THE INEXPECTED LETTER

Rat-tat! The postman had just left a large, important-looking sealletter at Mrs. O'Dougherty's. to suggest a remedy. The little woman stood looking at harassed expression on her pretty face. Around her the children were playing noisily. Her eldest hope, a bright-eyed urchin of three, had ered to the top rail of a chair and at imminent peril of life and imb, was stretching forth a chubby towards the sugar-bowl, while his little sister, noting his perform-ancel and not being a participant, screamed at the top of her childish lungs: "Oor a bold, bad boy, Jem-

The breakfast things still lay on the untouched, although it was ten o'clock. This was a unusual state of affairs in or-Mrs. O'Dougherty's household. To add to the general confusion, the baby had got hold of the little wo-man's knitting and was busily engaged taking out the needles, to the delight of a frolicksome kitten, who made sad havoc of the scarlet ball, winding it in and out round the feet his derivative der," she murmured, lost in a golden dream, "and a new square of drugget carpet for the kitchen, and fresh muslin curtains for the windows."

By this time Jemmie, seeing that of a chair in an intricate maze that would be hard to undo without

she scrutinized the letter. She twirled it up and down there trembling fingers, held it towards the light of the window, as if that would help her, but, strange to say, never attempted to open it, though the ad-sympathy; while the baby, open-eyed, dress bore in large, bold letters, her own name, and the envelope had an "God help me!" said the po

American postmark. The truth of the matter was Mrs. years of happy wedded life. Fortune ness kn had favored her wonderfully in the I am." mad tavored her wonderfully in the matter, and up to now, when Nemesis stared her in the face in the form of the American letter, and threatened to destroy her domestic happiness.

In reading the American letter, said John with a simple dignity that set was her own deliberate deception that led up to this train of unhappiness. Like many another poor mortal she will do with the money."

In reading the American letter, said John with a simple dignity that set well on him, "but I don't know what led up to this train of unhappiness. Like many another poor mortal she will do with the money."

Like many another poor mortal she will soon learn, 'said the air of not altogether understanding, which didn't work and the will be will be a headache. The matter is the start of the said with an air of not altogether understanding, which didn't know what we will soon learn, 'said the air of not altogether understanding, which didn't know what we will soon learn, 'said the air of not altogether understanding, which didn't know what we will soon learn, 'said the air of not altogether understanding, which didn't know what we will soon learn, 'said the air of not altogether understanding, which will be a proving the air of not altogether understanding. frail craft of happiness, and it would

require all brain power at the tiller to steer it safely to land. When honest John O'Dougherty married her, it was under the firm imface like death, and a heart like lead, her in that pink cotton gown, with

John afterwards. "Sure an' I would her youth education in Ireland had hastily put away the breakfast est dress in the world."

been bought at too dear a price, the things, tidied the kitchen, put clean "Keep to those sentiments, John," pression that she was a scholar. cost of faith, the jewel bead in the tuckers on the children, prepared a said the young man gravely, "and as great an omadhaun as myself with Irish rosary. But with Mary it was tasty dinner for the arbiter of her you will never regret the day you re- regard to the reading and writing different. She was ten years younger destiny, and then went to the win- ceived the American letter. and had opportunities; but, alas! dow to watch for the first sign of had not taken advantage of them; his coming. preferring to run wild over her native heather than to master the you, Mrs. O'Dougherty, you look as subtle difficulties of the A.B.C. The if the end of the world was coming?" consequence was her present predica- said a gay voice. For John, like most of those to whom it was denied, had a great tol had been fired at her head, and a idea of learning; and had vowed ne- gleam of hope lighted up her pale face ver to marry a woman who was not as she recognized Terence Fitzgerald, Pretty Mary's letters during their brief courtship had not intended to deceive him on this point;

Fitzgerald, the daughter of a weal- delight and terror of the neighborthy landowner, a harum-scarum hood. schoolgirl, who had taken a fancy to "Mr her, and to whom she acted as a sort of companion. Norah volunteered to act as Mary's amanuesis and, if the smiling. "I'll do my best, but don't truth were told, enjoyed it immense-But, madcap though Norah was had sensibly enough tried to get into Mary's giddy head the neces-sity of breaking the news to honest John once the knot was tied; and Mary had promised to perform faithfully the disagreeable task as soon as

went to church with it bandaged, so that when the signing of the register came, she made a creditable enough X in lieu of her name; and simple John was so happy that he never doubted, and, with a flourish, signed

