

Autumn.
 Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.
 Sad Autumn! Cease thy rolling course,
 And say thy withering hand,
 My gather here no garlands bright
 In one beseeching hand.
 Seal! I come decked as gorgeous queen,
 The sweet flowers prompt a well
 To and me on my embassy
 To cradle thee spare the dell.

The pale anemone at my belt,
 The daisy trailing low,
 The blue rose on my bosom throbs,
 The violet meekly show
 The loving faces; lilies white
 And purple upon my breast—
 All join with me to beg of thee,
 To onward course arrest.

And we are not alone; dost hear
 The jays, sweet refrain
 Of blithe birds, whose melody
 Is rarely not in vain?

Thou dost not answer, though
 My faintest bird, it sings,
 But thou dost point to me, and wait
 Like angels with white folded wings
 At His command. Ah! we shall go
 And ponder well the lesson given:
 To see His face in every bow,
 To feel His hand in every blow,
 Tho' dearest fall be crushed in death,
 And founts of joy be riven.

Windsor, Ont., Oct. 1890. Kate J. Webb.

KNOCKNAGOW
 OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.
 BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LXV.

MAT DONOVAN FOLLOWS GRACE'S ADVICE; BUT BESSY MORRIS IS GONE—HONOR AND PHILLY LADY IN THEIR NEW HOME.

A young merchant jumped from an omnibus opposite the General Post-office, and, after glancing at his watch, hurried down Sackville street with the air of a man who had no time to spare. Before he had got half way down the street, however, he stopped short, after passing a tall, broad-shouldered countryman, who was standing opposite a shop window. There was something in the fine, manly figure of the countryman that attracted the young merchant's attention; and the young merchant smiled on observing how intent he seemed in examining the newest styles in bonnets and artificial flowers. He touched the rustic connoisseur upon the shoulder with the end of his umbrella; and, after a start, and a look of surprise, there was a warm shake hands, and mutual expressions of pleasure at the meeting.

"How are they all at home?" the young merchant asked.
 "All well, sir," was the reply. "The younger your father is getting. I'm after selling two fine stall-fed fat cows for him—I didn't see better at the market. An' fath, Wat Murphy'll have an argument against us; for, when all expenses are paid, 'twon't be a crown a head more than Wat offered. I sold a fine lot of bullocks for Mr. Kieley; no better. But he spares no expense in buying the best stock; an' Woodlands is as good fustian as land as there's in the county."
 "I saw in the papers that they had an increase in the family at Woodlands, and that it is a son this time."
 "So they had, sir. But they wor all sure you'd be down to the christenins' at Doctor O'Connor's."
 "Well, I was not able to go. How is my mother now?"

"She's very strong, then; only for the lowness of spirits. But Miss Ellie can get great good out of her; an' when Miss Grace happens to be at Doctor O'Connor's or at Woodlands she'll send her for, an' the mistress'll be as gay as a lark in less than no time."
 "Come down to the warehouse with me," said the young merchant. "I want to know all about everybody."
 The countryman looked once more at the window, the display of flowers and feathers seeming to possess some extraordinary attraction for him, and, after glancing up and down the street, as if he would fain linger where he was, could he only find a reasonable excuse, walked on with the young merchant.

"I had my mind made up to call to see ye," said he, "as I have the day to myself till the six o'clock train."
 "This is Mat Donovan, sir," said Willie Kearney to his uncle, when they reached the warehouse.
 "Oh, how are you?" said the merchant.
 "I hope all friends in Tipperary are well."
 "All as well as you could wish, sir," Mat answered.
 "I was very much interested in your case," Mr. Kearney observed, "that time you were charged with robbing old Pender. Hugh wrote me about it, and I was glad to have it in my power to be of some use to you."
 "I had good friends, sir," returned Mat.
 "But I suppose you heard old Isaac confessed before he died that it was Bessy an' Darby Ryan that took the money in order to have an excuse for robbin' Sir Garrett Butler, God rest his soul."

