

Twilight.
When I was young the twilight seemed too long.
How of old on the western window seat
I leaned my head against the misty pane
And gazed out on the landscape
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet."
When I rebellions clamored for the hour,
But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
While all too fleet the hours of twilight
seem.

And thus I know that I am growing old.
Oh, graniter of Age! Oh, granifer of
And royal harvest of the common year!
There are in all thy treasure house no ways
But lead by sad descent and gradual slope
To memories most exquisite than those
That live in the bosom of a woman's eye.
And thence more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in thy fingers' tips,
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;
So, in the emerald after-noon hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees
Appear an infinite Herespides.

AT, as at dusk we sit with folded hands
Who know, who cares in what so-called
lands
We wander while the undying memories
throng?
When, as at young the twilight seemed too long.

—Althoum.

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

CHAPTER LXIII.
SAD NEWS FROM BALLINACLAISH.

Another year has elapsed, and Grace has never once visited the old cottage. She shrinks from it now, as she shrunk from Nora Luby's pale face. Yet she feels that Nora Luby has done her good, and is glad to think that she was the love of the poor sick girl; for Mary Kearney mentioned in her letters that Nora had spoken affectionately of her to the last. Grace says to herself that she ought to spend some time with Mary in her now lonely home—that it "would be right," and, as in Nora Luby's case, she feels it would have done good. But pleasant acquaintances now, and so many invitations to all sorts of parties, and is so admitted and flattered, that she scarcely has time even to think of her old friends. She is reminded of this morning by a letter from Mary. Mary tells her they are well; that Anne writes from her convent in her old, cheerful way; that Edie did not come home at Christmas; that there was a letter from the Cape from Richard, who was delighted with the voyage. (He had gone as surgeon in an Australian vessel.)

"Billy Heffernan's house in the bog," the letter went on to say, "was swept away by the flood after the heavy rains; and he was barely able to save himself and his maids from drowning. But he is now hard at work building another house, as Mr. Lloyd has given him a lease forever of twenty acres of his bog, for the yearly rent of a creel of turf; and though my father says a single acre would be too much for it, Billy thinks himself quite independent, and says he has an estate while grass grows and water runs, and no landlord can turn him out. Whether grass can be made to grow on the estate? however, is doubtful. Nelly Donovan has given her heart to Billy Heffernan; but his heart, I really think, is in Nora Luby's grave. And Mat, too, loves not wisely but too well; and has become quite a grave and thoughtful character, devoting all the time to his studies. Old Pat Morris is dead, and Bessy is gone to live with her uncle in Dublin. She had been very unhappy on account of the unkind things people used to say about her; and that foolish dragoon, encouraged, it is said, by Peg Brady, kept persecuting her to the last. Peg is our dairy maid now; and she has confessed, with a flood of tears, that she deceived Matt Donovan about a letter of Bessy's, and that she had not had the courage to tell the truth before Bessy went away. As I have said so much of the 'course of true love' running in the usual way in this part of the globe, I must tell you that a little circumstance which accidentally came under my notice the other day has convinced me that your friend 'Fiona Macaul' is, after all, in love with somebody; but for the life of me, I cannot guess who she may be, though I could tell you the colour of her hair. Strange to say, I thought of Bessy Morris, but—though you will say that is just what might be expected from an 'old body'—I am sure it is not she. Might it be Miss Delany? He praised her beauty and good looks more than once, and she was very fond of it, Hugh is gone about somebody, as sure as the sun is at this moment sinking down behind the poplar trees on the hill—which trees always remind me of you and Bessy Morris, and all the chat we used to have about her father, and her anxiety to find him and to live with him in their old home, from all his wanderings. That's what made me like Bessy, and I never could believe her heartless, as she had the name of being.

