

A Bit of Marble.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

This bit of polished marble—this— Was found where Athens proudly rears Its temple crowned Acropolis So high with years.

In antique times some sculptor's hand, Drift turning, carved it fine and small, A part of base, or column's grand, Or capital.

Pentelion's white heart it knew Before the chisel fashioned it; Long ere so fair of form it grew, And delicate.

Regarding it, I mind me so A song should be, with ardor wrought— Cut in the firm Pentelion snow Of lofty thought.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WIDOW'S REPLY.

In a small, dingy back room, situated in the poorest quarter of Tralee, a queer, crabbled little man sat smoking; and the dusky man was blackened, and the puffs arose from it in so precise and systematic a manner that they seemed to be following some plan in the smoker's mind. A small, old-fashioned table, littered with writing materials, was before him, and about the room was scattered a fantastical medley of furniture, the arrangement of which was marked by the disorder and want of cleanliness which told of the utter absence of a woman's hand. The occupant himself was in little better condition; from his half-soiled linen, profusely visible above his waist coat, to the dusty shoes worn into large and ungainly shape by numerous excursions on his feet, he had the same musty, neglected look as his grim bachelor apartment. His face, indented with wrinkles, and brown with freckles, could not boast of an even feature, and his little, round, bald head was ornamented at the sides with tufts of gray hair tortured into the semblance of a curl.

A bold knock suddenly interrupted his cogitations; he seemed to be in no hurry to admit his visitor, for he drew another whiff from his pipe, and then took it slowly out of his mouth, as if he regretted being obliged to part with it for even a short time. The knock was repeated, and the visitor, apparently impatient, attempted to admit himself; but the door was locked.

"Ah!" said the queer occupant of the room with a grunt of satisfaction; "foiled that time; don't be so hasty, my friend, wherever you are, get into a gentleman's apartment."

"By this time he had laid his pipe carefully down, and shaking himself out of his chair, he proceeded leisurely to the door. The knock was again repeated; still the grim little man did not hasten his movements; he had a key to turn, and a bolt to draw, and a spike to take out, and by the time that all these preparations were completed, and the door stood fairly open, the visitor's impatience had not decreased.

"May I never be drowned in a mud pool, but it's Tighe Vohr!" burst from the strange little man, startled out of his delighted astonishment. It was Tighe Vohr, but in such a costume that he himself had expressed it, hardly his own mother would know him—knee-breeches, body coat, white vest, a spotless choker, and surrounding his mass of short, brown curls, his own, old, worn hat, presenting a most ludicrous contrast to the rest of his dress.

"Where did you come from?" pursued the little man, "and what are you doing in such a dress as that?"—asking both Tighe's dress vigorously, and drawing him into the room, forgetting in his eagerness to close the door. But Tighe had no desire to be stared at by the prying eyes of other dwellers in the house who might happen to pass, and as soon as he had extricated himself from the friendly grasp, he closed the door, and returned to the little man, "how I like to have such a dress as this, bad luck to it! it has me bothered that I can't think a straight thought."—ruefully surveying himself back and front. "But sit down, Corry, an' I'll tell you all about it; it's a long an' a divvint' story."

"Corry obeyed, and in his interest, to resume his pipe, and Tighe seated himself near. In his own ludicrous, and yet sometimes pathetic manner, he told the tale of his trip to Australia, and the subsequent events.

"And are you here, now, servant to an English officer? bedad it's the quare things you turn your hand to, Tighe."

"Yes," answered Tighe; "an' you no knowin' what I'll do next, an' do you understand, Corry? I'll do any mortal thing that'd help the master."

"I do, Tighe, an' them are the sentiments I admire; you are your mother's own son, Timothy Carmody, or, in the Irish of it, Tighe a Vohr."

"Do you see now," pursued Tighe, drawing his chair closer to that of his listener, "I'll make meself a favor, in the barracks there; not one of them suspects me intentions; Captain Crawford took the greatest likin' to me intirely, an' between one an' the other of 'em, keepin' my eyes an' me ear open, mebbe I'll catch many a bit of information that'll be for the master's benefit. An' that's what brought me here this mornin',—to have you help me. I was mortally afeard I wouldn't find you,—that you'd be gone out of the old place, or that something happened you, or the like, seem' it's so long since I laid eyes on you."

