

The Haunted Church.

By JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHAT THE VISITORS FOUND.

A cry of fear, a shriek of terror, a wailing cry of agony...

And, at the same moment, the livid face, the protruding eyes, the erect hair and drawn lips...

Sam the Swan—his hold thus broken suddenly—fell from the steep activity.

The ladder was over the aperture where the stairs once were...

With a gasping breathing—far it had occurred so suddenly they had scarcely time to think...

The sexton, all unheeding of everything but his own extreme terror—indeed, he was in a condition to be conscious of anything...

My God!—this is awful! We had better get down and attend to the poor fellow," said Charles, in breathless awe.

"Ye, you might go, Mr. Crossley," said Dombrato, the only one not scared by the dreadful occurrence...

Crossley accordingly proceeded downwards not without exceeding difficulty.

"Hold this ladder firmly, Charles, whilst I climb up and see what is the matter," said Dombrato.

Charles, the Major, and Don Miguel watched him with great anxiety and an interest in which their whole being was centred...

He reappeared after a short time, and even his face was considerably whiter.

"Gentlemen, stand out of the way. It will be necessary to cut the rope and let the casket fall.

The rope was cut, the casket fell with a ringing noise on the floor; and Captain Dombrato descended.

"I'll take this with me," said he, taking up the casket, and making a noise into which he thrust his arm.

There was something so strange in Dombrato's usually cheerful voice—so serious and hurried, though it was not fear—that no one spoke, but each in singular trepidation followed his example...

"There is a dead man lying upstairs among the beams, head downwards. This rope was around his neck and choked him.

"Who is—the dead man in the tower?" asked Charles, with a strange sensation ever him.

"Captain Phil Driscoll," was the astonishing reply.

It is needless to prolong the story, whose conclusion the reader already guesses.

It took some time to verify and authenticate the facts; but when the casket was opened there were found the obsequies of the jewels taken from the looted pilon in Peru...

But more valuable in Charles's eyes than all the rest in the casket was an affidavit made by the late owner that the little boy placed at school in Chelsea House, London, under the name of Charles Carter, was son of the deponent, William O'Connell, and grandson of Charles, Earl of Glenholme.

Two months afterwards a double wedding was celebrated in London, in one of the most fashionable churches, where Charles, Earl of Glenholme, stood for wife Agnese, daughter of Don Miguel, once Governor of Peru, and Prince of the Spanish Empire; and where her sister, Gracia, gave her hand, and heart too, to Frank Crossley, Esq.

The papers so carefully put together by the dead man found hanging from the oaken beams of the old belfry-tower, established the relationship with abundant clearness.

The earliest man on his first opportunity disappeared, and was never seen again.

And now comes a curious after-incident. Captain Phil's dead body—and, oh! what a sight that face was!—was lowered down outside from the place where he had met his terrible death, where he had struggled with his death-agonies, unseem and unheard by human eyes and ears, to the ground, and was thence to Bernard's House.

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Whatever reputation for evil spirits Bernard's House had before, it may be readily expected, was considerably increased by this circumstance.

It obtained a dreadful name. No one would go near it by night—no one would think of entering it by day.

The grass grew in the garden and rotted, grew again and rotted again—scarcely of times unshedded. The windows were broken; the furniture inside mouldered and fell to pieces.

Some of the inner walls fell in, and the debris covered the kitchen and the lower basement room. The place was an utter wreck—un-recognizable, and a nuisance to the neighbourhood, fit only to be shovelled off and carted away.

In the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, two American officers came to Ireland on business which it is unnecessary to mention here.

They were a pair of brave, fearless fellows, as might be expected from those who had faced the storms of Southern battles, and were, moreover, what might not be expected from men who had seen the dead lie thick about them on many a cruel field of battle—thoroughly genial and light-hearted.

The mattering out of the regiment, when the Civil War was over, threw these young fellows out of their commissions, and they came to Ireland.

