THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

find out who the inhabitants of the old house

It was late when he reacted the hall door

He had to go to his room to d ess for dinner, so he prepuned his inquiries until a mors favor-able time.

CHAPTER XI.

Well, you had a long walk, dear,' said Lady

new revelation. I say, who are your neigh-

and a tumble down house-you must know

is rather a romance connected with that place-

or rather with the people who live in it. I I think you had better ask Tighe about it-in

fact I do not like to tell the story, for Lum not sure of having its details quite clearly in my

Bure of having its decails divice that is in my head. It really is a queer sort of affair.' 'Tighe, must tell it,' said Mrs. Courthope, who looked interested. 'But, Chichele, what do you know about the old dismantics mill, as you call it? What has excited your out sity? His sister had noted his car is numer of

His sister had noted his eag r manner of

questioning Lady Blanche, and out of pure in-

quisitiveness born of ennui a-ked the question.

Chichele in his soul blessed her. Sie had shown him the need of caution. He half-closed

his long dark lashed eyes and lay back in the

wood or enchanted caslle sort of crib, to begin

along I saw such queer-looking wild people

about there. 'Whom did you see?' interrupted Lady Blanche abruptly,—'au old woman—or was it a

'It wasn't a boy,' drawled Mr. Ansdule de-

liberately, his eyes fixed on the fire. Yes, an -rr-old woman. 'D ar me! I thought old Miss D'A cy was

quite paralysed. Extraordina.y o'd creatate! -keeps alive by sheer force of will, I sup-

'Stop a moment,' said M & Courthope,

'Miss D'Arcy-Miss D'Arcy ! Blanche, that

was the name of the extraordinary old creature

who figured in that affair Tighe fold us of bog

ago. What a romance in real life it was, to he sure !'

marked Lady Blanche. 'Had it been history-fact instead of fiction-affairs would have been

Chichele was listening attentively, praving

the his sister would save him the trable of sking questions, the answers to which he be-

gen to feel morbidly asxious to hear. He seemed still to see the slender black-robid figure flit part as lightly and quickly as a bird. Who

be was he must know, at any cost or risk.
'Here is T.ghe. Ask him now, Chickele, if you choose. Were I you I would postpone it till dinner is over.'
'Very good,' he replied; but that moment Tighe said, 'By the bye, Blanche, who do you think I saw this afternoon as I passed the con

what your of those Mauleverst-D'Arcys-whatever they call themselves. Yes, positive-

ly dark, with eyes and hair like a gypsy. She was oming out of the door. She cannot be

They are still there? questioned Lady Blanche indifferently. Yes, no doubt so long as the old woman is alive, they will hold together somehow. March-

That very moment Captain Marchmont and

bis wife were annonuced, and in a few minutes

she was he must know, at any cost or risk.

'It was a romanne-luckily for Tiche, re-

with, and-er-this afternoon as

Well, it looks such a sleeping beauty in the

There

T went

'1 think I do,' she answered alowly,

'Who are my neighbors ?' she echo d.

Love's heral is should be thoughts,

beams

wings.

were.

room.

bors

chair.

boy?

LOV B

very different.'

gin to

JULY 18, 1888

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.] HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

2

"HOT JULY."

"Coming Up Past the Sign of the Liou"--Canad.'s Birthday-Saxon and Ro. man Holidays and Holydays.

-----"COMING UP PAST THE SIGN OF THE LION."

July has the name, whether d. servedly or not. of being the hottest month in the year. Per haps coming as it does with a rush close on the heels of June, too much contrast is all ried between it and that most heavenly month.

No one complains of the city nor of dust and tree in front or even in the back yard, or a strip of blue sky visible from even the timest air kung strice evenent, through which the twitterings of birds at dawn awak n the sleeper and the fairy besom of summer bre zes keeps all things swept and clean.

But as June nears a close, and, if it he not profanity almost to speak of her as one would of a fashionable belle, as she sets about packing her trunks for her departure after a very successful season, before the list of her dainty flowerembroider d robes are put away till next year, we she and feel a charge that tells us what we may expect. In the desper green the tender leaves take on,

in the ranker growth of weeds, in the denser shade afforded by thickening foliage, in the slight se relaing of sod contiguous to city pave menta-above all by the hot breath of winds that have been here and there and everywhere it search is free they have visited us, and "raised "..... know July, the husbandman, on his a du o lion street armed with peaceful scythe and sickle, his come to his own again.