If Mary had told him there and then, no doubt in the first flush of on the 10th of June last, leaving you happiness he would have forgiven the bulk of his fortune, amounting to her and forgotten his disappointment; one hundred thousand dollars. but, alas! Mary was weak; and when she overheard him whispering regretfully to Anthony Carroll, the school- Inn Fields. master, who was John's amanuen-"You know it's herself is the illigent writer; it's a pity her hand is so bad," she checked the rising impulse to tell him of her deception. The schoolmaster, who had a shrewd idea that Mary never wrote the scholarly epistle he had read to the enraptured lover, nodded his head in sympathy and remained wisely silent. none the wiser as to his wife's edu- eyes. cational deficiency. Any odd time

when discovery seemed inevitable, Mary had skillfully warded it off. Letwere few and far between in the little household, and when one did come Mary would fly to her friend to a fairy-book!" learn its contents by heart, and

her so proudly that, as time went she found it more and more

difficult to undeceive him. But, alas! matters this morning had come to a climax. The Ameri-can letter had arrived, and Norah was away in Dublin, and there was no one within the radius of a mile to whom Mary could appeal. The poor little woman was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She thought of burning it; but she knew that would be useless, for John and his money." the postman were great friends, the latter usually dropping in for a smoke and a schanachie to the little He would be sure to pass a remark about the letter, just as he had done when he was handing it to "Who knows but there, is a fortune in that letter, Mrs. O'Doughhe had said jokingly; "don't

forget to invite me to the feast." Mrs. O'Dougherty, with rather wan smile, had assured him in the "Sure an' its yourself derful letter. will be welcome; but fortunes don't caught a postscript which had escap. grow on haystacks," and had hurried away from the door, afraid that he might await the opening of the letter. getting all about the little woman's secret, "Did you read the post-And, as if to worry her still more, Mrs. O'Rorke, the greatest gossip round the country-side, had dropped in when she saw the postman, and had evinced a very pardonable curiosity as to its contents, until the little woman was nearly at her without giving offence; finally the red burned in the little woman's face, then faded away and left it deathly pale.

ing such a terrible headache that a rest. Mrs. O'Rorke saw through rain, "I have deceived you. I can "There are very few," said the device, but politeness forbade neither read nor write." young man gravely, "who would ther expressing what she felt. And "Tut, tut, woman, you are fooling such good fortune the way you with a st rt that told plainly that me. she suspected something was up, and eyeing the letter that lay carelessly on the breakfast table with a sour Mary. glance, she departed without deigning

Added to all, Mrs. O'Dougherty a wicked woman for deceiving you so it with perplexed eyes and a rather herself was devoured with an all-con- long." suming desire to know what was in the letter, and whom it was from. She had no friends in America save world," said John, staunchly; "but an uncle whom she had never seen, and the wildest ideas shot through hard to put her past them. Takin' her brain concerning him, almost ov- about her schoolin', sure an' it's herershadowing the misery of being self wrote me the illigent letters." found out in her deception. Perhaps "Don't, John, don't; you will the creature had died and left a for- me mad," almost screamed Mrs. O'- she has a good heart and is pretty tune to wee Jemmie, who had been Dougherty. "Amn't I the hateful practical. Allow her full scope, denamed after him. Already she saw her eldest joy in all the glittering paraphernalia of wealth. Visions, brand-new cart drawn by a fine horse soothingly, frightened by this hysto market, instead of the modest don- terical outburst; "sure an' I married key that hitherto had been the height of her ambition.

"I'll get new clothes for the chil-

his depredations passed unnoticed, be- was John's answer. came bolder and toppled the sugar-bowl on to the floor, breaking it to Terence, "which I most unpardonab-

him a shake. Jemmie set up a howl in which a journey to London."

his little sister joined in token of "God help me!" said the poor little shining eyes. "Sure an' it was the

woman, "but that American letter is one skeleton in my cupboard, and an' she never had such a complaint bringing the bad luck. There is my kept frightening the life out of me; in her life," said John incautiously. O'Dougherty could neither read nor good sugar-bowl gone, and himself write, a fact she had carefully con-cealed from her husband during four say to him about the letter. Good- "I am sure I ness knows it's the worried woman you, Mr. Terence, for your kindness air

her life had been as smooth as a bark on sunlit waters. Now a sud- with such ease, that it never occurtakes wings, as I know to my cost." the least. "Now, when I come to den wave threatened to enguli the red to her to seek the narrow 'one 'But you are used to it, we are think of it, she was complaining one and confess the whole matter to her not," said John dolefully. "The lit- day; but I think she imagined it." husband, relying on his love for for- tle woman an' me was quite happy "As if I was going to let them giveness. Now that discovery seemed here. Now she'll be wanting silks know how deceived I was in thinking In tried to prepare herself for it. She her white apron on, than the grand- be the laugh of the parish if they

