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Omnia Pro Te, Cor Jesu. I. Life on earth is all a warfare - Foes within and foes without. "Jesus! Jesus!" Lo! the tempter, Pleas before the battle shout. In the fierce, unceasing combats, Let our tranquil war cry be, "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!" Heart of Jesus - All for Thee. II. This will nerve the arm that aches - This will dry the tear that steals, This will soothe the wasting anguish That the heart in secret feels. Every in my heart I will slumber, Often to my lips I'll start, "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!" All for Thee, O Sacred Heart. III. Ah! not thus, not thus, 'twas always: Sinful dreams, begone, depart: Jesus shed His Heart's blood for me - He, Alone, can claim my heart. God's pure eye, that resteth on it, Written in that heart shall see: "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!" Heart of Jesus - all for Thee! IV. All things - all things - hard and easy, High and low, bright and dark - Naught too poor for me to offer, Naught too good for me to mark: Health and sleep, rest and labor, Joy's keen thrill, and grief's keen smart: "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!" All for Thee, O Sacred Heart. V. All - yes! all - I would not plier From this holocaust, a part: Every thought, word, deed and feeling, Every beating of my heart, Thine ill death and Thine forever, My heart's cry in Heaven shall be: "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!" Heart of Jesus - all for Thee!

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRIAN FERMANAGH.

I had a conversion once, or rather a fragment of a conversation, with General Fermanagh on the Young Ireland movement. He hardly ever spoke of that movement of his hot youth, but he did talk of it this once to me on a fine summer evening when we were going into action next day and our chances of coming out of action seemed poor enough. He was talking of his town, and his river, and his youth. "The dear old river," he said, "how we loved it, we lads, ay, and the lassies too, who used to go boating with us in the sweet days when we were all young together. Yet, young as we all were, we were not so young that we looked upon life merely as pastime. We would talk together of our land, and its suffering, and its sorrows, and promise each other that our motherland should yet be free, and that with the blessing of Heaven we should help to free her. We thought we could free our country by force of arms, and the fancy was not so mad as it is sometimes seems to the student of the times. I am older, and perhaps wiser, and I believe that in the end the regeneration of my country will come to pass through the united efforts of Englishmen and Irishmen. We were young at the time, most of us were under twenty, few indeed had passed their twenty-first year, but we were determined, and hopeful, and sincere. We had good reason to be hopeful. There were few young men in that fair city who were not Young Irelanders, and we were all ready to rise, every man and every boy of us, when the signal should come from our leaders. Well, you know what happened. Mitchel was arrested, tried, sentenced, transported. I shall never forget the day when the news came in. It was brought to our little knot of rebels, at a meeting in our club-room. One of us, Barry Luttrell, when he heard that Mitchel had been transported, asked eagerly, was there no attempt made to rescue him. Our informant shook his head. Luttrell gazed at him for a moment in mute amazement. Then shrugging his shoulders, 'Bravo, my country, you'll be a nation by-and-by,' he said, and then left the platform, the hall, and the cause for ever. From that hour he refused to have act or part in the business. For him the struggle was over when the Irish people allowed Mitchel to be sent into exile without a struggle. But if that was Barry Luttrell's way it was not the way of his fellows; least of all was it Brian Fermanagh's way. Brian Fermanagh was only second to MacMurchadh in those days. He was handsome; he was clever; he was poor; and many of the young rebels who were poor to were proud of their poverty, because they had so much, at least, in common with Brian Fermanagh. He had very little money, which he tried to make more by writing for the local newspaper, which was National as we have seen, and he wrote verses which appeared in the Nation, and which his friends thought as fine at least as Davis's; and he made speeches which they rather preferred, if not to MacMurchadh at least to Meagher's. He lived in a rather humble part of the city, on the outskirts, with his mother, a gentle old lady, who in her childish days had known much by hearsay and something by sight of the horrors of '98. Here those who knew him best would sometimes come to tea, and talk to Mrs. Fermanagh of her girlish recollections, and then perhaps go out for a pull on the river or a stroll in the meadows with Brian, and listen to him while he counselled and advised them. There was a walk by the river - is so still, I suppose, Fermanagh often described it to me - a long and stately avenue of trees, with quaint, old-fashioned houses on the one side and the placid river on the other. Here they loved to walk of summer evenings, those who were Young Irelanders, with Brian Fermanagh.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

agh in their midst, planning and dreaming and hoping.