"The Messrs. Pender are carrying things with a high hand. Poor Father Mahon is heart-broken at the sufferings of the people. The poor-house is crowded, and the number of deaths is fearful. Last Sunday, when requesting the prayers of the congregation in the usual way for the repose of the souls of those who died during the week, the list was so long that poor Father Mahon stopped in the middle of it, exclaiming with a heart-piercing cry, 'O my poor people! my poor people!' and then turned round and prostrated himself at the foot of the altar convulsed with grief, and could not go on reading the list of deaths for a long time. Then he got into a rage and denounced the government as a 'damnable government.' I was quite frightened at the excitement of the people. Some faces were quite white, and others almost black. But a very affecting incident turned their anger into pity, because them all the more against their rulers. When he resumed the reading of the list, a woman shrieked out and fell senseless upon the floor. She was one of the paupers in the auxiliary workhouse, who are marched to the parish chapel every Sunday, as the chapel in the regular workhouse is too small even to accommodate the inmates who work only there. This poor woman was only admitted the week before with her husband and children from whom, according to their infamous rules, she was at once separated. She

now heard her husband's name read from the altar, and with a wild shriek of agony fell down, and was borne senseless out of the chapel. They did not even take the trouble to inform her that her husband was dead! Were human beings ever treated? I often wondered at the misery which would look of the paupers while the list of deaths was being read. But I understand it now! Oh! I must drive away the thought of such barbarous cruelty, and not distress you with such pictures of human suffering. But perhaps it is well to think of these things sometimes, Grace, and pray to God to alleviate the misery around us. I do my best to keep up my spirits. I sit in poor Nora's chair every morning till the light in Mat Donovan's window reminds me to go down and read the newspaper or play a tune for my father, while mamma is making her favorite cake for tea. Hugh, as usual, is nearly always in his own room, where I spend an occasional hour with him. He is, however, becoming amiable, and comes out of his den when our Castleville friends make their appearance. I am always glad to see them, and they cheer us up a good deal. Miss Lloyd scarcely recognizes them now, and maybe she doesn't get it from Rose, with whom Johnny Wilson is again, "I wish he headed his boy. Can you find out this mystery about Hugh as you did the tracks in the snow?"

"Ah, but not so merry a Christmas as that since! But I can't realize that idea of the poet you used to quote about a 'sorrow's crown of sorrow.' I like to remember 'happier things,' and would say with our own bard—
"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled."
I take my walk nearly every evening. Great news of Tommy Luby! His uncle, who is very rich, has adopted him. He is in college, and from his likeness he must be a fine fellow. Do you remember his laughing blue eyes and luxuriant curls? Fancy Tommy Luby coming home a polished gentleman to us. Would he have any chance of you? It would be quite romantic. I'm glad I have one more pleasant item to relieve the gloom of this tiresome letter. Nancy Hogan is married to Tom Cary, the carpenter, and they are as happy as the day is long. Tell me all about your great ball. I am all anxiety to know whether it is the white or the pink you have decided on; but as you will have decided before you can get this I won't give you my opinion, though you say you would be guided by it. Of course you will be the belle, as Eva would have been the beauty. How I should like to go to her profession; but I fear it will be impossible for me to leave home. Mr. Lloyd says still he will never love again. It is a great loss to Edmund that he is not home, as you have such pleasant parties. I am so thankful to you to give me such graphic descriptions of the ball. Edmund writes to me sometimes. He and Arthur O'Connor will soon come to spend a few days with Father Carroll, and they all promise to pay us a visit. How glad I'd be if you would come. The light is fading. I'll take to thinking now, till Nelly Donovan lights her candle. Good-by, dearest Grace, I believe me ever your affectionate friend.

"MARY KEARNEY."
Grace was by no means unmoved by the passing in this letter of the love which she had seen in the eyes of her poor neighbours, and the sad change that had come over Knocknagow, where, Grace used to say, the idea must have been suggested to her favourite poet—
"You'd swear they knew no other mood
But mirth and love in Tipperary."