The poor woman started as if a pis-Norah's twin brother, whom she had in his younger years when, as a frofor Mary had a friend, Miss Norah licsome schoolboy, he had been the

> "Mr. Terence," she gasped, "will vou do something for me?' 'What is it?" said the young man

> ask too much. I am just off the train and dead tired." "Read this letter for me before

John comes in. Then, noticing his bewilderment, she tried to explain in short, gasping sentences her dilemma.

"Is that all? Poor little woman, I wish I had never learned to write On the marriage morning, follow- my name; there would not be ing the suggestion of Norah, Mary many I O U's flying about with that had a violent pain in her hand, and interesting appendage to them. However, here goes," and with a quick motion of his hand the young fellow opened the letter and read aloud the following extraordinary epistle:

"Dear Madam-Enclosed find a copy of the last will and testament of your uncle, the late James O'Reilly, of Broad street, New York, who died further particulars apply to our London agent, Mr. Tuites, of Lincoln We are, madam, your obedient servants.

"Grass & Goldsmith, New York." With a low whistle of astonishment Terence read and re-read this most astounding intelligence. "Do you realize what this letter

he asked her. means? "Not quite," said the little woman, trembling," but I am so glad you

happened to come in before Jo n Strange as it may seem, four years came," the red coming back to her had elapsed, and honest John was cheeks and the brightness to her 'By Jove!" said the young man.

"It doesn't much matter whether you can read or write, as long as you are the possessor of a cool one hundred of a chair, evidently very ill at thousand. It is like a tale out of "We will be able to get the horse

then, like the diligent scholar she and trap now, and new things for the was, read it glibly to her unsuspecting husband, who would listen to practically.

'My good woman, you do not realize your good fortune. Wait until had one night of it, an' how an' ever your husband comes in. Hello! here am I to spend the rest of my life he is," as the stalwart form of John O'Dougherty came into the kitchen. "Lucky beggar!" exclaimed the voung man.

"Oh, John! here is a wonderful letter from America. I have just been reading it to Mr. Terence. have fallen into a fortune. Uncle James is dead and has left me all his moustache to hide the smile

"Which amounts to only one hundred thousand dollars!" supplemented said gravely. "I thought Mary had

"A hundred thousand what?" said John, his ruddy face turning pale. "Sir, you are joking." "No," said the young man gravely,

in answer to an appealing look from Mrs. O'Dougherty, "I will read it to you myself." Gallantly guarding the little woman's secret, he read again the won-

"John," she murmured faintly, the with unconscious irony, "and I she thought she would have to take tears running down her face like can't commence now.

> "Tut, tut, woman, you are fooling yourself is bashful. Don't be afraid,

"I can neither read nor write," wailed the poor woman, "and I am

"Don't mind her. Mr. Terence, she is just the best little woman in the she sometimes takes notions, and it's

"Don't, John, don't; you will set woman to have such a good husband. can't either read or write.

"Hush, mavourneen, an' if you cantoo, of John and herself seated in a not, what's the difference?" said John you and not the letters. Why didn't you tell me long ago, and not keep troublin' that purty head of vours?" "Sure an' I hadn't courage," murmured Mary, as she buried her head on his breast. "I thought you

would cease to love me." "Well, well, but women is foolish,"

breaking the wool, a thing Mrs. O'Dougherty hated.

Yet all this went on inheeded while

woman," said Mrs. O'Dougherty with it better?"

in reading the American letter," said "Bedad, I have put my foot in it

After Terence's departure, John "What on earth is the matter with O'Dougherty and his wife stood staring at each other, neither of them able to realize their good fortune. The little woman was the first to retally unexpected fortune. He was an easy-going mortal, and his practical little wife nearly set him wrong in his mind with her talk of

> The next morning her first question staggered him. "John," said she, how many pounds of your money is in one hundred thousand dollars?"

"I don't know," answered the honest man, a puzzled expression stealing over his face. "I never was good at figures. Sure an' I can ask Mr. Terence." So away he went with his question in arithmetic to the big house, about a mile distant. "Is Mr. Terence at home, Mike?" he inquired timidly enough of the butler, who was an old friend of his.

