

Sweetheart Robin.
CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.
Interloper boughs of the hawthorn hedge
How bare your brown twigs glisten!
What! Have your blossoms forgotten their
pledge?
Is it not May-time? Listen!
Surely I heard a bird sing,
And smelt the breath of the clover,
(What is the word he was whispering—
Whispering over and over?)
Daffodownilly, how late thou art,
Thou springtime's earliest comer!
The gladness of Summer is in my heart,
And on my cheek there is Summer,
Tartling through as the bluebird's call,
As this sun when it kisses the clover!
(Gains't my cheek did a sunbeam fall?
Ah, why was he bending over?)
Petals of white from the hawthorn tree
Over the lush grass blowing;
Light in my heart as your breeze be-
Why, surely it cannot be snowing!
A moment ago the dew-drops were
Arched above fields of clover!
(Why did he look me so full in the eyes?
And why did my head droop over?)
I know that I heard a bluebird's call:
(That wail for a whole heart's heaving!)
I know that I felt a sunbeam fall:
(Ah, what on my cheek was brushing?)
The sky above never a sign of rain;
(His eyes—he was bending over!)
And I know, though I wailed in a Winter
I smelt the breath of the clover!

KNOCKNAGOW
OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.
BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
HOME TO KNOCKNAGOW.—A TRAMONT-AT
WILL.

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and on looking round, he saw the dragoon standing close to him.
"Come and have a drink," said the dragoon.
"I don't take anything; thank you all the same," replied Billy Heffernan.
"Oh, d—n it," returned the dragoon, "as we were comrades on the road, don't refuse a treat."
"Well, I'm a teetotaler," rejoined Billy Heffernan; "but if you'd have no objection to come over beyond the Westgate, I know a place where they have peppermint."
"All right," said the dragoon; and they continued on their way through the drays and carts.
"Is this all corn?" the dragoon asked.
"All what?" replied Billy Heffernan.
"I never saw so much corn at a market," returned the dragoon; "and yet ye Irish are always talking of starving. How is that?"
"Begob," said Billy Heffernan, "tis many's the time I said thin words to myself."
"Where does it all go?" the dragoon asked.
"Some uv it is ground in the mills here an' uv the river," replied Billy Heffernan; "an' more uv it is sent off wudout bein' ground. But ground or not ground of it goes. If you'll take a walk down to the quay, you'll see 'em loadin' the boats wud it. They bin' it on to Carrick, and from that they take it to Waterford, an' the devil a wan uv me knows where it goes after that. 'Tis ould Phil Morris that could explain the ins an' outs uv it for you. But 'tis the corn that's makin' a town of Olo'mel; so there's that much got out uv it afore it goes, as ould Phil says; besides the employment av tillin' the land and repairin' it. But 'tis the big grass farms that's the mainstay uv the country. 'Twas on account of thyrin' to put a stop to 'em that they made up the plan to have Father Sheehy. So ould Phil Morris tells me."
The mention of Phil Morris's name seemed to have put political economy completely out of the dragoon's head, and he did not again speak till Billy Heffernan roused him from his reverie after they had passed the West Gate.
"This is the house," said he.
"Come in," returned the dragoon.
"Here's luck, any way," said Billy Heffernan, as he tossed off his glass of peppermint.
The dragoon blew the froth from his mug of porter, and took him by the hand.
"Good morning, friend," said he, laying his empty mug on the counter.
"Have another," said Billy.
"No, no," returned the dragoon. "Good morning."
"Oh, begob," rejoined Billy Heffernan, getting between him and the door, and putting his hand against the soldier's broad chest, "we don't understand that sort o' work in Ireland."
"Yes, yes, I understand your custom," returned the dragoon smiling. "And," he added, "I will take another."
Billy Heffernan sold his crest of turf, and, after breakfasting upon a brown loaf and a bowl of coffee in a cellar, was returning through the Main street, thanking his stars that the big town with its noise and bustle would be soon left behind him, when his eye caught the big dragoon standing with folded arms opposite a shop window, and seeming absorbed in the examination of the articles there displayed. Happening to look round, he recognized his companion of the morning, and beckoned to him. Billy Heffernan stopped his mule, and waited till the dragoon had crossed over to the middle of the street.
"Going home?" said the dragoon.