The grand procession of the months reach ous point Even Neltrs, the sun-god, here a per faiters and hows his golden brow : whiteby earth goins and loses too, he "comes up past the sign of the Lion," while further midway Siriu-, the dog-stur, rages."

CANADA'S BIETHDAY.

nes- and A fitting time for the birthday of a nation, the culminating point and crossing glory of the year!

And two great nations clasest neighbors, brothers in everything but name, one speech, one color, one mother, have the auniversaries of beir birth within a few days of each other. Dominion Day and Independence Day. The

very names have something grand in their sound ! something prophetic of a glerious The 1-: the 4th, with but the turn of a

figure between them. The engle, the beaver, sources ambition and all-achi-ving industry. The maple leaf, patriotism-the stars and stripes, excits for all, and God in shape of goodness tuling.

It needs no astrologer to cast the double horeceps.

SAXON AND BOMAN.

Roman and Sax m have had their say in the naming of this month. But the Saxon, with hisnant sfor overything drawn from the hom-ly of sound hun, lived to see his Hay-monath. bay should find out a set of the lay harves, describing the national in which point is some first a set of the so we like the part of the bar o the eadler title Julius, from which our July, the participa family name of Rome's Imperial master, - Cous Casar Julius. who reformed the calendar and changed this month, Quintilis or fifth, to the seventh in the year. For which service, namely, a better arrangement of era. twe rewards were given, the month itself took his name, and the Julian calendar is a survival to the present day.

HOLIDAYS AND HOLYDAYS.

July has a goodly share of such. Feast- and for a scial and reliefous, crowd and elbow each other all through its thirty-one days. Saintly personages famed in church history claim every one every available day. Some-

times four er five are commemorated on a single day. Just at the portal of the month, and with

fitting regard to precedence, stands the feast of ing tribute from its altars.

sion of saints, each

ened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intenseat light glanten like lightning in all directions; the cutskirts of the burning lava as it fell, coded by the shock, shivered into millions of fragments and scattered by the strong wind in sparkling showers far into the country. * * * Six weeks later at the base of the hills the water continued Six weeks later scalding hot and sent forth steam at every wash of the waves.'

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS! [From the Penman's Art Journal.]

A sub-criber writes .- "A friend asks me to multiply 35 by 35. I do so and amounce the result as \$25. All right. Now multiply 500 cents by 500 cents, giving the answer in cents pure and simple, not as fractional parts of a dolar. I do so and am surprised to see the figures climb up to 250,000 cent., which is \$2,500. As \$5 and 500 cants are equivalent, the result is heat while June lasts-not if there be a green puzzling. It cannot be urged that decimal tree in front or even in the back vard, or a strip marks should be used. A ceat, as such, is as distinct a upit as a dollar, and, as the result is to be announced in cents, the decimals cannot be pleaded in externation of the rather surpris-ing result. But there is clearly something wrong. What is it?"

> THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT DINNER. The electric light has not only found its way on to the dinner table, but even into the dishe in America A jelly in the midst of which the electric light was set created a great sensation at a recent fa-bionable d no r party in New Otherns The effect was enhanced by the fact that it was arranged as a "surprise" for the company. The dist had been on the table from the beginning of the repast, but was hidden from sight by a large silver cover placed over it. which was in turn concealed under a heap of When the cover was at leagh reflowers. moved and the jelly disclosed the effect wasthe word is in place for once-electrifying. It must be a ided that those who partook of the jelly thought that it smacked of the electric fluid and o e lady went so far as to say that shefelt as i. she were swallowing a Leyden jar.

A MERRY HEART.

THE GREAT / WANTAGE THERE IS IN CULTIVE TING CHEERFULNESS.

We may poparently have all of this world's to casual observers are in any way ske up the sum of human happi blessings th necessary to ack the one thing needed-the crowning blo ing-the warm, gateful, merry n appreciate our lleavenly while som humble person, who heart, that Father's afft in our judgme life full of ble has little to onj y, will find her ings for which to be grateful, beсли-е вре ран · heart to make them her own. She will be t' (ne who will always find a we') come, for sha cays brings a bright thought or a little rift of ve, or c mes to lend a Leiping who need encouragement. An t hand to those who of us and r any circumstances dues not need a word of cheer? Not or a

But this sam "merry heart" is a great beau-tifier. Each it such to our lives leaves its me pression upon or faces. If evil thoughts, full of eavy or decord, are allowed to run rit, or, fretful disc meant reams supreme in the heart, even though we never intend to speak the words, let us remember that our faces will invariably tall the story. No matter how many efforts we may put forth to convince the world that it we were situated that and so we would be levely characters, the world knows butter; that is if the habitual from or point to found a settled never be we hed away; they have formed a part of our nature.

