BLESSED DE LA SALLE.

INSCRIBED TO THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS, BY J. T. COPITHORNE.

Oh! saintly sons of the great La Salle,
We send you greeting on his festive day,
And pray that God, who watches over all,
May cast His blessings on you for aye.

A vigilant "Fatum" is fame,
A base deceiver—nothing more,
Unfolds the witching glories of a name,
Forshows the honors she will pour
Upon the shrine that holds our dust,
Then vanishes—swift as a summer's gust.

Though false the promises she gives,
Fleeting as a feather on a brook,
Foolish as the pampered favorite that lives
On the changing aspect of a tyrant's look,
Yet still her eager votaries are
Myriad as the bristling bayonets of war.

None but the heroes that have clung
To her affection—spite of change or time—
Whose deeds are still by poets sung
Unceasingly in every clime?
We speak them all in one short breath,
The numbers are the heritage of Death.

There thousands are who traverse this life
Along Humility's noiseless road,
Healing unobserved the scars of strife,
And with hopeful words, lightening the load
Pressing down the poor. None their greatness cries,
But angels in Heav'n their names immortalize.

Others there are—saints now glorified—
Whose wondrous lives and deeds sublime,
Embracing in their zeal the whole world wide,
Have won a fame outliving time.
Those—the stolid world *must* recognize
As bright as planets in her narrow skies.

Amid this valiant, noble host
Who love their God and fellow-man
Lone—the round earth's pride, of France, the boast
Who opened the clouds of ignorance wan,
And gave knowledge greater zest—
Lone Apostle—De La Salle, the Blest.

Ah! his was a mission grand, indeed,
And well was that noble mission done;
Shall we, to-day, refuse the meed
Of praise to him who so nobly won
Victory o'er the powers of Night?
Shall we not bless his name in glory's light.

To mold the mind, and train the soul
In paths of virtue that will bring
Immortal joy to its destined goal
In the kingdom of the Eternal King—
Such were his tasks. Who says they were not done?
Look abroad on any soil beneath the sun.

They need no second glance. As plain
As glowing light on furbished gold,
Their works. Behold the train
Of his Christian boys—sons? What good men—
What have they achieved? To man what blessing given?
And we never shall know till our earthly bonds are riven.

Oh! saintly sons of the great La Salle,
We send you greeting on his festive day
And pray that God, Who watches over all,
May cast His blessings on you for aye.
Then, dear Brothers, in your chosen sphere,
Glory in Heav'n is yours—admiration, here.

—*San Francisco Monitor.*

LADY KILDARE;

—OR,—

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOGARTY SEES HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

For hours the young Lady Nora Kildare slept on, in the little swift-sailing sloop, under the dark night sky, her small head drooped low on her bosom; and for hours her fellow-voyager Fogarty sat at the tiller, watching her, and debating the fearful problem of what should be done with her.

On the one hand was the reward offered him by Michael Kildare for his ward's destruction—a trivial reward, and considered only because behind it lay the threat of a betrayal into the hands of the law. On the other hand were riches and safety. Fogarty thought, with advantages and pleasures innumerable.

Long before the Lady Nora awoke Fogarty had decided that she should live, and live for his benefit.

'I'm out of the lawyer's reach here,' he mused. 'I can hide where he can never find me. I have found a mine of wealth, and I shall be a fool not to work it. Why should I play into Michael Kildare's hands when my own pockets are empty?'

And with these thoughts came projects of gaining wealth for himself out of the coffers which he supposed might, after all, belong to the Lady Nora.

'My days as valet are over!' he thought exultantly. 'Bassantyne will find that I am as clever as he. He managed, by some legerdemain, to induce an heiress to elope with him. I shall get money, and not be tied down to the whims of any fine lady!'

The morning broke at last over the waters—a dull, gloomy, sunless morning, with a firm breeze.