"Yes," replied Billy; "I have the turf soild."
"Would you," the dragoon asked, after a pause, "would you bring a message from me to Bessy Morris?"
"Well, I will," said Billy; but he felt, he couldn't tell why, as if he would rather not.
"Wait for a minute," said the dragoon, and he walked quickly back to the shop. He soon returned, and handed to Billy Heffernan what seemed a small box wrapped in paper.
"What will I say?" Billy asked, as he put the parcel in his waistcoat pocket.
"Well, I don't know," returned the dragoon, as if he felt at a loss.
Billy Heffernan very naturally looked at him with some surprise.
"Say," said he, at last, "that it is from a friend."
"Begob," thought Billy Heffernan, "he is a bad case. I wonder what do shall think uv him? 'Twould be d—n throil if Bessy Morris, above all the girls in the parish, would marry a soger. Begob, ould Phil 'ud choke her afore he'd give her to a redcoat. Come, Kit, be lively, or they'll

be all in bed afore we get to Knocknagow."
Billy Heffernan and his mule had left the busy town with the cloud over it some miles behind when the sun was disappearing behind the hills upon which the dragoon turned round to gaze when his companion would have called his attention to the Walford mountains—by which piece of eccentricity the reader has lost an exciting legend of those mountains, which Billy Heffernan was about relating for the amusement and instruction of his military friend. But it was all owing to Bessy Morris—who we fear has much more than that to answer for. As the stars began to peep out one by one—and there was one star that shone with a pure, steady lustre, and Billy Heffernan felt sure it was looking through the bush tree into a face as mild and beautiful as itself—he began to wonder why he felt so tired and sleepy; but, recollecting that he had had no rest the night before, he turned to his mule, and said, "Wo! Kit," in a manner that made that sagacious animal not only stop, but turn round, till her nose touched the shaft, and look at him. The fact was, Billy Heffernan was in the act of yawning as he pronounced the word "Wo!" and a stiffness in his jaw as he attempted to add the other word suggested dislocation, which so alarmed Billy Heffernan that his mule's name escaped from him with a cry, as if some one were choking him. And hence Kit not only halted at the word of command, but looked round to see what was the matter. And, finding that there was no rade hand on her master's windpipe, Kit expressed her satisfaction by advancing her fore-leg as far as possible, and rubbing her nose to it.
Billy Heffernan placed one foot on the nave, and then the other on the band of the wheel, and climbed up till he stood on the side of his car. He put back his hand several times, and attempted to catch the skirt of his barragan coat under his arm. But the skirt was too short; and, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, Billy Heffernan looked down at himself with a look of drowsy surprise. He first thought of the elk's horn fixed to the rafter in his own house; then Phil Morris's old goat came to his assistance; and at last Billy Heffernan thought of Mick Egan, and a shake of the head signified that he was satisfied. In fact, Billy Heffernan, before climbing into his creel, was attempting to tuck the skirt of his ratten riding coat under his arm, and was much astonished on finding that trusty companion of his journeyings missing for the first time in his life; for the ratten riding-coat, its owner averred, was as good to keep out the heat as the cold, and, consequently, he was never known, winter or summer, to take the skirt without it. For a moment he thought he must have left it at home, but then that glimpse at the half moon through the rent in the skirt occurred to him, and he knew he had the riding coat as far as Phil Morris's. Then the idea of the half moon shining through the rent in the riding-coat brought the roofless cabin to his mind, and the pale faces upon which the moonlight fell so coldly, and Billy Heffernan shook his head as he remembered how he had wrapped his riding-coat around poor Mick Egan, and Billy Heffernan climbed into his creel; and, resting his arms on the front, and leaning his chin on his arms, waited patiently till the mule was done rubbing her nose against her leg; and as the mule continued rubbing her nose against her leg rather longer than usual, her master began rubbing his nose against the sleeve of his coat. There was, in fact, a remarkable sympathy between Billy Heffernan and his mule in the matter of rubbing the nose.
The mule at last moved on of her own accord, for which piece of considerate civility her master resolved to give her an extra falut of bran when they got home, for he was so tired and drowsy that he felt it would be a task to say "Yo up, Kit." Indeed, the mere thought of being obliged to speak brought on another yawn, and Billy Heffernan turned his open mouth to his thumb—which required less exertion than moving his hand to his mouth—and made the sign of the cross over the mouth while yawning would be even worse in Billy Heffernan's eyes than to forget saying "God bless us" after sneezing, and almost as bad as going to bed without saying his prayers, or sprinkling himself with holy water.
