-

OWNEY AND OWNEY-NA-PEAK. BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Ay, marry, sir, there's mettle in this young What a sheep's look his elder brother has !

-Fletcher's Elder Brother. When Ireland had kings of her own when there was no such thing as a coat made of red cloth in the country-when there was plenty in men's houses, an peace and quietness at men's doors (and that is a long time since)—there lived in the village not far from the great city of Linneach (the pres-ent Linerick) two young men, cousins: one of them named Owney, a smart, kind hearted, hand-some youth, with limb of a delicate form, and a very good understanding. His cousin's name was Owney too, and the neighbors christened him Owneyna-peak (Owney of the nose) on account of a long nose he had—a thing so out of all proportion, that after looking at one side of his face, it was a smart morning's walk to get round the nose and take a view of the other (at least and take a view of the other (at least so the people used to say.) He was a stout, able bodied fellow, as stupid as a beaten hound, and he was, moreover, a

cruel tyrant to his young cousin with whom he lived in a kind of partnership. Both these were of an humble station They were smiths-white-smiths-and they got a good deal of business to the lords of the court, and the knights, an 1 all the grand people the city. But one day young Owney was in towa, and saw a great procession of lords and ladies, and generals and great people, among whom was the king's daughter of the court- and surely it is not possible for the young itself to be so beautiful as she was. rose heart fainted at her sight, and he His went home desparately in love, and not at all disposed to business. Money, he was told, was the surest

getting acquainted with the way of king, and so he began saving until he had put together a few hogs, but O wneyna-peak finding where he had hid them seized on the whole, as he used to do on all young Owney's earnings.

One evening young Owney's mother found herself about to die, so she called her son to her bed-side and said to him: 'You have been a most dutiful good son, and 'tis proper you should be re-warded for it. Take this chins cup to the fair-there is a fairy gift upon it-use your own wit-look about you and let the highest bidder have it-and so me white headed boy, God bless you !' The young man drew the little bed

curtain down over his dead mother, and a few days after, with a heavy h he took his china cup, and set off to the fair of Garryowen.

The place was merry enough. The field that is called Gallows Green now, was covered with tents. There was wine (potteen not being plenty known in these days, let alone parlia ment)-a great many handsome girls-and 'tis unknown all the keoh that was with the boys and themselves. Poor Owney walked all the day through the wishing to try his luck, but as hamed to offer his china cup among all fine things that were for Evening was drawing on at last, and he was thinking of going home, when a strange man tapped him on the should r and said :

"My good youth, I have been mark-ing you through the fair the whole day, going about with that enp in your hand speaking to nobody, and looking as if you would be wanting something or another.'

"I'm for selling it," said Owney. "Woat is it you're for selling, you

say?" said a second man, coming up Noting at the cup. Why, then," said the first man,

"and what's that to you, for a prying meddler, what do you want to know is it he's for selling ?'

Bad manners to you (and where's the use of my wishing you what you have already?) haven't I a right to ask the price of what's in the fair ?" "E' then, the knowledge o' the price

going to have the innocent man's life taken; and seeing a slip of a pig that was killed the day before, in a corner, is all you'll have for it," says the first. Here, my lad, is a golden piece for your cup.

when he saw a small skiff making towards the point. He hailed her, and us maybe you would, how come you t get such a mort o' money for an old cup o' painted chaney, that wasn't worth, may be, a fi' penny bit?'' "To get into the heart o' the fair, learned that she was about to board a great vessel from foreign parts, that was sailing out of the river. So he then, free and easy, and look about me and to cry old china, and the first man

was sating out of the river. So he went with his bag on board, and making his bargain with the captain of the ship, he left Owney na peak with the crew, and never was troubled with him that come up, he to ask me, what is it I'd be asking for the cup, and I say out bold : 'A hundred pieces of gold,' after, from that day to this. As he was passing by Barrygowen well, he filled a bottle with the water ; and he to laugh hearty, and we two huxter together till he beat me down to

two, and there's the whole way of all." and going home, he bought a fine suit of clothes with the rest of the money he had buried, and away he set off in the morning to the city of Lumneach Owney na peak made as if he took no note of this, but next morning early he took an old china saucer himself had in his cupboard, and off he set, without He walked through the town, admiring everything he saw, until he came before the castle of the king. Over the gate of this he saw a number of spikes.

