

The Four-Leafed Shamrock

M. McDONNELL, BOBKIN IN "ST. PETERS."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" the cry rang out on the most morning air... a woman's shrill voice, maddening in its terror...

He lit not five yards behind the bull—a magnificent prize bull that, with head down and ground and...

Some instinct made the young man stoop and see at the waving tail. The long, lithe cutting whip was still in his strong right hand...

But all the time Hugh kept "a firm grip on his handle," and pilot his right hand to the right side of the whip...

It was the pretty, merry, madcap beam, Pattie Martyn—the belle of the countryside—whom poor Hugh had loved so dearly...

"I suppose we may shake hands," she said, "the bull has introduced us." As Hugh fervently clasped the warm little hand she offered him so readily...

"I came out this morning to gather some flowers for the altar at St. Peter's on Patrick's Day. There is no place in the whole estate like this field for them, and it is only a step from the house. I knew the prize bull was in the field, but I never knew he had been out of the paddock."

"Will you have it as a souvenir?" she asked. "He would have given his right hand for it at the moment, yet he hesitates. 'You know' that the four-leafed shamrock is for luck. You may give away your own good luck to me, and I don't want that."

Whom at last she looked back from an ambush of overgrown grass saw him working off his excitement by nudging the raw four-year-old backwards and forwards over the hillside that he had released at such a critical moment...

Meanwhile Hugh O'Rourke rode back to his big empty house at Brooklawn with a heavy heart, and a choice set of mortgages whose interest matched the income of the estate to a nicety...

They met occasionally after the annual Patrick's Day at hunt balls and bazaars and other county functions, and open-hearted Pattie made no secret of her liking for the gallant young fellow that saved her life...

It was Hugh O'Rourke who was too coy there were others who were too forward. The two brothers, Dick and Dom Fagan, who lived in the old garbages of a house at Kiltmore, persecuted her with unwearied persistence...

The four-leafed shamrock failed to bring good luck to poor Hugh O'Rourke. The next harvest was a bad one. The rents of the farms and the interest of the mortgages were both unpaid. One of the mortgages was threatening a foreclosure, and a favorite hunter had broken his knees under an awkward fall...

"I've had no luck," he thought sadly, and the thought of his luck sent his little reproachfully to the pocket of his waistcoat, where the precious little crystal amulet was always kept. He started and uttered a cry almost of pain. The locket was lost beyond question. There was no use searching elsewhere for it. He had fingered it lovingly as he sat out that Patrick's Day morning with a firm hope which seemed strange to himself that it would bring him good luck at last...

Now he pursued his wandering over the fields he had become of it. His mind went back along the road he had just come. He had taken the longer way home that he might pass close to the great house of Coolevaran and gaze up the gables and windows and wonder vaguely where his lady love was at the moment. Then he remembered suddenly that about two miles from Coolevaran Rasper had gone lame with a stone in his side, and he remembered to enter it with the crook of his hunting knife.

There, if anywhere, the precious locket must have slipped from his pocket. The moonlight was like pale sunshine-brighter than the moonlight yet. It was a poor chance at best, but it was a chance and worth trying. He recollected was instantly taken up and he turned his head to look back at the place without trouble.

He found the place without trouble. He found the place without trouble. He found the place without trouble.

where the road widened a little at a bend, and dismounting, peered with head bent close to the white ground for the sparkle of the missing crystal. He found even the stone with the mark of the steel crook on it, but of the missing locket, which he had lost, he had no trace. He saw the white ground beat and busy in his desperate search...

"Help! Help!" a woman's agonizing cry thrilled through him. "Help! Help!" yet again. He seemed to know the voice, but he could not recall the name. He looked to the right and saw a woman in a white dress, who had slipped from her saddle, and who was clinging to the neck of a horse...

"It would be better," she hinted shyly, "if we rode together. I have a riding cap and a pair of boots, and I should feel more safe."