The mule jogged on quite briskly, as if she knew her master's good intentions regarding the additional falut of bran, while he leaned over the creel, with his cheek resting on his arm, as a weary traveller might rest upon a gate, and looked lazily along the road before him in a somewhat confused state of mind. Be coming too sleepy to maintain his standing position, he dropped down in the bottom of the car; and, after a pantomimic wrapping of himself in the ratten riding coat, resolutely resolved to keep wide awake till he reached home. In spite of his firm resolves, however, it occurred to him that he must have dozed for half a minute or so, as he opened his eyes on missing the rattle of the wheels.
"Yo up, Kit," said he, but Kit never stirred.
He turned upon his elbow; and, looking through the lattice of the creel, saw that the mule was drinking from the little stream that ran across the road.
Billy Heffernan rubbed his eyes, and thought he must be either dreaming or bewitched. But there could be no mistake about it. There was the identical little stream over which he had lifted Norah Laby that bright summer evening long ago, and in the middle of which he stood the night before last.
"Well, that bangs Banagher," exclaimed Billy Heffernan, rising to his feet, and rubbing his eyes again. "I thought I wasn't wudin' tin mile uv it. I wonder what time uv the night might it be?"
He was wide awake now, and there was an anxious expression in his face as he looked about him, while the mule moved on briskly, seeming quite refreshed and lively after her draught at the little stream. An old fear, by which he was always haunted when descending that hill on his way home, fell upon Billy Heffernan. Most people, we suspect, have experienced some such feeling when approaching home after a lengthened absence. But it weighed upon Billy Heffernan's heart after the absence of a single day. True, he was alone in the world. He had no father or mother,

no sister or brother, wife or child, to awaken that feeling of dread. Yet he never descended that hill on his way from the busy town with the cloud over it without fearing that, just after passing that Thrasver's clipped hedge, the children would run out from the next group of houses to the middle of the road, exclaiming, "O Billy! poor Norah Laby is dead!"
The light shone brightly, as usual, in Mat Donovan's window, so that it could not be very far advanced in the night. And when he passed the clipped hedge, and saw Honor Laby's window giving the hamlet quite the look of a town, Billy Heffernan's heart began to beat as pleasantly as when he discovered that Mat Donovan's night before was Phil Morris's old goat, and not the ghost of a Heald. He climbed out of the creel at his own door; and, taking the key from under the thatch, let himself in.
There was not as much as a cat to welcome him home, nor a spark upon the hearth. Yet Billy Heffernan felt that he was at home, and was happy in his own way. Taking the mule from the car he let her find her way to her crib, and went himself for "the seed of the fire" to the next house. Having lighted the fire, he took the teakling of the mule and hung it on the bog-wood pegs. The elk's horn reminded him of his riding coat; and after a glance at the fire, which seemed between two minds whether it would light or go out, Billy Heffernan shrugged his shoulders, and sitting down in the chimney-corner on his antediluvian block, fixed his eyes on the moonlight that shone through the open doorway on the fire. It seemed to him that the moonlight in the moonlight, too, for the left hand and the right hand of the floor upon which it fell, all round, and over and over; and then Kit deliberately lay down in the moonlight and tumbled. After which invigorating recreation, Kit sat up, and instead of going back to her crib, remained where she was, winking at the moon. And Billy Heffernan, leaning back against the wall in the chimney-corner, began to wonder what Kit was thinking of. What was the subject of her thoughts might be, she got up after awhile and returned to her crib; and the working of her jaws reminded her master that he could not live upon moonshine either. So, taking his old gallon in his hand, he went to the well for water, thereby frightening Kit Cummins, who happened to be at the well for water, too, almost out of her life; she, by some process of reasoning peculiar to herself, having mistaken him for "the black dog," because his barragan coat happened to be newly white. Having convinced Kit Cummins that he was not the black dog, and disgusted her by insinuating a doubt of that creature's very existence—though it was a well known fact the well was haunted by him time out of mind—Billy Heffernan returned home with his gallon of water, and, pouring some of it into a small pot which he must have filled with washed potatoes before going to Ned Brophy's wedding, hung it on the fire to boil. Then closing his door behind him, he walked down to Honor Laby's to purchase a half-penny herring. He was agreeably surprised to see Phil Laby sitting by his own fire, holding serious discourse with Tom Hogan and Mat Donovan, as he had almost made up his mind that the "cordial" at Ned Brophy's wedding would have proved the commencement of a protracted "spree," which would cost Norah much anxiety and suffering. But her smiling face, as she listened to her father expounding the various political questions of the day, satisfied Billy Heffernan that his apprehensions on this occasion were groundless. Honor, too, was the very picture of happiness, and in the excess of her pride and delight was actually obliged to put away her knitting, and give herself up wholly to the enjoyment of Phil's eloquence.