saying a word to anybody, to the fair. You may easily imagine that it created no small surprise in the place, when with head of a man stuck upon each, they heard a great big fellow, with a china saucer in his hand, crying out : "A real chaney saucer going for a hundred piezza of goold is saucer and the saucer sau grinning in the sunshine. Not at all daunted, he knocked very boldly at the gate, which was opened by one of the guards of the palace.

hundred pieces of goold ! raal chaney-Well! who are you, friend!" "I am a great doctor that's com who'll be buying ?" "Erra, what's that you're saying, you great gomeril?" says a man, com-ing up to him and looking first at the

n parts to cure the king's Lead me to his presence this from foreign eyesight. minute. "Fair and softly," said the soldier."

thinking anybody, would make a mut-haun of himself to give the like for that Do you see all those heads that are stuck up there? Yours is very likely saucer?" But Owney na-peak had no answer to make, only to cry out: "Raal to be keeping company by them, if you are so foolish as to come inside these A crowd soon collected about him, and finding he would give no account of wals. They are the heads of all the doctors in the land that came before you; and that's what makes the town within an inch of his life, and after having satisfied themselves upon him, so fine and healthy this time past, praise be to Heaven for the same !"

"Don't be talking, you great gom-eril," says Owney, "only bring me to the king at once. without cup or money. As soon as Owney saw him, he helped him into the forge, looking mournul, although if the truth must be told, it was to revenge

He was brought before the king. After being warned of his fate if he should fail to do all that he undertook, the place was made clear of all but a few guards, andO wney was inform more that if he should restore the king' ish business. "Come here, Owney, eroo, ' said his cousin, after he had fastened the forge eyes, he should wed the princess, and have the crown alter her father's death This put him in great spirits, and after making a round upon his bare kneed making a round upon his bare knees about the bottle, he took a little of the water, and rubbed it into the king's eyes. In a minute he jumped up from his throne and looked about him as well as ever. He ordered Owney to be dressed out like a king's son, and sent word to his daughter that she should receive him that instant for her hus band.

You may say to yourself that the princess, glad as she was for her father's recovery, did not like this message. Small blame to her, when it is con-sidered that she never set eyes upon the man himself. However, her mind was changed wonderfally when he was brought before her, covered with gold and diamonds, and all sorts of grand things. Wishing, however, to know whether he had as good a wit as he had a person, she told him that he give her, on the next morning, an answer to two questions, otherwise she would not hold him worthy of her hand. Owney bowed, and she put the ques fol'ows: What is that which is the sweetest

thing in the world ?" "What are the three most beautiful "To Heaven ershishin ?" (does he say said the man in the chimney corner opening his mouth and his eyes; " why objects in creation?'

These were puzzling questions; but Owney having a small share of brains of his own, was not long in forming an opinion upon the matter. He was very impatient for the morning ; but it cam st as slow and regular as if he were t in the world. In a short time he not in the world. bors always tell me — but what hurt ? Maybe I have a Christian soul as well was summoned to the court-vard, where all the nobles of the land assembled with flags waving, and trumpets sound ing, and all manner of glorious doings going on. The princess was placed on a throne of gold near her father, and here was a beautiful carpet spread for Owney to stand upon while he answered er questions. After the trumpets vere silenced, she put the first, with a her lear, sweet voice, and he replied :

"It's salt! says he, very stout, out. There was a great applause at the answer; and the princess owned, , that he had judged right. t now," she said, "for the miling

taken from me, I cannot survive." Nors hastened to the little sitting room where Mrs. Raymond usually spent her time, and which was always called "mother's sanctum." Here Maringia lay littless and heavy and his fair congregation, and with the privilege usually accorded story tellers transport ourselves to the house of Squire Raymond.

The Raymonds had been for several called mother's sanctum." Here Marjorie lay listless and heavy-eyed with a dull red burning her checks and brow. Nonie's fears were thoroughly roused, but assuming a confidence she generations the wealthiest and most promiuent people in Hemmington, decidedly the uppers of the Upper Ten. They were Norman Raymond, or "Old Ironsides," as he was more generally called by his clerks ; his gentle easiest by his clerks; his gentle wile; "Bert," the son and heir—his father's hope and his mother's idol; Constance, a debutante of 18—then a gap, which had dimmed the lustre of Mrs. Ray-mend's height the wife had dimmed the lastre of Mrs. Ray-mend's bright blue eyes and thickly spinkled with silver the raven locks of her husband; for that gap came when two beautiful boys of fitteen and thir-teen were carried home one July eve-ning, both drowned by the capsizing of a bort on the river. Then God in His boat on the river. Then God in His a boat on the river. Then Goat in file mercy had sent winsome Marjorie, to bring back the smile on the stricken father's stern set face and to be balm of healing to the mother's broken heart.