"Why didn't Sir Garrett follow up the prosecution against them?" the merchant asked.
 "I was hoping they would be both transported."
 "Well, when Bessy made off, the old father confessed all, an' gave up some of the plunder, an' as he was so near his end, they let him go."
 "Where is the son now?"
 "In Queensland, or somewhere off in that direction," replied Mat.
 "We heard nothing about him since Mither Lloyd paid the two thousand pound. An' fath, Mither Bob'd be in the courts like Sam Smerfield and the rest of the landlords down there, on'y that Tom Ryan and Ned Brophy, an' a few more of the tenants, made up the money an' lent it to him. He was just after paying his other sister's fortune to Captain French, when Bessy's attorney slipped at him. The tenants'd be sorry to lose Mither Bob, an' these new landlords are such screws. Every wan was sorry for poor Major French, an' his fine place went for nothing. But do you think will Mither Hugh ever come home, sir?"
 "I think he will. I have written to him to say it would be for his own interest as well as for the interest of the whole family."
 "We're sure you him so," Mat replied with a delighted look. "Whatever is for their good he'll do. Many's the good turn I know Hugh to do; an' 'tis little talk 'd be about it."
 "Hugh Kearney is a man," said the merchant.

"He wouldn't be his father's son if he wasn't a good fellow," returned Mat.
 "He's worth a ship's load of his father," exclaimed the merchant.
 "Come this way, Mat," said Willie, showing him into his office. "You have not told me half the news yet. Has Barney that thrush's nest with which he used to cheat me, still?"
 "He coaxed a ball dog pup from Wat Murphy's son wud the same nest a few weeks ago," returned Mat. "Wat came out an' there was the devil's row. Peg Brady was reelin' the pup wud the calves to any wan, till Wat came out for him, an' said he wouldn't give him for the best fat sheep your father had. We expect that Peg and Barney'll be married shortly."

"I had a letter from Tommy Luby lately," said Willie, "and he reminded me of Barney, and all the old neighbors."
 "I'm tould, like yours, 'f, sir, his uncle is after takin' him into partnership."
 "Yes; their house is one of the most respectable firms in Boston. It was about an order for Irish linen he wrote to me."
 "I was no later than last Sunday," returned Mat, "that the schoolmaster remarked, after readin' Pili's speech, that you're an' Tommy Luby wor the two innocent boys he ever initiated into the sciences, as he said; that ye wor no way crafty, an' could be chated out of your marvels wud the greatest facility, an' your castle tops came in for the most handsome; an' now ye are the two richest men be longin' to the parish."

"What's that you said about a speech?"
 "Wan that Pili Luby made at a great Temperance meeting," Mat answered.
 "An' the devil a finer speech was made there. He sent the paper to Billy Heffernan. An' sure I remember when Pili an' Billy wor the two greatest drunkards in Knocknagow, except Jack Cammitte, that used to bate his wife, an' that's what Pili never done; an' Billy had no wan to bate but his own. But it was poor Norah done it all."
 "I often think of Norah," said Willie.
 "I know her chair in Mary's room the moment I saw it."
 "An' Nelly has her slippers," returned Mat, "hangin' at each side of the crucifix at the head of her bed, wud her beads in wan an' a bit of palm in the other. An' if you go into the churchyard by a Lady Day in Harvest you won't be long lookin' for Norah's grave, for not an inch of it that won't have a flower on it. Nelly an' Billy dress the grave every Saturday as sure as the sun shines. But didn't Tommy say anything about his father an' mother?"

"Yes; he said they were well; but that his mother was always playing for home. I have no doubt it is that grave you mention that makes her wish for home."
 "Poor Honor! she was the heart an' soul of a good woman."
 "To ask how the mocking-bird he sent Ellie was going on."
 "He's a fine singin' bird," replied Mat solemnly. "She sent him over to Billy Heffernan's to have Nelly take care of him while she was at the water wud Mrs. O'Connor and Mrs. Kieley, an' he picked up the whistle or the plover's an' the curlew's, so that he'd bother you sometimes. He frightens the life out of Mrs. Kearney when he screeches like a hawk. She says he's not right; an' fath my mother has the same notion, an' thinks the bird in the forth has somethin' to do wud him. But it is that Lory Hanly wud the bag?" Mat asked, looking through the window.
 "Yes; he's going to the four Courts. I suppose you know he's a barrister. He is getting on very well."
 "Oh, I know, sir. He was cheered in Clonmel after gainin' the law for a poor man the landlord thought to turn out. That was a fine letter against the land laws his father wrote in the papers. An' 'twas a hard case to be turned out of his place after all he lost by it, for no reason but because the new landlord wanted to have a residence on his property. But the devil a word he had to say that poor Tom Hogan hadn't to say; an' he came out wud his old Isaac was dyin' that Hanly bribed him to put out Tom Hogan an' give the farm to himself."