But that allusion to Hugh and Miss Delany put her into a brown study. Could it be that matters had gone so far between him and Miss Delany? He had only met her once, but Grace now remembered he was quite "taken up with her," and scarcely took any notice of herself. Grace was angry, and angry for being angry. For, what was it to her? The arrival of the dress for the ball— which fitted to perfection, and looked even more becoming than she expected—put everything else out of her head for an hour or two. Then, she set down to take breath, after trying the effect of all her ornaments, strange to say, she found herself thinking of Tommy Luby, an educated gentleman, handsome and rich—perhaps famous—crossing the wide ocean to lay all his wealth and laurels at her feet. But then it occurred to her that the match was wholly in her hands, and she had adorned his life was not yet a reality, and Tommy Luby was dismissed contemptuously.

When dressed for the ball she went, as was her custom, to her father's study, in order that he might see her in all her glory. She was startled, on entering, to see a man standing alone at the table wrapped in a great coat. It was Hugh Kearney. For a moment surprise kept her from giving him her hand, which she did give at last without speaking. He almost hesitated to touch the dainty glove, for he was wet and travel stained, the rain glistening upon his face and beard. She thought the dark eyes glistened, too—and she was not mistaken. How immeasurable seemed the distance between them at that moment! She was so bright and so beautiful, so fitted for the sunshine, that to draw her towards him, into the gloom that hung over his pathway, even if he could do so, would (he thought) be almost a crime.

turned Dr. Kieley. "Will you have some refreshment?"
"No, thank you. I had something at the hotel. And I have no time to lose," he added, looking at his watch.
"Well, I hope you will succeed in the object of your journey. If not, don't forget to let me know. Good night."
As Hugh Kearney sat upon the top of the mail coach, regardless of the cold rain dashing into his face, he could wish that the night and his journey were a year long. It galled his proud spirit to think that he was going to beg. It would be easy for him to die. But he thought of his father and mother, and his sister, his beautiful and noble sister, and for their sakes he resolved to make any and every sacrifice consistent with honour. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands as the thought occurred to him that he might never see his mother alive again. And if he fell in his mission, he said to himself, "I could almost wish it may be so. She would feel the blow more keenly than any of us, when the first gust of the storm has almost killed her."

He was roused by the loud bray of the guard's horn, and on looking up, saw a crowd of vehicles blocking up the road in front of a suburban mansion, from the windows of which the light streamed out upon the throng of smoking horses and shouting drivers, as they struggled and jostled one another to get out of the way of the mail coach. Hugh remembered it was at this house the ball was to which Grace was going, and fancied he caught a glimpse of her crossing the hall as the coach plunged into the darkness.
"There's a ball there, eh," said the guard behind him, who thought he meant to inquire what it all meant; for Hugh had waved his hand towards the lighted windows.
"But the action was an involuntary 'farewell.'"
Grace was not there, however. She ran down stairs on hearing Mrs. D.—'s carriage stop at the door, and meeting her father in the hall wrapped in his cloak, she asked where he was going.
"To Ballinaclesh," he replied. "Mrs. Kearney got suddenly ill this morning."
"Why did not Hugh tell me?"
"Well, he saw you dressed for the party, and did not like to spoil your enjoyment. He is going to Dublin by the night coach."
She paused for a moment, looking bewildered, and then hurried to the hall-door, where a servant was waiting to hold an umbrella over her while she got into the carriage. Her father looked sad, and shook his head, as he turned into his study for a parcel he had forgotten. Mrs. D.'s carriage was rolling up the street as he came out, but to his surprise Grace met him in the hall.
"I have told Mrs. D.— of Mrs. Kearney's illness," said she, in a low firm voice. "And now will you let me go with you? I'll be ready in ten minutes."
"It is a cold wet night, for so long a drive," he replied.
"Oh, no matter. Do let me go."
"Well, then, lose no time."
She flew up the stairs, and there was no sadness in his look now, and no shaking of the head, as he gazed after her, with all a father's love and pride.