CHAPTER XV.

MARY'S REFLECTIONS.

Mary O'Rourke lived in one of the prettiest of the many pretty little houses that look out upon that long avenue skirting the river of which I have just spoken. A graceful garden ran down from the door of the house to the avenue, and commanded a charming view of the rapid, murmuring river, and the quiet, peaceful town beyond. The side of the river on which Mary O'Rourke lived was the least built upon in the town, and, indeed, was almost part of the country. One evening, about a week after the events which took place at the meeting in the Desmond Confederate Club, Mary O'Rourke was sitting in her window working, or affecting to work, at some dainty needlework in which soft stuff and brilliant colours were blended together. But although Mary O'Rourke's fingers appeared to be busy with the needle, although she seemed to be occupied entirely in drawing the gaily coloured threads of silk through the yielding fabric, her mind was occupied with far other thoughts than following the pattern which lay before her, and the activity of her fingers was purely mechanical. She had many things to think about, and her thoughts were not at all pleasing. Her life up to this time - she was not yet twenty years old - had been a strange and, in some respects, a lonely one. Like Murrugh MacMurchadh, whose far-removed cousin she was, she had lost her parents at an early part of her life, and most of her youth had been passed in the house of a sister of her mother's a kindly, well-to-do maiden lady, who had gladly adopted the little orphan girl. Under her aunt's care Mary had passed from childhood through girlhood into womanhood, a peaceful, happy life enough. She had been well and carefully educated; the friends that her aunt had chosen for her had all been well chosen; and if her life had been in a measure uneventful, it could not have been called uninteresting. She loved her books, she loved her flowers, she loved the accomplishment of those daily household tasks which, in spite of the wisdom of some of our advanced philosophers, must always remain the fairest and fittest duties of woman; and she was perfectly happy in the somewhat narrow circle of her existence. One reason, perhaps, for her complete happiness lay in her intimacy - her life-long intimacy - with Murrugh MacMurchadh. The lonely boy and the comparatively lonely girl had been thrown by their relationship, and by something similar in their situations in life, much together in their childhood; and their childish affection had been carried into the later and maturer years of life. There was something of the close intimacy and warm affection of brother and sister existing between them. Neither had any secrets from the other. MacMurchadh confided to the young girl all his boyish hopes, dreams, and ambitions; the young girl always shared with the handsome, dark-haired young chieftain her ideas and her aspirations. Unfortunately for Mary, however, as she grew older, as she became more and more a woman, her affection for MacMurchadh began to ripen into something more than mere sisterly admiration and sympathy. With the dawn of womanhood she felt new emotions rising in her soul which she was not quite able to comprehend. She found herself waiting more anxiously for MacMurchadh's daily visits; she found her heart beating more quickly when he came; she found her eyes left, growing more melancholy when he left. Like the girl in the beautiful tragedy comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, she did not at first completely recognize the full force of the new emotions that were invading her soul; but when she grew acquainted with her heart, and asked what stirred it so; alas! she found 'twas love!

Unfortunately for herself, her girlish affection for MacMurchadh had grown into an all-absorbing love such as she could neither conquer nor exercise. Unfortunately for herself, because that love was evidently not returned. MacMurchadh did not seem to be aware - and was not aware - of that warmth of affection he had inspired in Mary's heart. As a boy and as a young man he had loved her cordially; but only as a brother loves a sister. It had never occurred to him to cherish any other or more passionate feeling for the beautiful girl whose friendship was so dear to him; and whose friendship he loved her indeed warmly, but only with a brother's warmth; and he never thought for a moment that she could cherish any other feeling towards him than those he entertained towards her. She was a part of his life, as a sister would be part of his life; and though it occasionally crossed his mind that some time or other she would probably love and be loved, and pass away from his existence to make some good man

An old scythe declares that he has seen using "Myrtle Navy" tobacco ever since the second year of its manufacture and that during that time he has never suffered from a blistered tongue or parched tonsils or any other of the unpleasant effects which most tobacco will leave behind them. His experience, he says, is that no other tobacco which he has ever tried is quite its equal and that in value for the money "no other comes anywhere near it."