"It appears he did not see the injustice of the law till it came to his own turn to feel it," said Willie. "His daughter is married to a Mr. Wilson, a friend of mine."
 "Maybe 'tis Johnny Wilson, that was in the bank?" Mat asked.
 "The same," returned Willie, "and you will be likely to have him in Kiltubbar, as manager of the same bank, soon. His wife is very anxious to go there, as she and Mrs. O'Connor were great friends."
 "So they wor," said Mat. "An' the other sister was a grand girl."
 "Yes, she is still to the good, and looked upon a great beauty."
 "I'll have a bag-full of news for Miss Grace," said Mat. "But I must run an' get a letter or credit for this money, as I don't like to have so large a sum about me. But I'll call in again on my way to the railway."

After getting the letter of credit, Mat Donovan made straight for the same window where he found him a few hours before, and which had bloomed into brighter and more varied splendour in the mean time, as if the flowers there displayed were alive and real and felt the influence of the sun. But this would scarcely be enough to account for the absorbing interest Mat Donovan seemed to take in that shop window. Could it be that he wanted to make a purchase? It would seem so, for, after deliberating with himself for some minutes, he walked into the shop. But then he seemed to have forgotten what brought him there, and looked a little puzzled and embarrassed.
 "What can I do for you?" asked a smiling young lady inside the counter, surveying him with a look of kindly encouragement.
 Mat looked about him, and, after a long pause, asked for a ribbon to put in a bonnet. The ribbons were displayed, and one selected and neatly folded in white paper; and seeing that the young lady laughed in spite of herself, Mat, as he put the parcel in his pocket, thought fit to set her right and remove an erroneous impression, by remarking carelessly that he was for a sister of his, who was as fond of ribbons as ever she was, though she had 't three or four childer at her heels." But Mat evidently wanted something else, and, in reply to the question whether she could do anything else for him, he told her to show him a broad, thick ribbon.

"'Tis for an old woman's cap—for my mother I want it," said Mat Donovan. And the young lady inside the counter did not laugh now, but rather looked pensive and melancholy. Perhaps she, too, had an old mother in some Munster valley, who wore a broad ribbon over her esp. This purchase was folded up and paid for, too; but still Mat Donovan lingered.
 "I think you are from Tipperary," said the young girl.
 "Well, it is," he replied. "Though I don't know how people can know 't is a Tip. But you are right; I am from Tipperary."
 "So am I," said she.
 "Well," returned Mat, resting his elbow on the counter, "I was tould a neighbor of mine was employed in his establishment, an' if so, I'd like to see her before I go home, as some of her relations would be glad to hear how she is."
 "What's her name?"
 Mat Donovan rubbed his hand over his face, which made him look quite flushed, and, after making several unsuccessful attempts to pick up a very dislaute pin from the counter, answered, "Bessy Morris."

"Yes; she is here; but I didn't see her for the last week. I'll inquire." And after much delay, and sending up and down stairs, Mat Donovan walked out with Bessy Morris's address on a slip of paper.
 After many turnings and windings, and inquiries, Mat Donovan found himself in an out of the way street in a very poor neighborhood.
 "Number seven," said he glancing at the paper. "I must be the small house, wud the hall-door. An', sure enough, thin white curtains is what I'd expect to see wherever Bessy'd be. 'Tis a clean, snug little house, though there's not much dirt an' poverty all around it." His hand trembled and heart fluttered, like a very coward, as he knocked at the door. Several minutes passed before it was opened, and he had his hand on the knocker again, when it occurred to him that the house was so small it was impossible that the first knock was not heard; and he waited for another minute. At last the door was opened, and Bessy Morris stood before him. She was very pale and thin, but so captivating as ever. But now came a dreamy look came into her eyes, as if she were thinking of the days that were gone.

"I needn't tell you that we'd be all glad to see you," he said.
 "I don't know that, Mat," she replied with another sad shake of the head.
 "Don't know id," rejoined Mat Donovan; and his broad chest heaved—but he could say no more.
 "Are you as fond of songs and music as ever, Mat?" she asked, as he stood up, and laid his hand on her shoulder.
 "Well, indeed, pretty well; but I am a little worn-out now. I am very glad to hear that your mother and Nelly are so well."
 "Will we ever have a chance of seein' you in Knocknagow again?" he asked with his old smile.
 She shook her head sadly, but made no reply. A dreamy look came into her eyes, as if she were thinking of the days that were gone.

