## 

## KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTEB LXVII- CONTINUED.

"Tis little you know what bother they are, me'aw," said she, twisting up her abundant black hair, which had fallen about her shoulders. "When Misther Hugh an' Misther Kiely fired at the birds about her shoulders. "When Misther Kiely fired at the bird in the turnips a while ago, that fellow was makin' off over the ditch to get himse'f and the rope chances to get round his neck, he'll get introduction of a shead of the oats. "He is fainting," Mary observed in an anzious whisper to her busbad, who chances to get round his neck, he'll get introduction of a shead of the oats. "He is fainting," Mary observed in an anzious whisper to her busbad, who chances to get round his neck, he'll get introduction of the were ill. "Not to death," rejoined Hagh Kearney observed, in an if he were ill. "Not to death," rejoined Hagh Kearney is silently bleeding to dest." "Not to death," rejoined Hagh Kearney is sile at the "No, si," he answered, recovering him is the was my heart do be broke from mornin' till ngth. No, ma'sm, 'its beanswere quite pale, and his vellow girls." "Yon'll have twenty barrels to the sare advant to the handsome youth who leaped to Mat Donovan's side at the "About that, sir," returned Billy, in his old wold ylong ago in Maurice Kearney's kill field, when Tom Cuddeby's described the "tow sides" into what Phil Laby
"Yon'll have tweateful Billy, in his old wold wide " into what Phil Laby called a " promiscuous match !"" "Hous a mong the branches, while his "the "tow sides" into what Phil Laby

"And all because the land is his own

preas the lase whin he see the good I was gettin' uv id. He said 'twas a bad ex-ample to the countbry, an' that 'twould put dangerous notions into the people's minds. An' there is Sam him e'f wudout a sod of ground now; an' Misther Bob is re yet

Tis really remarkable," Hugh observed, " that Bob Lloyd is the only land-lord for miles around here who has escaped the Incumbered Estates Court."

the Incumbered Estates Court." "Because his tinants had the land for the value, an' long lases," returned Billy. "An' they wor always able to meet their pluts, and to make up money for him whin he was in a hoult. An' there is Yallow Sam, that hunted every tinant he had, an' I'm tould his property was sould agin t'other day for three times as much

as it was bould for three times as much as it was bought for the first time." "That's a fact," said Edmund. "And it does look a little hard, that, after all their devotion to England, this is whould have been introduced just when the value

have been introduced just when the value of ianded property was at the lowest ebb. In fact, it looks very like robbery." "The Irish landlords were encouraged to exterminate the people," said Dr. O'Con-nor, "and when the work was done many of themselves were exterminated. Eng land cares just as little for them as for the

people." "Mr. Somerfield's friends, however, Hugh remarked, "did not quite forget his services. You know he is a stipendiary magistrate.'

"He whined frightfully," said Eimund, " the whined frightfully," said Eimund, " at being obliged to give up Woodlands. It is strange that the most callous and merciless tyrauts are the most abject hounds when it comes to their own turn to meet the fate which it was their glory to it.flict on others. Poor Sir Garrett might have been moved to give him a lease only for those gables." And Ed-mund pointed to several gables that stood like large headstones, scattered over a great sheep walk along the side of a bill within view of where they stood. Mr. Somerfield had left a solitary gable stand-ing, of every roof tree he had swept from the face of the land, and these he was wont to point to with the pride of an Indian warrior displaying the scaips of his foces. He whined frightfully," said Edmund,

foes. "If we had the bogs itse'f," said Billy Heffeinan, "some uv us at an rate might do some good. But they'd rather lave 'em to the cranes than give 'em to the Christians. What have I but the fag end uv a bog? An,' begor, I wouldn't give id this minute for the best farm in the parish

this minute for the best farm in the parish wudout security." "You are right," said Hugh Kearney. "'The often I thought uv ould Phil Morris's words," continued Billy Heffer-nan, " that there was nothin' like security to give a man courage. Look at Mat Donovan, an' becase he had them few petches that his grandfather fenced in be tune the two roads, when 'twee on's a

"I was going to ask you why you rolled that heavy stone into the field," isid Dr. O'Connor, for they had all come up by this time, and were shaking hands with the two horse-men. Jemmy Hogan walked, or rather stumped, to the gate — for he had a wooden leg — before he replied. He grasped the top of the gate, and rested his forehead upon his hand, just as his father had done the night he told Phil Laby that "his heart was stuck " in that little farm. "He is fainting," Mary observed in an anzious whipper to her husband, who

old solemn way. "You're a worderful man," continued Hugh. "This is the very spot Richard stood in the day he left the leg of his trousers in the bog-hole; and look at that  $J_{\rm cmmy}$  Hogan. "I was tryin' could I