Now that we are introduced, as i were, to the Raymond family, we can enter wlithout further ceremony intopardon me, dainty readers, and ye, sticklers for conventionalities-but it is

into the kitchen. "Ah, Nonie dear, just one weeny little story about the fairies and truly I'll go right straight to bed, honor

Sure, now, Miss Marjorie darlin' I havn't another to tell ye, so I havn't; but it's Sunday night, and it's meself is turnin' haythen altogether not to b talkin' to ye about the holy angels in-stead of the little people." "Oh, Nonie! do tell me some bing

about them. I asked Connie if she had a garden angel, but she only frowned and told me not to bother her with such about the angels, please do." loving little arms tightened about Nonie's neck while she listened to the out-repeated story of the beautiful being at her side, whom she insisted on call-ing "her garden angel." And with a sigh of pity for the "billion angels that God throwed out of heaven." the God throwed out of heaven, pretty, fragile child went off to That evening the Rev. Ambrose Holmes came home with Mrs. Raymond and Constance, the latter in a little flutter of excitement at having been the first of Hemmington's society belles engage the rather retiring curate's In the exquisitely furnished scort rooms of the Raymond mansion Ambros Holmes felt more like himself, and under the genial bonhommie of Mr. Raymond and the gentle geniality of his wife, threw off the reserve that had hitherto mantled him and held the natives aloof. Before the good night had been said young Master Bert mentioned that typhoid had broken out in the

lower end of the village and that Father Reardon was battling night and day amongst his poor parishioners. Mrs. Raymond looked anxious and hoped the disease would be stamped out, and after a few remarks commend ing Father Reardon's bravery and conlemning the unsanitary condition of

As Mr. Raymond and the new curate tood for a few moments on the piazza, a fervent though not highly cultivated roice came floating through the open

Here the sinzer broke abruntly as Constance said hurriedly: "Nonie, don't sing that hymn, or whatever it is. Rev. Mr. Holmes is out on the piazz:

Virgin Mary might offend him. He is not very High Church, I believe, and " Nov, Miss Connie, asking your for interrupting you, oardon Rev. Mr. Holmes cannot hear the

tfully et the strength to openly profess his love for "Mother dearest, Mother fairest." Then she would babble on about her dear old " It's meself would like to be treadhome in the ould country, all uncon scious of the anxious watchers who were redoubling their efforts to save one whose real value they were only now finding out. But no, the sacrifice had been accepted, and when the fever passed poor Nonie McCarthy, the des cendant of Kings, quietly flattered for a few moments on the confines of eter nity, then, with sandals loose, silently went to sleep-the sleep that knows no waking. Was Nora's sacrifice in vain? Ask that fervent, happy little novice Mount St. Bernard why the feast of Our Lady's Assumption always recalls such sad memories? And she will tell you that on that day twelve years ago faithful Nora McCarthy consummated the sacrifice of her life! Ask that renows ed missionary, Father Ambrose Holmes, why he loves to gather the little children round him and ion with their childish notes that voice hich holds spell - bound thousands thanked, for sh during retreats and missions, in singing their simple hymn, "Mother deares, Mother fairest," and he will tell you that one of the noblest of God's women had first roused his latent love for the dear Mother of God by singing that hymn! And lastly let us go to the graveyard and look for the last time on that white marble monument in the form of a Celtic cross twined with shamrock in relief, but on which now han ge a wreath of Assumption lilies. Just while in summer moving away from the grave we surely recognize good Father Reardon, on whose head the snow has whitened; Dr. Hamilton and his fair wife, Constance, and two little girls-brown-haired Mar jorie and violet eyed Norah. "Yes, father," Constance Constance is saying "we must go home now, as we must be up in time to receive holy Communion at the early Mass. No, Marjorie, Father Reardon is too tired for a story rather Reardon is too thread for a story to night, but to morrow he will tell you about Aunt Marjorie's great pity for 'the billion angels that God throwed ou; of heaven,' and Norah shall sing 'Mother dearest.' Good - night,

SEPTEMBER 30, 1905.

this hallowed grave and say good-night to Norah's converts.

