

Three Gates.

If you are tempted to reveal... A full account to you and told...

The Song My Mother Sings.

Opens into my heart the song my mother sings... As sweetly is breathing on its dark...

I have listened to the dreamy notes of Mendelssohn and Liszt.

As they delight and thrill about my heart... I have wept strong tears of pathos...

SALLY CAVANAGH.

The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).

"I can scarcely say; but she is very amiable... She looked her arm in his...

"My Darling Kate—My worst forebodings, I fear, will be realized... I told you that horrid postscript...

"I don't know myself what it's worth," continued Tom Burke... "I don't understand," said Brian...

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door, and the tearful eyes of Fanny O'Gorman met hers... At that moment it was announced that the carriage...

"Good-by, dear little Fanny, and don't forget Christmas," he pressed her hand, and was securing the rug about her feet...

Reflecting upon this changed the current of his thoughts... They turned neither to the right nor the left...

CHAPTER V.

It was on the third or fourth day after Fanny's departure that Kate Purcell had a letter from her... After reading it, Kate fixed her eyes on Brian...

He held a letter, directed to his father, in his hand, trying, as his sister thought, to decipher the motto on the seal...

Kate's scrutinizing look deepened to one of displeasure as she said, reproachfully... "Pon my word, the outside of the letter appears to have more interest for you than the contents of this..."

Brian tossed the missive on the table, and placed his hand on his sister's arm to prevent her from putting the little rose-tinted billet into his writing desk...

"Read it for me," said he, "or, if it is not 'crossed,' let me read it myself." "My Darling Kate—My worst forebodings, I fear, will be realized..."

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wrote to Richard to say so, enclosing the letter in one of Henrietta's letters, as her friends interpreted their correspondence... He never got it...

"But, Kate, what are you thinking of? Here is your father and the toast not made yet." Kate and her mother set about preparing breakfast, and Brian handed his father the letter with the large seal...

"Read it," said his father, tossing the letter towards him, and trying to look unconcerned... "The money must be paid, sir," said Brian, after glancing at Mr. Purcell's...

"On Thursday," said Brian; "and the best thing you can do is to send the sheep to C—on Wednesday." "I'll lose ten shillings a head by selling them now—every farthing of it. I often paid the blackguard a year's rent in advance, and there's my thanks..."

"Some commands I have for you from Liverpool," said Tom Burke, pulling a huge purse from the breast pocket... "Commands," was Tom's word for everything in the shape of a message...

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CHAPTER VI.

His mother and sister, as was their wont, followed him with their eyes till he reached the larch grove about the 'high field' beyond which the view from the house did not extend in the direction of Coolbawn...

"There's something on his mind this week past," said Mrs. Purcell... "I always thought Brian Purcell was too high spirited to go sneaking after people who gave themselves such airs..."

"That's what, mamma? You know?" Kate now did know very well... "Perhaps she had been turning the same subject over in her own mind during the past few days..."

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