For certain reasons it suited them to take a house. It did not matter of what kind. The less frequented the better. The Irish Government kept a lynx eye on foreign officers at the time. This house attracted their attention. It was cheap. It could be had for a song. They took it.

One of them had been an architect before he joined the arms marching on Richmond, and knew the value of the house—not only for the purpose they had more immediately in view, but for its own intrinsic value—its strong walls, sound timber, secure roof, and eligible position.

Under his guidance and direction it soon was directed to its ruined appearance. Both worked to clear it out. It suited them for two reasons: first, that they might kill any suspicious that might possibly attach to them; secondly, because they had no money to expend. Marching with Reno's regiment of artillery was a bad way of making money.

So to work they went. It was wonderful to see how soon the garden became trim; how soon the windows were repaired and looked bright; and how soon all things began to look cheerful.

Having finished the outside, they commenced inside. It was necessary to clear out the debris that had fallen into the basement rooms. And to this they applied themselves with a will.

One day, as they had cleared out one of the rooms, in a burst of good humor, one of them said:

"Well, I reckon we're entitled to a liquor after that, and with good-hearted pleasure flung his shovel against the wall.

He was not a little surprised to hear a sonorous ring arising from the contact, and, immediately going over inspected that portion of the wall; and, finding it to be something unusual, promptly cleared off the paint and whitewash with his pickaxe.

To his exceeding wonderment he found it to be a case of iron, fastened solidly and securely into the wall. Calling his companion, and informing him of the discovery, they pondered for a while before it, in vague conjecture. At last, with the practicalism of the Yankee, they determined to take it out of that and see what it was like.

A hammer not answering the purpose, they got a crowbar, and with infinite labor rooted around an iron safe firmly embedded in the wall, and finally succeeded in dislodging it from its position and rolling it on the floor, now again covered with debris. It had taken some hours to do it, but the excitement and mystery of the business only made the time seem so many minutes. With the strain of strong anticipation upon their minds fatigue was no where; and they determined to finish the work by opening the safe and seeing what was inside.

Hammer and crowbar failed for some time—a charge of powder for various reasons was inadmissible—but perseverance can effect anything, and the two workers had finally the satisfaction of seeing the safe open before them—had, further, the satisfaction—the unparalleled gratification and surprise—of seeing therein, revealed to their astonished eyes:

But it is not here to say what it was they saw; suffice it to say that next day both abandoned their new-found habit—abandoned, too, the one that brought them over, though who could, under the circumstances, blame them?—and gave their feet no rest or any until they found themselves in Paris.

There they lived for some months, disposing of the priceless things they had found within the old safe to diamond merchants and others; and when they had done so—which was indeed actually coeval with the collapse of that for which they had sought the shores of Ireland—they returned to America with such fortunes as never in their most dreaming moments they thought they should be possessors of.

THE END.

Leading authorities say the only proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy, like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE FARM.

DISTEMPERS IN HORSES.

If the weather is cold keep the affected animals indoors in a well-lighted and ventilated stable. Feed on bran mash with roots and hay, and leave an abundance of pure water at all times with the animals' reach.

A little saltpetre, say a sesquipedal, may be dissolved in the drinking water, every night all the winter, and freely. When the throats commence swelling apply warm poultices of linseed meal, changing them twice daily, and as soon as the region of the throat commences to fluctuate, open it and liberate the pus, afterward continuing the poultice till all discharge ceases. Ordinarily this is all the treatment that is required. If the throat is very sore, and great difficulty is experienced in swallowing, an ounce each of chlorate of potash, gentian root and licorice root should be mixed in a pint of molasses, and a teaspoonful of it smeared on the tongue every three hours. Breeder's Gazette.

GOOD BREEDS OF HORSES.

