

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXIV.

All things considered, Father Paul O'Gorman's evening party was a great success. Fanny, assisted by Kate Purcell, managed everything so well that even the grand Mrs. Mooney was kept in tolerable good humor. She did show some symptoms of flouncing out of the room when a certain young lady entered it, but a judicious remark of Kate Purcell's about a bracelet worn by Mrs. Mooney, prevented the catastrophe. The objectionable young lady was the orphan daughter of an old friend of Father O'Gorman's, for whom the good priest had procured a situation in a millinery establishment in K—. The Miss Moloneys, too, tittered audibly when the "shop girl" timidly glided to a seat half concealed by the window hangings; but these young ladies looked greatly astonished, not to say mortified when Brian Purcell engaged the shop girl for the first quadrille. We may remark that this young lady is now the wife of a respectable trader, who has been twice elected mayor of his native town.

But what interests us most, is the fact that Father Paul's plan was crowned with success in one important particular. His dear little Fanny was really and truly made "as a happy queen" that memorable night.

"How is this, Brian?" said Father O'Gorman, on finding Mr. Brian Purcell all alone in the "little parlor."

"When I did not see you among the dancers, I thought you had joined Dr. Forbis and the rest of them. 'Pon my word," he added, "the doctor is enjoying himself. There is another song. But now, as you are here, let us have a quiet talk together. Something must have occurred between you and Fanny; ye don't appear to be the same good friends. Now, is it?"

"Nothing, sir, I assure you—"

"Oh! now, be candid with me. In fact, to make a long story short, what do you think of her?"

"I think her worth her weight in gold, sir," said Brian.

"Aye, and in diamonds too," added Father Paul. "But did you ever think of her except as a friend?"

This question encouraged Brian to make a full confession; after which he looked in the good priest's face, and said:

"But would it be right, under the circumstances, to declare my love for her, and try to win hers? Her father—"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Father Paul. "Do you think I'd bring her down here if I thought her father would object?" And he repeated to Brian his conversation with Fanny's father the evening of their arrival in Dublin.

"So, my dear fellow," said the kind-hearted old priest, holding out his hand to Brian. "I think I may congratulate you."

Brian Purcell was in the act of clasping the proffered hand, when the door opened, and Fanny O'Gorman looked in. She can in search of her uncle, as she was afraid our friend the doctor was creating a little confusion among the dancers, by insisting upon putting them through certain figures which were in vogue in his young days. Fanny stood hesitating in the doorway.

"Well, Fanny," said her uncle, "do you want me?"

"Yes, sir, Doctor Forbis—"

"Oh! I know," Father Paul interrupted, "he's insisting upon Josh's playing 'The Boyne Water.'"

"No, sir, but teaching them to dance a cotillon."

"Well, I'll settle that. But come here, Fanny."

He took her hand and placed it in that of Brian Purcell, saying, with an encouraged smile,—for little Fanny was frightened:

"Brian has something to tell you." Father Paul then quietly walked away, leaving them alone together. "We'll say no more. We couldn't say what we would (who could?) if we tried. The "little parlor" was a dingy little hole of a place, with one candle, that required snuffing, on the chimney-piece. But these two will bless that dingy little parlor to their dying day.

Father O'Gorman's never-to-be-forgot-

ten party led to the consummation of another love affair. The doctor played a principal, though unconscious, part in the subjugation of a heart that had long resisted the assaults of the boy-god, albeit his darts were "tipped with gold." It happened in this way.

Doctor Forbis, whose house was not more than half a mile from the priest's, wended his way homeward on foot, in the bright moonlight. Arthur Kelly, the village carman, was leading his white mule to water after returning from the market town of C—.

"Good night, Josh," says Arthur Kelly, in his hearty way.

"Good night," responded the doctor, roused from a deep reverie, and rather astonished by this familiar salutation.

"Josh!" he repeated, as he proceeded on his way—somewhat unsteadily, we must allow. "Joshua Forbis is my name; Joshua Forbis, Esquire, L. R. C. S. I.—generally known as Doctor Forbis. But who has called me Josh?" "Good night, Josh!" Surely that man—Arthur Kelly, the carman, or I'm mistaken, and his white mule—has said "Good night, Josh." Yet, I must be mistaken, for Kelly the carman, or his white mule, would not dare!" The doctor put on a look of professional dignity which did not relax—rather continued to grow in severity indeed—till he reached his own gate. Doctor Forbis made a false step as he approached the gate, but kept himself from falling by catching hold of the bars. He paused for a moment to recover the shock, and while he did so, great was his astonishment to see his own house rising high into the air, and coming down again. He held fast to the bars of the gate, for as the house came down, himself and the gate went up, and when the house went up, he came down. It was just as if the short, straight avenue were a plank, and that he was playing what the children in the village called "weigh-de-buckedy" with his own house.