"Good night, Billy; sit down," said Phil Laby, mildly, the words being thrown in parenthetically to the peroration of his discourse on home manufactures, which, he contended, could never be revived upon a foreign government.
Billy Heffernan was about declining the invitation, but seeing it was seconded by Norah's dark eyes, he couldn't.
"Don't know," was Tom Hogan's comment at the conclusion of the speech. "I never minded them soart uv things. An' though I gave my shillin' as well as another to O'Connell, to please the priest, I never could see the good uv it. If people 'd mind their business an' industry, they 'd be able to count on barrin' at the end of the year, an' be the lord."
"Tom," said Phil Laby, with a sort of solemn indignation, "his wastin' words to be talkin' to you."
"Tis thirty years now," continued Tom Hogan, "since I came into my little spot, an' so long as God spared me my health I never lost half a day; an' signs on me, look at it, an' where would you find a more compact little place in the country? An' what was it but a snipe farm that I came to it. But I worked sivilly an' late, wet an' dry, an' glory be to God I'm milkin' six cows now where Billy Heffernan's mule 'd perish the day I came into it. An' if I'd done the same they'd have the same story."
"An', Tom, what rent are you paying now?"
"Well, 'tis a purty smart rent," replied Tom Hogan seriously. "But the land is worth it," he added, proudly.
"An' who made it worth it, Tom? Answer me that."
"I did," he replied, with something like a swagger. "Thim two hands did it for the first ten years, barrin' what help my wife gave me; an', begor, so far as diggin' the bunnies and workin' that sort, she done sivilly for sivil; wud me of an' off'en. By it I made the drains, an' sunk the dykes, an' riz the ditchin' single hand. But now," he continued, consequently, "I can keep a servant boy, an' hire a few men. An' I ate my own bit uv butter now an' then," added Tom Hogan, with the air of a lord.
"An' what rent are you payin'?"
"Well, thirty-eight shillins," since the last rise."
"An' suppose the next rise puts it up to forty-eight?"
Tom Hogan stared at his questioner with a frightened look.
"If he was the devil," he exclaimed, after a pause, "he couldn't put it up to forty-eight shillins a acre."
"An' what was it when you came there first?"
"About fifteen shillins a acre ill

round. But 'tis better worth thirty-eight now."
"Have you a lass?"
"No, nor I don't want a lass so long as I have a gentleman for my landlord that won't disturb any poor man that'll pay him his rent fair and honest."
"An' as fast as you improve your land, putting the whole labour uv your life into it, he'll rise the rent on ye."
"An' why not, so long as he don't rise it too high?"
"Tom Hogan," said Phil Laby, surveying him from head to foot, and then looking at him steadily in the face—"Tom Hogan, I'll see you scratch a beggarman's back yet."
Tom Hogan looked astonished, quite unable to comprehend why he should be called upon to perform such an office for a beggarman or anyone else. But Phil Laby meant to convey, in this figurative and unnecessarily roundabout way, that Tom Hogan would be a beggar himself. "I partly see what Phil is at," observed Mat Donovan. "Whin 'tis his own labour an' his own money made the land what it is, the rent had no right to be riz on him. Sure he has his place just as if he took a piece uv the Garden Vale an' laid it down among the rials an' yellow clay all round it. An' because he wint on drains, an' an' linnis, an' fencin', an' an' manurin' for thirty years, is that the reason the rent should be riz on him, wherein more uv 'em that never done anything at all is on'y payin' the ould rent? That's a quare way to encourage a man."