CHAPTER XVI. A YOUNG IRELANDER'S MOODING. Brian Fermanagh walked slowly along the pleasant avenue by the river. He was thinking deeply, and his fair young face was gravely set, as if the political problems which were then agitating Ireland were proving too difficult for his solution. It was, however, of no political problems that Fermanagh was thinking just then. His mind was wholly directed to the gracious image of Mary O'Rourke, and his brain was busy with the winged words which he always longed and had never yet dared to address to her. Slowly, slowly he paced along the poplar-shaded path, the grave intensity of his countenance deepening as he walked, until he came to an undecided pause at the gate of the garden which led up to Mary O'Rourke's home. The little gate swung invitingly on its latch, and the young patriot placed

at this season of the year the effects of catarrh and cold in the head are most likely to be felt, and danger to life and health will result if not promptly treated. For this purpose there is no remedy equal Nasal Balm. It is prompt in giving relief and never fails to cure. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a bottle.

happy, he only regarded this possibility as an event of the distant future to be perhaps somewhat selfishly regretted when it came, but which was inevitable, and indeed desirable. It was not even that MacMurchadh loved any other woman better than Mary. He had never loved any other woman. He had, indeed, known few women. Mary was the only woman with whom he was on anything like close terms of friendship. His life was so entirely occupied and all-absorbed by his ceaseless struggles and labors for the national cause that he had little time to seek out the society of women or to spend much of his scant leisure in their company. He was so engrossed in the work of his cause that he noticed no want in his life. His friendship with Mary was enough for him; and until now he had asked for no more - had thought of no more. Mary O'Rourke knew well enough the state of MacMurchadh's mind, and the full extent of his feelings with regard to herself. She knew well enough that MacMurchadh did not care for her as she cared for him. She knew too, with the quick appreciation of woman, that Brian Fermanagh did care for her, with a love which it would be impossible for her to return. She was thinking of all this as she sat there working, or seeming to work, at the open window, while the soft air of the summer evening wafted in upon her the dreamy, heavy perfume of the July roses, and the sunlight floated in fantastic chequered patterns of bright gold upon the floor of the room. She was thinking of all this more bitterly and more sadly than she had thought of it before; for within the week much had happened which had forced her into these reflections. Since the day of the meeting, when MacMurchadh was first introduced to Lilius Geraldine, a curious intimacy had sprung up between the young Irish rebel and the English stranger. MacMurchadh was now incessantly visiting Mr. Geraldine and Lilius, and much of his time was spent in their room at the Crown, or else in company with them, directing and finding expeditions for them to places of historic interest in the country about. For the moment a kind of quiet seemed to have come over the whole political agitation. The transportation of Mitchel, unaccompanied by his effort to rescue, seemed to have flung the country, for the hour, back into a position of apathetic repose. In MacMurchadh's own city the movement, to all outward eyes, had fallen asleep as well. MacMurchadh and his friends appeared to have recognized the impossibility of any immediate action, and to have reconciled themselves resignedly to a quiet acquiescence in the existing order of things. Authority, observing MacMurchadh busily engaged in entertaining and amusing Mr. Geraldine and his supposed daughter, wisely assumed that the young man had abandoned his rebellious dreams, had seen the folly of his desire to cope with the Government, and was content to occupy himself at once more pleasantly, more peacefully, and more safely. Mary O'Rourke knew, of course, well enough that MacMurchadh was doing nothing of the kind. She knew that under his air of indifference and apparent acceptance of the situation his brain was busier than ever with schemes of insurrection. She knew that he was working, and that his friends were working, more strenuously than ever, to be in readiness for the fittest opportunity to strike a blow for their principles. It was no fear, therefore, for MacMurchadh's political apathy which troubled Mary's mind. But she knew well enough that MacMurchadh had become strangely captivated by Lilius Geraldine. She knew well enough that the feelings which MacMurchadh already entertained towards the fair girl from England were very different from those which he felt for herself. During the week which had passed since the meeting MacMurchadh had come to see her far less frequently than was his wont. He had excused himself on the ground of his many occupations; but she knew well enough that the probable cause which kept him from her side was the bright eyes of Lilius Geraldine.

By a cabin door on an Irish hill He from his love did part: As she said him both, she strove to smile, To hide her breaking heart: My prayers are with our cause, my dear, Please God, you soon may stand In victory's pride here by my side In holy Ireland. He had cast his lot with these gallant hearts That beat in Ninety-eight For their country and their father's faith: Alas! he shared their fate! His foes have sent him over the sea. One of an exiled band, Far from his heart's dear love, and far From holy Ireland. In a stranger's land with a weary heart He longed for death to free His soul from tears and loneliness And end his slavery: And to his grief he cried, "Ah, love! That I but once might stand And strew the shamrocks on your grave In holy Ireland."

