

Fishing Piles—Symptoms and Cure

The symptoms are moisture, the perspiration, itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow.

Large round tides are being crocheted in set figures in yellow, blue and red thread combined. They have quite an Oriental effect and are quite new.

When you are troubled with dizziness, your appetite all gone, and you feel bad generally, take a few doses of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and you will be surprised at the improvement in your feelings. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction.

Said a noted man of 60 years, "My mother gave me Down's Elixir for coughs and colds when I was a boy."

Rheumatism is quickly cured by using Arnica & Oil Liniment.

Bunches of strawberries are the favorite basket decorations just at present.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAGE BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAGE BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Painting the lower panes of windows in oil colors is an amusement just now fashionable with artistically inclined English girls.

The old established cough remedy, Down's Elixir, still more than holds its own in the public estimation, despite sharp and active competition. It is a "home remedy," and in this locality needs no words of praise from us, so well and favorably known is it. It is the standard remedy for coughs, colds and all throat troubles, with great numbers of our people, and their continued use and unqualified recommendation of it speaks volumes in its favor.

For looking through the keyhole of a door leading into a private residence in New York a young man was last week committed to thirty days imprisonment.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

Deseronto, Can., is said to be lighted with gas from sawdust, a ton of which yields 10,000 feet of gas, at a net cost, after deducting the value of by-products, of \$1.66 per 1,000 feet.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10—19 oow

After a riot which arose out of religious disputes at Winnebago, on the west coast of Africa, it was found that three natives had been killed and cut to pieces, their remains being prepared for cooking in a gigantic pie.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm exterminator.

A company is laying a cable containing 250 telephone wires in a pipe along Spring street, New York. The overhead wires in that city, if in a straight line, would extend from San Francisco to London.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain.

"Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men working at the bottom of it," is the advice posted at the mouth of a Cornish mine.

Obstructions of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, are promptly removed by National Pills.

A New York man advertises troches for dogs, which are guaranteed to make the breath of poodles and pugs as sweet as Dea-demons's.

FREEMAN'S WORM Powders destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

The medical fraternity in England is recruited almost exclusively from the middle classes of society, the idea still prevailing that but three professions are open to the sons of the nobility—the army, the church and the law.

FOR RUGH conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT Worm Syrup—An agreeable, safe and effective remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

CAPITAL COMFORT.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Mrs. Mary K. Sheed, 1110 Maryland avenue, Washington, D.C., states, that for several years she has suffered terribly with facial neuralgia and could find no relief. In a recent attack which extended to the neck, shoulders and back, the pain was intense. She resolved to try St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-reliever. Rubbing the parts affected, three times only, all pain vanished as if by magic, and has not returned.

The incomes of Baron Mayer Karl and Willy de Rothschild have been respectively rated, for taxation, at Frankfurt, at \$1,140,000 and \$1,190,000.

WHAT WOULD THE WORLD DO without woman? asks the essayist who starts out to say something new on this oft-treated subject. Of course, the human element of the world would not exist without woman, so the question is gratuitous. It would have been for more sensible to ask: What would the world do without the salvation of woman, without a panacea for her physical ills and a cure for her peculiar diseases. In a word, what would the world do without Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the great remedy for female weakness? It is indispensable for the ills of woman-kind.

Experiments have proved that about thirty per cent of mankind can be subjected to mesmeric influences.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE.

Children and persons with weak constitutions have always found great difficulty in taking Cod Liver Oil, and from this fact it has not been universally used, but with Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, this prejudice is removed. It is so thoroughly disguised that you cannot detect the Cod Liver Oil. One physician writes us that it is used almost as a beverage in his family; another person informs us that he had to hide the bottle from his children. For Coughs and Colds, broken down constitutions, and all Lung Diseases, it has no equal.

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

HIGH PRICED BUTTER.

Dairymen often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for their butter the year round. It is by always having a uniform gilt edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color. Every buttermaker can do the same. Sold everywhere and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in operation.

Prime Minister Gladstone visits second-hand book stores in London and buys quantities of trash.

Solid Comfort.