"No, Tighe, I wedded to my surroundings. On the day that your mother married Timothy Carmody, I sed to meself, henceforth, Corry O'Toole, let your heart be dead to the natural affections; let the things of nature be your wife and children, and make no changes—stay in the one spot, and let time reconcile you to the fact that if you had been beforehand with Timothy Carmody, it is Mrs. O'Toole your mother would be, Tighe, and you, you would be my son, Timothy O'Toole."

In the excess of his feelings he leaned across and wrung Tighe's hand.

"An' why didn't you ax her since, Corry? she's a widdy this many a year, an' be me sowl, I don't think she's refuse you."

"The little man arose, and as he went to the door, he said, "If it deprecate the ashes of her

widow heart by a proposal now, when her husband is in his cold grave? Tim Carmody, do not so disrespect my years an' my gray hairs." He touched his side-looks with melodramatic gesture.

"Tither an' ages it isn't whin her husband was alive that you'd be poppin' the question to her?" broke in Tighe.

"No, Mr. Carmody," with a tragic action of his arms, "nor shall I now disturb the beautiful serenity of her widowed feelings by such an offer. I honor your mother,"—placing his hand on his heart—"and I will leave her to repose her love in the cold grave of her lamented husband."

He sat down, wiping his face.

"Well," said Tighe, "we'll not moind about that little matter for the present. I want your help wid this; you tuk in a while ago, all that I told you about the letter I sed the quartermaster write to one Widdy Moore?"

"Corry nodded his head.

"Well, I want you now to write an answer as if it kem from the Widdy Moore—that's what brought me here this mornin'; he expected an answer last night, but I told him that the widdy wasn't in, but that I left the letter, an' also how I left word that I'd go either an answer this mornin'. Do you see, now, Corry, he's a soft sort of fellow that it's not hard to get round at all, an' if I can string him for a while wid something loike this, I may be able to turn him to account. I got out of him last night the perticuler part of the jail where Mr. O'Donoghue is, an' how his liberal is likely to come off afore a great while. Sure it's your business to be writin' letters an' loike,—"glancing at the littered table.

"It used to be, Tighe, it used to be, afore people got to have the book learnin' themselves; but now, since they've spiled us with their national schools, and their other divil's improvements, the sorra much poor Corry gets to do. Once in a while I've a love-loiterer to write, or an offer of marriage, or the like, where big words are a wantin', but it's not often; times are not what they used to be," and the old man signed touchingly.

"Read this," said Tighe, proffering the letter which he had induced the simple quartermaster to write to the Widdy Moore.

"That's a fine employment of words," said Corry, when he had read the missive slowly and aloud. Then he turned to the superscription, reading that with the same attentive leisure.

"And how did you come to know this Missus Moore?" he asked.

"The divil bit me, me knew her at all till I heard the commandant of a quartermaster make mention of her, thin I med a bould guess at the rest. Sed I to meself, when I eyed him for a while, an' saw the hesitain' way he was in about the writin'—sed I to meself, 'you're in love'; an' faith, Corry, whin a fellow's in love there's not much to be got out of him by the way of rayson or common sense."

Corry nodded an earnest assent.

"I found that out be the master himself," continued Tighe, "for he wouldn't be led, nor drove, because o' his love for a purty girrel, till he got himself into the scrahe he is now. Well, that's neither here nor there, but as I was sayin', I approached the subject of 'this terminin' widdy.'"

"Spake respectful, me boy, of the widows," interrupted Mr. O'Toole, "your mother, the honored Mrs. Carmody, is one."

Tighe stifled a laugh and proceeded: "I approached the subject in the way I told you, an' to me own wonder I widout makin' any inquiries, an' I found out that this Missus Moore is a young, gay, dashin' widdy that sets half of the officers be the ears wid love of her; sure that was playin' into me hands complately, an' if I can kape up the game long enough to help me to get seein' the master, I'll be very thankful."

"I sed answered Corry, "well we will have to be very careful with the answer, Tighe; it wouldn't do to be puttin' an offer of marriage in it."

"Not at all; sure that would be the decidin' part, an' I must kape her away from that for a while. No, tell him in a delicate way of the great and sudden diversion his letter gev her; an' how she'd loike his inquiries, an' I sed the matter for the present, an' that he mustn't moind if she gives him could look, for it will be only for a while, an' gorra I was forgettin'—tell him that she doesn't want him to be makin' delusions to the letters in her presence, an'—"

"You are right, Corry," what wid the bewilderments of the toimes the book learnin' is gone clane out of me head. Well, she doesn't want him to be makin' allusions to the letters in her presence; she wants him to be spachless, an' if he don't I'll be discovered, an' if everything will be spiled. Now, will you do that, Corry?"