"I am not a coward," she answered gruffly. "He's leaving the country, isn't he?" "No, I hope not. They only want that message to frighten me, to get me into their clutches. I wonder how they know that?"

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While the horse broke into a gallop, and they went lumbering and jolting through the night. In the moonlight that streamed through the window she could see the evil face of Dom Fagan, and she realized in a moment where she was going and what her fate would be.

"You know the rest," she ended sadly. "I am not a coward, but I am not a fool either. I will not go with you to that place."

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A Brief Chapter

In recent history



CEYLON TEA

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of the missing locket, and the search for it.

"So it was the four-leafed shamrock brought you," she cried excitedly. But then with a sudden change of tone: "It is not lost—really and truly lost; that would be too dismal. All my good luck went with it. Tell me you found it again?"

"I wish I could." "But how did you lose it? Where did you keep it?" He touched the left pocket of his broadcloth waistcoat, and she impetuously plunged her hand in to search for it. She quickly found a tiny hole in the pocket that the clumsy maid fingers had missed and fished out the locket from the recesses of the lining and held it out to him triumphantly.

"The four-leafed shamrock has indeed brought me good luck," he said simply. "And your good luck was mine," she whispered, nestling closer to him.

IN BRITAIN AMERICANS ARE ALIEN A difficulty which is puzzling all the legal luminaries in Britain has arisen in connection with Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He recently purchased a strip of land, with the ancient title of Kiltmore, in Sutherlandshire, from the Duke of Sutherland. Now it appears that the Duke, as Lord Lieutenant of Sutherland, recommended Mr. Carnegie's appointment as justice of peace for the shire, and the appointment was accordingly granted on the 24th of June. Mr. Carnegie, as far as is known, is an American citizen. In fact, he stated when leaving Pittsburgh last that the idea, because he had bought a piece of land in Scotland, and even if he had not, he would remain an American citizen always. Inquiry at the Home Office elicited the information that Mr. Carnegie has not applied for a certificate of naturalization, and so far as is known he has no intention of doing so. In fact those who know Mr. Carnegie are perfectly aware that he has no idea of following the example of Mr. Astor. He is a man of a certain type of man, and being a confirmed Republican, would never renounce his allegiance to the United States to become a subject of a monarchy. The fact therefore would be, according to the legal opinion in the Home Office, that his appointment as a magistrate is illegal. It need only be pointed out that when he came to take his seat on the bench he would have to take an oath equivalent to an oath of allegiance to the Queen, and even if he did not take that oath it would be null and void, seeing he has not been naturalized. It is apparent, therefore, that the Duke of Sutherland, in recommending his appointment to the bench, and the Lord Chancellor, in sanctioning it, were both guilty of an illegal act. Still it is very difficult to imagine that the Duke of Sutherland must not have taken into account Mr. Carnegie's American citizenship, and the fact that he had bought a piece of land in Scotland, and even if he had not, he would remain an American citizen always. Perhaps he was strongly advised, or perhaps there is some loophole in the law which permits a man to hold the commission of a justice of peace, but if so it is not known to the law officers of the Crown for England and Scotland. To clear up the interesting point Mr. T. B. Curran put a question to the Lord Advocate in the House of Commons, when the reply was that if he was an alien he was ineligible.

THE VATICAN AND THE QUIRINAL. It is said that his Holiness will shortly make another solemn protest against the position of the Vatican in Italy, says the New Era. It will be an appeal to hold the commission dog is not worth shooting. He muttered to himself, showing the turn his thoughts had taken. Then he wrung Hugh O'Rourke's hand with the words: "A hundred lives could not repay the service you have done me, my dear boy." "If ever it is in my power to do for you, there is something you can do for me now—something you can give me," Pattie interrupted. "He wants me, dad. Mr. O'Rourke," she added with sudden formality, "has done me the honor to ask me to become his wife."