Every one likes to take solid comfort, and it may be enjoyed by every one who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of Malaria, Rheumatism, Biliousness, Jaundice or any affection of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It removes the cause of disease and fortifies the system against new attacks.

The veteran Sims Reeves will visit the United States this summer and consult with Manager Abbey.

SUCH WORKS AT THE NEAR APPROACH OF SPRING.

The readers of the papers everywhere are, no doubt, acquainted by this time with the fact that the world-renowned Louisiana State Lottery draws on the second Tuesday of every month, (the next on April 14th, will be the 179th Grand Monthly Drawing at New Orleans, La., but they should also take note that \$25,500 will be scattered among those who buy tickets at \$5.00 each, or \$1.00 fractional parts, of which they can learn full on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

An electrical target, on which a hand indicates the exact point where the bullet strikes it, is one of the latest inventions.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

H. B. Cochrane, druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, bilious attack and liver and kidney troubles. In no cases has it disappointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction.

Tobacco was first smoked, then snuffed, and lastly chewed. Pipes came first, then cigars, in 1815, and finally cigarettes.

SURE TO CONQUER.

The most troublesome cough is sure to yield if timely treated with Hagar's Pectoral Balm. Pleasant to take and safe for young or old.

In a glass works near Paris, air, stored under pressure, has been made to successfully supersede glass-blowing by the mouth, except in a few cases.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

On account of its purity and concentrated strength and great power over disease, Burdock Blood Bitters is the cheapest and best blood cleansing tonic known for all disordered conditions of the blood.

The King of Siam, although not yet thirty years of age, has 1,000 wives and 263 children.

ACCIDENTAL.

A. Chard, of Sterling, in a recent letter, states that he met with an accident some time ago, by which one of his knees was severely injured. A few applications of Hagar's Yellow Oil afforded immediate and complete relief.

The young ladies of the Ontario Ladies' College have organized two base ball clubs.

A PRINCELY FORTUNE.

A man may possess the fortune of a prince but can never possess happiness without good health; to secure which the blood must be kept pure and every organ in proper action. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and regulate all the organs.

The cost of each saloon in the city of Indianapolis last year was \$153, and the license only \$52.

WHERE TO KEEP IT.

Keep it in your family. The best remedy for accidents and emergencies, for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, soreness, Sore Throat, Croup, Rheumatism, Chills and Pain or Swelling of all kinds, is that marvellous healing remedy, Hagar's Yellow Oil.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

A number of prominent Irishmen of this city sat down March 17th to an elaborate dinner, provided by the Dufferin Hotel, the occasion being the celebration in a quiet way of the anniversary of St. Patrick. Francis McCafferty, Esq., presided, and was supported on his right by M. A. Finn, Esq., and on his left by R. O'Brien, Esq. Mr. John Keefe, president of the Irish Literary and Benevolent Society, occupied the vice chair, and on his right sat Major Maher, Inspector of Buildings, and on his left sat Capt. Denis Colahan. Addresses were given in response to the various toasts, the initial number, the Queen, being, as usual, honored in silence, and the others discussed as follows:—

Canada, Our Home—Mr. M. W. Maher and Dr. McInerney.

The Day We Celebrate—Mr. M. McDade and Mr. Richard O'Brien.

Ireland our Motherland—Mr. P. J. King, The Irish Race the World Over—Mr. J. L. McCafferty.

Trade and Commerce of St. John and Portland—Thos. L. Bourke, John O'Regan.

The Ladies—By a number of aspirants for feminine favor.

The enjoyment of the occasion was further enhanced by a number of appropriate songs and recitations.—Com. St. JOHN, N.B., March 18.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

In General Debility, Emaciation.—Is a most valuable food and medicine. It tends to create an appetite for food.—It strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Miss Julia Pease, a Vassar graduate, cultivates 4,000 acres of land in Texas.

Try Carter's Little Nerve Pills for any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, &c., relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market. In vials at 25 cents.

The other day Florida strawberries were selling in Baltimore at \$1.50 per quart, while in some parts of Florida it was difficult to give the luscious fruit away.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Flower weddings" promise to be all the rage in London this spring. At each wedding the bridesmaids will be dressed to resemble some spring flower—if it can be done.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Safety and Security.—When the severities of winter have yielded to the genial spring, invalids should make a determined effort to regain their lost health; when through confinement indoors, want of appetite, and disturbed sleep, the entire system has been weakened, and the spirits have been broken down, Holloway's remedies are equal to the occasion.