The following description of valuable breeds of horses is from the Practical Horsekeeper, by Dr. Geo. Fleming, veterinary surgeon, of the English army:

The Clydesdale horse is through comparatively large, sound and heavy, and is used for all kinds of heavy work, and is well pleased with the good effect of the remedy, which we are always thankful for.

more, and his breeding is manifested in the best, handsome head, good forehead and symmetrical body, which is deep in the ribs, round and short. The hind legs are short and muscular, and the body is finely finished, with rather short, but shining hair, has been corrected by judicious breeding. The hair on the back part of the legs, toward the hock, is made a special feature of this breed; at one time it was curly, but now the fashion is to have long, straight and silky. The face and legs are clean white, with rather scarce hoofs from their otherwise glossy appearance.

The Shire horse described as a true cart horse which is not a Clydesdale, a Suffolk Punch or a dray horse, but is at times a blood relation of all three—a large, well-built, powerful animal, more placid and stronger than the Clydesdale. Moreover, his paces is slower, and he does not excel in anything beyond a smart walk.

The dray horse might be truly designated a shire horse, as he is bred in Lincolnshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Wiltshire and Yorkshire. He is usually an immense beast—a mammoth horse in fact—slow, ponderous and heavily weighing on from hundred to two hundred pounds in standing position in weight to eighteen hands high, capable of drawing and backing a pair of them—from three to four tons on a two-wheeled dray, and from six to seven tons in a four-wheeled one, when three or four of them are yoked in it. Their colors are various; those held in most esteem are perhaps red and roan.

The Suffolk punch, or cart horse, is not much in use out of this country. Formerly he was about fifteen hands high, short and compact in build, with thin legs and low thick shoulders. His color was always chestnut running through five shades—from light chestnut to dark chestnut. Now, however, he is bred larger—from 15 1/2 hands to 16 hands, but the color is the same. For harness, when he is well shaped and a good stepper, he realizes a large price.

Considering the large and important share draft horses take in labor, and that they are perhaps more profitable to breed than any other kind of horse, a most essential point to bear in mind in their production is their freedom from hereditary defects and predisposition to disease, and especially such as will militate against their usefulness. Syndness in them is of much moment, and particularly soundness in wind, legs and feet.

The largest of these horses are bred on heavy land, where plow work is very exacting and a heavy draft is required. Some of them are selected for drawing heavy loads at a comparatively slow pace in towns. It is stated that on a moderately good hard road one of these horses will take two tons as his ordinary load, while nothing will equal them in starting and shifting railway wagons.

Some specimens are bred for road and wagon. The mid temper of these horses adapts them admirably for large teams, where a long, waiting pull is required, or to guide goodspeed ready to the voice or whip without rushing into the collar as hotter tempered horses are so prone to do. Three of these broad breeds can take a double arrow grade in a single hour, and land, and they are tangle more easily than any other horse to go gently, and stop at roots in wood land, or among other obstacles.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Admits the Reporter Not To.

"Humbog? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crack in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier.

"Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful gas fire, its Queen Ann turntable, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on.

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuff. They would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world should one stoop to poison for his remedies? I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a purely herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write to doct. H. J. Gardner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

A St. Louis man has recovered six cents for a libel made against him by a newspaper. After a few more such terrible punishments as this, editors will begin to find out that they cannot monkey with a man's honor with impunity.—Lawrence American.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

"Constant Peruser" wants to know who is the author of "Their Wedding Journey." If you mean who stands the expense of the trip, why then, as a general thing, it's "pa."—Wheatland Herald.

The disagreeable stork headache, and foul stomach, so frequently complained of, can be speedily relieved by a single dose of McCall's Bismark Pills.

TO THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and noise in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy. Will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

Tom—I say, Jack, how many eggs does a hen lay? Jack (suspectingly)—Is it a joke? Tom—No, really. I merely ask for information. Since taking charge of that agricultural paper, such questions I rarely ask; you know.—Yankee Blade.

ALWAYS THANKFUL.

FRANKLIN, Wis., Nov. 88. Myself and my wife, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nerve debility, which we are confident since last 10 years, and are so well pleased with the good effect of the remedy, that we are always thankful for it.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, Advocates and Barristers, 180 ST. JAMES STREET, City and District Bank Building.