The little sloop was heading her way gallantly to the North, and making fair progress. Fogarty was content, and ate his breakfast, which he procured from the basket, with a good appetite. He had no conscience to interfere with his digestion.

An hour or so later, the Lady Nora awakened. She aroused herself with a start, and looked around her with a frightened gaze

'Oh, I had forgotten I was on my way to England,' she said, as the color slowly tinged her cheeks. 'I fancied myself still in my prison at Yew Cottage. How glorious this free, strong air is! And we are out of sight of land?'

She stood up and surveyed the waters on every side with dilated eyes.

'Yes, my lady,' returned Fogarty, 'we're bowling along at eight knots an hour, as near as I can make out. The wind is shifty. We'll do better when she settles.'

'But there is no sun,' said the Lady Nora, looking up at the dun clouds. 'How can you tell our course? Have you a compass?'

'No, my lady,' answered the pretended sailor. 'But I can tell our course by the wind. And all night I told it by the stars. We're all right, my lady. Tim Fogarty knows this 'ere channel as well as he knows the way to his mouth!'

The Lady Nora was reassured, yet for a long time she looked thoughtfully at both sea and sky. At last she asked:

'Ought we not to get to Liverpool by noon, Mr. Fogarty?'

'With this wind, my lady?' asked Fogarty, in apparent astonishment. 'It's well we'll be doing if we get there by sunset. But it's not for Liverpool I'm making! Mr. Kildare, when he discovers our flight, my lady, may send by steamer, or telegraph, to Liverpool and Holyhead to intercept you, and so it would be better to put in to some small bay on the English coast near Southport, and you can take the train to Manchester from Southport.'

The Lady Nora's face brightened.

'You are very thoughtful, Mr. Fogarty!' she exclaimed. 'You shall be well rewarded for all your kindness to me, if I have to sell my jewelry to repay you. I am poor, you know, but if ever I should be rich, I shall know how to reward your goodness.'

'It's not helping you for money I am!' said Fogarty hypocritically. 'I is out of pity. It's not in a sailor's heart to look on calmly and see an innocent girl persecuted. But eat your breakfast, my lady. This air makes sharp appetites!'

The Lady Nora, weakened by her meagre prison fare, felt the need of complying with this suggestion. She got out the provision basket, and took from it a slice of bread and a piece of cold meat, these being the chief edibles afforded. There was a large can of fresh water, which had been placed in the half-cabin by the owner of the sloop, and to this can was attached a rusty tin cup.

The Lady Nora moistened her meagre breakfast with the water, and both food and drink had a delicious taste to her which pretentious feasts had formerly sometimes lacked.

Her breakfast over, she resumed her seat and the contemplation of the heaving, white-capped waters.

As the morning deepened, the clouds lifted. At noon the sun showed itself, and the chill October air had a tinge of warmth imparted to it. The young girl ceased to shiver under her wrappings.

'Are you sure we are going in the right direction, Mr. Fogarty?' asked the Lady Nora at length, when the sun had begun to descend the afternoon sky. 'We do not seem to be going east.'

'We are all right, my lady,' said Fogarty. 'I shall tack presently. It's on the tack I am now. I've been wondering, my lady,' he added, 'why Mr. Kildare should have treated you so ill. It's not altogether to make you marry a nobleman, I'm thinking!'

'No; that was not all he shut me up for,' said the young heiress. 'I happened to overhear a conversation in which he took part the last evening of my stay at his house, and the discoveries I then made and the revelations I overheard were full of danger to him. He discovered my presence in the adjoining room, and that very night brought me to Yew Cottage, informing me that I should never be released until I agreed to marry Lord Kildare!' A promise to do so would alone give him safety, after what I had overheard!

'And what was it you overheard, my lady,' asked Fogarty, with pretended indifference.

'That I cannot tell you, Mr Fogarty. I can tell no one until I have seen my principal guardian, Sir Russel Ryan.'

Fogarty looked chagrined.