The Ointment rubbed over the occasion of the stomach and liver, aided by the internal administration of his Pills, will rectify the digestion, regulate the bile, and purify the blood—three sanitary actions which will speedily confer renewed vigor, brace up the falling nerves, confirm the flaccid muscles, and restore to the ailing cheerfulness, that great charm of existence.

A wagon load of scrap-iron and rubbish which was bought for a song by a De Kalb, Ill., junk dealer, developed a pocketbook which contained \$1,600 in bank notes.

Any lady who desires further information that can be given in the limited public space of newspaper columns can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet "Guide to Health" by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass.

A London firm of pencil-makers manufactures its shaving and shaving kit in an article which they call the "Dust of Lebanon." It is sprinkled upon the fire to remove the unpleasant smell of cooking noticeable in a room after a meal.

Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N. Y., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured my badly swollen neck and sore throat on my son's forty-sixth birthday. One application also removed the pain from a sore toe; my wife's foot was also much inflamed—so much so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured."

In a Scotch divorce case which recently came before the Court of Session the couple had been married for thirty-five years, and the wife, who was the petitioner, was the mother of fifteen children.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes: "I have enquired at the drug store for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"

The Canadian Pacific Railway promises to run its first train through from Quebec to Port Moody, Aug. 22, and will make the trip in 105 hours.

For Bronchitis and Asthma, try Allen's Lung Balm; the best cough prescription known.—See adv.

New York shines are down to 2 cents.

ASK FIFTY LADIES IN SUCCESSION WHAT PERFUME they consider the most delicate, the most pure and salubrious, the most permanent, and in all respects the most desirable, and forty nine of them will answer, MURRAY & LAYMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

The municipal schools of Moscow, it is said, will accommodate only 7,000 pupils, although there are in the city 100,000 children of school age.

The continued use of Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion invariably cleanses the blood from all impurities and restores the system to a state of healthfulness, that is manifested in increased constitutional vigor, mental activity, and lightness and buoyancy of spirits. Always ask for ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION, and be sure you get it.

Boiled starch can be much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little dissolved gum arabic.

There are cheap panaceas for various human ailments continually cropping up. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure has no affinity with any of these. Unlike them, the article is derived from the purest sources, is prepared with the utmost chemical skill, and is a genuine remedy and not a palliative for Biliousness, Constipation, Kidney troubles, impurity of the blood, and female complaints.

The grand balls given by the President of the French Republic cost from \$15,000 to \$20,000 each, and are sometimes attended by 5,000 guests.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

ILL-WON PEERAGES AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

"Yet, in sooth," returned O'Driscoll, "Marmion and Percy are not deficient of high qualities; but when proud spirits oppose and clash, it is as though when Hoel meets Greek—Hilt! what is that? Hoel! stand to your defence, Miles: we are hurt!"

It was even so. Just as they had turned out of a lozenge, or lane, simultaneously with the loud report of firearms, and the whizz of a bullet so close as to sting O'Driscoll's hair rose a shout of many voices, and suddenly they were surrounded by a party of seven or eight militia, led by Hunter Gowan, and in their midst was Guildford Colandisk.

The lurid glare of the sky as Miles and Maurice emerged from the shade of overhanging trees, and the shooting of sparks of fire and shafts of flame, amid wreaths of black spreading smoke from some neighboring dingy inn in the valley, told plainly, though neither cry nor scream floated to their ears, on what nocturnal mission of evil was this picked crew of bad spirits roaming. But there was no time for thought. In answer to Miles' shrill whistle, Ned Burke, who sauntered in the rear, came bounding with speed, and the three instantly setting their backs against the thickest hedge, levelled their pieces, and prepared to defend themselves to the last. O'Driscoll previously waved his handkerchief for parley, and, addressing Colandisk, said:

"Ten to two is unfair odds, Guildford, for by right I should stand aside; nevertheless, though the insurgent's prisoner, Miles O'Byrne is my friend, and as such I may not stand by and witness the unequal strife without landing succor. So bide the issue."