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from him, even from the time when he used to toss the cherries over the hedge to Bessy Morris, on her way from school.
 "Mat," said Grace, "you should have told her."
 "I was too poor, miss," he replied.
 "An' seem' so many respectable young fellows about her, I thought it would be no use. An' besides, though she was always nice and friendly, she never cared much about me."
 "Take my advice, Mat, and tell her; and you'll find you are mistaken."
 "Do you think so, miss?" he asked eagerly.
 "It is impossible," returned Grace, with emphasis, "that she could be indifferent to such love as yours."
 "In the name of God," said Mat Donovan, after a long pause, "I'll take your advice."

Before many weeks had elapsed Mat Donovan stood again at the door of the small house in the out of the way street. He knocked with a firm hand this time, and there was no fluttering of the heart as on the former occasion; for he had his mind made up for the worst. But there was no answer to his summons.
 "She must be out," he thought, "an' maybe the old woman is keepin' the bed still, an' I believe she has no wan in the house but herself."
 He glanced at the window, and it happened to occur to him that the white curtains were gone, and then he saw that the shutters were closed.
 "She's dead," said a woman, who came to the door of the next house, and found him looking at the windows.
 "Dead!" he exclaimed—and the colour flew from his cheek—"who is dead?"
 "The old woman," was the reply; "an' she had the beautiful coffin I ever seen leavin' the street. They wor decent people."
 "An' the young woman?" he asked, drawing a long breath.
 "Well, I don't know where she's gone; but she left for good the day after the funeral."

He hurried to the shop in Sackville street, but could only learn from the proprietress that Bessy Morris had given notice that she could not return to her employment there; for which they were very sorry, as she was an excellent work-woman.
 "Might there be a comarade girl up here in the house, ma'am, that could tell me anything about her?" poor Mat asked in his bewilderment.
 Inquiries were made, and a young girl came down to the shop and told him that Bessy was a particular friend of hers.
 "An' could you tell me where she is?" he asked.
 "She's gone to America," was the reply.
 "To America?" he repeated, in so despairing a tone that the young woman raised her eyes to his face, and said:
 "You are Mat Donovan?"
 "Well, that is my name," he replied, absently.
 "She was thinking of writing to you," returned the young woman.
 "Was Bessy thinkin' of writin' to me?"
 "Yes; but she changed her mind. She was thinkin' too, of writing to Mrs. Dr. O'Connor, somewhere in the county Clare, I think, but she didn't know the address."
 "I thought I tould her we had Doctor O'Connor in Kiltubbar since Father Carroll got the parish," rejoined Mat. "But how long is she gone?"
 "She only left for Liverpool on Monday. The name of the ship she was to go by was the 'Ohio.' I was with her getting her passage ticket at the agent's."
 "Where was that?" he asked, eagerly.
 "Eden quay," she replied, "but I forgot the number."
 The agent told him that unless some delay occurred, he would have no chance of catching the 'Ohio' in Liverpool, as the time was to have sailed that same day. But there was a chance, and next morning, in the grey dawn, Mat Donovan was hurrying along the docks of Liverpool, staring at the forest of masts, and looking round for some one who could tell him whether the 'Ohio' had yet sailed for America.

"The 'Ohio'?" replied a sailor who was returning to his vessel, evidently Starbuck up all night. "Yes, she sailed for New York at four o'clock last evening."
 Bessy Morris was gone!
 "But sure 'tis long ago she was gone from me," he thought, as he rested his elbows on a pile of timber, and gazed at a vessel in the offing. "When is it that she wasn't gone from me? An' for all that, I feel as if she was never out of my sight till now, that she is gone for ever."
 He stood there like a man in a dream, he did not know how long, till the noise around him, as the ladies and unloading of the vessels commenced, aroused him, and turning from the busy scene he strolled listlessly into an unfrequented street, and wandered on, on, merely wishing to pass away the time, and to be alone, till one o'clock, when the steamer was to leave for Dublin.

"Lend me a hand, if you please," said a man, with heavy trunk on his shoulder, an' an' an' an' placed it beyond all doubt that the speaker was a Munsterman. The trunk was laid upon the pavement, and the man dived into an arched doorway, pulling off his hat and making the sign of the cross. Mat looked up at the building, and saw that it was a Catholic church. He entered, and, kneeling in front of the altar, offered up a short prayer. As he rose from his knees, his attention was attracted by a young girl coming out of one of the confessionals. She knelt, or rather flung herself, down upon the stone floor, and with hands clasped almost convulsively, raised her streaming eyes to the picture of the crucifix, over the altar. Her pale face told a tale of suffering, and misery, and sore temptation, which there was no mistaking.
 "My God!" thought Mat Donovan, "maybe that's the way Bessy will be, after leavin' in a strange country, wudout a friend, an' maybe sick an' penniless. Oh, if I could only do somethin' for her; if I could know that she was well an' happy, I'd be satisfied." Acting on the impulse of the moment, he walked towards the priest, who, after looking up and down the church, and seeing no other penitent requiring his ministry, was on his way to the sacristy. On seeing Mat approaching, he went back to the confessional.