The tears welled into Willy Kearney's eyes when Hugh shook him by the hand in his uncle's warehouse.
"I hope you find Willie a good boy," said Hugh.
"No better, no better," returned his uncle. "He'll be a first-rate business man."
"Well, Hugh," said the merchant, "when he had explained the business upon which he had come, 'It is a sad business. But I must tell you plainly I cannot do what you require. It would be only throwing good money after bad, and I owe a duty to my own children. Your father was always careless and imprudent, and I often told him he was a fool to expend so much upon his farms when he had no sufficient security. I lent him money before, which I never expect to be paid. And you know I never get his will. I left it all to them, and depended on my own exertions. And now I ask you is it just to expect more than that from me, particularly in so hopeless a business?"
"I agree with every word you say," Hugh replied. "I'd cut off my hand rather than ask for myself. But I can't bear the thought of seeing them ruined. I hope you know, now that you are here, I do believe it possible by care and economy, to pay you after a little time. I'll pledge you my honour I'll do my best."
After a long pause, his uncle filled a cheque, and handed it to him.
"It is not much more than half the sum you want," said he, "but I cannot give you more. And mind, it is to you, and not to your wife, I am giving it. I do not want to back without coming out to us. Your cousin would be most happy to meet you."
"Oh, I cannot lose an hour," replied Hugh. "Good bye." And, after shaking hands warmly with the sturdy merchant, who had some of his father's brusqueness in his manner, he hurried out of the office, his heart somewhat lightened of its load.
"Dr. Kieley will do the rest," said he, as he hurried through the crowded streets. "And if my poor mother has rallied, with God's help, all will be well."

While Hugh Kearney was picturing Grace whirling among the dancers at the ball, she was hurrying to his mother's bedside.
The second day after, she and Mary were sitting together in the well remembered little room up in the steep roof of the old cottage. Mrs. Kearney was out of danger, but it was feared she would never wholly recover the effects of the shock she had got. The cause of the shock was kept a secret from Grace; and she candidly told Mary that this made her feel uneasy and uncomfortable, for she could not imagine what motive there could be for concealing the circumstance, whatever it was, from her. Mary flushed scarlet as she answered:
"Well, it is very foolish to be making a mystery of it. But I believe people always feel ashamed upon such circumstances; though I scarcely know why they should. The fact is, we were all startled the other morning to find all our cattle, and sheep, and horses, and, in fact, all had, seized upon by the agent for rent, and driven away to pound. When poor

mamma heard the balliffs shouting, and saw what had happened, she fell down in a fit, and we feared for some time she was dying. But, thank God, it is not so bad, and if I saw any hope of her being recovered I'd be happy."
"I don't see anything to be ashamed of," said Grace.
"And yet," Mary replied, "people would fawn upon us yesterday would not know us to-day. And if Hugh cannot prevail upon my uncle to advance the money to release the cattle before they are carted, I don't want the end of the matter. I can now understand what the poor people suffer in being driven from their homes every day. I love the very stones over my head, she murmured, with the tears in her eyes, as she leaned out of the window, and looked round the garden, and over the fields, and down to the little brook, along whose banks she and her brother and sisters used to spend the long summer days in all her happy childhood. And many who never heard their wailing names? Her father was standing on the "new ditch," looking towards that part of his farm which was a quagmire some years before, and she guessed what his thoughts were.
"It was very good of you to come to us, Grace," said she. "No one can cheer my father."
"Ah, I ought to have come long ago," Grace replied with a sigh.
"Better late than never," returned Mary, cheerfully. "And here is somebody else who wants you to comfort him. I really think he will change his mind, and give you Eva's place in his heart."
Grace laughed, as Mr. Lloyd rode by on his grey horse; and she looked grave.
"Oh, here are the Hanly's," she exclaimed, brightening up; "and the pony coming out quite gaily, and head foremost. I suppose we must go down. By-the-by, Mary, what about—?" She stopped in the middle of her question, which was suggested by Rose Hanly's curls, which fell over her shoulders in ringlets that might almost rival those in which Mr. Lloyd's hair got so hopelessly entangled the night he distinguished himself as a poet.
"What were you going to say?" Mary asked.
"Oh, nothing. Let us go down to them."