"Confound you! didn't we always know you a rebel at heart!" cried Colandisk, fiercely. "Here goes—dead or alive, the croppy chief's my aim, and you for a deserter."

"And there's the chap beside him that robbed old Watkins' till and absconded," shouted two troopers, whose ill-favored appearance had been so immensely increased by the lives of vicious profligacy they had been leading, that till they spoke Ned Burke had not recognized the bloated visage of Beaky and the cadaverous one of Tickle, his gnomish fellow-apprentices. Now he knew them, and shuddered as the lifted carbines covered his head. There was but one moment's pause as the muskets of all were brought to a level, and each thumb rested on the trigger. In that pause the ear of Miles, preternaturally sharpened by nervous excitement to the smallest sound, heard a voice say close beside him, and in hurried whisper:

"Now, Nelly, now: fire away!"

In that pause between life and death there was the click of a pistol, two loud reports, two yells of agony; now a rattle of musketry, two more pistol-shots, two more howls, and a stampede of Hunter Gowan and his men. Confounded, bewildered, when the smoke that blinded them dispersed away, Miles, Ned, and O'Driscoll found two men lying dead at their feet, and Colandisk, with his wrist broken and a flesh wound in his leg, striving to limp away from the scene of his disaster; while the authors of the mischief, scrambling through the hedge, exhibited themselves in the small persons of Miles O'Byrne and Nelly Doyle, considerably dilapidated in garb and appearance by some weeks of vagrant wandering and hardship and their present frightened aspect. Nevertheless, they smiled and laughed, and Effie, regardless of her plight, and the presence of a stranger, twined her arms around Miles, as he exclaimed, "My poor child!" and bent to embrace her. And Nelly shook hands with Ned, asking in the same breath for her mother and Johnny; but Ned, seeing Colandisk essay flight, and aware of the value of prisoners, without other reply than "More power to ye, Nelly! You an Miss Effie, God bless her! gave us a timely help," sprung after the fugitive and hauled him back, lamenting and expostulating upon such cruelty. Then Miles, taking the prisoner in charge, and whispering to Maurice: "You may go; I'll take upon myself to acquit you of your parole," which liberty O'Driscoll magnanimously declined to avail of till he had seen his friend, now en route for the camp, within its precinct and out of all danger. So he walked behind, listening amused to Nelly assuring Ned that it was her own hand had shot the two men dead; for she aimed steady to the mark; while Miss Effie, with her two shots, had only wounded the other villain, whose she ought to have killed her two; but she was too quick, and didn't take her time. And then Nelly, with a business-like air, proceeded to reload her pair of pistols from a pouch hung by her side, while Effie, in self-defence, made answer:

"I was so frightened when I saw him take aim at Miles, I thought I'd never be in time, and my hand shook so; but it's all right. I'm glad he's only wounded; I wouldn't like to kill anyone if I could help it. What a pack of cowards they were!"

"But tell me, my little maid," said O'Driscoll, who had no idea of the relationship between her and Miles, "how comes it that so opportunely for us you and your companion were roving by moonlight, instead of sleeping, like the birds, snug and quiet in your nest?"

Miles, who heard the question, drew near to listen. Effie replied, as if addressing him:

"Since the yeoman came upon us in the farmhouse of Art O'Driscoll, where you left us, Miles—and which they burned to the ground after we all escaped in time everyone flying together—for a good while we lay out in the fields. Then at long last we met Meelan Conroy, with her strange child. It was a wet day, and we were cold and hungry; so

she brought us home with her, where do you think, but to a room she had settled very snug for herself in an old parlour, and we stayed with her there till somehow we thought it was haunted, and the woman was always silent, and the child used to say 'queer things' and at last, sure enough, one night I saw something, and we used to hear strange noises and have such troubled dreams, we got frightened and said we'd run away, and so we did; and it was hiding in the ditch we were from the soldiers when we saw you and Ned and this gentleman coming along; and when we saw them attack you we whispered to each other to fire at them and kill as many as we could to help you. That's how it is."