The song died away in silence. Mary looked up at Brian with a gentle smile. Her thoughts were very kindly to the young man at that moment, for she was wishing that her fate had been

his hand hesitatingly upon it. It yielded to the touch, and yawned wide as if summoning him to enter the enchanted precincts. Looking along the narrow path which led up through a thicket of congregate roses to the door of the house, Brian saw Mary sitting at the window and working. That sight decided him. He entered the garden, latched the gate softly behind him, and made his way quietly up the path between the sweet-scented, many-lined roses which made the place a very wonder of glowing colour and exquisite odour. He made his way so gently that he was actually at the open window where Mary sat before the girl, hearing a footstep, looked up and recognized him. She welcomed him with a smile that had something of sadness in it. "How quietly you came, Brian," she said. "A little more, and I shall believe that you have borrowed of the fairies their gift of fennec, that you may approach unsuspecting mortals unscathed." Brian laughed. "The good people and I have had no dealings, I regret to say, or I should wish for wonders. I have not even found the four-leaved shamrock, though I perceive that you have." He pointed to the needlework she was engaged upon. Part of the design consisted of shamrocks, one of which Mary had represented with those four petals so dear to poets and so vainly sought for by eager, childish fingers. "Perhaps this means," Mary answered, "that we must make our fortunes for ourselves, not seek them from the fairies."

Brian's reply to this allegory took the form of a question. "Mary, may I come in?" he inquired. Mary nodded. Brian went round to the door, which stood ajar, and in another instant was by Mary's side in the dainty little room. His face slightly fell when he perceived that she was not alone. Her aunt, Miss O'Rourke, was seated in the farther corner of the room knitting, an occupation of which that most estimable of elderly maiden ladies appeared never to tire. Fermanagh need not have been alarmed, however. It was one of Miss O'Rourke's fixed opinions that her niece ought to and would marry Brian Fermanagh. Any idea of Mary's caring for Murrugh MacMurchadh never for a moment entered Miss O'Rourke's well-regulated mind. If Brian Fermanagh was poor, he came of a wealthy family, and might one day be wealthy himself. MacMurchadh was as poor as Job himself, and Miss O'Rourke's respect for the last of an ancient Irish house did not take the form of desiring to see her niece reign in the Red Tower. So, after shaking hands with Brian, Miss O'Rourke uttered something unintelligible in the way of an excuse, and slipped from the room in a great state of self-congratulation at the discretion of her little strategy. Mary frowned slightly, for she saw the drift of her aunt's intentions, but Brian was conscious of nothing but a sense of grateful relief at Miss O'Rourke's absence. He moved over to where Mary was sitting, and taking a place beside her, devoted himself for a few minutes to critical inspection and admiration of her handiwork. Mary asked him a few questions about the political situation, and then the conversation languished. Brian had much to say, and did not know how to say it, while Mary's heart was too sad not to love silence better than speech. But after a moment or two, when the silence had become embarrassing, Mary spoke. "These last verses of yours were very charming, Brian. I was singing them over this morning, and they go to the music admirably."

She spoke of some verses of Fermanagh which had just appeared in the National newspaper. Brian's face flushed with pleasure. "Do me a great favour," he pleaded. "Sing them to me again now." Mary smiled consent, and, rising, went to the piano. She played over softly the opening bars of a beautiful old Irish air, familiar in many parts of the country, under the title of "The Gorey Caravan," and then began to sing the words which Brian Fermanagh had newly wedded to the old tune. Master Francis Osbaldistone in *Rob Roy* has declared that the lover knows few higher joys than hearing his own verses repeated by the lips of his mistress. As Brian Fermanagh listened to Mary's sweet, pure voice singing the words he had written he would not have changed his fortune to become Emperor of the East. Poor Brian! This was the song that Mary sang: "By a cabin door on an Irish hill He from his love did part: As she said him both, she strove to smile, To hide her breaking heart: My prayers are with our cause, my dear, Please God, you soon may stand In victory's pride here by my side In holy Ireland. He had cast his lot with these gallant hearts That beat in Ninety-eight For their country and their father's faith: Alas! he shared their fate! His foes have sent him over the sea. One of an exiled band, Far from his heart's dear love, and far From holy Ireland. In a stranger's land with a weary heart He longed for death to free His soul from tears and loneliness And end his slavery: And to his grief he cried, "Ah, love! That I but once might stand And strew the shamrocks on your grave In holy Ireland."