Grace looked very often at Rose's curls during the next half hour; and when she and Mary were seated at a ruinous sacrifice; but when the sheriff came to hand over the possession of his houses and lands to the agent, Mrs. Kearney was so dangerously ill that it was found necessary to allow them to remain in the house till she was sufficiently recovered to be removed, and what seemed more likely, till she was home to her last peaceful home in the churchyard near the old castle.
Mrs. Kearney was slowly recovering. But they dreaded to tell her that the sheep whose bleating she listened to were not her own, but Mr. Boreford Pender's. The tears sprang into Mary's eyes as she looked into the little garden, and saw a sow with her numerous progeny lying upon one of the lower beds. There was a rustic straw shed, also, erected near the rustic seat, which was broken and laid across the entrance, to keep in half a dozen calves, whose heads were thrust under it, as if they had been caught there, and could not by any possibility be pulled back again.
"I think, Mary," said Mrs. Kearney, "as the day is so fine, I'll sit out in the garden for awhile. I know it would do me good."
"Oh, I'm sure it will," returned Mary, eagerly. "I'll get your shawl. You'll find, if you only take courage, you are much stronger than you think."
She induced the invalid, instead of going to the garden, to walk in the lawn in the shelter of the fir grove. After a turn or two they sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and nearly an hour passed unheeded, as they listened to the cawing of the rocks, and the thousand dreamy sounds of the summer noon.

Mary saw her mother's face brighten as she looked round on the dear old place, and she looked on the dear old place, and she thought the time had now come when the truth must be told—that it was no longer theirs, and they must soon leave it for ever.
"Oh," thought Mary, as she watched her mother's brightening looks, "how are we to break it to her? I fear it will kill her. Mrs. G. I direct us for the best." Her father had taken a house in Kiltubber; and at her request a good deal of the furniture of the cottage was removed to it. She heard Boreford Pender ask him when he was to get possession of his house, and she wished that her father should not be exposed to such insults as he had to be absolutely necessary. On the very day she had persuaded him to go into town, and superintend the fitting up of the new house. She dreaded Mrs. Boreford Pender's brutal insolence; and now that her mother was sufficiently recovered to leave her room, a visit from that gentleman might be expected at any moment.
"I was dreaming of Hugh last night," said Mrs. Kearney; "and of my poor uncle Dan, God rest his soul. I hope it was not a bad dream. Mr. Butler—that is Sir Garrett now—came in with his ebony flute under his arm, and, strange to say, Hugh clenched his fist and was going to knock him down, till my uncle Dan caught him by the arm. Then my uncle Dan got a violin, and he and Mr. Butler played the 'Ouilin' together. I never heard such heavenly music," said Mrs. Kearney, holding her hands together, and turning up her eyes to the cloudless sky. "I'm sure it can't be a bad dream. Grace ran in and flung her arms about Hugh, and he looked so surprised! Then a whole lot of ladies and gentlemen took hands and began to dance. You were dressed in white and Edie in blue, and ye were the beautifullest of them all. But that Barney," added Mrs. Kearney, indignantly, "wouldn't stop dancing and prancing in and out among them all, and jumping upon chairs, and standing on his head, and kicking his feet about, till my mind was confused, and I couldn't make head or tail of it. But I know it wasn't a bad dream, for the music continued even after that young Hanly had taken over heels. Then Richard began to kick Boreford Pender—poor Richard was always too hasty," sighed Mrs. Kearney, pathetically—"and there was nothing but uproar and confusion. But the 'Ouilin' could be heard through it all; and that's what makes me think it was not a bad dream, at any rate."
Mary laughed as she planned her mother's shawl more comfortably about her, and said it was herself who was playing the "Ouilin" last night, but she touched the keys so lightly, she thought the sound could not reach her mother's room.
"I think you may as well come in here, have your broth now," said she.
"You may as well bring it to me here, Mary," her mother replied. "Tis such a beautiful day, and this is such a nice place to rest."

Donovan and the famous drum, and the stalwart youths and blooming maidens around the Bush on Sunday evenings, when
"You'd swear they knew no other mood
But mirth and love in Tipperary."
Ah, the cattle and the sheep could be brought back to Maurice Kearney's fields. But can these be ever brought back?