"And you?" her father asked, with a quizzical smile. "I'm an obedient daughter," she answered demurely. "Your will is mine." "Then I'll play the tyrant," he replied, with a smile to Hugh. "For it isn't often I get the chance." "It is my command that you marry Hugh O'Rourke." "That is the way you poor women are always talking," she said. "I've a good mind to show my spirit and say no."

"My dear boy," the old man went on, laying his hand in fatherly fashion on Hugh's shoulder, "I have a word to say to you. I would like as well for a son-in-law." "I'm very grateful," Hugh stammered out, "but—" "There are no 'buts,'" interposed the other. "If you are going to be a man, you must stand up for your own, and your own are as old as I have heard some talk of mortgages; but I have a few old thousands lying by that I don't know what to do with. I'll give you a mortgage, and I'll be damned if I die." "I'm very grateful," Hugh stammered out, "but—" "There are no 'buts,'" interposed the other. "If you are going to be a man, you must stand up for your own, and your own are as old as I have heard some talk of mortgages; but I have a few old thousands lying by that I don't know what to do with. I'll give you a mortgage, and I'll be damned if I die."

he too strongest in terms which has emanated from the Holy See for some time.

CANADIAN. AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Montreal, August 12.—For some weeks past Montreal has been the city of the stranger. The world's bicyclic meet brought tourists all the way from South Africa and Australia. A tourist requires very little excuse for a tour, and the great meet was enough to bring sightseers in shoals. On the other hand a number of Montrealers have been bringing a delightful little out of their own. Most Rev. Archbishop Bruchési paid a visit to the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain, and the occasion carried crowds of His Grace's good people to the beautiful spot. A number of people, however, were disappointed to see the archbishop, who was to have preached the sermon on Transfiguration Day, was unexpectedly detained in Baltimore, but a most eloquent preacher, Rev. Michael P. Smith, pastor of New York, succeeded in making the congregation forget their natural disappointment at the non-appearance of His Eminence.

Archbishop Bruchési, who is an enthusiastic and devoted of the Summer School, remained until the last possible moment and returned to Montreal on the last train Monday night in order to be at home on Tuesday morning in time for the celebration of the second anniversary of his episcopal consecration. Many of the Canadian Catholics, however, forfeited their limited tickets and remained over in Cliff Haven to enjoy the matchless beauty and bracing air and the thousand and one intellectual and social pleasures at the cottage colony. Many of the Canadians, however, forfeited their limited tickets and remained over in Cliff Haven to enjoy the matchless beauty and bracing air and the thousand and one intellectual and social pleasures at the cottage colony.

THE HIGHEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD. On July 20th, after two days of great fatigue, forty Alpinists and twenty porters, accompanied by a mule train, succeeded in carrying to the summit of the Roccamare, a height of 3,337 metres, on the confines of France and Italy, the colossal statue of Our Lady of the Snow, sculptured by Signor Antonio Tanzi, and in bronze, a mass of 150,000 lb. in all, whose name are enclosed within the image. The solemn inauguration will take place about the middle of August.

C.M.D.A. CELEBRATION. Montreal, Aug. 22.—A meeting of the grand deputies and presidents of the various city branches of the Grand Council of Canada, C.M.D.A., was held in the hall of Branch 26 last evening. Grand Deputy J. J. Cowling in the chair. A number of matters of interest to the branches were discussed, especially with regard to organization and the adoption of some recommendations to be brought before the Grand Board of Trustees, to be held at Niagara Falls, Ont., on August 29. It was also decided to hold a grand religious demonstration during the first part of the month of October, the arrangements to be left in the hands of the grand deputies, who will visit the various branches in the city and prepare a program.

NO END TO THIS WAR. Manila, July 22, via San Francisco, Aug. 25.—In Manila talk of the ending of the war deals no longer with weeks, but with months and even years. The whole effort of the insurgents for three months was to hold off the Americans until their ally, the rains, came. In this they have been as successful as they could have hoped. Unless affairs change, the Americans turn the Philippines will reduce the war this fall with fresh spirit and a replenished stock of arms and ammunition.

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