He had expected to find it an easy matter to induce the Lady Nora to tell him all she knew concerning her kinsman; but something now in the grave, sweet face, and lovely, rosebud mouth told him that she was not one to open her heart to every one. Not even the supposed service he had rendered her and was rendering her, could induce her to make him her confidant.

'If you was to tell me, I might help you,' he suggested

'The only help I need is in getting to England,' said the Lady Nora, with a bright, warm smile. 'You are rendering me the only and the greatest service now that you can, Mr. Fogarty. Once on English soil, I can take care of myself. Once with Sir Russell, he will take care of me.'

'And so you won't tell me?' said Fogarty, a little sullenly.

The young heiress opened her sunny eyes more widely. Such pertinacity was as singular as it was disagreeable.

'I cannot tell you?' she said gravely.

Fogarty scowled, but was silent. A change in his looks impressed the young girl, but she also was silent. Presently the man spoke again.

'I heard Mr. Kildare say, as he went down the stairs at Yew Cottage last night, that you 'knew too much.' How did you know too much, my lady?' You have got track of some secret of his, the disclosure of which will injure his reputation.'

'I cannot answer your questions now, my friend,' returned Lady Nora. 'My confidence is due, first of all, to my guardian.'

Fogarty scowled again. The *role* of virtue was becoming irksome to him. He was a reckless, bad-hearted fellow at best, and was capable of few good deeds, except when such deeds were likely to prove profitable. He began to think now that a disclosure of the facts in the case, and of her helplessness, might make his girl passenger more confidential.

'She's got to tell me the whole story,' he thought. 'And as she won't tell me out of friendliness, she must out of fear. I know I can terrify her into a complete revelation.'

He studied how to tell her the truth, how to reveal to her his true character.

And while he was thus engaged, the young girl was studying him. The fact that there was something strange about this pretended sailor was just forcing itself upon her attention.

'I didn't tell you that I knew Mr. Kildare personally, did I?' asked Fogarty. 'Did I mention to you that I had a long interview with him alone last night in my mother's parlor?'

The young heiress started. She replied in the negative.

'It's so,' said Fogarty, smiling sullenly. 'You never heard of me, you said. My past is nothing to boast of and Kildare knows it. He knows, too, that I am wanted out in the colony. You see, I had an engagement to stay there a certain number of years, and I broke the engagement and came home. Kildare knew that too.'

The girl did not understand. She continued to regard him with grave, innocent eyes, sweet and fearless, vaguely conscious only that there was something wrong.

'Well, you broke your engagement?' she said, a little impatiently.

'Yes, I broke it,' exclaimed Fogarty, laughing boisterously. 'And its against the law to break an engagement of that sort. Kildare knew he had the whip-hand, and so he tries to make me do his dirty work. He has a ward, he says, that knows too much. And he says he wants a bold fellow to take care of her. How? says I. Here's your plan, says he, and you're the man to do it. And with that he says as how his ward is as innocent as a baby, having been brought up in the country. And it would be easy to get rid of her, and twenty pounds to the man that sinks her in St. George's Channel.'

The young Lady Nora leaned forward, breathless, eager, panting. Her sunny eyes shone from out of the whiteness of her face.

'He wanted to kill me!' she ejaculated. 'Oh, Mr. Fogarty! You are not deceiving me! He really offered you money to drown me?'

'He really did. Twenty pounds, and to go scot free. And if I didn't do it, a betrayal to the police on account of my past offences.'

'He wanted to kill me!' repeated the girl, in a piteous voice. 'Oh, heaven! I have loved him so! The discovery of all his baseness and treachery wound me to the soul. Oh, Michael! Michael!'

Her voice broke down in a wild, wailing sob.

'What did he say when you refused to fall in with his plans?' asked the Lady Nora, a little later, when she had grown calm again.

'I didn't refuse, my lady.'

'Ah! You pretended to consider them! Your words gave me such a start then, Mr. Fogarty! You made Michael think you would kill me!'