PIONEERS OF CALIFORNIA. TRIBUTE TO THE FRANCISCANS-MRS.

CURTIS WOULD CANONIZE FATHER setta. rrespondence of the Chicago Record Herald

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 21. The city of San Diego dates back to the year 1769, when King Charles III. the year 1709, when King Charles III, of Spain ordered an expedition from Mexico to take possession of what was then known as Alta, or upper California the known as Alta, or upper California in his name. Friar Marcos, a Francis-can monk, came here as early as 1539. overland across the desert. Portuguese adventurer in the employ-ment of Spain, named Cabrillo, cruised In 1542 a along the coast, spent six days here at another in the beautiful harbor, and christened it in honor of St Michael, christened it in honor of St Michael, upon whose anniversary he arrived in 1602 auchter Portuguese, employed by Philip III. of Spain, made a survey of the California coast and gave the names you now see on the maps to the harbors and other points. He spent some time in San Diego Bay, but the Spaniards never actually took posses-July 16, 1769, sion of the country until July 10 when Jose de Galvez, a sold soldier of ability and good conscience, landed near the site of the present city and city and founded what is now called town." He was accompanied by Padre Junipero Serra, a Franciscan monk, and

Junipero Serra, a reanciscan monk, and a very remarkable man, who was sent from the monastery at San Fernanado in Mexico City to establish missions for the conversion of the Indians. They brought with them 200 head of cattle, a full supply of all kinds of sends misfull supply of all kinds of seeds, grains, vegetable, fruits and flowers with an abundance of tools and implements, and nts, and thus introduced the pastoral, agricul-taral and horticultural industries which have gained so much fame and wealth for the people of California.

A temporary altar was erected in the shade of a tree where Father Serra celeprated High Mass and blessed the waters of the Bay of San Diego de Alcala, as it was christened, while Galvez un-furled the standard of Spain, and formally took possession of the country in the name of his royal master. A mission was planted and a fort erected, theruins

of which still stand ; two stately palms planted about that time still nod in that hazy, mazy, lazy atmosphere, while the old bell that called the Indians to worship still hangs outside of the walls of the church.

There was a great deal of trouble with the Indians at first, but the monks soon gained their confidence, and they were converted to the Roman Catholic faith almost en masse, by the patience, and tact and kindly treatment of the Franc'scan friars. The history of the colonization and civilization of the Californian coast, under the direction of those brave, ingenious and far-sighted nonks is in striking contrast with what occurred in Virginia and New England. Father Serra, after establishing him-self at San Diego, moved gradually up the coast, planting a chain of missions one day's march apart, and teaching the Indians how to farm and raise fruits and vegetables and make their labor profitable. As I have said, he was a very remarkable min, and I wonder that he has not been made a saint. I do not know of any missionary in any part of the earth-Catholic or Protestant-who accomplished more practical good for his fellow creatures ; and his heroism, his usefulness, his self-sacrifice, his piety, and his public services for the church and humanity certainly entitle him to canonization. He exercised more influence in his day than any other man on the Pacific coast.

He established not less than fifteen missions, and caused the Indians of California to be called Mission Indians. He introduced irrigation and was the first farmer in this part of the country. He introduced sheep and cattle, olives and oranges; he not only converted the savages to the faith of Rome, but made a peaceful, industrious, prosperous people. From the time he offered the first praver on the beach of San Dieg until the missions were abolished by the Mexican Republic, in 1834, he and his successors at San Diego mission baptized 638 Indians and, according the records, taught them the following trades; Farmers, herders, horsetamers, saddlers, blacksmiths, millers, carpenters, bakers, silversmiths, coopers, candlemakers, wine-makers, shoemakers hatters, guitar makers, ropemakers, painters, masons, stone-cutters, musiians, soapmakers, tanners, tilemakers weavers, fishermen, barbers, basketmakers, potters, wood carvers and other civilized occupations. Some of the finer arts taught by the monks still remain-such as basketmaking, lace and drawn work, leather work and embroidery in gold and silver thread—and considerable revenue is derived by the Indians in selling speci mens of their handiwork to curio dealers and tourists. The records show mens of that 700,000 cattle, 60,009 horses sev-eral million sheep and an immense number of domestic animals, valued at millions of dollars, were grazing up in mission pastures at the time of the secularization-that is, the suppression -of the monasteries by the Mexican Republic. The total average income of the missions at that time was more than \$2,000,000 a year. It is stated that at the eighteen missions there were 13,500 communicants. Practically all this property was wasted and des-When the padres troyed and stolen. saw that the politicians intended to confiscate their farm; and cattle they converted them into money as rapidly as possible; but at most places there was no one to buy, and the property was seized by the avaricious Mexican authorities. You can get the best account of those times and of the disgraceful incidents which occurred thirty-five years later, when Upper California was annexed to the United States from "Ramona," a noval written by the late Helen Hunt Jackson. It is a pattetic and distress ing story-nothing but tears and trouble -but it is said to be the most accurate and graphic description of the con tions and customs of those old days that was ever written. It is imm popular in this country, too, and the name "Ramona" is seen as often in the SEPTLMBE