"And all because the land is his own "And all because the land is his own "While grass grows an' wather runs, "While grass grows an' wather runs, sir," rejoined Billy Heffernan. "Misther Iloyd laughed at me whin I ared a lase for ever of such a spot. But Sam Somer-field wanted him to go to !aw wud mean' break the lase whin he see the good I was gettin' uv id. He said 'twas a bad ex-mple to the countbry, an' that 'twould ample to the countbry, has the neople's the toruth came back sudden on me, an' I see the grass an' the sheep, instead uv the ble z'n' fire an' my mother's smile, id gave me a change, I b'lieve," said Jemmy Hogan, as he took off his cap and wiped the drops of perspiration from his fore-bead.

head. "O Arthur !" Mary exclaimed, as, over

"O Arthur !" Mary exclaimed, as, over-come by her emotion, she rested her fore-head against his shoulder, "it is awful !" Grace grasped Hugh's arm with both her hands, and fixed her eyes pityingly on Jemmy Hogan's face, but did not speak. Captain French's horse, at the moment, begau to plunge violently, and the ladies were about running down the road in their terror, when they aw wild-looking

were about running town the roat in their terror, when they saw a wild-looking cow running towards them. "Stop her!" was shouted in a loud volce, but in a manner which would lead to the belief that the speaker considered to the belief that the speaker considered the party at Tom Hogon's gate were there for the special purpose of stopping runa-way cows. Hugh disengaged himself from the little hands that clutched his arm so firmly, and, going a few yards to meet the cow, brought her to a stand with little difficulty. "I'm afther buyin'her from Mat Dono-

van," said Wat Murphy the butcher, in a quiet way, "an' she turned at the cross and med off for home. I was thryin' to buy another from him, but he's axin' too

"who's a nice cow," Hugh remarked, "and in good condition." Mat himself appeared at this juncture, and at the same time his wife was seen running down the hill to meet him. But, on seeing the gentlemen on horseback, she stopped short and turned bask sgain. She had been wondering what was keep-ing Mat out so long beyond his usual dinner-hour, but Wat Murphy and the cow was a sufficient explanation, and she hastened home, blushing at being ob-served by the gentlemen.

"Why," said the captain, " that is the girl poor Sergeaut Baxter lost his senses about." about." "She is Mat Donovan's wife now," returned Mr. Lloyd. "Well, Mat," said the captain, "I can

never have a cast of a sledge with you again." "I'm sorry for id, sir," Mat replied ;

"I'm sorry for id, sir," hat replied; and his heart smotchim for having beaten the captain that day in the kiln-field. "I'm sorry for id, sir," he repeated, look ing at him, almost with the tears in his eyes. For Captain French had only one aim now. "Do you have a hurling still?" he

asked. We got some smart fellows from about here." "The hurlers are gone," replied Mat,

looking around upon the great pasture fields with scarcely a house within view. s on'y a "By George," said the cantain, "if this

"There are glrams of surshine in it," he enswered. "Where are they ?" He pointed to Billy Heffernan and his a few years before was a profiles moor. "I tis an omen," said Hugh Kearney. "Tae Irish people will never be rooted out of ireland. Orom well could not do it; "But there is a more deadly system at work new," returned the doctor. "The "Here are grants of automited in it, "Where are they ?" He pointed to Billy Hefferman and his wife and children, in the cornfield, which, a few years before was a profitiese moor. "It is an omen," said Hugh Karney. "The Irich people will never be rooted out of Ireland. Oromwell could not do it; the butchers of Elizabeth could not do it:"

high up among the branches, while his mother glanced up at him — with the identical smile of the little Bessy Morris of old, when she used to glance at the semmy Hogan. "I was tryin' could I make out the eract spot where the ould house stood. An' then I took a fancy to sit down where I used to sit whon I was a little boy, in the corner inside

attract the attention of the delighted youngster, who crowed and kicked and plunged so vigorously that Mat declared 'twas like holding a little bull. "Yea," said Hugh, in reply to Grace's question, "he, too, will be abcad of his father—at least of what his father was in his early youth. For Mat is now a really intelligent map, and is adding to his read