"'Tis to ask your advice I want," said Mat. "Behn an' Irishman an' a stranger in this place, I'd like to get your advice about somethin' that troubles my mind very much." And he told his story from beginning to end; and how she was always in his mind; and how he never thought of any one else as he used to think of her—though he never expected she'd be anything to him more than a friend—being neighbours and neighbours' children. And now what ought to do? His wouldn't mind crossin' over to America for her sake no more than he'd mind crossin' the street. And d'it his reverence think he ought to go?
 "I don't like to give an opinion in such a case," replied the priest. "You should not forget your mother and your sister, and it may be the young woman would not respond to your feelings, and might not require your assistance. But on the other hand she may, and probably will have to encounter severe trials, alone and friendless among strangers, and you might be the means of slyng her."
 "That's id," Mat interrupted, fairly sobbing aloud, as he glanced at the poor girl on her knees. "I would break my heart."
 "In the name of God, then," continued the priest, "do as your hearts prompts you. You seem to be a sensible man, not likely to act rashly or from a light motive. And at the worst it will be a consolation to you to think that you did your best for her. And it might be a source of much pain to you, if any misfortune happened to the young woman, to think that you might have saved her and neglected to do so."
 "Thank you, sir," replied Mat. "Your advice is good."
 He left the church a happier man than he had been for many a day before. On passing a small print-shop, within a few doors of the church, he knew a portrait of Daniel O'Connell—the man of the people, caught his eye, and Mat stopped short, feeling as if he had met an old friend. A d, while looking into the "Liberator's" face with a smile almost as full of humour and pathos as his own, the writing materials displayed for sale in the window reminded him of the necessity of communicating his intention of going to America to his mother.

"Miss Grace is the best," said he, after pondering over the matter for some time. "I'll tell her as well as I can, an' I've id here to tell my mother, and all there's no danger but she'll manage id all right." So he wrote to Grace that he would start by the first ship leaving Liverpool for the United States—which the man in the print-shop informed him was the "Eden" for Boston—in pursuit of Bessy Morris.
 Mat Donovan counted the hours in the good ship sped upon her way across the great ocean. Never before did he think the days and the nights so long—not even when he lay a prisoner in the jail of Clonmel. The vessel was crowded with Irish emigrants, and many an "o'er true tale" of suffering and wrong did he listen to during the voyage. But as they neared the free shores of America every face brightened, and the outcasts felt as if they had seen the end of their trials and sorrows. Alas! too many of them had the worst of their trials and sorrows met before them. But it was only now Mat Donovan began to see how difficult, how almost hopeless, was the enterprise he had embarked in. He had no trace whatever of Bessy Morris, and he had heard within him at the thought that he might spend a lifetime wandering through the cities of the great Republic, sailing up and down its mighty rivers, or travelling over its wild and lonely prairies, without finding her.

