

A STORM IS BREWING FOR SOMEBOD Horace Moore did not pray in vain happy. He told her nothing of Hor: ace's adventures, nor of his dangers, able winds. He carried sail

are your poor brain that's burnt holk on you, darling and me, answard your thoughts are ten Mary, love, Mary machree, re're all on the big shift sailing dreds of miles to sea.

And the captain said in my hearing, To day that in three days more, He know, by the course we were stee We'd reach America's shore— Three short days, acushia, Only three days, asthore.

ichael ! my own—stand by me ! There is the bailiff—there !

be so.

pered.

There is the bailiff-there ! Let not the villain come nigh me ! See what the ruffian will dare ; Write thim away from my children, Loogen his hands from my hair.

Here comes the landlord—I knew him Well covered up from the alest, Ha I let me hasten unto him, And cast myself down at his feet, Ged and the Virgin may move him To pity me there at his feet.

Mary, 'tis I am beside you, So balliff or landlord is here, Surely good Heaven has tried you, But cushis machree be of good cheer,

ar children save one are around us,

And land and employment are near Michael, dear, what was I saying.

Some foolishness, sure, never heed, Fall on your knees and be praying-

There are my prayer book and beads, With a mark where the Litany opens Tell our little Michael to read.

Kiss me, loves, each one of you kiss me-Once more a loving embrace.

hing my weak heart would era

es were not sunk in the wave.

Would twine themselves over my grav

Dear little babies, you'll miss me, God give you guidance and grace. May His Immaculate Mother

May His Immaculate Mother Be mother to you in my place.

But pardon me, Heavenly Father,

But lay where the bright little sha

At home where my people before me

A stone with the lamb at my feet

And keep the place holy and sweet.

But, Michael, agra, sure they tell us Of many a body long drowned, Of sailors and other poor fellows -Brought home by the surges and found On shore by the kind-hearted people, Who lay them in consecrated ground.

O grant to me good God of Heaven, My body when days have rolled pass, Even though to the shores it be driven, High up on the strand be it east, And may rest in the earth of old Ireland,

THE SPECTRE'S SECRET

- OR-

THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

My own Holy Island-at last

Lie waiting their Saviour to meet, stone with a cross standing o'er me,

home where the priest would o

adly I own I would rather

My b

for favorable winds. He carried sail so-'s adventures. nor of his dangers, being careful to hold his men beaut, model of the lover to tell him, boldy, being careful to hold his men beaut, model of the lover to tell him, being careful to hold his men beaut, and that he consideration in the post-canvage at a moment's warning. He careful to hold his brought out from Lily which might have yielded interest to New York, so that, awing a gave him her hand as ot old. the one last mentioned, one from an- their eyes upon the glad sight. new hand in the stables, only the old And then, with a smile, Horace led and Matt, told the story of their voy-servants were in charge; and by and hage-the discovery of Witkill, the by all the servants of the household er to a seat near the table. · Edith,' he said, as he took a seat by 25 cent Tea reduced to 24 cents. were assembled in the large drawing-

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Lond

wea- the story of Edith's visit. ther on the American coast, but he was discovery in that direction. nos driven from his course, nor was he forced to lie to. On Monday, the 14th the sooner Horsce sees Miss Somerby 'According to this,' said Mr. Dwinal, ber, he arrived in New York, the better.

at the close of that day he report-'Yer, sir.' When her visitor had gone, Lily fied Of her instrumentality in setting Matt to the senior owner, Mr. Dwinal. lis trip had been a most successful one in every respect, and he had arrived great joy. She did not dare to trust at a time when the goods he had is her face to even Mary's gaze until she of Lyon Hargrave, and that gentlecargo were most needed for the market.

Later in the evening, after they had of her overflowing heart. taken the together, George Dwinal, the On the morning of the following day argo, and son of the owner, being Mr. Dwinal was back in his office, Horace told to the merchan where he found Horace anxiously awaitthe story of his adventures from begin-ning to end. . He sold of the matiny. ing his coming.