southern counties of Cleopatra in you go, places ass ons" are pointed o

re several spirite rival claims. ing rival claims. "There's whe to live," is a Many people belie genuine history, by pure fiction, alth events and ineit occurred in the es-people, and nearly

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before the public, Those who have be interested to she describes is st called Guajone-t It belongs to an family named Co most typical and fashioned Mexica ing in California. finest character Salvierderra, is a of Rev. Jose M whose direction Gabriel grew int

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San Luis

that part of the village, the topic was

changed. pasement windows :

" Mother dearest Mother fairest, Help of all who cry to thee; Virgin purest, brighest, rarest, Help us, help we cry to thee. Mary, help us---"

with papa, and its Romish praise of the

Blessed Mother's name without being put out, he isn't fit to be wearing the broadcloth : so then now !'

ing herself up; " and the McCarthys were once kings. Of course, though, 'twas before my time."

decimated by the terrible epidemic Rich and poor suffered, and almost every day a new grave was dug. Father Reardon was a giant of strength, and Ambrose Holmes, stimulated by such heroism, nobly battled side by side with the good priest until at last the scourge abated; but a friendship sprung up between the two men which never died out. At the Raymonds poor little Marjorie tossed on her bed, delirious and burning with the intense fever. sometimes begging the good, beautiful angels to put out the fire. At all times cool, firm hand and low voice would have a quieting influence Ambrose Holmes came daily to see the

quite friendly. As the crisis drev near the doctor looked very grave, but Nora redoubled her prayers, and through her tears would often softly sing :

Lady, help in pain and sorrow, Soothe those racked on beds of pain.

'Ah, Nonie," sighed Mr. Holmes one day, when he caught her singing her favorite hymn; "how much confidence you Catholics have in the Mother of Christ! I have seen it so often lately that I sometimes wish I

"I think," returned Nora, half timid-ly, half definitly, "that ye share it," but ye don't dare it."

Mr. Holmes started guiltily, for this where he stood, and with a quick, "Well, Nonie, pray for me," he hurriedly left the room. When the dreaded day came on which

little Marjorie would either live or die, Nonie's face was set and white, and she stole out to Mass in the early morning. went to confession and Communion, and after a long conference with Mr. Rear don came home, though traces of tears and a big struggle were visible on her honest, kind face.

In the excitement and suspense of the day no one noticed that Nonie's step was slow and her hands hot and dry; but at midnight when the dostor came to the room where the Raymonds were waiting his verdict, and told them to thank Almighty God for giving them back their household treasure, with one accord they exclaimed: "Yes, thanks to God and to dear faithful Nonie.'

Marjorie grew stronger each day, but when she asked, "Where is my dear old Nonie?" she was gently told that Nonle was resting. Yes, Nonie that Nonle was resting. Yes, Nonle was resting on a fevered bed tossing in wild delirium, and only then did the faithful watchers realize the love and loyalty of their devoted Nora: for in her raving all came out-the sacrifice hat, and lastly the offering of her life that Marjorie might be spared and that

was far from feeling she said q cheerfully: "Don't worry, ma'am, just the heat ; but you'll feel easier i run over and get the doctor to give her a cooling draught. Mebbe he'll just step in himself and set your mind at rest.

When Dr. Hamilton came he saw at glance that the child was stricken with the virulent fever and at once ordered olation. All was consternation. Mrs. Raymond, almost distracted, was use-less, but Nora, who loved Marjorie so dearly, determined to take full charge of her, and at once entered on her ne duties

she said quite

"Ye can get a cook easily enough, but not a nurse, and by Miss Marjorie I'll stay day and night till it please God to give her back to us." "You're a noble girl," said Dr.