Till then, believe me as undivided and undividable as yourself.

THE WIDOW MOORE.

"Give us yer fist, Corry!" said Tighe in the exuberance of his delight; and he shook that useful member of Mr. O'Toole's body till the latter gentleman was fain to be him to desist.

"It's satisfactor," said Corry, trying to assume an indifference to the praise of his young friend, but inwardly glowing with pleasure; and if there was one weakness which Mr. O'Toole possessed, apart from the Widow Carmody, it was his ambition to gain fame as an elegant letter-writer.

"An' you tuk particular pains to make the han' writin' small, I see," said Tighe, examining the superscription, when at length the letter was addressed, sealed, and given into his possession. "It takes you, Corry, an' begorra it always tuk you to do what you set yer moind to, I'm only surpris'd at one thing, how you iver missed me mother." There was a roguish twinkle in Tighe a Vohr's eyes, but simple, credulous Corry did not perceive it, and he answered:

"I didn't ax her in time, my boy; I procrastinatid."

"That was bad, Corry; but kape up yer heart; mebbe, if things turns out well, I'll be able meself to put in a good word for you."

Mr. O'Toole drew himself up, and folded his arms on his swelling breast.

"Mr. Carmody, I have already expressed to me feelings on that tender and delicate subject; respect them, sir, and do not force me to disturb the emotions of your mother's widowed heart, so long buried in the grave of her lamented husband."

"Faith it's the could place you want her heart to be in," muttered Tighe, but in too low a voice for Corry to hear.

The latter gentleman maintained his lofty attitude, proudly asserting himself that his countenance was expressive of once noble scorn and heroic resignation, whereas his yellow, wrinkled face was pursed up into a look so ludicrously affected that Tighe had to hasten his side he should laugh in the little man's face.

CHAPTER XIV.

CORRY O'TOOLE.

Captain Crawford was a manly specimen of the English officer; dashing, genial, fun-loving, prone to good nature, proud of his profession, devoted to his country, ardent, generous, brave, he won with little effort the confidence of his superior officers, and the enthusiastic affection of his men; but none of these praiseworthy qualities could eradicate or diminish a fierce hatred against those of the Irish who dared to foster a thought of rebellion upon the English government; such he would crush with ruth, and less hand, and no measure enforced for their submission was too severe for his approval. He hated the very name Fenian, and he hailed with delight every scheme for the capture of the devoted fellows. Yet his purse was often open to relieve cases of destitution, and his ready and hearty aid, with his Irish wit or exploit of Irish cunning, even though the victim of both might be himself.

For Tighe a Vohr he conceived a peculiar fancy; the fellow's true humor, his laughable simplicity, his apparent frankness, and the ardor with which he made the latter regard him with some dread, all these qualities, and his disposition to treat Tighe with more than ordinary favor.

Tighe, with his natural sharpness, divined all this before he had served a fortnight in his new capacity, and it required little effort on his part to act in each officer's regard with the Irish, and Garfield's hand of the letter by Corry O'Toole, and supposed to come from the Widow Moore, Tighe, was chucking to himself as he mentally saw again the quartermaster's expression of countenance when he read each other on the countenance of the astounded and bewildered quartermaster.

"Isn't it to yer satisfaction?" Tighe had asked when the soldier's eyes had turned from his face to the letter again; and the mystified fellow had replied:

"It is, and it is not; I can't understand it; it seems a strange way for a lady to write—so different from our English girls."

"Yer English girls!" Tighe had burst in; "didn't I tell you afore that there was no comparison betune them? no more than there is betune a well-bred filly an' a cantherin' jackass. I've the sloop an' the dash that our Irish wimmen want, an' not the aisy-goin' ways of yer English girls."

"What did she say to you?" the befuddled quartermaster had asked; and Tighe had answered:

"Is it the loike of me you'd have to stand afore a lady loike her? it's aisy to see you're not rightly mannered in yer country; if you wor, it's not such a question as that you'd be puttin' to me."

inwardly exulting as he saw the quartermaster bite his lip; "sure I sed the letter to the servant to take to her, an' she was out, as I told you afore, but whin I went agin the servant had the answer ready. An' now if you'd loike to have me compose another letter for you."

"No," had been the decisive reply, "I'll wait awhile first."