"An' Tom," said Phil Laby, "what would you take for the good-will of that farm?"
"I wouldn't take a million uv money," he replied, in a hasty voice. "My heart is stuck in it."
He chin dropped upon his chest, and his hands began to tremble as if he had the palsy.
Ah, though we cannot help sharing Phil Laby's contempt for Tom Hogan's slavishness, we heartily wish he had a more secure hold of that little farm in which "his heart was stuck" than the word of a gentleman who went on raising the rent as fast as Tom Hogan went on with his drainin', and fencin', and linnin', and manurin'—to say nothing of the new slated barn and cowhouse.
Norah looked at him with surprise, as if she could scarcely believe he was the same Tom Hogan who, a few minutes before, seemed so full of consequence as he boasted of eating his own butter now and then. She then turned an appealing look to her father, which checked the stream and the bitter laugh that Phil Laby was on the point of indulging in at the expense of the poor tenant at will, who tried so hard to persuade himself and others that he was not only satisfied with his serfdom, but proud of it.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

LET IT BE YOUR COMPANION AND SAFEGUARD THROUGH THE DAY.
It is the token, the memorial of the pains and humiliations which our dear Lord bore for us; and each time we make the sign of the cross, we are reminded of His sacrifice, and we are enabled to say to our heart, and unite all we do to His saving Passion. With this intention, let the Sign of the Cross be your first waking act; dedicating your day to Him as a soldier of the Cross, let your last conscious act before sleep be that precious sign which will banish evil spirits from your bedside, and rest upon you as a blessing against the day returns. Begin your prayers, your work, with the Sign of the Cross, in token that they are dedicated to Him. Let it sanctify your going out and your coming in. Let it hallow your conversation and intercourse with others, whether social or in the order of business.
Who could be grasping over-reaching false; who could give way to unkind words, judgments, uncharitable goings, unholly talk, who had but just stamped the Cross of Christ upon their lips in token that they are pledged to others the gift of speech, like all else, in the service of their God? Let it consecrate your food, so that eating and drinking, instead of the mere indulgence of earthly cravings, may be "to the glory of God." Let the Sign of the Cross soothe and stay you in sorrow, when above all you are brought near Him who lays it on you, but who also bore it for you. Let it sober and steady your hour of joy or pleasure.
Let it calm you in impulse of impatience, of resistance, of intolerance of others of eager self assertion or self defence. Let it check the angry expression ready to break forth, the unkind word, the unholly sarcasm. Let it purify (as the hot coal laid by angels on the Prophet's lips) the light, or careless or irrelevant utterance, the conventional falsehood, the boastful word of self-seeking. And be sure that if the Sign of the Cross is thus your companion and safeguard through the day, it in places and seasons you account yourself to work to make the sign to angels known; it will be as a tower of strength to you, and the power of evil over you will become feebler and feebler.
Is it any wonder that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery outsell all other blood and liver medicines, since it possesses such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the people (as they are doing, through druggists) under conditions which no other medicine is sold under, viz: that it must either benefit or cure the patient, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. It cures all diseases arising from deranged liver, or from impure blood, as biliousness, "liver complaint," all skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever-sores, hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.
\$50 Reward for an incurable case of chronic Nasal Catarrh offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, 50 cents, by druggists.
QUICK TRANSFER from a state of feebleness, bodily languor, and nervous irritability—induced by dyspepsia—to a condition of vigor and physical comfort follows the use of the standard regulating tonic and stomachic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which speedily conquers Indigestion, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Female Complaints, purifies the Blood, and reinforces the vital energy.
Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

ANECDOTES ABOUT BISHOP LOUGHLIN.

The Brooklyn Eagle is responsible for the following:
Every person who can read character in the face will say that Bishop Loughlin, the head of the Catholic diocese of Brooklyn, is a man who has an element of humor. This side of his character makes itself apparent when he is free from the cares of his large and important diocese. Many are the jokes perpetrated by him, but the good old Bishop is too kind-hearted to indulge in humor that in any possible manner would pain his victims. There are cases, however, in which he has used his joking propensity to advantage in dealing with persons who possess more conceit than good sense.