'Yes, my lady.'

'And how—how was it to be done?'

'I was to wait twenty-four hours, till last night, my lady, and then I was to go to your room. No—I am getting ahead of my story. Mr. Kildare was to send me a disguise yesterday morning, my lady—a suit of sailor's garments, so that I could pretend to you that I am a sailor—'

'But you are a sailor, are you not, Mr. Fogarty?'

'No, my lady.'

The young girl looked at her companion with two terrible eyes. They seemed to be burning, and they were opened to their widest extent, giving them a wild look.

'Not a sailor?'

'No my lady. The character is put on with the clothes.'

There was a long silence. The young Lady Nora covered her face with her hands. At last she spoke again.

'Go on,' she said in a strange voice.

'Yes, my lady. Mr. Kildare said that I must steal the key to your room, and not let my mother know of your intended escape. He did not want her to know his plan. He's a cautious man is Mr. Kildare. He said I was to open the door and go in and offer to rescue you out of pity. He said you would be sure to fly with me. Then I was to take you to the sea coast, where I was to have a boat hired and in readiness.'

'This boat is hired, then? It is not your own?'

'No; it's not mine. I hired it yesterday of the man we found on board last night. Mr. Kildare gave me the money to pay him.'

'Ah! And what else?'

'On reaching the boat we were to go on board. We were to set sail ostensibly for England—'

'We are not headed for England, then?' said the Lady Nora, still in that strange voice.

'No, Mr. Kildare said you would be weak and worn, and would soon fall asleep. While you were asleep, I was to toss you overboard! I was then to return to Dublin and keep silence, while he would make loud inquiries after you and loud lamentations about your unknown fate!'

The terrible gloom on the girl's fair brows lifted. Into her despairing horrified eyes crept a quick gleam of light. A heavenly smile gathered about her lovely mouth,

'You rescued me as he ordered,' she said; 'you took me to sea in a boat—I fell asleep—and you did not drown me! You have let me live. You have even betrayed to me all the plans of your would be employer! Oh, Mr. Fogarty, I dared to doubt you while you were telling me this story! I feared and dreaded and despaired! But you pretended to obey Michael Kildare only that you might save me! You knew that he would find some other way to destroy me if you utterly refused to do his bidding! And while preteuding to carry out his villainous schemes, you are befriending me and taking me to my guardian?'

She drew near to him in a glow of gratitude, and raising one of his hairy, dirty hands from the tiller, she clasped it in both her own dainty pink palms, pressing it friendly.

Fogarty drew his hand away with some confusion.

'I'm not so good as you think,' he said roughly. 'I don't mean to kill you, my lady. But I am a poor man, and I can't afford to lose by you.'

The girl retreated a few paces.

'I am poor and friendless,' she said. 'My jewels are in Michael Kildare's house. They are valuable, but they are beyond my reach.'

'Just so!' said Fogarty, coolly. 'And you've got no money?'

'Only a little in my pocket.'

'You've got a rich lover, may be?'

'No,' replied the Lady Nora, her face as pale as the dead. 'My lover is poor—poorer than I, because he is in debt.'

'Sir Russel Ryan is rich, perhaps?'

'No; and he has a large family dependent on him. He has nothing to spend on me.'

'Then there's only one way you can pay me for letting you live. You must tell me this secret of Michael Kildare's. He has got money, and I will get a share of it by trading on his secret.'

'And if I tell you?'

'You may live.'

'And you will take me to England?'

'Yes. I will land you at Southport.'

The girl hastened, spurred on by her terrible fears, to tell her enemy of the secrets she had learned—how, when she was hidden in the little alcove off Michael Kildare's library, he had come in with Redmond, Lord Kildare—how the two had talked, and how the lawyer had told the new Earl that he knew of a flaw in the claims of the latter, by virtue of which the earldom and estates might be wrested from him and restored to the Lady Nora.