' I've seen an angel, my boy,' cried the old man, And she is as true as my life to the idea of being good, and and of the face of the mutineers; and the old man, 'And she is as true as he told the story of Sugg Witkill and fine gold. She will wait for you, never Matt Bungo; and he told how Lyon fear.

The young captain's face shone with Hargrave had been implica ed. And celestial radiance, and the questions he raing the will. asked were many; and his happiness

He was a long time in telling the did not diminish at any of the merrhole, for the old man's interruptions chant's answers. At length he pulled and frequent. In the end our out his watch. of ejac 'I wonder if I can get the stage-

ach for to-day?' he asked, anxiously. 'Pahaw!' returned Mr. Dwinsl, 'Let the stage-coach go. Wouldn't ' From this you will see, Mr. Dwinal

'Of course I can spare him. If you

first mate and supercargo cannot at-

tend to breaking out, we'll discharge

them. Do you take a span of my

Moore and his mate had crossed the

to now rode so proudly beside Hor-

ous thing it is to feel good!"

ey hall not mistaken the knocked at the door, and

red by a tid

belp me."

xtent of my ability.'

You must go to Oxington at

how measury it is that I should haste away upon my search. I cannot res here. Mr. Lander and Bunge how you like Matt Bungo for company? 'If you can spare him, yes.'

all about the lading, and can attend to breaking out as well as I can. "All right,' returned Dwinal.

off as soon as you please."

"And should I want your horses, and my light carriage, and be sir, I may call upon you?

Hornce was trying to find words to ' Call upon me for anything, Cop and, if my power is equal to the ney. you shall not call in vain." express his gratitude, but the merchant stopped him, and bade him go and find Matt, while he sent to have the team

ank you, sir. And now, of Lyon nade ready. In two hours from that time Captain an you tell me of him?"

uch. I only know that he is

ferry into Jersey, and were rolling comfortably and happily along behind And of Lily Merton P. two of the best horses which the New York of that time afforded. The man

ace Moore was not the Matt Bango of like way, ' that you had up to Oxington and inve

she is Lily

. He

utiny, and the conquest. her side, ' it is late, and we will not And then it came Molly Dowd's turn, room, where Mr. Van Wort detain you long.' He spoke easily, and Handsome & Useful Presents them. They had learned that he was in a natural way, though seriously and when her visitor had gone, Lily field of her instrumentality in setting and a great lawyer of New York city, and in a nature away to her own chamber to hide her upon the track of Sugg Witkill, all the stored a set of him.

Mr. Tobin and Mr. Merton have GLASS, knew, so she commenced with the visit they stood a awe of him. ' My friends,' he said, ' we shall stop her face to even Mary's gaze until she of Lyon Hargrave, and that gentle-had somewhat quelled the flutterings man's plan for the removal of Edith in this house to-night, as we have had somewhat quelled the flutterings man's plan for the removal of Edith in this house of the numeri functions to made a discovery to-night. They have

Somerby. 'Edith knows all,' she said, which cannot be yet estimated. We after transact here. You will go quietly have found papers, Edith-papers once she had told of Hargrave's errand 'I about your business, and leave us to belonging to Walter Hargrave ourselves. I will assume all responwas dazed and in the clouds until must be secured, and hidden beyon Matt's letter came-dear old letter! It sibility: and I give you my word that the reach of Lyon. I cannot explain seems as though Heaven sent it. Matt you shall be shielded from any possible to you now the nature of those pape opened my eyes for the first time in barm.' nor the thing which has come of Mr Of course there was great wonder in Tobin's knowledge, but I may do it for the sake of doing good. And now the servants' hail, but they could make to-morrow. For the present we wish that I have gained the smell of the nothing of it; only the old cook shook the papers put in a safe place, where her head, and said she believed right sweet, pure air, I would rather lay me mortal eye shall not see would be done after all. other matters are settled; and, it ma down here in the quiet country and die Later Mr Van Wort went out, and be, for the interest of all concern than go back to the old dark life.' when he returned he announced that that we will have them finally destru-he had invited two visitors who would ed. I have no right to hold the Somehow Matt's arm had stolen around the speaker, and the closing be up in the course of the evening. papers, E lith, nor would it be advis sentence was spoken while her head In answer to a call of the cook, able. And so it is with Mr. Tobin