CHAPTER LXIII.

EJECTED—THE BALIFFS IN THE OLD COTTAGE—BILLY HEFFERNAN PLAYS 'OUILIN' AGAIN, AND THE OLD LINNET SINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT.
Hugh Kearney is in Australia, toiling to make money. He is resolved to pay the debt due to his uncle, and that for which his generous friend, Dr. Kieley, is responsible. He is determined, too, to have a home for his father and mother and sisters, if they should require it. But he does not know that they require it even now. Sir Garrett Butler made a feeble effort to inquire into the condition of his tenantry and the conduct of his agent, but his health or his energy failed, and he relapsed into his former habits.
"He can't live long," said Mr. Boreford Pender to his worthy father. "Mrs. Lowe mentioned that the doctors ordered him to Italy, so we may as well slap at marks."
"Ah, I ought to have come long ago," Grace replied with a sigh.
"Better late than never," returned Mary, cheerfully. "And here is somebody else who wants you to comfort him. I really think he will change his mind, and give you Eva's place in his heart."
Grace laughed, as Mr. Lloyd rode by on his grey horse; and she looked grave.
"Oh, here are the Hanly's," she exclaimed, brightening up; "and the pony coming out quite gaily, and head foremost. I suppose we must go down. By-the-by, Mary, what about—?" She stopped in the middle of her question, which was suggested by Rose Hanly's curls, which fell over her shoulders in ringlets that might almost rival those in which Mr. Lloyd's hair got so hopelessly entangled the night he distinguished himself as a poet.
"What were you going to say?" Mary asked.
"Oh, nothing. Let us go down to them."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Most men waste their lives in the pursuit of a worldly pleasure—which, after all, is a mere will-o'-the-wisp, ending in disappointment. It is only the few that find pleasure where only it can be found—namely, in a good conscience, as the result of squaring our every action by what we have good reason to regard as the Divine will.
Contentment is not an outward growth. Its roots spring from the very depths of the soul, and it is pretty sure to be contented who is resolved to take life as it is, and make the best of it. The reason why contentment is so rare is because every one aspires after the unattainable—whether riches or honors.
Our people live altogether too much in the future, and too little in the present; too much in anticipation, and too little in the discharge of life's duties. We all get ready to be happy, and are constantly looking for its advent. When, perhaps, we are quite ready, infinitely steps in. The safest and surest rule of conduct is contentment to seize upon the little pleasures of life, that lie just contiguous to our daily pathway, and especially to discharge with faithfulness whatever duties belong to our social position.
Far too many of us scorn practicable pleasures that are easily procured, and lie near and within our grasp; and complain because we cannot have such as are remote, difficult of attainment, or inaccessible. We complain of the rain and the storm, but neglect to rejoice at the sunshine and fair weather. We grieve at the coldness of a friend, and fail to value fully the fidelity of the large number that are true. We mourn passionately for the dead, while we neglect the living with all their claims upon us. At the present day there is too much discontent in every grade of society, because we all neglect the very means that would insure as much contentment as this world can bestow.
—Pittsburg Catholic.

"Oh, very well," returned Mary, "I'll go for it."
She walked quickly back to the house, in better spirits than she had known for a long time. She thanked God that her mother was so much stronger than ever she hoped to see her again.
"If she knew that we must go, and could be reconciled to it, I'd feel quite happy," she thought, as she pushed against the hall door, which had left unwatched when coming out. But the door was fastened, and she knocked loudly, as the old housekeeper's ears were not of the sharpest, and there was no one else in the house. There was no response to her knocking, and she went round to the back door, a little annoyed, as she expected to encounter some of Mr. Pender's people who occupied one of the out offices. To her surprise the back door also was fastened, and on looking round she started and seemed quite bewildered! Chairs, tables, bedsteads, and household furniture of every kind, were strewn in heaps about the yard. The truth at once flashed upon her; advantage had been taken of her mother's going out, to get possession of the house. The discovery almost took away her breath; but indignation at so cowardly a trick gave her strength, and she walked boldly to the office occupied by Pender's bailiffs and servants. That, too, was locked, and she asked aloud was there anyone within. There was no reply; and the silence and desolation of the place filled her with an oppressive sense of fear. But this was only for a moment. All her anxiety was for her mother.