In early youth. For Mat is now really intelligent man, and is adding to his stock of knowledge every day." "That is another gleam of supshine," said Mary, her face lighted up now, and her eyes almost dancing with pleasure as she contemplated the group under the cherry tree. And when she turned to the dear old

And when are turned to the dest old cottage, and saw the blue smoke gliding up above its sheltering trees, and her father, hale and ruddy, coming to meet them, and her mother at the door, "wondering " what was keeping them so long, dering what was account in to tor, and her own fair children gamboling upon the soft grass, and her generous brother with his bright little wife clinging so lovingly to him that was a gleam nay, a very flood of surshine too. And in Mary's home and in her heart there was

sunshine, bright, warm, and unclouded. "Whack !" Maurics Kearney called out, "didn't I tell you never to milk that out, "dubut putting the spancel on her ?" "O father, why don't you call her by her right name ?" sid Mary, appearing a little shocked. "You may call her Mrs. Barney Brod-

"You may call her Mrs. Barney Brod-herick if you like," returned Maurice Kearney, "but I'll call her Whack." Grace and Mary sat in the drawing room, feeling somewhat lonely, they could not tell why, when they were startied by a ringing knock at the hall-door, which was quickly followed by a ringing laugh, and Mrs. Edmund Kiely had administered a kiss and a hug to each, before they could recover from their sur-prise. Of course it was just like her to prise. Of course it was just like her to set off for Ballinaclash, when Barney announced to her that Edmnnd was staying there for dinner. She fung her staying there for dinner. She flung her cloak on one chair, and her hat on another; and not a soul under the old cottage roof—from Barney, sucking his "dudheen" in the kitchen chim-ney corner, to young Maurice, blowing bubbles and thumping uncle Dan's nose in his cradie in the nursery—that did not feel the influence of her presence. Old Maurice rubbed his hands ard shrugged his shoulders in a perfect cextary of delicht.

Maurice rubbed his hands and shrugged his shoulders in a perfect centext of delight, and lost no time in asking her to play his favourite tunes and sing his favourite songs-which she did till the tears ran down his cheeks.

And the old cottage was "filed with muele :" and their hearts overflowed with eep and tranquil happiness. Mary saw the light shine out from Mat

Donovan's little window, and thought of the dream of the Past from which it had awakened her long ego, as she sat there in the cold moonlight. And what a bright future was in store for her after all !

There was another dreamer awakened by the light from Mat Donovan's window that same moonlight night. And now, almost from the very spot where he lay in the black, lonesome moor, the light from most clever self-made men, he had much Mat Donovan's window is seen by a happy simplicity in his nature; and, somehow or

"Thank God, there are happy homes in "It is very pleasant," returned Mary. "Thank God, there are happy homes in Tipperary still ! But "-she added, sadly, as she turned round, and looked along the two low whitish wells that reached from "the cross" to Mat Donovan's-" but KNOCKNAGOW IS GONE !"

THE END.

A BANK FRAUD.

A STORY WHEREIN THE READER MUST FIND HIS OWN MORAL

## By Rudyard Kipling.

Safe if you can drug inin atom for this hot weather." But the Doctor did not laugh. "Man, I'm not joking." he said. "I'll give him another three month's in his bed and a week or so more to die in. On my honor and reputation that's all the grace he has in this world. Consumption has hold of him to the marrow." By Rudyard Kipling. If Reggie Burke were in India now, he would resent this tale being told; but as he is in Hong Kong and won't see it, the telling is safe. He was the man who worked the big fraud on the Sind and Sisikote Bank. He was manager of a up-country Branch, and asound practical man with a large experience of native loan and incurance work. He could combine the frivolities of ordinary life with his work, and do well. Reggie Burke rode him to the marrow." Reggle's face changed at once into the face of "Mr. Reginald Burke," and he an-swered: "What can I do ?" "Nothing," said the doctor. "For all practical pur-poses the man is dead already." Keep him quiet and cheerful aud tell him he's going to recover. That's all. I'll look after him to the end, of course." The dector wert away and Bargie at him to the marrow." work, and do well. Reggie Burke rode anything that would let him get up, danced as neatly as he rode, and was wanted for every sort of amusement in