rested upon his bosom. We need not tell what were Horace's Edith went down and gave directions Should he or I be asked concernin feelings, nor what he said, during the for supper; and when the table had them, we must be able to answer that been prepared in the diaing room, and we do not know. In this strait, m ecital of Molly. In the end, after a long pause, he turned to Edith and said; the tea drawn, the party sat down, sister, we have ventured to call upon 'Dear sister, we must close the car- Horace taking a seat by Edith's side. you. You know every corner and

It was a great occasion for Molly cranny of the great house, and can con Dowd, but she acquitted herself in a ceal them from the possibility of obser eer of that bad man. I know you will manner that called a flush of pride to vation.' And thus speaking Horse . I will help you, Horace, to the full held toward her the packet which h

Matt Bungo's face. \*You will have a piece of this pie, had sealed up. Edith, and Horace, offering to help E tith drew be E tith drew back in surpris you and Molly. You can reach there in the evening, and find safety from ler. Edith shook her head.

ervation with some friend-'With my sunt,' said Edith. 'She will help me.' 'You know my old trouble,' she said. Only by being careful of my stomach at night do I hold myselt in safety.' Is will be greatly to the

. And in the meantime,' p 'But you will have Molly for a Horace, thoughtfully, 'I must con uardian to-night. This is a rare on-uardian to-night. This is a rare on-uardian to-night. Celebrate it with me? And Edith not only suff-red herself a quibble of law, but a successful quib trive some way to get Lyon Hargra to New York. He must be away fro

Ingleside when I arrive there." to be induced to st the pie, but she be is a point gained. The chief point ate some pudding with whipped cream, are two. Neither Captain Moore and drank a glass of wine. After a brief consultation upon

point, Molly spoke: 'I think I can arrange that,' she Shortly after tea, while Edith and ace Moore was not the Matt Bongo of one year ago. Far, far from it. His skin, though tanned was bealthful in color; his eye was clear, bright, and usady; and his garb was that of a gen-tleman, though emsching of the sen. How often, from the very heart of his hears, he had said to himself... What mid. Let Edits and me go by the Molly were in their chamber, the visitors whom Mr. Van Wort had invited arrived, and they proved to be Mr. Gerald Tobin, the Sheriff, and Asher Gerald Tobin, the

Merton, E-q. Mr. Merton's consternation and sur-Aye, added math, Mr. Lyon Har-be accessary to keep Mr. Lyon Har-grave in New York beyond a day and a night I can fix it. I will set some did not suffer him to remain long in

Just ofter noon on the following day of our own men to lie in his wake at Thursday-they drows up to the bin house and Matt Jemped out to bin his wake at the 'Foul Anchor,' and they will hold edand, and with a pleasant smile, the bins as long as we want.'

low, or in your travelling-bag for to night. Edith, and in the morning you young captain said: • Mr. Merton, I think there has been can consider; only don't let me At a late hour Edith suggested that they should retire and eleop upon the matter, and consult further, with clear mistake made, and if so. I know you what you do with them." Edith took the papers t

will help me to restify it." Edith took to 'Certainly, certainly,' cried the atas of what it said; mey. not at all con nt, but he was to be conscious 'I will keep it to-night. I can

mit that you have rec

e no m

By and by they were conted in the 'That will do, Edith. Your wits wi library, and Horste, having looked to b the doors, opened the basines. 'Gentlemen,' he sold, 'my trusty in efficer and my true friend. Mart Bearte be fresh in the morning." Edith Somerby put the sealed into her bosom, and shortly after

pell, and were invited by Mr. Dwinal has a story which I wish him to TO #2 000

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Addres W. H. BUCHANAN. 15 Foundry St., Moneton, N. B. March 17, 1886.

packet from me, which you will sur render upon my requisition.' Said Horace : WHY PAY HIGHER WHEN 'You can put them under your WOODILL'S

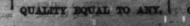
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