"Just step this way, sir," said the man, as if he had never seen John husband. before. Evidently the good news had travelled quickly, judging by Mike's demeanor, for he drew himself up stiffly, with the grand air on him, "just as if he were speaking to one of the quality," as John afterward expressed it to his wife. 'Come this way, Mr. O'Flaherty,' Mike repeated, with a stress on the Mister, "and I'll see if Mr. Terence is disengaged."

"M. O'Dougherty," repeated John with labored politeness, "who, might Then suddenly changing his tone, and putting his brawnfi fist right up into Mike's eye, he "If you mister me, my fine added: sir, I'll break every bone in your

grin. "It's yourself, John, that money can't spoil," and he shook haven't a dud that they can wear As Mike's face relaxed into a broad his old friend heartily by the hand. "Don't be going an' making such mistakes again," said John grimly.

When Terence came into the room, he found John sitting on the edge ease, not a trace of his usual natural dignity about him, and a very perturbed expression on his goodnatured face.

"Mr. Terence," he said earnestly, 'it's myself is the unhappy man since I came into this pile. I have only in such misery, I don't know. The little woman is off her head," he declared ruefully; "the silks and satins have commenced already. She was down in the village this morning ordering a blue dress with pearl trimming like Miss Norah's."

The young man carefully smoothed playing around his mouth. more sense

"Troth an' she hasn't," said honest John. "Not but she is the best little woman in the world," he added loyally. "By the same token, I came to ask you how much it is?" lovally. "How much what is?" said Terence

mystified. "I mean how many pounds of our money is in a hundred thousand dol-

"Twenty thousand pounds," said the young man promptly John's face fell. "If it has been about five hundred now, I could ave managed it all right. We could have bought a little farm and had a horse "Instead of that you can drive

your carriage," broke in the young fellow with a smile.
"That's where the trouble comes in. She's ready enough for that, but I am not. I never was one for making a fool of myself," he added,

young man gravely, "who would take such good fortune the way you are Haven't you read many an illi- doing. I admire your sentiments; gent letter to me? Sure, an' it's but when you become accustomed to it I am afraid you will change your

"Never," said John earnestly; "though I know most of the neighbors will envy me being a warm man.

"And even that consideration does not attract you?' "Well," said John smiling, "I wouldn't be too sure of that. I'm only human."

"A piece of advice before you go. Naturally your wife, woman-like, is dazzled with her future prospects; but ny her nothing, and she will soon re-

gain her senses. Terence threw out his hand, which John grasped earnestly, and with many good wishes on either side they parted.

When John reached the house he found Mary absent; but old Mrs. O'Rorke and rosy-cheeked Mrs. Ryan, the post-mistress, sat waiting in the little kitchen. They had just lifted the latch and walked in, country

"John," said Mrs. O'Rorke, "is it true the news I hear of you falling into a big American fortune?"

"It is," said John modestly; where-

"Ye little thief o' the world," she the agent, will be in Ireland in a few came, but I heard no word of it cried, catching the child and giving days, and give bimself the pleasure then," said Mrs. O'Rorke, with a of calling on you, thereby saving you sniffing of her nostrils, like an old war-horse; and she glanced suspicious-"Don't be blaming yourself, Mr. ly at John. "Your mistress had a Terence. It is me that is the happy headache and could not read it. Is

"Is it Mary have a headache, sure and only for you it ... Ad never "Just what I said," returned Mrs. O'Rorke, looking triumphantly at the "I am sure I am much obliged to postmistress with an "I told you so"

knew I had been married four years, and never found out that she was and me always boasting so much about marrying a scholar. Please, God, the childer won't have to complain about want of education, anyhow.

At this moment in came Mrs. O'- to church of a Sunday. Dougherty laden with parcels, the their changed circumstances. She did so much more readily than John.

Truth to say, he felt more flurried

"John," said she, "I am quite exhausted," and she sank down on the nearest chair. "How are you, Mrs. "John is a decent man and a good very kind of you to come to see us,"

voice. what they would do, and what they on your good fortune," said the when I spoke about the American let-wouldn't do. postmistress hastily, seeing a wild ter? Oh, never a headache had she!" look in Mrs. O'Rorke's eye, and fearing that she would commence the as-

"boiling-point." and me can live on our money. Uncle fortune as big as they say. James died and left us one hundred

herty proudly. Both the visitors uttered an ejaculation of surprise. "How much might that be?"

inquired simultaneously. Mrs. O'Dougherty looked at her "About twenty thousand pounds, he answered briskly.

