaves were wet and stained in various places with filthy drops. As Nell entered the apartment, the occupants were engaged lusilly discussing some grave Scripture question ; and the man who held the book open before him on the table, whilst advancing his opinion, kept turning over the leaves in search of his proofs, which, it appeared, were rather difficult to find.

"The queen's gracious majesty, Master Langton, is a woman," said the one who held the book, sententiously. "What sayest thou to that ?"

"A woman | ay faith, and a virgin woman withal; a most excellent virgin woman is our royal queen," replied Langton, striking the table, and making the wine stoups and beer cans bounce in corroboration of his loyal assertion.

"Now hold thes there," pursued the first speaker, "and listen to what followeth after, as 'twere the point in consequence. The queen's a woman : good. Now, a woman's a human being. Well, how say you to that, so 1sr ?''

"I say to that, Master Millar, that thou'rt lame in thy premises; the queen's majesty's not a woman."

"How so, honest Jacob?"

"Why, I hold she's an angel, and a virtuous virgin angel ; and I say, Master Millar, thour't guilty of treason to call her an unconditioned woman, and, by my troth, dost well deserve the pillory for such sourvy speech."

"And therefore I say, Master Langton, thou'rt helping me to prove my argument, as 'twere, for her spiritual supremacy; and the Bible here doth so declare it when it saith, 'I shall,'-it beginneth with 'I shall,' or Thou shalt'-humph J I cannot find the tone. place here," he muttered, turning over the leaver, "but I insist on it that she govern the church, and frock and unfrock priests and bishops as she kisteth. Who dares say ought against it lieth in his threat, and will be damaed for't. So here's long life to our good queen, and Sir Thomas Plimpton, our most noble and worthy marter, and confusion to all Papistry say I." Here Houghton burst into the room in search of Nell Gower. "Hillos, there, old rue-decocter i come bither, I say, and answer me forthwith; and he drew her by the anna from the kitchen to the tap. "Art thou a devil old hag? Quick-answer-or Pil have thes hung uncentinently on the sign post."

"A deevil, mon !" responded Nell quietly. No, I'm no a deevil, or ye'd ken me better, Woon," "Thou'rt a Papist, then, at least?"

"An gin I be, what can ye make o't ?" "Thou confessest! Ha! a Scotch Papist, from the borders, I'll warrant thee. Now, sit Ye there, and listen whilst I tender the cath

My sign manual attached horeto will give thee access to me at Hampton Court or elsewhere, and also lend thee proper cridit with thy associates. Thy patron and master, as thou deservest,

THOMAS PLIMPTON, BAT'L.

"Now may the guid God be thanket," said Nell, whispeing to herself, and refolding the letter, "for this wee bit winfa.' Little kens the writer that mair een than his ain hae been watchin' the auld fox o' Brockton an his bonnie young one. But I'll be looking store him yet, sy, wull 1, if I maun wear my woman. auld banes through the skin. 111 di it, and no think muckle trouble o't either-the bor-nie bairn, that she loes so weel! May God gie me strength," she continued, crossing herself reverently, "to save her frae the hands o' this wicked carl, and bring her safe to Holyrood, into the airms 'o her ain trusty friend'! I'll mak the trial: an gin I dle in the effort, why, it's the last o' Nell they're no to say sae guid either; but still Gower, the Scotch spaewife, that's a'-the guld for naething auld donnerd body, that's ower long lived for a' the grace that comes c, her.'

"Nell Gower, didst thou say ?" muttered a half-smothered voice from the bad beside her.

Nell turned round hastily on the trunk where she sat, and, much to her surprise, recognized the face of Grace Goodniff half concealed under the bedelothes.

"Weel, now, if that's no queer," said Nell. "An how cam ye to leave Hampton, lassie, and what gars ye keep sleepin' here, an the sun blinkin' through the winnock there. Ye've been packed awa, 1'll warrant."

"Packed aws," repeated Grace; how many times hast asked me that question? I tell thee, as I oft did before, there's but little fear c my dismittance."

"An how came ye here, then ?" "I came last night with a letter."

"Frae the auld doctor?"

"Ay, from Dr. Maraski to the queen mother."

"Why, the suld mediciner an ye maun be unco gracious, whin ye think sae little o' trudgin' frae Hampton to Wimbleton o' nights to oblesge him," said Nell, in a gossiping

"He seemeth a very godiy-living man,' observed Grace, "and I'd fain do his pleasure, seeing there be few about the court to care for his comfort. As for being graslous, verily I cannot say, for I have never spoken with him or seen him but once."

"But once !" repeated Nell, surprised at the admission; "why, woman, I thought ye'd been as intimate as the wolt and the warp. Sure ye maun see him when he hands ye the letters.