the Station. As he said to himself, and as many men The doctor went away, and Reggie sat down to open his evening mail. His first letter was one from the D rectors, infi-mating for his information that Mr. Riley As he said to himself, and as many men found out rather to their surprise, there were two Barkes, both very much at your ervice. "Regle Burke," between four and ten, ready for anything from a hot-water gymkhana to a riding-picnic; and, between ten and four, "Mr. Reginald Burke, Manzger of the Sind and Sialkote Branch Bank. You might play polo with him one afternoon and hear him ervices the opinions when a man crossed; was to resign, under a month's nothe, by the terms of his agreement, telling Reggin that their letter to Riley would follow, and advising Raggie of the coming of a new Accountant, a man whom Raggie knew and liked. Raggie lit a cheroot, and, before he had express his opinions when a man crossed ; and you might call on him next morning and you might can be in the set of a to raise a two thousand rupee losn on a five houndred pound insurance policy, table pounds paid in premiums. He finished smoking he had sketched the out-line of a fraud. He put away-"burked"—the Director's letter, and eighty pounds paid in premiums. He would recognize you, but you would have some trouble in recognizing him. The Directors of the Bauk—it had its head quarters in Calcutta and its General went in to talk to Biley who was as un-gracious as usual, and fretting himself over the way the Bank would run during his illness. He never thought of the extra

Manager's word carried weight with the Government — picked their men weil. They had tested Reggie up to a fairly severe breaking-strain. They trusted him just as much as Directors ever trust work on Reggie's shoulders, but solely of work on Reggie's shoulders, but shirly of the damage to his own prospects of ad-vancement. Then Reggie assured him that everything would be well and that he, Reggie, would confer with Riley daly on Managers. You must see for yourself whether their trust was misplaced. Reggle's Branch was in a blg Station,

the management of the Bank. Riley was a little southed, but he hinted in as many words that he did not think much of Reggie's business capacity. Reggie was humble. And he had letters in his desk and worked with the usual staff-one Manager, one Accountant, but English, a Cashier, and a horde of native clerks; besides the Police patrol at nights outside. humble. And he had letters in his desk from the Directors that a Gilbarte or a Hardle might have been proud of! The days passed in the big darkened house, and the Directors' letter of dis missal to Riley came and was put away by Reggie who, every evening, brought the books to Riley's room, and showed The bulk of its work, for it was a thriv-ing district, was hound and accommoda tion of all kinds. A fool has no grip of this sort of business; and a clever man who does not go about among his clients, him what had been going forward, while Riley snarled. Reggie did his best to and know more than a little of their and know more than a little of their affairs, is worse than a fool. Reggle was young-looking, clean shaved, with a twinkle in his eye, and a head that noth-ing short of a gallon of the Gunner's Maderia could make any impression on. make statements pleading to Riley, but the Accountant was sure that the Bank was going to rack and ruin without him. In June, as the lying in bed told on his spirit, he asked whether his absence had

One day, at a big dinner, he announced been noted by the Directors, and Reggle said that they had written most sympacasually that the Directors had shifted on to him a Natural Curlosity, from Eng-land, in the Accountant line. He was perfectly correct. Mr. Silas Riley, Ac east that they had written most sympa-thetic letters, hoping that he would be able to resume his valuable services before long. He showed Riley the letters; and Riley said that the Directors ought to have written to him direct. A few days later, Reggie opened Riley's mail in the half-loop of the soom and mark her the constant, was a most curious animal—a long, gawky rawboned Yorkshireman, full of the savage self conceit that blossome only in the best county in England. light of the room, and gave him the sheet -not the envelope-of a letter to Riley Arrogance was a mild word for the mental attitude of Mr. S. Riley. He had worked from the Directors. Riley said he would thank Reggie not to interfere with his himself up, after seven years, to a Caebier's position in a Huddersfield Bank ; and all private papers, especially as Reggie knew he was too weak to open his own letters. is experience lay among the factories of the North. Perhaps he would have done the North. Fernaps he would have done better on the Bombay side, where they are happy with one-half per cent. profits, and money is cheap. He was useless for Upper India and a wheat Province, where Reggie apolog'zed. Then Riley's mood changed, and he lectured Reggle on his evil ways : his horses and his bad friends. "Of course a man wants a large head and a touch of imagination if he is to turn out a satisfac.