LADIES' AND GENTS' WATERPROOF CLOTHING MANUFACTURED, and Repairs done on shortest notice.

H. RICH, 54 St. Antoine Street

FATHER Koenig's NERVE TONIC. Epileptic Fits, Fainting, St. Vitus Dance, Hysteria, St. Virus, etc.

RIVERHEAD, SUFFOLK CO., N. Y., Dec. 1, 1888. In regard to the Nerve Tonic for a peculiar nervous affection...

Our PAMPHLET for sufferers of nervous disease will be sent FREE to any address, and POOR patients can also obtain this medicine FREE of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the KOENIG MEDICINE CO., Chicago.

IN MONTREAL. By E. LEONARD, Druggist, 113 St. Lawrence Street.

Agents:—B. E. McCall, No. 3123 Notre Dame street; J. M. Lyons, Car. Bleary and Craig street; J. P. Gauthier, Car. Notre Dame and Bonsecours streets; J. Leachon, St. Catherine street. Price \$1.25, or six bottles for \$6.00. Large bottles \$2.00, or six bottles for \$11.00.

EMILE BOISVERT, General Manager, Province of Quebec, 11 Gouffard St., Montreal.

J. H. WALKER, WOOD ENGRAVER, 181 St. James St. Engraving for all Illustrative and Advertising Purposes, superior to any other process, and at low prices.

FRECHON & CO., 1645 Notre Dame St., Montreal. Importers of British and Foreign Plate Glass. Manufacturers of Mirrors and Beveled Glass.

DRUNKARDS. Pfiel's Antidote for Alcoholism. Ordinary one bottle is sufficient to effect a positive cure in from three to five days.

PFIEL & CO., 155 N. 2d Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Scottish Union and National Insurance Company of Edinburgh.

WORMS DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS. Recommended by physicians. Being in the form of a chocolate cream they are pleasant to the taste.

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THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Three and one half per cent for the current half-year, being at the rate of 7 per cent per annum upon the Paid up Capital stock of this Institution, has been declared.

CASTOR-FLUID! Rejuvenated—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the Scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for family. 25c per bottle.

EPPE'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided a most delicious and healthful beverage which will save you many heavy doctor's bills."

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY CO. BELL COMPANY, TROY, N. Y., U.S.A. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. CLASS D. THE FORTY-FIRST MONTHLY DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11th, 1890, at 2 P.M.

Table with 3 columns: Prizes, Value, and Amount. Includes 1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00, 10 Real Estates, 30 Furniture Sets, etc.

TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR. It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 p. c. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.

PURE, UNALLOYED, UNADULTERATED. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF IS THE MEAT ITSELF. Deprived of nothing but fat and residuous material which is not nutritious.

Very Strength-Giving. ELECTRICITY IS LIFE! THE ONLY Electrical Appliances. Having Absorbent Qualities. Reputation Established Over 20,000 Sold.

All Diseases are Cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and Appliances. Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body.

ALL HOME REFERENCES. NO FOREIGN OR MANUFACTURED TESTIMONIALS. Isaac Radford, 35 Adelaide St. east—Butterfly Belt and Suspenders cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.

ANY BELT REQUIRING VINEGAR OR ACID WILL BURN THE SKIN. All Electric Belt Companies in Canada use Vinegar or Acids in their Appliances excepting this Company.

CATARRH. NO VINEGAR OR ACID USED. IMPOSSIBLE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ACTINA. W. T. BAER & Co. 171 Queen St. West, Toronto.

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BAILEY'S. Compound Light-acting Nitro-glycerine Compound. A wonderful Invention for lighting Churches, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MONDAY, the First December next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to 23rd November, inclusive.

LABANQUE JACQUES CARTIER. DIVIDEND No. 50. NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of THREE AND ONE HALF PER CENT on the paid-up capital of this institution has been declared.

CASTOR-FLUID! Rejuvenated—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the Scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth.

EPPE'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided a most delicious and healthful beverage which will save you many heavy doctor's bills."

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