"He hath never handed me a letter, Nell." "No, woman ? ne'r handed ye a letter. An how can ye by them, bairn ?"

" I've always found them in my room, with the directions for me written. Mayhap the old man omnot speak our language so well as he can write it."

Nell paused for a moment to reflect, and then inquired if she could see the letter. But Grace told her it was already on the way to France, being given last night to the foreign post.

"I'd gio a crown to see it," said Nell, of supremacy," And the drunken soldier thoughtfully; " but na matter now. I has thrust his filthy hand into the pecket of his i ther things to speak o', and had thoughts o' i thing at Linlithgow, where Father Leelle annon

climbing over the window sill. "I made as muckle haste as my auld banes wad admit o'."

"And what tidings bringest thou, Nell ?" "Weel, the tiding might be waur," replied Nell, untying the ribbon under hor chie, and tbrowing back the hood over her shoulders. The news is no sao pleasant as I'd fain has to tell ye, Mistret 3 Alica; but it might be waur, lassie."

"Didst see Whitret Machairn, and hath he been to Hampton'" esgerly inquired Alice, looking apprehensively in the face of the old

Nell Gower nodded assent, and then sitting down on the low stool at the feet of her companion, took her delicate hand, and pressed it affectionately within her sunburnt and bony fingers, gazing tenderly in her face as she spoke.

"Now, my bonnie bairn, the news I bring frae Whitret Machairn are no sae bad, and they might be waur, and that ye ken is nae sma' comfort. Weel, its na mare than what ye has been expectin' these four months gane, an if this deil bird, Sir Thomas Plimpton, be

comin here to mak the second lender to Bir Geoffrey, why it's een a the better, hinnie ; it's sy well to ken the warst, as my suld grandmither ust to say. If the war maun come, let it come, and if ye canna fight, ye maun flee."

"I knew it, Nell-I always knew it: my mind hath over been telling me we should one day be driven from Brockton."

"Ou, weel, lassie, times mann change, ye ken, an folks maun change wi' them; its an auld sayin', and na doubt comes o' the will o' Providence."

"Yesterday," said Alice, " whilet Sir Geoffrey was taking his walk after breakfast, I wandered round the old place, through the flower beds and the aviary, and along the pond, and through the rabbits, and called out the ponies and fed them; and all that day something was telling me I would never see them again; and I thought-but I suppose it was only fancy-that the rabbits came Dearer to me than they used to do, and the ponies lay down beside me and ate the apples from , my hand more gently than they over did before."

" Its a' fancy, baim; diana fret yersel wi sic foolish thoughts; its a' faney."

"And after I had turned from the stables looked back again, and there was Pepin, with his neek stretched out from the stable door, gazing and neighing after me, as much as to say, "God be with thes, Alice; thou wast ever a kind mistress to me."

" Weel, dear, dinna fret, diana fest, but tak heart o' grass, an a' may yet be weel. Only think o' the martyrs, an a' the ills they suffered; many a captie lass parted wi' mair nor a' the flowers and ponice, an' sic trifles aboot Brockton, to preserve the faith ; ay, lassie, and right thankfu' they were to has sic a blessing and hopefu' destiny to meet,"

"Trap," said the young pirl, as Mell Gower wiped the tears from her ever, "but they were may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping seints, Nell, and I am but a weak, thaid ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a thing, that never knew what it was to encounter difficulty or dauger."

" Na matter, Alice Weatworth; diana fear for a' that ; God will no desent ye in yer need, and 1 1b) by grocers, labelled-" JAMES EPre for ye wur, ave, a prayerful, pious baim. O, weel I remen ser to see ye a wee winsome land. Also makers of Eers's OHOOOLATE Es.

But though Allee, leaving her head upon | differently," said the veteran. her old friend's shoulder, seemed to listen attentively to her kindly advice, she was all the at you, that sickness was something of which time thinking of her father.

"He's displeased with mr, Nell," she said. " ₩ьо ?" (To be continued)

Holloway's Ointment and Pills combine both sanitive and sanative powers in a high degree; by the former term is understood their ability to preserve health, by the latter their espability to restore health. With these re-medics at hand, no invalid need be at fault to many trials to which every one is subjected during our long and offtimes inclement quinsey, whooping cough, can be successfully treated by well rubbing this Ointment upon j the chest, and by taking the Pills. During damp, foggy weather asthmatical sufferers will experience the utmost possible relief from the inunction of the Ointment, and all tender-chested porsons will save endless misery by adopting this treatment.