"My, Oh, my!" cried Mrs. O'Rorke. lifting up her hands in astonishment. "It's a power of money. You will never be able to get through it." While Mrs. Ryan's round, rosy face pursed itself into an expression of wonder.

"That remains to be seen," said John. "The little woman there has been out buying already. Look at the parcels.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. O'Dougherty, with a mincing air totally at variance with her usual manner, "I was just down ordering a few things. Of course the money hasn't come vet, but John's lawyer is to be here shortly, an' I didn't want myself and haven't a dud that they can wear. As for myself," she looked disdainfully down at her pink cotton gown, would be ashamed to appear before

"Troth an' you needn't," said John, "there is nothing I like you better

Mrs. O'Dougherty pretended not to hear this outburst, and continued her conversation. "So I just went into the big drapers in Ballyvaghan and ordered an elegant silk to be trimmed with pearls." John groaned.

ed Mrs. O'Rourke, who was a little bit deaf. "With pearl trimming," reperted Mrs. O'Dougherty, with intense satisfaction. "And I am going to get it made laced up the back like one I saw in a pattern book."

"With what, did you say?" inquir-

"And who, might I ask, will lace it for you?" said Mrs. O'Rorke, sarcastically. Mrs. O'Dougherty looked a bit non-

plussed, but soon recovered herself. "Of course," she said grandly, "our circumstances being changed, I will have servants to do that for me."

STREET,

₹ 1905 ¥ S. Ignatius. Purification of B. V. Mary. S. Dionysius, Pope. S. Andrew Corsini Fifth Sunday After Epiphany

> S. John of Math. S. Zozimus, Pepe. S. Scholastica Our Lady of Lourdes. Sixth Sunday After Epiphany S. Telesphore.

S. Hyacinth Mariscotti, Virgin.

S. Agatha.

S. Romuald.

M. T. W.

Su. M. T. W. T.

r.

II

25

27

M.

S. Gregory II., Pope. S. Agatho, Pope. S. Martina, V.M. B. Gregory X., Pope. S. Hyginus, Pope. S. Raymund.

Septuagesima Sunday Septuagesima Sunday. S. Cyril of Alexandria. Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden. S. Peter's Chair of Antioch. W. S. Peter Damian. S. Mathias, Apostle. S. Felix III., Pope. Sexagesima Sunday

S. Antherus, Pope. Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord, *********************

Sexagesima Sunday.

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TORONTO, CAN.

Canadian Correspondence College, Limited BY MAIL

"Servants, did you say?" almost glad Miss Norah's home," cried the screamed Mrs. O'Rorke; then she whispered in an audible undertone. "Put a beggar on horseback and she

Mrs. Ryan." "Talking about horses," said Mrs. O'Dougherty, who had only caught an odd word of the impertinent remark, "John, you must buy a couple. cannot abide a one-horse affair; and there is the loveliest little trap that will just hold ourselves and the childer. I'm near about tired walking

"She has lost her head completecover herself, and it was astonishing two children clinging to her skirts, ly," whispered Mrs. Ryan to her how quickly she adapted herself to while a small girl carried the baby, crony as they left the house. "I'm

than pleased at the coming of the to- O'Rorke, and you, Mrs. Ryan? It is neighbor, but she is an upsetting hussey. She never so much as offered there was a condescending note in her us a cup of tay. I don't believe all "We both came to congratulate you you notice how confused John was

"There is something going on that we don't know about," said Mrs. sault-and in fact she did afterwards Ryan cutely. "Not but I always assure Mrs. Ryan that she was at thought John O'Dougherty an honest spoken man, with no double dealing "Yes; we are very fortunate. John connected with him. I wonder is the

"Oh, it's true enough about the thousand dollars," said Mrs. O'Doug- money; but there is something strange behind it," said Mrs. O'-Rorke, angrily; "and I'll find it out. Katherine O'Rorke will not be made a fool of for nothing. Headache, indeed!" With the last exclamation she bade her companion good-by and

each went her way. In the meantime John and Mary were having it out, to use a homely expression. When the visitors had gone, John said quietly in a voice Dougherty. Both men were clients of concentrated wrath: "What do of ours, the only difference being that you mean, woman, by forgetting your-

self so far, an' talking in that up-setting manner to decent neighbors?" me by my right name.'