"And bravely you did, my little heroine," smiled O'Driscoll, while Miles said:

"And where's the child, Effie, in which Meelan Conroy has made herself a home? I should like to see her again."

"Tis a great way off, Miles, in Wicklow; I'd hardly know how to tell you the way from this."

"Never mind; perhaps we'll find it on our march. Will you come with me, you and Nelly, to the camp? Kitty is there."

"Yes, we will; I'll be so glad to see Kitty," cried Euphemia, eagerly.

"And is my mother with her, sir?" said Nelly. "She'll be sorry to hear we lost poor Ned; the night we were burned out, I'm afraid carry the good hold of him, or he'd have surely come after us."

Miles felt he could not answer to the interrogation of the anxious child; he merely said: "Kitty will tell you everything, little one; let us hasten on. How long is it since you left the castle, Effie?"

"Six or seven days, Miles. How is Hugh?—is he at the camp?"

"No; he went with Gerald to Gorey; but he was well when I last saw him. The moon is gone down, and the sky is lowering; I see we shall have a wet morrow;—and yonder is our camp."

"I'm afraid there's something amiss up there, sir. I see men hurrying to and fro, and signs of commotion," said Ned Burke, steadfastly gazing upon the heights they were approaching, looming dark and heavy in the clouded dawn.

Miles, falling back, not to be observed by Colandisk limping suddenly in advance, said to O'Driscoll: "Now's your time; God bless you, farewell!" Each silently pressed the other's hand, and O'Driscoll, turning, disappeared in the obscurity, as if he had escaped his guard.

Upon reaching the camp Miles, handing the prisoner Colandisk over to the proper authority, demanded of Father John Murphy, who just then came up, with every sign of perturbation and wrath disturbing his usually serene countenance, had anything gone wrong among them in his absence; at the same time his eye fell upon the forms of O'Hart, O'Brien, Neil More, and Monney, O'Longhin and others, handcuffed and looking like scowling culprits, gloomy and disconcerted, before the eye of their indignant priest and leader.

"Yes, sir," returned Father John, severely. "I am disappointed in my men; I had thought myself the leader of brave soldiers. Instead of midnight assassins. Question these fellows yourself, whom I am going to expel from among us, of the cause, which it freezes my blood to think but of."

Miles turned and looked at the culprits, who maintained dogged silence, till O'Hart spoke bold and daring: "I'll tell ye what we did, sir; an' the dickens a bit sorry we are for the same; an' if his riverence, God bless him, had suffered himself the villanies we had sworn to riving back up in the villains who had injured us, an' made us what we are, maybe he wouldn't be so hard on us entirely. We fell upon some of the worst of the prisoners, our black Orange inmates, and paid 'em back all arrears in full. Troth we did put it out of their power to hurt us or ours again, an' if his riverence turns agin us for the same, why, we must only put up wid it."

Miles, without waiting to hear more, leaving Effie and Nelly to speak to Father John, whose ruffled brow cleared and softened at sight of the children, he hurried in quest of Percy Desmond, for whose fate dreadful misgivings deafened him to the voice of Guildford Colandisk screaming after him:

"O'Byrne—Miles—friend—I say, you won't take the mean revenge of leaving me with these cutthroats? For heaven's sake come back—take me with you! I'll go on my knees to swear I'll do anything you please; I'll give you any ransom! Oh, oh, oh! what will become of me! O good priest!—holly man!—protect me! I am a convert! I will go to Mass—anything you wish—only save from these monsters thirsting for my blood."

"Hush, hush, sir; cease your unmanly cries. No one is going to harm you," said Father John; "but we must retain you prisoner for the present, and you shall be treated as our own exigencies can admit of."