OUE HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons loading a sedentary and inactive life are more less subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occceional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digentive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale every-There. Price, 260 per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps .- B. E. McGale, vided." chemist, Montreal. 95 H

OVER ONE HUNDBED YEARS OLD. The latest returns from England concerning the mortuary returns state that is 1882 91 persons died 100 years of age and over, 25 men and 66 women. Nine of the men were 100 years, five 101, three 102, one 103, two 104, three 105, one 108, and one 112. 'The last died at Wickham, County of Norfolk. Among the women twenty-four reached the age of 100, eight 102, five 103, six 104, two

EPPS'S COCCA-GRATEFUL AND CONFORTING. -By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and yet by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Occos Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We properly nourished trame."-Oivil Service Gasette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Bold only in packets and tins (3 lb & Co., Homespathic Chemists, London, Eng-

"How is that? One would think, to look you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of figh they had in that State and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetito was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described, but had never exguide himself or herself safely through the perienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of maiaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there winters. Coughs, colde, ulcerated throate, all the spring, and if there ever was a slok man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been sufficied by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease was completely oured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my mala

ris, and am happy to say I am a well man today, and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Oure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed, I see it is endorsed by the United States Medical College of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And are you now as well as formerly ?" "Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though and do not hesitate to recommed it to others."

"One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they dl-

"Well, we have 43 ponds which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 of Calvinists. ponds of saimon trout, 4 of McOloud river or minbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and one centennial pond or 'happy family.' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon. Land Locked salmon, Oalifornia salmon, brook trout, salmon trout 105, fifteen 101, three 106, and three 107 years and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-poun iers, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I

lorgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pend, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many mil-lions. Indeed the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things. food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness." The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the usual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world all owe their origin to the process described as origin. ated and conducted by Beth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Ours is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

nual festival. The "Oaledonian" is the only Scotch Catholic semi-religious, somi-social association in the country. It was, therefore appropriate that at a meeting of the body

hold on Monday night, the date fixed for this vear's annual festival was the 30th of November, the feast day of St. Andrew, the national Saint of Scotland.

Some time ago Lord Herries bestowed a large space of ground at Dumfries for the crection of a convent. The Dowager Lady Horries resolved to collect the innds neces sary for the crection of the establishment, which is now completed. On Saturday the Right Rev. Dr. McLauchlan, Bishop of Dumfrios, assisted by Doan Turner, blossed the convent and chapel attached to it, and in which Mass was then said for the first time. A select party was present, and took an interested part in the proceedings. Among others were Lord and Lady Herries, the Dowager Lady Herries, and the Hon. Miss Maxwell. The establishment will not be publicly opened till the commencement of next year. The Dowager Lady Herries has for a long time been desirous of seeing a number of the Order of the Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration residing and carrying out their most plous devotion in Bootland: and on this account Bishon McLancher lan wrote to the head house in France asking the Order to accept of the convent, to which the Sisters replied, stating their willingness to do so. It is thus expected that the convent will be occupied, and that the Sisters will be in the full exercise of their duties by, at latest, the month of March next. The people of this country have lately been

opening their eyes to the beauties of the Ostholic religion, and the introduction of the Order specially formed for the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament must have a salutary effect on even the most anti-Oatholic minded

Last week a meeting of the Catholic Bishopa of Scotland was held at Perts, under the prest-dency of his Grace the Archbishop of Glacgow. The meeting was called to act in regard to the vacancy in the archbishopric of pond of Carp. Then we have what we call the St. Andrews and Edinburgh, caused by the death of the late Archbishop Strain. Three candidates were selected, and their names forwarded to Bome. These are, I understand, his Grace Archbishop Eyre, Monsignor Smith, Vicar-General of the Eastern Archdiocese ; and the Bight Bev. Dr. Bigg, Bishop of Dunkeld. Among the other charges that are likely to take place consequent on the filing up of the vacancy are the following :--His Grace Archbishop Lyre will assume the charge of the vacant archdiocese. Dishop McLausinlan, of the Dumfries diocese, who has often Impregnation,-using no water. Plenty of officiated for His Grace, would then be appointed to the vacancy thus caused in Glasgow; while Monsignor Smith, it is expected, would be consecrated Bishop, and would an once proceed to take up Bishop McLauchlan's former position. Or it may be that Monsigner Smith, consecrated Bishop, would be appointed to the dicesse of Dunkend, the present Bishop of which, the Bight Rev. Dr. Bigg, would be selected for Edinburgh, in which her was highly popular among all classes. At present, however, the only thing definite about the arrangements is that Monsignor Smith will be raised to the episcopate. As pointed out in this column previously, the holder of the Archbishoprio of St. Andrews.

and Edinburgh is ex-officio of Scotland.