"Well," Tighe had replied, "whin you're ready, yer honor, I'm at yer service; an' you nadn't be afeard to trust me, for I'd sooner cut the tongue out of me mouth than tell one word on so me proud an' nice-spoken a gentleman as yerself; but whin Missus Moore becomes Mrs. Garfield, an' you're happy an' thrivin', mebbe thin you'd remember poor Tighe a Vohr."

And Tighe, as he now distinctly

thought of all this, could hardly restrain an outward chuckle, but at that moment Captain Crawford entered the room with another officer; it required but one look for Tighe to recognize in him the same who had conducted the arrest of Carroll O'Donoghue—Captain Dennier. He was not afraid of recognition by the captain, being confident that the latter had obtained but passing glances of him on the night of Carroll's arrest, and he felt that his present dress would prove an effectual disguise; but, in order to be respectful, he passed to an inner room, where he feigned to be very busy. Never, however, were his wits so keen. He managed adroitly to leave the door between the apartments carelessly ajar, and to cause his duties to take him frequently to the spot. Captain Crawford was evidently headless of Tighe's vicinity, for he continued a conversation with Dennier which seemed to have been commenced before their entrance.

"Yes," he said, speaking warmly, "Lord Heathcote must surely give credit to you for this success; you certainly have been quick and clever about it."

"Captain Dennier did not reply; he seemed absorbed in gloomy thought."

"What are to be the next moves?" pursued the speaker, looking somewhat anxiously into the face of his friend.

Captain Dennier replied in a low voice, but not too low for Tighe's over-sharpened hearing:

"Lord Heathcote's arrival here is expected daily, and this morning, I expect, the same who has brought up information to the government for some time past, is here, waiting to deliver to his lordship a valuable paper, a paper which he has told me criminate not only this unfortunate prisoner, O'Donoghue, but which contains the most conclusive evidence against the unhappy wretches who were arrested the other day at that attack on the barracks."

That piece of information worked strangely on the eagerly listening Tighe. His face lengthened itself, and his eyes grew in size till they threatened to burst from their sockets.

"Be me sowl," he said mentally, "that's old Mr. Vohr's rather he means."

"Then," continued the speaker, "the prisoner will stand his trial."

There was a touch of sadness in the last tones that struck unpleasantly on the ear of Captain Crawford. Striking his hand on his knee, he said in his hearty way:

"Upon my honor, Walter, if I didn't know you as I do, I would say that you sympathized with those Fenian scoundrels."

"No," was the reply, "I love England too well to sympathize with any rebellion against her, but I cannot help feeling for the spirit which through all oppression is still defiant. My heart quivers at the sight of distress I meet so often, and I have found so much that is noble and kindly in the Irish character that I find myself often pitying where previously I was wont to condemn."

"By Jove!" laughed the surprised, and yet amused, Captain Crawford, "we shall have you transferring your allegiance, and commanding a Fenian raid before long; what will my sister Helen say to that? I wonder—your color so model, yeh know. Oh, don't color so, Walter; it will be all right one day, I suppose; only one of her last comings to me was to make you my study. I wonder if she would approve of my imitating your conversion to the side of the Irish, and Fenianism to boot. Perhaps you would even emulate that daring scoundrel, Captain O'Connor; they say he is marvelous in the matter of disguises, and report has it that he has been in the very heart of a surrounded district, enrolling for this d—d Irish Republic, and perfecting his plans under the very eyes of the government officers."

"I admire his gallantry and his fealty to his cause," replied Dennier with sparkling eyes; "but far he has shown wonderful skill and courage, and doubtless, if his last bold movement had not been checked, it would have brought more serious results to England than he scarce it gave her."

"Scare!" repeated Crawford, throwing himself back in the chair he had taken, and laughing loud and heartily, "I sed the way those wires worked sendin' alarm messages to headquarters, in the manner in which the troops were rushed off, was enough to make O'Connor himself laugh when he heard of the commotion he had created."

"Yes," replied Dennier, "and his mirth would be all the heartier if he knew how Horseford is stopped to himself the credit of having taken the rebellion down here, and that he is now a prisoner in the hands of the British."

Crawford straightened himself in his seat, saying eagerly:

"Ah! you probably hold the opinion about that that I do."