One day not long ago the Bishop was a passenger on a street car. About half a dozen other persons occupied seats in the car. Among them was a priest from the West who was on a visit to friends in Brooklyn. The Bishop's clerical appearance attracted the Western priest's attention. The Bishop's coat collar being turned up, the purple stock was hidden, but the Roman collar was visible. The marked Irish face of Bishop Loughlin was noted, and the priest, intending to have a pleasant little chat with the venerable looking ecclesiastic, approached the Bishop with outstretched hand and the Latin query:
"Tu es sacerdos?" (Are you a priest?)
"Was wilt du haben?" was the reply, uttered with a not unpleasant mixture of poor German and slight brogue that startled the priest into exclaiming, "For God's sake, are you German?" After the Bishop had enjoyed his little joke he disclosed his identity.
It is seldom a day passes that the Bishop does not receive a call from some person who has a scheme for approval. On one occasion a man who desired to open a private school in which to teach Gaelic requested the Bishop to give him a letter of recommendation. The Bishop "sized up" his caller. He concluded that he boasted too much for a man of ability. Among the books in the Bishop's library was a little volume of Gaelic poems which some admirer had presented to him, thinking, no doubt, that he was conversant with the ancient language of the Green Isle, whereas he cannot distinguish one Gaelic letter from another. When the Bishop became doubtful of the would-be Irish teacher's ability he took this book from the library case, and opening it at random, placed his finger on one of the characters, saying:
"O'ne an Irish scholar, you say, now what's the value of that mark on this letter?"
The man looked at the Bishop in surprise. Then he became confused, and finally admitted that he was not far enough advanced in the study of Gaelic to answer off hand such a puzzling question.
"You're a nice gentleman, indeed," began the Bishop, in simulated anger, although those who are intimately acquainted with him know that he must have been ready to fill every nook and corner of his library with hearty laughter.
"What induced you to come to me on such an errand, sir? You should be well ashamed of yourself. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and that hereafter you will never try to impose on people."
"But I wasn't aware that you know Irish," was the only reply the crestfallen caller made, as he retreated.
Another good story is told of a joke the Bishop played on a man who claimed to be possessed of sufficient ability to teach military tactics. This man called on the Bishop when the old house, 260 Jay street, was the Episcopal residence. After boring the good prelate by telling a long story of what he could do with a rifle and a sword he requested permission to organize military companies in the parochial schools of Brooklyn. The Bishop saw that he was a crank. He was escorting his visitor from the library to the hall of the old house preparatory to getting rid of him when, seeing the front door wide open, he hit on a bright idea.
"Now, my good man, put on your hat and let me see how well you can march down the hall," said the Bishop in a tone indicative of deep interest in the crank's scheme.
Placing his battered tile on his head and straightening himself up, the man awaited orders. With a roguish twinkle in his eye the Bishop called out, "Forward, march!" Off started the man who wanted to transfer the Bishop's parochial schools into armories. The Bishop kept close behind him, and by exclamations of admiration induced Mr. Military Crank to continue his march to the stoop. When the unwelcome visitor had passed through the doorway the Bishop quickly shut the door and returned to his library to resume his interrupted duties.

OUT-DOOR PREACHING.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: A new departure in the services of the Roman Catholic Church in the metropolis has been taken in connection with a Mission recently held at St. George's Roman Catholic cathedral, Southwark, by the clergy of that church. The new departure consists of the holding of services in the lanes and byways of the thickly populated districts around London Bridge and the Borough, this being considered by the Bishop and clergy as a very effective way of reaching the masses. Frequenting this point at the cathedral, Rev. Father Hayes said the new departure might, perhaps, be considered by some as wanting in good taste and reverence, and that it was merely an imitation of the methods of a modern sect; but he reminded his hearers that Our Lord Himself practiced this method of reaching the hearts of the people, and enjoined His disciples to do the same.
Mamma! to her little boy. "Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's sleep-inducing Catarrh Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.
Much distress and sickness in children caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.
"MANY MEN, MANY MINDS," but all men and all minds agree as to the merits of Burdock Pills, small and sugar-coated.

HENRY GEORGE.