Hamilton. "I'm a McCarthy," said Nora, draw

Needless to go over the horrors of that time, when Hemmington was almost little patient, and he and Nonie became

That cup shall never hold drink or diet in your house, please Heaven," says the second; "here's two golden pieces for the cup, lad."

pieces for the cup, lad." "Why then, see this now—if I was forced to fill it to the rim with gold before I could call it mine, you shall never hold that cus between your fin gers. Here boy, do you mind me, give that once for all, and here's ten gold pieces for it, and say no more.'

"Ten gold pieces for a china cup!" said a great lord of the court, that just rode up at that minute. "It must surely be a valuable article. Here, boy, here's twenty pieces for it, and give it to my servant.

"Give it to mine," cried another lord of the party, " and here's my purse, where you will find ten more. And if any man offers another fraction for it to outbid that, I'll split him on

my sword like a snip." "I outbid him," said a fair young lady in a veil, by his side, flinging twenty golden pieces more on the ground.

There was no voice to outbid the lady, and young O vn y, kneeling, gave the cup into her hands.

Fifty gold pieces for a china can !" said Owney to himself, as he plodded on home, "that was not worth two! Ah! mother, you knew that vanity had an open hand."

But as he drew near home, he determined to hide his money somewhere, knowing as he well did, that his cousin would not leave him a single cross to bless himself with. So he dug a little pit, and buried all but two pieces, which he brought to the house. His cousin, knowing the business, on which

he had gone, laughed heartily when he saw him enter, and asked him what luck he had got with his punch-bowl. "Not so bad, neither," says Owney.

"Two pieces of gold is not a bad price for an article of old china."

"Two gold pieces, "Owney, honey ! erro, let us see 'em maybe you would ?'' He took the cash from Owney's hand, and after opening his eyes in great astonishment at the sight of so nuch money, he put them into his pocket.

TTTTTTTTTTTTTT

"Well, Owney, I'll keep them safe for you, in my pocket within. But tell

that it would do just as well to put it in the bag in their place. No sooner said than done, and to the great surprise of the natural, he popped the pig

into the bag, and tied it up. "Now," says he, " my good friend, go home, say nothing, but bless the name in Heaven for saving your life; and you were as near losing it this morning, as ever man was that didn't

saucer, and then in his face.

chaney ! one hundred pieces of goold!

himself, all fell upon him, and beat him

himself for former good deeds of his cousin, that he set him about this fool-

door, and heated two irons in the fire "You child of mischief!" said he when

he had caught him, "you will never see the fruit of your roguery again, for l will put out your eves" And se

will put out your eyes." And so saying, he snatched one of the red-hot

It was all in vain for poor Owney to

throw himself on his knees, and asl mercy, and beg and implore forgiveness

he was weak and Owney na peak was strong, he held him fast, and burned

out both his eyes. Then taking him, while he was yet faining from the pain upon his back, he carried him off to the bleak hill of Knockpatrick. (A hill in

the west of the County of Limerick, on

the summit of which are the ruins of an

old church, with a burying ground still

gular and bleak) a great distance, and

" To him that tied me here, Be thanks and praises given ! I'll bless him night and day, For packing me off to Heaven,

Of all the roads you'll name. He surely will not lag, Who takes his way to Heaven By travelling in a bag !"

then, you'd be doing a Christian turn if you'd take a neighbor with you, that's

tired of this bad and villainous world."

Owney.

talk

"You're a fool, you're a fool !" said

"I know I am, at least so the neigh

as another; and fool or no fool, in a bag or out of a bag, I'd be glad and

happy to go the same road it is you are

of it, in order to allure him the more to

the bargain, Owrey agreed to put him

into the bag instead of himself ; and

cautioning him against saying a word.

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went their way laughing and Towards sunset he got

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Is it

up

They left the house together. Presently out comes Owney-na-peak, very hearty; and being so, he was not able to perceive the difference in the contents of the bag, but hoisting it upon his back, he sallied out of the house. Before he had gone far, he came to the

rock of Foynes, from the top of which he flung his burden into the salt waters

Away he went home, and knocked at the door of the forge, which was opened to him by Owney. You may fancy him to yourself crossing and blessing himself over and over again, when he saw, as he thought, the ghost standing before But Owney looked very merry,

him. and told him not to be afraid. did many is the good turn in your life,' suys he, "but the equal of this never." to he up and told that he found the

duest place in the world at the bottom of the waters, and plenty of money. See these four pieces for a specimen showing him some he had taken from his own hiding hole; "what do you

think of that for a story?' "Wny then that it's a dhroll one, no ess: sorrow bit av I wouldn't have a nind to try my luck in the same way now did you come home here before me that took the straight road, and didn't top for so much as my gusthah since l left Knockpatrick?