John stared at her in astonishwife? Truly, the world was going upside down. "And I think it's better," said the little woman, "to call me Mrs. O'-

Dougherty before strangers. The quality all do it." What have we to do with the quality, I would like to know?" cried chast.

"Well," said the little woman wheedingly, "we are going to be quality now, and it's better to begin early." She nestled her brown, She nestled her brown, glossy head on her husband's shoulder and looked at him with feverishly bright eyes.

John remembered his promise to Terence and stifled back a cutting re-tort. "Well, well, Mary," he said softly, "I suppose you must have your way."

"That Mrs. O'Rorke is a spiteful old cat, and Mrs. Ryan is nearly as said Mrs. O'Dougherty. don't believe they were a bit glad to hear our good news."

"Ah, well, wife, you cannot expect people to be like yourself. All the same, I would give a good deal that the letter and money was a dream; for it seems to me we have had very little peace since it was first men-

"John, you are mad!" said little Mrs. O'Dougherty indignantly. "Just think of the grand times we'll have when the money comes. I am longing to see a good broadcloth on you instead of that old frieze. Seven

years you are wearing it now."
"I wouldn't wear a shiny cloth coat to save my life. I leave that to the quality. Frieze is good enough for me." "There you go again now," said

the little woman, testily. "You are as good as the quality any day." "Perhaps better." said John, with a sly wink. "Anyhow, I think more of myself than some of them does. Begor, here comes one of them. herself from the big house, and here is the postman flying at her heels," cried John, as he stood at the window watching Miss Norah Fitzeerald leisurely coming towards the cottage. the postman following at a respect-

"I don't exnect any more letters.

little woman.

"Good morning, Mary; good morning, John. I was delighted to hear will ride to the-you know where, of your good fortune," said the lady as she lifted the baby, who was named after her, and sat down quite at home in the little kitchen. do you intend to do?" she inquired. Rat-tat!

> "God bless me! I'm not easily startled, but that made me jump, said the little woman, whose nerves were upset with the excitement of the past two days John opened the door. "Is it an-

other American letter, Pat? If so, you can keep it. One of them enough to last a lifetime," he said jokingly. "How did you guess it, John?"

has the American postmark. I'm off; I have to go to Widow Flannigan's, an' it's a good tramp." When the door closed John held the letter towards the young lady "Miss Norah, I would feel obliged if you would read it. I know Mary is no scholar," and he looked at his

and shamed face. "Not that I mind. but I thank you all the same for keeping her secret. Miss Norah blushed as rosy red as the little woman. "John," she said simply, "you are a man in a thous-and." She took the letter and read

wife, who stood with downcast head

the following: "Dear Madam-We regret very much owing to an error on the part of our clerks, that you should be under the mistaken idea that you are the heiress of the late James O'Reilly of Brooklyn. By a strange coincidence there are-or rather were-two James O'Reillys, and still more singular, each had a neice called Mary O'one lived in New York and the other in Brooklyn. The estate of James O'Reilly of New York, your esteemed "Woman, indeed!" said Mrs. O'- relative, realized one thousand hol-Dougherty, with a saucy toss of her lars, while his namesake in Brook-head. "I'll thank you, John, to call lyn realized one hundred thousand lyn realized one hundred thousand dollars. By some mischance the letters got mixed. Hoping you will ment. Was this his humble, loving overlook this carelessness, we are,

manam, your obedient servants, "Grass & Goldsmith, New York."
"Thank God!" said John heartly "I can grapple well enough with that, it means about two hundred pounds; the other was too much for

Mrs. O'Dougherty turned white and red alternately, then finally burst into a flood of tears. Miss Norah sat a quiet, sympathetic spectator.
"Mary," she said gently, "perhaps it is all for the best."
"It will take me a long time to-

get over it," said the little woman. "How that spiteful old gossip, Mrs. O'Rorke, will laugh when she hears the disappointment I got.'

"Them that laughs last, laughs longest," said John oracularly. "I wouldn't say she would turn up her nose at a thousand dollars." The little woman dried her

briskly. "You are right, John, as you always are; it's me that is the foolish woman," and she threw her arms round her husband's neck, while Norah quietly slipped away.

Mrs. O'Rorke's remark when she

heard the news, consisted of the one significant sentence. "I always knew there was something queer in that American letter—headache, indeed!"
—Shiela Mahon in The Catholic

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ANOTHER NEW CHURCH.

Father Movna, of Orillia, has view the erection of a new church in that town to cost \$30,000.

It is an argument of clownery to do