tory balance sheet. He was wonderfully narrow minded in business, and, being new to the country, had no notion that Indian banking is totally distinct from Home work. Like

nominee of his own ; and, after Riley's father had died, he made the rest of the Board see that an Accountant who was eich for half the year had better give place to a healthy man. If Riley had known the real story of his appointment he might have behaved better ; but, knowing noth ing, his stretches of sickness, alternated 'with the restless, persistent, meddiing tri tation of Reggie and all the hundred ways in which conceit, in a subordinate situation, can find play. Reggie used to call him attiking and haircurling name behind his back as a relief to his own feeling; but he never abused him to his face. The doctor punched him and told him he would be better before long. Then the doctor went to Reggie and all : "Do you know how sick your Accountant is ?" "No !" asid the altitle gasp, and esid quickly to Reggie ... "Men, "But the Doctor did not laugh. "Man," Here his voice died down, and Reggie

Burke. . . ." Here his voice died down, and Reggie

stooped over him. "Send my salary for September to my mother. . . . done great things with the bank if I had been spared. . . mistaken policy . . . no fault of

Reggie drew the sheet over his face, and went out into the veranda, with his last "mental stimulant "-a letter of con-dolence and sympathy from the Directors

-unued in his pocket. "If I'd been only ten minutes earlier," thought R-ggie, "I might have heart-ened him up to pull through another day.'

GOOD OLD FATHER LACOMBE.

From the Catholic News.

Julian Ralph has an article in Harper's Jolian Kalph has an article in *Harpers* Weekly in which he pays a grand trioute to Very Rev. Albert Lacombe, O M. I, Vicar General of the diocese of St. Albert, North West Territory, Canada, who accom-North West Territory, Canada, who accom-panied Bishop Graadin to this country about three years ago. The history of the conquest of the wilderness contains no more pathetic story than that of how the kind old priest, Father Lacombe, warned the Blackfoot Indians against the coming of the pale faces, writes Mr. Ralph. He went to the reservation and assembled the leaders before him in council. He told them that the white men were building a great railroad, and in a month their workmen would be in that virgin country. He told the wondering red men that among these laborers would be found many bad men seeking to seli wiakey, offering money for the ruin of squaws. Reaching the greatest elequence whiskey, cherning money for the rule of squaws. Reaching the greatest elequence possible for him—because he loved the indians and doubled their strength—he assured them that contact with these white men would result in death, in the destruction of the Indians, and by the most horrible processes of disease and misery. He thundered and he pleaded. The indians smoked and reflected. Then they spoke through old Crowfoot: "We have listened: We will keep upon our reservation. We will not go to see the setting?"

see the railroad."

But Father Lacombe doubted still, and yet more profoundly was he convinced of the ruin of the tribe should the "childreu" —as he sagely calls all Indians—disobey him. So once again he went to the re-serve, and gathered the chief and the head men, and warned them all the soul-less, diabolical, selfish instincts of the white men. Again the grave warriors promised to obey him. The railroad laborers came with camps

and money and liquors and numbers, and the prairie thundered the echoes of their sledge bammers' strokes. And one morn-ing the old priest looked cut of the window of his bare bedroom and saw curling wisps of gray smoke recending from score of tepees on the hill baside Calgary. Angry, amszed, he went to his doorway and opened it, and there upon the ground horees and his bad friends. "Of course lying here, on my back, Mr. Burke, I can't keep you straight; but when I'm weil, I do hope you'il pay some heed my words." Reggle, who had dropped pole, and dinners, and tennis, and all to attend to Riley, said that he was penitent and settled Riley's head on the pillow and the said him fret and contradict in hard, dry, hacking whispers, without a sign of impatience. This at the end of a heavy day's office work, doing double duty, in the latter half of June. two when the new Accountant came, Reggie told him the facts of the case, Reggie told him the facts of the case, any ounced to Riley that he bad a guest every settlement near the Blackfoot Reser-vation. And one old missionary lifted his trembling forefinger toward the sky when ausounced to Riley that he had a guest staying with him. Riley said that he might have had more consideration than fifteen years there will not be a fullto entertain his "doubtful friends" at blooded Indian allve on the Cauadian such a time. Through all that revolutionary railroad building and the rush of new settlers, Father Licombe and Crowfoot kept the Indians from war, and even from deprelations and from murder. When the half-breeds aross under Rell, and every Indian looked to his rifle and his knife, and when the mutterings that preface the war-cry sounded in every lodge, Father Lacombe made Crowfoot pledge his word the Indians should not rise. The priest the Indians should not rise. The priest represented the Government on these occasions. The Canadian statesmen recog-nize the value of his services. He is the great authority on Indian matters beyond our border ; the ambassador to and spokesman for the Indians.

tupe the two roads, when 'twas on'y a hape uv stones an' a lough uv wather, an' see how he kep' his grip. An' Tom Hegan an' the rest uv 'em swep' away like that," added Billy, taking a handful of chaff from the bottom of his cart and letting it fly with the wind. "Wo! Kit ! Come Nulls up and you. tune the two ros is, when 'two Come, Nelly, up wud you on that butt uv a stack an' throw me the shaves. 'Twill be tight enough on us to have id all in afore nightfall."