"Let me see," said doctor Forbis, "whether I can find any natural solution for this most extraordinary—"

He was cut short by the approach of a car. He turned round, still clinging to the bars, and as the car passed Kate Purcell waved her hand to him.

"Good-night, Josh," said the young lay.

The doctor let go his hold of the bars, and taking off his hat bowed low.

"But Josh! why Josh?" muttered Doctor Forbis when the car had passed. "Why Josh, Miss Purcell?" Here a second car passed by, and the doctor distinctly heard Miss Frances Moloney utter the monosyllable "screwed."

"Screwed, Miss Moloney," the doctor muttered, looking after the car. But here his attention was attracted by a very extraordinary phenomenon. Doctor Forbis distinctly saw two moons in the sky. They danced about, and knocked against each other like two great billiard balls. As the doctor contemplated this wonderful natural phenomenon, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"I have you," exclaimed the owner of the hand.

"If I am not mistaken," said the doctor, "you are Tom Burke, the cattle dealer."

"Tom Burke, the jobber," was the reply. "No mistake about it; I'm waiting for you this two hours. I have the horse and car at Mrs. Cary's below, so get yourself ready." It was not difficult to see that Tom had been comforting himself with a drop "of the right sort" at Mrs. Cary's.

"And pray, Tom Burke, may I take the liberty of inquiring where do you want me to go?"

"Over to my father-in-law's, at the mountain foot," Tom replied.

"A worthy man," the doctor observed, "Phil Shunney of the mountain foot."

"Aye, begor," says Tom Burke.

"And for what purpose am I required?" asked the doctor.

"My wife that's coming home," was the reply.

"I see," said Doctor Forbis, half sobered by the prospect of a fee. "Your wife is—is 'coming home,' as you facetiously observe, and you require my professional services."

"Aye, begor," said Tom Burke. "An' now I'll run for the horse and car. I was afraid 'twould be all hours before you could 'lave the priest's."

"You see, Tom, in these cases we must be prepared for contingencies. I'll just get my instruments."

"Oh, begor! don't forget the instrument, at any rate."

"Certainly not," the doctor continued.

"But as I know the road perfectly well you need not wait for me."

"All right," exclaimed Tom Burke, lifting his riding coat upon his shoulders with a shrug which was peculiar to him, and hurrying away for his horse and car with a slightly unsteady gait.

Doctor Forbis knocked at his door,—somewhat timidly, we are bound to admit. A window was immediately raised, and a head with a nightcap on it thrust out.

"What brings you here," exclaimed a rather shrewish voice, "at this hour of the night? Go away out of that." The window was pulled down with a snap, and the shutters closed. The doctor was beginning to consider what would be the most judicious course for him to take in this awkward predicament, when the door opened. A hand was stretched out, which took hold of his and drew him gently into the hall.

"Don't mind her, dear," whispered a gentle voice into his ear. "Don't mind what she says, the cross thing! Come into the kitchen, but walk easy." And Kitty Magrath squeezed the doctor's hand tenderly, and was about leading him through the hall, when her mistress called to her from the head of the stairs.

"Kitty, Kitty Magrath," Mrs. Forbis called out; "don't let that man in at this hour of the night."

"Is it me, ma'am?" said Kitty, from the kitchen door, which she had reached with a hop, skip, and a jump, before she spoke.

"Bring me a candle," said Mrs. Forbis. "But you need not light it."

"Yes, ma'am," says Kitty, delighted at having escaped detection.

"I'm blessed if they aren't all mad," thought Doctor Forbis, as he turned into the parlor. He changed his hat for a fur traveling cap, which he generally wore when called out late at night. He then went out, closing the door softly behind him, and proceeded to the stable.