"Perhaps my theory is that the failure at Chester has had more to do with the comparative cessation of the rebellion down here, than all Horseford's boasted soldierly skill and executive ability."

smile from Captain Dennier, returned to the room he had left. He could hear, even while he pretended to be noisily engaged, Captain Crawford detailing in the most ludicrous fashion the circumstances of his first meeting with Tighe and Shaun; but although the captain's own laugh rung out with infectious merriment, it seemed to produce little of the same effect on his companion; grave, silent, the latter's thoughts appeared to be far, and unpleasantly away.

"Egad, Dennier!" broke from Captain Crawford at last, "you are a changed man since you came to Ireland. On my honor, I shall begin to surmise that you are really contemplating going over to the Irish."

Captain Dennier smiled, but he did not reply, as if he deemed the remark too trifling to deserve an answer.

"Come, old fellow," you were wont to give me your confidence, confide in me now, and tell me the trouble."

"The earnestness, the affection in the tone seemed to rouse and to touch the young officer. He replied with unwonted spirit:

"On my soul, Harry, I wish I could tell you; I cannot even explain it to myself; it is a nameless something which has seemed to press upon my spirits from the moment that I set foot in Ireland. It may be Lord Heathcote's manner to me has increased it. You know, owing to my absence in India, I did not see him for a long time; since my return, however, our interviews have been somewhat frequent, and the close more disconcerting, more unhappy, more perplexed with myself than I was before."

"And yet," replied Crawford, "you have been the envy of half the titled young fellows in London, because of that very interest which Lord Heathcote has always taken in you. You have told me repeatedly that you owe everything to him."

"I do; the claims of no common gratitude bind me to him. Of my birth and early history I know nothing save that I have been told how both my parents died before I was well ushered into the world, and that happening to reside on his lordship's estate, and having been rendered to him by my father, he took singular compassion upon me, an unclaimed orphan, found a nurse for me, caused me to be educated, and I know that he has procured for me all the appointments I have ever held. Thus you see how much his interests ought to be mine; and they are. I have striven to show by my conduct in every particular that his kindness was not misplaced, and that the boy for whom he so nobly provided was not an entirely unworthy recipient of his bounty; but his demands on me when we meet prove that he thinks otherwise. His coldness chills me, his taunts at my ill success sting me, and I have often felt like flinging my commission at his feet, thanking him for the past, and betaking myself to some far distant sea."

"No, no, Walter," said Captain Crawford, "do nothing so rash. Wait; things are becoming brighter; you have achieved success now in the capture of this Australian convict, and his lordship must at least in that recognize your ability."

"But that which harrows my soul most," resumed Captain Dennier, "is a singular overmastering impulse to love this cold, staid man; it springs up at every sight of him; it haunts me in my dreams, and this is why I am such a puzzle to myself. He leans his head upon his hand, and yielded again to gloomy and abstracted thought."

Tighe, still brushing vigorously at boots that had been polished and planned, was vigorously thinking and planning.

"I must find a way for dependin' on Carther of that paper, an' I'll have to be murderin' quick about it. The first thing'll be to find out where the old wretch kapes himself. I haven't seen tall nor hide of him since I kem here; an' thin there's Father Meagher, an' the young colob, an' waitin' for me to go back an' give him thin news; an' there's the master himself that I haven't found the names of communicatin' wid yet. May the saints deliver us, but it's the power of business I have on hand; well, whin the paper is got from old Carther I'll attend to the rest."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Vestis Angelica.

[It was a custom of the early English Church for pious laymen to carry in the hour of death to some monastery, that they might be clothed in the habit of the religious Order and might die amidst the prayers of the brotherhood. The garment they wore was known as the Vestis Angelica—see Moroni: "Dictione de Vestis Angelica Storico Sciolesiastica," II., 78; xevii, 312.]

Gather, gather! Stand Round her on either hand! Ye smiling angel band! More pure than priest; A garment white and whole For those earthy joy and woe Whose earthly joy and woe Have almost ceased.

Weave it of happy hours, Of smiles and summer sweats, Of passing sunlit showers, Of acts of love. Of paths ways that did go— Amid life's work and weep; Her thoughts above.

Then, as those eyes grow dim, Chant ye her best loved hymn While from your choral voices brim A soft chime swells. Her freed soul floats in bliss To unseen worlds from this, Nor know in which it lies. She hears the bells.

By Thomas Westworth Higginson, in Scribner's, for March.

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will stop the cough, allay the inflammation, and induce repose. It will, moreover, heal the pulmonary organs and give you health.

Important to Workmen. Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful colds, stiff joints and lameness. To all these troubles we would recommend Haygard's Yellow Ointment, the handy and reliable pain cure for outward or internal use.