My Canadian friends, when the Aurora comes, will purchase furs from Hudson's Bay. And Scotchmen bold, in the strong cold, will close their eyes about thirty miles from the north, when the snow falls. How'll their locks and dreary, white shag and worn I brave the storm in furies of Tipperary.
When my frieze I don, oh what the countenance of home and smiling faces rare, O what men, over moor and glen, O what men, over moor and glen, O when the thousands met at Grand Junction, to see the old frieze; And millions cheer'd a wish that appeared in furies of Tipperary.
McGee! won't part with what I love best, for all the money that a million hand But I far more prize my frieze than gold. With the crowd I'll break my foreign land, without sorrow, as I'll break my frieze. While whispering to me tales of old, It may seem a rage, but I'll never care My frieze of Tipperary.
CHORUS.
"Grace, famous for a monster met held by Daniel O'Connell in 1812, at what was the meeting on his personal no. but those of Irish manufacture, and a huge frieze coat with a profusion of buttons."
[An allusion to D. M. Irish McGee's book, "A World Not Given My Friese of Tipperary."]
THE LAST STRIKE AT OP.
BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.
Opilth was the most prosperous mill camp on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. Wash Bonner was the most prominent man there. He was a "Blue Jay," and Wash had become very popular. He gave away his money as fast as he could. Wash was a tall good humorist, a misanthrope, lean, light-haired and much of an ambition, and the recedent by which he stumbled upon his claim was a camp where his first article was sold as wide as a case of "fool luck."
It happened this way: "The camp was a placer camp, and all the 'claim' along the stream or on the flat were in his name, and stood watching the companies of rascals from slips in Francisco Bay, as they looked out 'once to the man' from the best lumps in the camp.
"What are you looking at, young fellow? said the captain of the company, 'don't you stake out a claim?'"
"All taken," said Wash, slowly.
"Go up on the top of the hill by the creek," said Wash, "and stake out a claim. 'More there than here.'"
Wash borrowed a pick and went to place indicated, and in an hour developed the most famous mine in the district was a curious pocket-mine in a broken formation; and though ever rushed to the place and staked out the whole hillside, no other claim ever prospered. It was the "Blue Jay" mine. In the course of time, as the region came settled and men and families came, Wash fell in love with the daughter of a farmer in the Sacramento Valley. He reviewed the past, a hundred thousand dollars had come out of mine, and he had nothing left to show. He received that if the girl would marry him he would never waste a cent. He went to the claim, worked day, struck a "pocket," and took more than a thousand dollars, the yield of a single day in the history of the mine. Then he quit work and went to town, "spiced himself up," and down into the valley, called on the proposed and was accepted.
"Jennie," said Wash, "you've got to take me if you want me, just as I hadn't any mine, and wasn't worth a play-up."
"I do," said Jennie; "it's you I care for."
A month later they were married. began housekeeping in a little house, white pine, built near the mine. Wash began the regular development of his claim.
For six months he kept up work, though not a dollar had come from all that time. They lived on what left of the thousand dollars after the day expenses were taken out. The mining was all played out; but if the old mine is played out, I'll take a bigger pocket in that mountain-side any month over struck in California."
He climbed the hill and began work a tunnel which should strike the big bearing ledges at a lower point than he had yet reached.
Months more passed over the hill and the miner and his wife. One afternoon his friends deserted them; credit gave out, and they lived on fish and berries, so that the little they had could be spent for blasting dynamite. Every morning at day-break quiet and silent, went to his work; night at dark he stumbled home cabin.
"Jennie, I know there is gold in the mine," said Wash, "I've worked a month in the old mine without striking anything. This deal has lasted more than a year. It doesn't always. I will find the lead again, then we'll live the rest of our lives on this farm in the valley where we can't about this fight."
She believed every word; for she was a loving, loyal woman, and the knowledge that she was in the hands of this great, awkward, misanthrope man, who had been called in the valley in town hooted after him and called

in compliance with requests of some anxious to memorize, or perhaps at the winter fire-side, a few lines of the "Ouilin." It was written about thirty years ago in Toronto, where the author was then residing. It was a delightful arrival from the old land, bearing with it for proof of its new coat of frieze.