"No more shooting to day," said Grace, putting her arm in her husband's. "Arthur and Mary are staying for dinner the sheep grazing on his father's hearth. And you come home with one arm, to find a stranger in your father's halls." so march !'

Two gentlemen on horseback pulled up suddenly as they were passing "Tom Hogan's gate," as it was still called. "That is Mr. Lloyd," said Grace. "But who is that with him " "An' his property sowld for one sixth uv the value," added Wat Murphy, who was a privilged person. "The divil's cure to the landlords. An Irish Parlia-ment wouldn't thrate 'em that way. An'

"I don't know," Hugh replied. "They

are calling to some one.

It was to the man who had rolled the stone into the field. He raised his head sently, as if he were talking to himself. stone into the field. He rated ins field listlessly, on hearing Mr. Lloyd's volce, and looked towards the gate, as if waiting to know what he wanted. He had been sitting on the stone with his face burled in "that's just what they tell me my poor father said when he was dying of a broken heart." "Come and dine with us," said Bob Lloyd to Edmund — for the rest of the eiting on the stone with Disface buried in his hands, and must have remained motionless for some time, as the sheep were grazing quite close to him, one or two looking carlously at him, and almost touching him with their noses. But the moment he observed Mr. Lloyd's com-version he stood up quickly, and after Lloyd to Edmund — for the rest of the party had moved on towards home. "We have a leg of mutton, and every-thing elegant." " "I'm after promising Mrs. Kearney to take an early dinner with her," returned Edmund. "And, by the way, I must send a messenger to tell my wife, or she will think I have been swallowed up in a hor, hele." moment he observed in a hoyas com-panion, he stood up quickly, and, after touching his cap, dropped his arms by his side and stood at attention. "How are you Hogan?" said the gen-

bog-hole." "Not shot from behind a hedge ?" the tleman.

"I hope you're well, captain," was the captain observed. "No," Edmund answered, as he walked

reply. "What fancy have you taken to sitting on to overtake his friends. "She is too long now in Tipperary for nonsense of there ?" Mr. Lloyd asked. "We saw you from the top of the hill, and didn't know that sort. what to make of you till we came to the gate bere."

They had stopped to wait for him at Mat Donovan's clipped hedge. "What is the matter with you?" Arthur O'Connor asked, seeing the tears in him fide mild ends Jemmy Hogan's eye moistened ; but his chesk flushed, and he seemed ashamed of being detected in giving way to such

in his wife's mild eyes. "It is such a sad picture," she replied, looking along the lonely road ferent from what it used to be."

"' Twas a foolish notion," he replied at last, smiling somewhat grimly.

weakness.

sort of thing goes on there will be an end of 'magnificent Tipperary' in the Eaghousehold, basking in the ruddy glow of bogwood fire. The change is like what we "I was just going to remark," Ed-mund Kiely observed, "that you and Jemmy Hogan would make a very sug-gestive picture in illustration of that same read of in fairy tales. If poor Mick Brien could revisit the glimpses of the moon, he could scarcely believe that it was the dreary apot where he lay for hours meditating deed of blood.

deet of blood. "Come," says Nelly, "I promised Bessy we'd go up to night. An' brin' the flate." Billy Heffernan took down his hat from the elk's horns and meekly obeyed. "msguifacent Tipperary." " How is that ?" Captain French asked. " Why," Edmund replied, "he has come home with one leg, siter shedding his blood in the service of England, to find

"So dif.

"I'll go," exclaimed young Matty Hef-fernan independently.