'What is that flaw?' demanded Fogarty.

'I don't know. But my guardian, Sir Russel Ryan, will use every exertion to discover it and to restore to me my rights.'

'Hum! your knowledge can only bene it you and not me,' said Fogarty. 'The secret don't amount to much, after all, to an outsider. Michael Kildare would laugh in my face if I went to him trying to sorrow money on the ground of a flaw in Lord Kildare's claims.

'What's Lord Kildare to me?' he would ask. 'And if there's a flaw, find it, prove it!' Is this all the secret there is?'

'Yes; it is all.'

'That lawyer didn't mean to kill you for overhearing that. He's got other reasons. Or else there's something behind all this I can't understand. But, my lady, I can't take you to England.'

'Not take me to England. You promised—'

'What's a promise? A breath of air. I am not such a fool as to let loose a witness who could set upon me the hounds of the law. Besides, I have other plans. I can make more money by keeping you in my possession. Michael Kildare, so long as he knows you are alive and in my keeping, will be under my thumb. Your secret is not merchantable, but you are, my lady. I may make a big thing out of this business of simply keeping you my prisoner, and I will do it.'

He set his lips together grimly. The Lady Nora's heart, brave though it was, sank to the depths of an awful despair.

CHAPTER XXV.

GUILT CONFRONTED

As we have said, the dog cart which the Young Lady Nora had seen, and had so nearly encountered, in her fight with Fogarty from Clondalkin, was occupied by her lover and her maid, the faithful Alleen Mahon.

After her secret visit of inspection to Yew Cottage, on the night of Michael Lildare's latest visit to his imprisoned ward, Alleen had walked back to Dublin, and had, at the earliest possible moment, made her way to a telegraph office, from which she had despatched a message of the most urgent description to Lord O'Neill, bidding him hasten to the rescue of her young mistress.

It had so happened that the major-domo of Castle Ruin—the consequential O'Lafferty—was in the little town when the message arrived, and it had been transferred to him by the usual messenger, who was only too glad to be relieved of the hard ride to Glen O'Neill. O'Lafferty had returned home at his horse's best speed, and delivered the telegram to his young master, and the latter had set out for Dunloy with scarcely an instant's delay, happily arriving in time to catch a slow train to Belfast. From Belfast he had come on to Dublin by the mail train, and had arrived at a late hour of the same evening—the evening of the Lady Nora's pretended rescue by Fogarty.

On alighting at the station, he looked around him sharply and anxiously, in the hope that Alleen would be there to meet him.

This hope was realized, for even while he looked, with increasing anxiety, a shrinking, dark-robed figure, which had been standing among the distant shadows, a little apart from the crowd, came timidly forward, accosting him shyly.

It was Alleen Mahon, but so worn and wan and anxious that Lord O'Neill scarcely recognized her until she spoke.

'Alleen!' he cried, in a tone of relief, yet full of apprehension. 'I was looking for you. You expected me on this train?'

'Yes, my lord. I was sure you would be here to-night. I have been waiting here a full hour.'

'And the Lady Nora, Alleen?' exclaimed The O'Neill, looking at the girl with anxious, burning gaze. 'I could make nothing of your telegram, except that your young mistress is in trouble!'

'Hush, my lord!' whispered Alleen, looking about her keenly. 'I have a dog cart in waiting outside. Let us hasten to it, and as we go along I will tell you the whole story.'

'But why not take a cab?'

'Because we want no driver to hear us and hinder us,' returned Alleen. 'We must be alone when I tell you what I have to say. Come, my lord.'

Lord O'Neill, silent and amazed, followed his guide from the station into the street.

Here a dog-cart, in charge of an old man, was found to be in waiting. His lordship discovered that Alleen had made all due arrangements for the use of horse and vehicle, and as the driver descended to the ground, Lord O'Neill assisted Alleen to a seat, and followed her, driving down the street.