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otherwise, and that her heart could have beat responsive to his gallant heart instead of throbbing out its life in vain and hopeless passion. Brian murmured some words of thanks. He was deeply moved, and Mary, seeing his agitation, hurriedly questioned him. "Have you written nothing since?" Mary asked, eagerly. Her eagerness was not solely to learn the result of poor Brian's latest tribute to the Muses. It was partly an intense desire to prevent him from saying that which she feared, with a fear that made every nerve in her body tingle, he was about to say. "Alas, for the vanity of authorship! alas, for the easily flattered pride of poor humanity in its artistic productions!" Brian Fermanagh was not content with the good impression that one specimen of his verses had produced, and must needs attempt another, most un happily. "I have another little thing here," he said, obeying the apparently invariable instinct of youthful poets to describe each of their productions as "a little thing." "May I read it to you?" Mary nodded prompt acquiescence. It was not from any impassioned desire to hear Brian's verses, though she liked his work well enough. It was from the agreeable conviction that as long as he was reciting his poem he could not possibly make love to her, and that thus the inevitable was staved off for another few moments. Brian, sorely unconscious of the thoughts which were passing through Mary's mind, put his hand to his breast-pocket and drew out a folded sheet of manuscript. "You will understand at once what they mean," he said, half apologetically, as all poets do when they are about to declaim their verses. "I fancy they would run to the air of 'The Green above the Red.'" Then he began to read in his soft, strong voice: "There is a grave in Dublin town, whose sad and silent stone, No name the gallant body moulders on, No prayer for the departed soul, no monumental bust Adorns the voiceless sepulchre that shrouds a martyr's dust. 'Tis the grave of Robert Emmet, it obeys the latest breath Of his bidding to his country on the day he met his death: 'My epitaph,' he ordered, 'let no loving fingers trace. Till with the nations once again my country takes her place.' But all who love their country love that melancholy grave, Where the gallant body moulders of the bravest of the brave. 'Tis a man the children of thy race shall feel a right to make. The proudest tomb men ever raised to the venerated dead. 'Ah, love, soldier, patriot, the time will surely come, When that mute slab that guards thy rest need be no longer dumb, And when the children of thy race shall feel a right to make. A fitting epitaph for him who died for Ireland's sake. Brian's voice died away into silence. Mary said nothing. She sat quite still, with her hands folded lightly on her lap looking out with fixed, sad eyes across the rose-haunted garden, across the still and silver river - nay, her gaze seemed to go beyond the river's roofs and spires, and farther, beyond the fair hills that formed its background. "Over all the mountains," a great poet once wrote, "is peace." But if Mary's thoughts floated beyond the mountains they found no peace there. Her face was very sad, and there were tears in her bright eyes. With the same intent look still on her, she spoke at last, after a silence that seemed like a century to Brian waiting near her with his verses in his hand. "It is glorious," she said, and her voice was tremulous as she spoke, "glorious to love one's country and to be beloved by her like that. How I would rejoice to give my life for such a man. And she - she married, while her lover lay in his narrow grave."

She was thinking of Sarah Curran, of the woman who was honored so highly in being beloved by Robert Emmet, and who yet consented to wear the name of another man. She sighed deeply, for painful thoughts were crowding in upon her. Brian noticed her emotion, and misunderstood it. "Mary," he said. Something in the tone of his voice startled the girl from her reverie. She turned hurriedly round and fixed her wide, melancholy eyes upon him, first wondering, then alarmed, for she saw in his voice what was coming. She half rose from her chair in the vain hope of averting the threatened sorrow, but it was too late. Brian spoke rapidly, passionately, imploringly. "Mary," he said - his voice trembled terribly, but he went on desperately - "it is not given to all of us by Heaven to be men like Robert Emmet. But I love my country even as dearly as he loved it, and I love you as deeply, as truly, as loyally as ever he loved Sarah Curran. No, let me speak - for he saw that she had made as if she would interrupt him - "I have long dreamed of telling you this, and never dared to tell you, and now you must hear me. I have loved you, worshipped you for so long a time that I scarcely care to remember an hour of my life in which you were not the dearest thought in the world to me - the dearest after the cause to which we are both devoted. I have not much to say, after all; only

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