"I'll go," excentine young havy ice fernan independently. "No, you won't," returned his mother. "Stay wud Norah, an' help her to mind your little brothers. Give him the fife," she added, on seeing Matty showing symp-"I'll go see grandmother," he persisted.

still they're agin their counthry." "By G---," the captain muttered, ab

"She'll give me honey." "You can stay all day o' Sunday at your grandmother's," said Nelly. "But you must stop an' mind the house to-night. An' there is the fife, an' you can play till you're tired." "Well, Billy," said Mat Donovan, "did

you hear any sthrange news yestherday ?" "Not a word," he replied. "But I never see a town that's gone like Cio'mel. I remember when I could hardly get brough the streets wud loads uv corn ; an' now there's nothin' doin' there. The mills nearly all idle, an' the stores an' half the shops shut up. 'Twas well Phil Morris used to say 'twas the corn made a town uv Clo'mel.''

before whom his mother in law placed a

other, had construed the ordinarily polite terms of his letter of engagement into a belief that the Directors had chosen him on account of his special and brilliant talents, and that they set great store by him. This notion grew and crystall'zed, thus adding to his natural North country concelt. Further, he was delicate, suffered

from some trouble in his chest, and was bort in his temper. You will admit that Reggie had reason to call his new Accountant a Natural Corlosity. The two men falled to hit it off at all. Riley considered Reggis a wild, feather headed idiot, given to Heaven only knew what dissipation in low places called "Messes," and totally unfit for the serious and solemn vocation of banking. serious and solemn vocation of banking. He could never get over Reggie's look of youtb, and his supercilious air; and he could not understand Reggie's friends-clean built, careless men in the Army-who rode over to big Sanday breakfasts at the Bank, and told sultry stories till Riley got up and left the room. Riley was always showing Reggie how the busi-ness ought to be conducted, and Reggie had more than once to remind him that seven years' limited experience between Huddersfield and Beverly did not qualify a man to steer a big up country business. a man to steer a big up country business. Then Riley sulked, and referred to him. self as a pillar of the Bank and a cherished

friend of the Directors, and Reggie tore his hair. If a man's English subordinates town uv Clo'mel." "Nelly, you must bring in the kettle and fill out the tea," said Beesy. "This fellow won't go to sleep for me." Nelly prepared the tea, of which all present partook, except Billy Heffernan, before whom his mother in law placed at the state of the state o limitations. In the winter Riley went eick for weeks at a time with his lung complaint, and this threw more work on Keggie. But he preferred it to the ever-lasting friction when Riley was well. One of the Travelling Inspectors of the Bank discovered these colleges and an

before whom his motion in any provide huge mug of milk. "Have you the flute ?" Mat asked, as the American clock on the chimney piece the American clock on the chimney piece the American clock of the chimney piece the the clock of the clo "Let us come out to the kitchen," re-who wanted the support of Riley's father, who, again, was anxious to get his son out "Arthur, stop for a moment," said Mary, an hour later, as they reached the top of the hill on their way home. "Can

to entertain his "doubtful friends" at such a time. Reggie made Carron, the new Account-ant, sleep at the Olub in consequence. Carron's arrival took some of the heavy work off his shoulders, and he had time to attend to Reily's exactions-to explain, attent to Raily's effections—to explain, soothe, invent, settle and resettle the poor wretch in bed, and to forge complimen-tary letters from Calcutta. At the end of the first month, Riley wished to send some money home to his mother. Raggie sent the date that the end of the set some money home to his mother. Raggie sent the draft. At the end of the second month, Riley's salary came in just the same, Reggie paid it ont of his own pocket; and, with it, wrote Riley a beauti-ful letter from the Directore. Riley was very ill indeed, but the fisme of his life burnt unsteadily. Now and then he would be cheerful and confident about the future. ekstehing planes for

about the future, sketching plans for going Home and seeing his mother. Reggie listened patiently when the office Reggie listened patiently when the office work was over, and encouraged him. At other times, Riley insisted on Reg-gle reading the Bible and grim "Meth-ody" tracts to him. Out of these tracts he pointed morals directed at his manager. But he always found time to wory Reggie about the working of the Bank, and to show him where the weak works to be

about the working of the Bank, and to show him where the weak points lay. This in-door, sick room life and con-staut strains wore Reggie down a good deal, and shook his nerves, and lowered his billiard play by forty points. But the business of the Bank and the business of the sidk room had to go the hold the

the sick room, had to go on, though the glass fias 116° in the shade. At the end of the third month, Riley was sinking fast, and had begun to realize who, again, was anxious to get his son out was sinking fast, and had begun to realize to a warmer climate, because of his lungs. The M. P. had interest in the bank ; but that made him worry Reggle, kept him one of the Directors wanted to advance a from believing the worst. "He wants Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

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