-Fred E. Smith.

## A Hero.

He is a hero who when sorely tried Hath yet a firm control O'en all his passions as they strongly to To battle with his soul.

he silent battle which the spirit fights, Warring against desires intoly and impure, if right shall win To higher good inspires.

The soul that cruicifies an evil thought,
That keeps a gnarded gate
Of Christian love and brotherly good wil
Between his soul and hate, all stand, in all his manliness and

As mightier than he ho strength and prid

The shield of purity when nobly worn, Where faith has been conicased, 1s stronger than the cunning coat of mail Upon a warrior's breast. He is a hero who to truth is true,

Though lowly and obscure, Long after earthly honors fade away His triumphs shall endure. -Annie Wall.

## SALLY CAVANAGH

OR-The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Brian Purcell raised himself upon his elbow and yawned. His eyes wandered lazily over a landscape which, though familiar from child-hood had not lost a single charm for him. It was a secluded valley, with nothing grand or striking about it. But it was green and peaceful, suggestive of comfort, and quiet, and Connor Shea's wife approaching it. He drew a chair towards the fire and

tongues folling out; the sun was strugging through the mist that rested upon the opposite hill; and his watch pointed to half past six. Now the greyhounds were coiled up at his feet, treathing as regularly as if they were to the hearth-stone hearth the hearth-stone hearth with the consistence. breathing as regularly as if they were on the hearth-stone before the kitch on fire; the sun was mounting high above the cloud banks piled up around the horizon; and the watch brown eyes, told of mountain air and brown eyes, told of mountain air and sheart untouched by told that it was half-past eight o'clock. From which indications Brian Purcell he saw that he was not alone. A pair of bloodshot eyes, set in a large yellow, stolid face, glared at him. They belonged—the face and eyes—to a gentleman whom we shall call Oliver Grindem, Esquire, a lordland and one of her gracious majesty's justices of the peace. Brian Purcell stretched out his arms and yawned again Then taking up a brace of hares tied together by the bind legs, he swung them over his shoulder, whistled to his dog, and bounded down the mountain. Having resched the foot of the hill, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the right up a narrow by-road that led to a neat whitewashed, thatched house, with very tall hollyhocks growing up high above the cave at one end of it.

'Is that the work you're at. Connor?' said the young man gaily, as he entered the house, 'rocking the cave at one end of it.

'Is that the work you're at. Connor?' said the young man gaily, as he entered the house, 'rocking the cave at the passe, 'rocking the cave at the salvetang domerand the salvetang without passe.

'Well, Sally, what's the matter?'

Father,' said she, looking abashed n finding be was not alone : Father school-master is after passing an' we'll finish picking the ones in the evening.' Very well; get your bo ke, an' be
ff; but first wash the blackberries ff

tha follow's face Take you ger out o' your mouth, you yours eaded, rosy-cheeked urchins.

You ou ht to be a happy mar Connor, said Brian Purcell, wit-uch a fine family; and getting on s. well in the world, too. 'We ought to be thankful, M: Brian; morever, when we see so muc lown at all thim bare walls below n' think of ould times, an' the dance in' the hurlin' match an' the ou

eig bors that wor hun ed like wil Dasie, tis enough to break the heart in a man, so it is But here's the nasther comin' in, an' if he sees me talkin' to y u, an' thim. Is ds hangin' in the back o' the chair, these's i knowin' what the end of it might be Connor took a peep at the cradle t ee that Number Five was asleep, and

and puffing into the house. 'Any one here?' he exclaimed, rolling hibound to reply to the question, but taking from his pocket a volume (his taking from his pocket a volume (his taking from his pocket a volume (his taking from his mountain a standard from openly revolting against the including persecution!