LONGEVITY.

Scientific men see no reason why the span of human life may not be extended to a round hundred years from the present limit of seventy to eighty years. From Adam's time to that of Methuselah and Noah, men are recorded as attaining to well nigh the age of 1000 years. The Psalmist David, however, says: "The days of our age are three score years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

This wide margin of longevity, together with proper observance of mental, moral and physical laws, leads investigators to believe it is possible that human life might be made to increase in length of days to a full century, at least.

Moderation and regularity in eating, drinking and sleeping are conducive to longevity, and those who observe proper habits and use pure and efficacious remedies when sick, may accomplish immense labor with no apparent injury to themselves and without foreshortening their lives.

Hon. H. Warner, President of the Rochester, N. Y., Chamber of Commerce, and manufacturer of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, has devoted much time and research to this subject of longevity, and has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that life may be prolonged by rational and natural means. Thousands of persons are living to-day—enjoying the blessing of perfect health and vigor—who will testify to the almost magical efficacy of Warner's Safe Cure in restoring them to physical potency and to the normal type of constitution, after they had almost given up hope of life.

After middle age, many begin to lose their wonted vigor of body, and thereupon give way to inactivity and useless reposing. Yet all such have within reach that which both renews youth and contributes to the prolongation of life. Warner's marvelous Safe Cure are in every drug store, and are now regarded as standard specifics throughout the civilized world.

The strong desire to attain old age—meaningtime retaining the virile powers of body and mind—is necessarily connected with the respect paid to aged persons, for people would scarcely desire to be old, were the aged neglected or regarded with mere suzerance.

ALBANI AT THE CAPITAL.

(Extract from a Private Letter.)

It is a long time since the Federal Capital has had the pleasure of hearing a celebrated artist. Hence, the empressment with which the highest classes of society hurried to the Grand Opera House, to hear the *Prima donna* who has gained so many triumphs in Europe. Albani has the memory of the heart; she is a child of Canada, and wished to be heard and remembered in her own land. The grace with which she presents herself adds greatly to the power which she knows how to exercise over her audience, and all with that ease which marks the great artist.

The greater number of the selections which composed the programme were but little known to us; moreover, the *opera* was so varied as to offer an excellent opportunity of judging of the ability with which she can interpret them all. When a beautiful voice is well guided, when it presides over the production of sound, when expression is given its right place; it can scarcely be said of the artist who is heard under these conditions, that she is certain of obtaining the very greatest success.

Such is the case with Albani; she possesses that purity and charm which is found amongst the highly gifted and favored votaries of song. She sang with an exquisite taste and purity of intonation, which increased tenfold the different effects of the selections from the great masters. She conquered all difficulties with remarkable ease. Her notes are like pearls, which she distributes without the least effort amongst her audience. Albani knows how to charm you and leave you entranced—to awaken you suddenly to give her freest applause. It is the power of great talent to move its auditor to such a degree as to captivate his spirit and hold him, as it were, breathless, under its spell.

Musical critics, and therefore competent judges, who have had exceptional opportunities of hearing the most celebrated songstresses in Europe, and elsewhere, state emphatically that Patti and Albani are the two greatest stars of the world at the present time.

At Albani's concert many other artists also made themselves heard, and merited great applause. They appeared to be all carried away by the *diva*, who to them is the personification of grace and goodness. To Albani indeed, we can say with the poet:

"By the scope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven
To follow in thy sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past
And disappear."

The Far Reaching.

Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be best. Take no acid substitutes at druggists.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Corn remedy for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

The Letter That Came

From Mr. J. Hayden, 139 Chatham St., Montreal, says: "I was troubled for years with biliousness and liver complaint, and I never found any medicine to help me like Barwick Blood Purifiers, in fact one bottle made a complete cure."

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

To INVIGORATE both the body and the brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

Their M

My boy sat looking stony
From his stool at my side
And the freight burn
And he brightened his face
In a most confidential

"Mamma, I think, w
I shall have just two
I smiled—he was six-
And I said, "Why, ye
But if one were a girl,
It would add to your

"Well—yes," reflect
And I'll tell you just
I'll name one Robbie,
Then the bright eyes
glow,
"And there's just the
I'll name the girl, A
"But how would their
asked,
"You think that I
For me to have both
none?"
With the mynified, p
Whole bright eyes
"Their mother! Why

Written for CAT

CATHOLICS G