In a paper read by Rev. President Helzlsouer at St. Anselm's College, occurs the following amusing reference to Henry George's theory as to common ownership of property:
"But let us now observe how Mr. Henry George, the great social reformer, catches fish, and see whether he cannot be caught himself in the net of his own theory. Evidently he has been lucky to-day. One draught more and his basket is filled with splendid trout. He is putting his tackle together, and preparing to go home. On a sudden there stands before him poor Jones, a fisherman, with a long face; fortune has not been smiling upon him to-day. "Pray sir," he begins, "have you got any fish?" "Certainly, my basket is full." "How long did it take you to catch them?" "One hour and a half." "Well, sir, I have worked hard for six hours and have caught nothing. And I am now exceedingly hungry. But, to cut short—sir, I want half of the fish in that basket." Our economist is bewildered; somewhat indignant he replies: "The fish in this basket are mine; I caught them; they are and ought to be mine." "Excuse me, sir, you are mistaken. And if you allow me, I'll tell you why. You see this beautiful day before you; there are plenty of fish swimming in the water. Nature has provided them for all men and given them to all. All our work, as well as your, is but to get this natural right of power on earth, no king, no emperor, can deprive us. And just so it is with the fish here in the basket. They were ours already two hours ago, only they were somewhat far away. But they were ours, mine and yours, before they were caught, and they are still ours, mine as well as yours. Therefore, I now claim one half of them." Mr. George interrupts the eloquent speaker. "But it is I who caught them, not you; they are mine, against all the world." "Beg your pardon, sir; I won't give up my natural right to the fish which nature has provided for all. Nature is impartial, she makes no discrimination. All men have the same rights to the use and enjoyment of her provisions and treasures, at least, if they work equally. Now, sir, I have worked for one hour and a half, and you—four times as long. Surely, sir, you won't deprive me of my right and just reward. I insist on my right; I want half of the fish. And if you do not give me what I demand, you are unjust, you do me a wrong." The discussion had become rather loud. From different sides several fishermen gathered and listened eagerly to the rhetoric of their friend Jones. They found his reasoning very plausible and quite conclusive, so much so that at last they demanded each one his share of the fish caught by Mr. George. The latter was struck by the acuteness of the simple fishermen, and, fearing the assembly of shareholders might become still larger, resolved at last to yield to their demand. With his basket almost empty he returned home. Such was Mr. George's fishing expedition!
You laugh at the rather comical end of the story; but, after all, Mr. George deserves praise because he did not want to wrong any one of his fellow-men. For sooth, from his standpoint, I do not see in what other way he could in good conscience have saved himself from the important claimants, except by dividing his booty.
On the other hand, however, the open absurdity of the conclusion of the Georgian principles is an unmistakable proof that these principles are altogether wrong. They do away with all private property in movables as well as immovables; no one is any longer entitled to say: This coat is mine, that book is yours, that watch is his. The words mine and thine have lost their meaning.
SPIRITUAL GOODS.
The spiritual goods which are common to all the members of the Church, are: 1. The sacraments, in which each member of the Church militant has a right to participate, and draw therefrom holiness and justice. 2. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is every day offered for us, and which draws down on us the graces and favors of heaven. 3. The prayers and good works of the faithful, for each member of the Church has a part in all these prayers, both public and private—the world is unknown in the society of the faithful, for everyone prays not only for himself or herself, but for all. In addressing our petitions to God, we do not say "my" Father, but "our" Father. All the good works which are done in this world, wherever performed, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever done, we are made partakers of. 4. The merits of all the faithful, in which we have a share; we are participators of all the graces which each has received, of all the goods of the Church in general, and of all the miracles and prophetic gifts of children, beginning with Jesus Christ, her head.
Of all "these spiritual goods" there is formed an inexhaustible treasure, which belongs to all the faithful. These spiritual blessings receive all their value from the merits of Jesus Christ; for it is by no means of the sacraments and of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that our divine Lord has transferred, communicated and applied to the members of the Church, all that He has merited by His passion and death. As, then, we can mutually assist each other, let our prayers be offered, both in church and at home, for each other. Let us pray for our parents, for our friends, even for our enemies; for they are our brethren in virtue of the communion of saints. Let us frequently raise our voices up to heaven, and unite our prayers with the prayers of the saints, for the necessities of each other.
An Extended Experience.
Writes a well known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extract never fails, and it makes no sore spot in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't forget to get Putnam's Corn Extract, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.
Easily Ascertained.
It is easy to find out from any one who has used it, the virtues of Haygarth's Yellow Ointment for all painful and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, sores, pains and soreness of any kind, it has no superior.