He turned away, holding a hand of each of the children, while Ned Burke directed his steps after his master, whom he found holding earnest colloquy with Percy Desmond, whose hand was locked in his; while Kitty stood by, assuring him that the boys never meant to hurt a hair of the young gentleman's head, seeing he had never done 'em any harm; an' that she came herself, knowing he was befriended by Mr. Miles, an' stood near him to keep up his heart, an' purtect him for fear thim as didn't know him would think him as bad as the rest, finding him among 'em: all which Percy, who was deeply agitated and shocked by the sight of ten or twelve of his comrades sprung upon in slumber, and butchered around him, by their incensed and implacable foes, fully corroborated. Then Miles, in further guarantee of good faith, addressed him, as arm-in-arm he led him forth:

"It is incumbent on us, as you may understand, Percy, to hold you our prisoner pending an exchange on both sides, when this calamitous period shall have drawn to a close; nevertheless, though so little faith has been kept with us by our deceitful and I am sorry to add, ignoble adversaries, yet, if you pledge me your word, as a man of honor, that you will not belie the better opinion I entertain of you, by taking unfair advantage of my implicit confidence, I shall interest myself with our chiefs to have you retained merely as prisoner on parole, till some turn of fortune may set you free."

"Thanks, Miles, thanks," returned Percy, disclosing in every altered lineament the relief of his spirit at this speech. "You may trust me without hesitation. You are a good fellow, I do believe, though a confounded rebel, and I stick to my belief that though you fought well on Vinegar Hill, and have pitched into us pretty often, we'll you yet, and you are doing to make a friend in time. What's Colandisk howling for?—are they going to gibbet him? I must say some of our fellows are arrant cowards, and so lose to be rid of 'em."

"I agree with you in that, my boy," said Miles; "Ned, you take me by the hand, and at the top of your speed overtake O'Driscoll. Let him have the animal to help his journey, and caution him to care it well."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEATH OF FATHER JOHN MURPHY.

To whom it is given to interpret the occult

mysteries of the human heart, to analyse the ever-fluctuating phases of its impulses, emotions and sympathies? Nay, the very object acted upon, the owner and possessor of the organ affected by transmission, and vibrating like an instrument of many chords to every lightest touch of the touch, is unable to explain the abstract question, to fathom the unexplored depth, and reach the hidden spring that propels the intricate machinery of human life, thought, and action. Kitty Burke who but, as we have seen lately, had been afflicted with genuine addiction the supposed death of her friend and kinswoman, Moll Doyle, on the battlefield, and would not be comforted, now when that "had actually come" to pass, and she had seen the brave woman struck down by her side, and left among the gory cañes of the slain on Vinegar Hill, no near came to her eye, no lamentation to her lip. In silence shouldering her well-used pike, she trudged along in the retreat with her dispirited comrades: silent she had since continued, and still silent she sat apart on a hill, cowering her chin on her hand, alternately gazing upon the dawn, breaking in misty rain and drooping skies, and upon the strange scene before her: hundreds of weary men looked fast in sleep, with weapons in every hand to guard that needful rest, and hundreds of fires dotting the extensive vista, surrounded by swarms of busy women preparing the morning meal of whatever material supplied by the spoil of war—haggis, mutton, hearted, &c., while prisoners, jealously guarded, scowled upon their scowling sentinels with impotent wrath. Contemplating one conspicuous among these, by his clamorous plaints and ostentatious demeanour, was Kitty for a moment beguiled by her moody thoughts, when a light, cheery laugh fell upon her ear, in company with a well known voice, crying out gleefully:

"There she is!—that's herself, sure enough!" The next moment, with a spring and a bound, Euphemia and Nelly were locked to her bosom, and Kitty, overwhelmed with excess of feeling, then gave vent to a loud and violent fit of weeping, all the more violent from the reaction of the overcharged heart. But little time was afforded for the greeting of absent friends, or hurried question, or slow response. The trumpet sounded suddenly to march. Up rose at the signal the slumbering troops, and falling into rank, they snatched, as they filed along for Dunaine, at morsels of food, half-cooked meat, lumps of dough, and half-baked bread, to support them on the way. At Dunaine, when they arrived at five in the morning, joined by the Kilkenny colliers, Father John proceeded to attack an English force stationed at Castlecomer. The town was soon taken, with the loss of fifty of the garrison, when loud volleys of musketry in the distance announced the arrival of Sir Charles Agill, with a squadron from Kilkenny, to the aid of the royal troops in Castlecomer. The insurgents, hurrying from the town to meet them, speedily came in sight of the enemy, drawn up