Connor gazed on her with a sort of moved to supplicate him, she could not utter a word. Grindem abstracted a flask (his inseparable companion) from his pocket, house, when he caught a glimpse of sinsible girl.

sat down. Having drowsed over the scenes Sally Cavanagh was a remarkable of him for some moments, Brian fine specimen of her class. Like all when the children come from school, before him for some moments, Brian Purcell glanced at his dogs, then at the sun, and then at his watch. When he flung himself down among the fern on the mountain side, the greybounds flung themselves down too, panting violently, with their tongues lolling out; the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that rester the flunction of the sun was strug eling through the mist that the sun was strug eling through the mist that the sun was strug eling through the mist that the sun was strug eling through the sun was strug eling through the mist that the sun was strug eling through the sun was strug eling through the mist that the sun w

exercise, and of a heart untouched by care or sorrow, and unsullied by that he had slept two hours among the fern on the mountain side. On Having smiled a we'come to Brian leaping to his feet and looking round Rurcell, who looked up from his leaping to his feet and looking round Rurcell, who looked up from his he saw that he was not alone. A pair of bloodshot eyes, set in a large

very tall hollyhocks growing up this above the cave at one end of it.

'Is hat the work you've at a Common of a lith the work power at a Common of a lith the young man gaily, as he entered the house, rocking the corner of the house on his way home the conservation, the control of the house has a common the conservation and the property of the matter?'

'Don', gr, gr.'

'Don', gr.'

'Don', gr, gr.'

'Don', gr.'

wards. 'S ame upon me for that un-worthy thought.' The rill that riples over these rocks is not more punhan the heart within that graceful

connor Shea saw his landlord pashe little window, frowning savagely. He heard him mutter to himself-I'll see you tame enough yet. When Sally Cavanagh saw her husan ic ming out of the little room

turned pale, and c vered her fac 'Why, Sally, what's the matter now?' 'Why, Salty, what's the matter now?'

sid he trying good humoredly to re
ave her hands. Don't you know
the goes on that way with every woman
the meets?'

Wy mother in law as dying sir,'
she exclaimed, catching hold of the
widle.

Well,' said Father C'Gorman, who

On! he did not know what a mar ast proud, true neart of hers. He lid not know that it was the dread of wer at Mr Reilly's, and it won't take rmentor to the earth on the instant, hat made her cheek blanch when she aw him coming out of the room, 'Sally,' said he, in a grave tone,

ipned into the bed-room.

Mr. Oliver Grindem, who was cor pulent and unwieldy came stamping as an' the childher, if we did any the fixed them on the priest, and

admiring astonishment at her fore admiring astonishment at her fore thought and anxiety for their welfare.

'Well, I will go with you,' said Dr. T. C. Robins, The not a wan of me can help laugh-in',' said he, 'when I remember how He was obliged to put his horse to and taking a teacup from the flask, and the flask, and taking a teacup from the flask, and they used to say to me, 'She's too guiped down half a pint of whiskey at a draught. He was about leaving the a friend's advice, an' marry a studdy, 'Where is the sick woman?' asked

I met wid you.'
But I must finish cuttin' that spot
o' hay An' as this is a half day.

And in the evening it was a pleasa

M. Diseases by Taking K. D. C. Check your Indigestion with K. D. C., the gr

street look.

Having uttered this in a somewhat racular tone Connor Shea left off rubbing his hands, and commenced to perate upon his pole, glancing all the me from the corners of his half shuryes at the greyhound with that pecular expression of countenance, which (when seen in an Irishman's face) nay be vernacularly translated: 'My tarling you wor.'

At this moment a fair haired gird about five years old, accompanied by two curly-headed, rosy-checkeurchins, of the respective ages of three and four, came running into the house.

Father,' said she, looking abasheit of the house.

Father,' said she, looking abasheit of the hards are shouse.

Were mingied with a manue and religious and the regordness and virtue even for an instant.

You know, Sally,' said he, 'that I will do would not good-humor at the recollection of Sally Cavanagh's light-hearted his painton, and what C annor used to call 'her ways of goin' on.'