Air—Follow Me Down to Carlton, Welcoming Out welcome, my coat of frieze, Long, long, I shall wear it with pride. More welcome by far than a golden prize is my frieze of Tipperary.
O'er the billows' foam, where sea and room,
A loving friend hath borne thee.
In glowing white jackets have worn Old Nenagh town bath napp'd thy do And kindred friends shall weave thee; Now hush thy snappy up snuffow. In pride I march beneath thee.
CHORUS.
My Canadian friends, when the Aurora comes, will purchase furs from Hudson's Bay. And Scotchmen bold, in the strong cold, will close their eyes about thirty miles from the north, when the snow falls. How'll their locks and dreary, white shag and worn I brave the storm in furies of Tipperary.
When my frieze I don, oh what the countenance of home and smiling faces rare, O what men, over moor and glen, O what men, over moor and glen, O when the thousands met at Grand Junction, to see the old frieze; And millions cheer'd a wish that appeared in furies of Tipperary.
McGee! won't part with what I love best, for all the money that a million hand But I far more prize my frieze than gold. With the crowd I'll break my foreign land, without sorrow, as I'll break my frieze. While whispering to me tales of old, It may seem a rage, but I'll never care My frieze of Tipperary.
CHORUS.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Most men waste their lives in the pursuit of a worldly pleasure—which, after all, is a mere will-o'-the-wisp, ending in disappointment. It is only the few that find pleasure where only it can be found—namely, in a good conscience, as the result of squaring our every action by what we have good reason to regard as the Divine will.
Contentment is not an outward growth. Its roots spring from the very depths of the soul, and it is pretty sure to be contented who is resolved to take life as it is, and make the best of it. The reason why contentment is so rare is because every one aspires after the unattainable—whether riches or honors.
Our people live altogether too much in the future, and too little in the present; too much in anticipation, and too little in the discharge of life's duties. We all get ready to be happy, and are constantly looking for its advent. When, perhaps, we are quite ready, infinitely steps in. The safest and surest rule of conduct is contentment to seize upon the little pleasures of life, that lie just contiguous to our daily pathway, and especially to discharge with faithfulness whatever duties belong to our social position.
Far too many of us scorn practicable pleasures that are easily procured, and lie near and within our grasp; and complain because we cannot have such as are remote, difficult of attainment, or inaccessible. We complain of the rain and the storm, but neglect to rejoice at the sunshine and fair weather. We grieve at the coldness of a friend, and fail to value fully the fidelity of the large number that are true. We mourn passionately for the dead, while we neglect the living with all their claims upon us. At the present day there is too much discontent in every grade of society, because we all neglect the very means that would insure as much contentment as this world can bestow.
—Pittsburg Catholic.

RELIGION NECESSARY.

Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and him to his throne. If that tie be all shattered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, his proper attractions all gone, his destiny thwarted, and his whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.
Mining News.
Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.
O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to stop at night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."
What is a Day's Labor?
One day's work for a healthy laborer is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation ensues; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.
Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: "George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma, with the best results. It acts like a charm."
Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.
VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a wonderful healing compound for cuts, wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, boils, piles, pimples, etc.
Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.
Minard's Liniment cures Diptemper,
Danger, perhaps Death, lurks in a neglected cold in the head. Why run any risk when Nasal Balm will instantly relieve and thoroughly cure you.
NEVER ALLOW the bowels to remain constipated lest serious evil ensue. National Pills are unsurpassed as a remedy for constipation.
MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE fortifies the system against attacks of ague, chills, bilious fever, dumb ague and like troubles.
Minard's Liniment Lumberman's friend.