"Steady, now, old lass," said the doctor, as he placed the saddle on his mare. He led the mare to the gate, making her walk on the grass, as he thought it wisest to avoid a meeting with Mrs. Forbis in her present mood. He mounted outside the gate, and rode at a tolerably quick pace toward the mountain foot.

Doctor Forbis dismounted at Phil Shunney's door, and on hearing the sound of voices inside, and observing light in all the windows, the thought occurred to him that he had arrived too late. He raised the latch and saw quite a crowd of people inside. He recognized Shawn Gow's gruff tones above the rest.

"No, Phil, thank ye all the same," Shawn was saying. "But I didn't touch a drop iv anything stronger thin wather since Christmas Day."

"Well, I won't press you, Shawn," the host observed; "if you made a promise I'd be sorry to ax you to break it. But Tim Croak 'll take your part."

"Ay will I," responded Tim; "I never see the harm a little rouser 'd do a man. Here's luck."

"I wonder what's keeping Tom," some one inquired. "He ought to be here afore this, and the girls is gettin' lonesome."

"God be wud poor Connor Shea," said



EASY TO TAKE
—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Smallest, easiest, cheapest, best. They're tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts. Without disturbance or trouble, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Permanently cured, too. By their mild and natural action, these little Pellets lead the system into natural ways again. Their influence lasts.

Everything catarrhal in its nature, catarrh itself, and all the troubles that come from catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad your case or of how long standing, you can be cured.

Castor Fluid. Registered. A delightful fully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. **HEWRY & GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.**

Tim Croak. "Tisn't in the want av a blast o' music we 'd be if we had him."

"God help him," remarked Phil Shunney, "when he hears av his family bein' in the poorhouse, as I suppose he will hear it."

"Mr. Brian wrote an' towld him all," said Tim. "Sally had the sickness, but she was out o' danger the last board day. Mr. Brian axed the doctor himself."

This allusion to Sally Cavanagh caused a momentary silence, and the doctor called attention to his presence by pushing in the half door.

"Oh, is that the docthor?" exclaimed the man of the house. "Welcome, sir, welcome. Go, Shawn, and hould the docthor's mare. Sit down, docthor, and jine us in a tumbler."

(To be continued.)

Rich, Red Blood

As naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from the use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels serofula, salt ricium and all other impurities and builds up every organ of the body. Now is the time to take it.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's PILLS for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

MR. JONES TELLS A STORY.

Mrs. Jones Illustrates It by Frequent Remarks.

"I know the best story about Simps on to-day," said Mr. Jones, as he settled himself comfortably for an evening at home. "You've seen that fur coat of his Maria—well, it was—"

"Wait till I get my sewing, Jephtha," said Mrs. Jones. "There now, begin."

"You know the outside of the coat is beaver—"

"Whose coat?"

"Why Simpson's?"

"Oh, yes. Go on."

"Oh, dear, where's my thimble? Just let me run and get it. There, now. What was it Simpson sneezed at?"

"Who said anything about Simpson sneezing? That's just like a woman," snarled Jones. "If you think you can sit still for five minutes I'll go on with the story. He made a bet—"

"Who made a bet?"

"Simpson did—that nobody could tell what the coat was lined with—"

"Wasn't it fur-lined?"

"If you know the story better than I do perhaps you will tell it," suggested Mr. Jones. "The boys all guessed—"

"What boys?"

"The fellows—the crowd—"

"Just let me get this needle threaded," said Mrs. Jones, as she tried to thread the point of a cambric needle; "I can listen better when I'm sewing. Go on."

"We were all in it, so we guessed cat-skin—"

"Jephtha! that reminds me, I haven't seen old Tom to day."

"Confound old Tom! Will you listen, Maria, or—"

"Wait till the scissors roll by. There! I'm all ready. Was that the door-bell? Now for the story."

"We guessed the skin of every animal in the catalogue—"

"What catalogue?"

"Maria, you'll drive me mad! Simpson won the bet, and—"

"What bet?"

"About the lining. It was—"

"Then it wasn't cat?"

"No! no! It was calf—when he was in it—ha! ha! See?"

"Rather fur fetched, wasn't it?" said Mrs. Jones, yawning.

Then Jones rose to offer a few feeble remarks about telling a story to a woman, and expecting her to see the point, etc., etc.—[Detroit Free Press.]

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-13-90 W)

More than a grain of comfort.—Wheat in the stack.

As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity, those old foes Scrofula and Consumption must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.