"Where am I to go or what am I to do?" he said to himself as he stood alone in one of the principal streets of Boston. Suddenly he remembered Tommy Luby, and it was like a ray of hope to think that he had at least a friend at hand to consult with. He had no difficulty in finding the extensive concern in which Tommy was now junior partner. But when in answer to his inquiries he was told Mr. Luby had sailed for Europe only two weeks before, Mat felt more disheartened than ever.
 "Can I see his uncle?" he asked, recovering from his disappointment.
 "Yes, come this way," replied the clerk.
 The merchant received him civilly, and when Mat told him he was from Knocknagow, and asked, as Mr. Luby was gone to Europe, could he see his father and mother, they being old friends and neighbours, the merchant replied of course he could, and very glad, he was sure, he would be to see him. "As for Mrs. Luby—who, I suppose you know, is my sister—we can't make her feel at home in this country at all," he continued. "But she is more contented since Tom has got a house in the country, where she can keep a cow and fowl, and grow potatoes and cabbages. It is only about a mile outside the city, and you will have no trouble in finding it."
 Following the directions given him by the merchant, Mat soon found himself at the door of a handsome house in the suburbs. He knocked, and the door was opened by a smart looking young woman, who looked inquiringly into his face.
 "Is Mrs. Luby wudin'?" he asked.
 "O Mat Donovan!" she exclaimed, the moment she heard his voice; and catching him by both hands she pulled him in; and Mat found himself sitting in a nicely furnished room before he had recovered from his surprise.
 "Is id yourself, Judy?" he asked, looking round the room and wondering why it felt so hot, seeing that there was no fire—the stove had yet to become acquiescent.
 It was the same Judy Connell who had caused such dire confusion, by forgetting to shut the door behind her, in Mat Donovan's kitchen, that windy winter's night long ago, when she ran in to "take her leave of them."
 Judy told him that Mrs. and Mr. Luby were in soom. They had only gone to visit a poor woman whose husband had broken his arm by a fall from a scaffold. Mrs. Luby was always finding out poor families in distress. Judy herself had a situation in one of the principal hotels in the city, but she always felt unhappy among such crowds of strangers, and so she asked Mrs. Luby to take her, and so her mind was easier than ever it was since she came to America. Mrs. Luby was like a mother to her; and besides, she had the same wages she was getting at the hotel, which was a great advantage, as she was able to send as much as ever home to her poor old father—besides feeling so comfortable and happy. And Judy ran on with astonishing volubility, asking innumerable questions, and answering them all herself. Her intimate knowledge of everything concerning her present neighbours was amazing; but Mat opened his eyes in wonder when she detailed minutely and correctly every important event that had occurred in the parish of Kiltubbar, since the day she left it down to the eviction of the Hennessys, which happened only three weeks before, and the election of poor law guardians for the division of Knocknagow, on the head of which several black eyes were given and received in the city of Boston.

Here Mat managed to edge in a word, as Judy's volubility subsided into an inarticulate murmur, she having caught her poll comb between her teeth, while twisting up her hair, which had suddenly fallen down—and assured her that the election in question passed off quite peaceably at home, Mr. Kearney having nearly all the votes. The new landlord, who lived in A. J. Kearney's handsome house, set up a candidate in opposition to Maurice Kearney, but got no one to vote for him but his own tenants, who were few and far between. So that Mat Donovan was greatly astonished to hear that there had been a fight on account of the election of a poor-law guardian for Knocknagow in the city of Boston; and managed to say so before Judy Connell's tongue had room to go on again.
 "Here they are," she exclaimed, sticking the comb in her poll, and running to open the door.
 And how Mrs. Luby rated her hands in wonder, and why, when Mat Donovan, as if he had descended from the sky! Mrs. Kearney going to second Mass on an Easter Sunday was never a more respectable looking woman than Honor Luby, Mat thought. But she was the same Honor Luby still, for all that. And as for Phil, dressed as he was in a suit of superfine broadcloth, and carrying a varnished walking stick in his gloved hand—why, only for the shirt collar, which was as high and as stiff as ever, Mat Donovan could not have believed his own eyes, that that gentleman ever made a blue body-coat with gilt buttons for him.
 "I'm glad to see you, Mat," said Honor. "Proud an' happy I am to see you sittin' in that chair. But ye're allavin' Ireland—all lavin' the old sod. 'Tis often I said to myself, when my heart used to be breakin', thinkin' how long since the old place was—'tis often I said Knocknagow was not gone all out so long as Mat Donovan was there. I used to think up yourself an' your mother's lookin' in your face, that they were well an' doin' well. An' I know they'll all be glad to see Tommy, for he promised me faithfully he wouldn't come back wudout payin' a visit to the old place; an' sure 'tis well to have any wan at all left there to welcome him after the scougin' the country got." And Honor buried her face in her hands and wept silently.

They were all silent for some minutes. Mat wished to say something, but did not know how to begin. Phil tapped the lid of his silver snuff box, and took a pinch, and as for Judy Connell, she seemed to have run down like a clock, and could do nothing but stare at the window, and psat for breath.

TO BE CONTINUED.
WOMAN'S INTUITION.
 NEARLY ALWAYS RIGHT IN HER JUDGMENT IN REGARD TO COMMON THINGS.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The forey turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair. To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home so unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; but my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men anyway."

A frank admission.
 Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; if it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease.

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the New York Press in noting the statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct, even her diagnosis; but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Ball, O., June 21st, 1890.
 "I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a continuous hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical man in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

Catchin' indicates impure blood, and to cure it, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood. Sold by all druggists.
 Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child, why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

TO BE CONTINUED.