You know, Sally,' said he, 'that I will do would not good-humor at the recollection of Sally Cavanagh's light-hearted disposition, and what C annor used to 'conner Shea's marriage, his mother with this worthy landlord of yours; which Sally's careful hands had braced around her. Sally noticed the old woman's head ful helpless's to one side, and hurrying with a cry the respective ages of three and four, came running into the house.

Father,' said she, looking abasheit.

I nank Gid,' she exclaimed as sudden thought struck her; the statton is at Mr. Reilly's to-day, and maybe 'tis not too late yet.' She hurried from the house, and

was about running down the parroy-road, when she caught sight of along the public road She scramble wer the fence, and crossing a field diagonally with the spied of a fright ned hare. fling herself over an thor-igh fence, and stood panting before he astonished horseman.

knew from experience how often the priest is burried away at all hours of the day and night to attend 'sick calls,'

'It might be too late, sir,' she plead "Sally," said he, in a grave tone, maybe you think it was watching to celebrate Mass down near the Clodark and I have down near the

us an' the childher, if we did any thing to turn him against us?'

But oh! the agony she suffered, with the intention of pursuing his way trying to keep that proud, true heart from openly revolting against the insaw the effect his words had upon her She was so stunned that her lips moved to supplicate him, she could

'An' so I was wild an' foolish afore hold,

(TO BE C NTINUED )

"Whose parents died, and willed her five hundred pounds in goold."

And in the evening the second of the last of t And in the evening it was a pleasunt sight to see the manly peasant, the week's toil over, with his infant in his arms, followed by his wife and his children, slowly returning from the meadow so their happy bumble home

CHAPTER II.

We feel prompted to begin this chapter with one or two anecdotes which have little or no business in it. Yet they may help to illustrate—better, perhaps, than a long description—the character of our humble heroine. Perhaps, too, we wish to delay for a little while the sad, sad story of the doom that befel her.

The Protestant clergyman, the Rev

"Before Two A tars." The World's Columbian celebration is remembered in a stately point by Edna Dean Proctor, entitled "The New World's Queen." That problem of politic society. "The Married Woman's Signature," is made the subject of an interesting discussion by Julia Ward Howe, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Burton Harrison and other famous women in a symposium "Under Which Name?" On the same subject is the plea mage by Frances E. "Before Two A tars." The Warld's

Fall and Winter

Overcoatings

and pastry, but his stomach was delicate.

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taste and smell of land. She bought Cottolene, THEY OVED together with

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E Island.

WESTERN STATIONS. 1 EASTERN

the content of the character of our humble before. Perhaps, too, we wish to dealy for a little while the sad, sad story of the doom that befel her.

The Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Robert Stephens, was quite an admirer of Sally Cavanagh's. He was leisurely walking from the glebe to add the church, when a young country woman tripped lightly by him. He quickened his pace in order to get into conversation with her.

Good morning, said his reverence of Hamilin Garland's etchings "Before the Overture," and another by wong woman.

What a musical voice, thought Mr Stephens; 'and, by Jove, that foot might serve as a model for a statuary, 'why are you in such a hurry?' he inquired aloud. 'Because I'm afraid I'll be too late late for Mass, sir.'

'Why are you in such a hurry?' he inquired aloud. 'Because I'm afraid I'll be too late late for Mass, sir.'

'Why are went on in this way, Mr. Stephens called her attention to a very ill-favored old goat lying by the road-side. 'Now, look at that old rascal,' said she, but without slackening her pace. As they went on in this way, Mr. Stephens called her attention to a very ill-favored old goat lying by the road-side. 'Now, look at that old rascal,' said she, but without slackening her pace. As they went on in this way, Mr. Stephens called her attention to a very ill-favored old goat lying by the road-side. 'Now, look at that old rascal,' said she, but without slackening her pace. As they went on in this way, Mr. Stephens called her attention to a very ill-favored old goat lying by the road-side. 'Now, look at that old rascal,' said she, but without slackening her pace. As they went on on the party of the party ROB ANGUS Manager, for prices

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