"Oh, there's a short cut under the waters," said Owney. "Mind and only waters," said Owney. "Mind and only be civil while you're in Thiernaoge, and

you'll make a sight o' money." Well became Owney, he thrust his cousin into the bag, tied it about him, and putting it into a car that was re-turning after leaving a load of oats at a corner-store in the city, it was not long before he was at Foynes again. Here he dismounted, and going to the rock,

he was, I am afraid, half inclined to start his burden into the wide water,

"But now," she said, "for the second. What are the three most beautiful things in the creation ?" "Why," answered the young man,

here they are; A ship full of salt-field of wheat in ear-and-" What the third most beautiful thing

was, all the people didn't hear; but there was great blushing and laughing among the ladies, and the princess s niled and nodded at him, quite pleased with his wit. Indeed, many said that the judges of the land themselves could answered better, had they not have been in Owney's place; nor could there be anywhere found a more likely or well-spoken young man. He was brought first to the king, who took him in his arms and presented him to the princess. She could not help acknowledging to herself that his understand ing was quite worthy of his handsome person. Orders being immediately given for the marriage to proceed they were made one with all speed: and it is said, that before another year came round, the fair princess was one of the most beautiful objects in crea tion.

NORAH'S CONVERTS.

Marie de Marie in the Canadian Messenger of

The deep toned bell of St. Luke's was calling in dignified peals, or appeals, to the fashionable residents of that fash ionable part of Hemmington, in which this highly respectable and highly ex-clusive Episcopal church was built. The gentle frou frou of silk and the ely audible footfalls on the car peted aisles were soon hushed as the Rev. Ambrose Holmes, with measured step and slow, mounted the pulpit, and in modulated tones began the exhorta-" Dearly beloved brethren tion. Traly the profound silence and breath less attention would have been mos edifying were it not a pitent fact that the "dearly beloved brethren" were almost all dearly beloved sistren. nost anxious to propitiate the elegan new curate whose advent had caused a marked revival of devotion amongst the "eligible" part of the congregation. Their assiduous attendance at all the services was only equaled by the shopping and dressmaking tours. We will leave the Rev. Ambrose and

Mr. Holmes' sacerdotal cloth.

ing on his sassy dotal coat tails." "Poor Nonie !" laughed Constance. You don't understand the distinctio

etween Low and High Church. "No, perhaps not, but maybe I would if ye'd call it low and dry church." And as Miss Constance ran lightly up stairs the refrain came wafted up.

"Mary, help us, help we pray."

The next few days were very warm and sultry. The reports from the fever stricken section were most discouraging. Father Reardon announced Masses for the welfare of the afflicted cople and for the stamping out of the ever, which was spreading so rapidly. Nora McCarthy stepped into the vestry after Mass and quietly slipped an en-velope into Father Reardon's hand. "It's for the poor creatures that can't get the bit and sup extry while they're laid up.

When the good priest opened the envelope he was astonished to find \$25; but Nora had quickly passed out of the church, ashamed to be had given one regretful look at the money that morning as visions of a shirred silk waist and a marvelously constructed chiffon hat floated before her mental vision. Nonie had one great weakness, and that was for hats. Mrs. Raymond had often remonstrated with her, but all to no purpose. In winter Nonie gloried in a concoction which might have passed for a small ostrich kept in place by a buckle and a few inches of velvet, while in summer Nora's head was literally baried in roses. So that little envelope in Father Reardon's hands meant more than any one knew, except the good priest, to whom Nora's heart was laid open with the simplicity of a child.

A day or two after Mrs. Raymond came to Nora's door, just as she had settled herself to write a long letter nome to the dear old mother in Ireland. and asked rather anxiously where Marjorie had been within the last few days for she looked flushed and heavy. "Perhaps I am over anxious, Nonie,

but I do not like the child's appearance come and see for yourself, for if it is the dreaded fever, and my darling is So we

So we, too, will say a little prayer at