'Which way shall I go, Alleen?' he asked. 'Toward Mountjoy Square?'

'No, my lord. You must drive straight to Clondalkin. Do you know the road?'

'I know it well,' answered his lordship. 'But why are we going to Clondalkin? What is all this mystery, Alleen? Why do we not go directly to the Lady Nora?'

'My lord,' said Alleen, 'I wrote you a letter over a week since—'

'I have received no letter from you, Alleen, nor from the Lady Nora.'

'You do not know then, that my poor young mistress has disappeared?'

'Disappeared!' echoed Lord O'Neill, in a tone of horror. 'Disappeared?'

'Yes, my lord. I wrote you about it, but the letter must have been intercepted. I see it all now!' said Alleen, her thought recurring to the treacherous housemaid at Mr Kildares. 'My lady has been gone nearly three weeks!'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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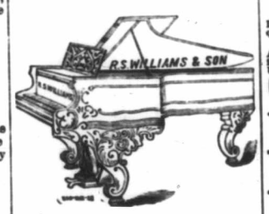

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Prince Edward Island Railway.

1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

On and after Monday, June 2nd, 1890, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express	Accom	Acc'm
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown..dp	6 00	8 45	4 30
Royalty Junction	6 14	9 11	4 56
North Wiltshire	6 25	10 02	5 18
Hunter River	6 38	10 15	5 30
Bradalbane	7 23	10 48	5 28
Emerald Junction	7 30	10 56	5 40
Freetown	7 40	11 10	5 55
Kensington	7 55	11 29	6 17
		P. M.	
Summerside ar.	8 15	12 00	6 40
Summerside dp.	8 20	1 05	
Miscouche	8 45	1 35	
Wellington	9 05	1 52	
Port Hill	9 25	2 07	
O'Leary	9 30	2 50	
Broomfield	10 47	4 25	
Alberton	11 14	5 15	
Tignish ar.	11 55	6 05	
Emerald June..dp			P. M.
Cape Traverse..ar.			5 45
			6 35

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom	Acc'm
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish dp	1 10	6 00	
Alberton	1 50	7 05	
Broomfield	2 15	7 44	
O'Leary	2 33	8 10	
Port Hill	3 23	8 58	
Wellington	3 32	10 15	
Miscouche	3 11	10 44	
Summerside ar.	4 25	11 05	
Summerside dp.	4 55	P. M. 12 00	A. M. 6 15
Kensington	5 17	12 31	6 48
Freetown	5 30	12 50	7 10
Emerald Junction	5 40	1 04	7 30
Bradalbane	5 47	1 12	7 39
Hunter River	6 12	1 43	8 14
North Wiltshire	6 22	1 57	"
Royalty Junction	6 36	2 41	"
Charlottetown..ar	7 10	3 00	9 25
Cape Traverse..dp			A. M.
Emerald June..ar			6 25
			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown dp	3 15	6 20
Royalty Junct'n	3 30	6 35
Belfast	3 55	7 20
Mt. Stewart June. ar	4 25	8 15
Mt. Stewart June. dp	4 30	8 20
Morell	4 50	8 56
St. Peters	5 20	9 24
Bear River	5 35	10 05
Souris ar.	6 25	10 45
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart June. dp.	4 35	8 25
Cardigan	5 28	9 20
Georgetown ar	5 45	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown dp	7 00	1 40
Cardigan	7 17	2 05
Mt. Stewart June. ar	8 10	3 10
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris dp	6 15	12 40
Bear River	6 45	1 15
St. Peter's	7 20	1 58
Morell	7 42	2 25
Mt. Stewart June. ar.	8 10	3 00
Mt. Stewart June. dp.	8 16	3 20
Belfast	8 40	3 56
Royalty Junct'n	9 05	4 26
Charlottetown ar	9 20	4 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH,

Superintendent

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 28, 1890.—6w

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Charlottetown, February 26, 1890.

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