SINNING RIGHTEOUSLY.

There is an unvershed report that the first Puritan settlers of New E-gland sought a basis for their right to eccepy the soil that previously belonged to the aborigines, by passing a series or resolutions. The first declaration of priori ples residual that the earth belonged to the saints. The second : "Resolved that we are esints." After which there was no further doubt; this was concusive and the Indian had to go.

The disposition to sonctify their most piratical scheme- with landable intent was characteristic of the Pilgrims. We have such a groom thing more veracions in the following letter of Cotion they have nothing of that sort, my dear.' Then Mather, who, as it appears, meditated the de-

September, 1682-To Yeard and Beloved John Higginson.] There be now at sea a shippe (for our triend, Elias Holleraft, of London, did advise me by the last packet that it would sail something in August) called yo Welcome, R. Green was master, which has abroad a fundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penu, who is ye scaup at the head of them. Ye general court has ac card agly given secret orders to Master Malach godly crew, so that we Lord may be glorified and net mocked on ye soil of this news country at Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar ; and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people. Yours in ye bowels of Christ, COITON MATHER.

THE PAINTER MONK. I read a legend of a monk who painted,

In an old convent cell in days bygone Pictures of martyrs and of vagine salated, And the sweep Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs ! not fit to be a chapel's treasure ! Full many a tsunticg word upon them fell; But the good abbot let him for his pleasure, Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused : "Could I but rønder Houour to Christ as other painters do,

Were but my skill as great as is the tender Love that inspires me when his cross I view

But no-'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow What man so scorns still less can He admire, My life's work is all y dueless - to morrow I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures on the fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell-O wonder 1 There shoul a visitor-thorn-prowned was He. And a sweet voice the silence rent as under I scorn no work that's done for love of M e

And round the walls the paintings show re-

splendcut With lights and colours to this world unknown ;

A perfect be suty, and a live transcendent. That never yet on mortal canvas shown.

There is a meaning in the straage old story-Let none dare judge his brother's worth or meed ;

The pure intent gives to the act its glory, The noblest purpose makes the grundest deed.

GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

thepe. 'Yes,' said Tighe. 'The kettle was boiling

BY MES. HARTLEY.

CHAPTER IN.-Continued.

Well, fancy ! I have been two days in Ire-land, two whole days, and I have not seen any-thing wonderful yet. This is Thursday, and Tursday we dined with War-ministers and

" And here you are, on Taursday, among the bogs and the wild Irish already,' supplied Lady Blanche, half satirically. "Well! so far I cun't see much that is new or

strange. To be sure those bogs were quite peculiar—unch bareness, and the strange red color, and the utter absence of trees ; I noticed that, but then you have plenty here. Quite a lovely crive,-recalls Moresden Hall." "Ah !' sighed Lady Blanche, 'dear Mores

den 'D) you hat Treland as much as ever ?'

'Id, my dear !' remonstrated Lady Blanche, one never hat's one's own place.' 'Well, I don't know, I dont think I love Suf-

folk ; but after foll, of course, people's places are all pretty well alike everywhere." Sie clance fround the drawing-room as she ind. The flames of the logs glance d back off icoda u the gilling. The warrath drew out all the taint d-heate odour of the flowers, chiffy

tant definate dooir of the howest, capity cinerarias and primeles. Lady Blanche cuild not endure a strong p rfume. At the end of the room, in 'r at of a tall pier glass, was a mass of trompet lilles. The mirrer behind re-flected all the waxen blossoms and shield like leaves in a great mass. The maids had unpacked an i spread about Ludy Blanche's pretty things, her ormola and silver writing odd or out of the way, slthough she wished to

do an. 'Tell me,' she said presently, 'is there any o'd china or carved out things to be picked up

In the cattages hereabouts. 'Caina ! carved oak !' Indy Blanche sat up dering eyes. 'Ida ! your are in Cork, on the b rders of Kerry and Limerick, in the mo-t savage—' she stopped suddenly; 'why do you forget, and fancy you are in Belgium or Flanders?

'Savage,' repeated Mrs. Courthope aston-ishen, for Ludy Blanche had evident'y spoken

they have nothing of that sort, my dear.' Then she began to laugh as if amused by the ludicrounness of the idea. 'Why not? I know some of the best carved

wood that you could wish for is to be had in the farmhouses in the north of England, and as for china, you'll get Chelses, and Coalportdale, and path over one of his monutains, a regular short Derby, and as for Spode, I have really found shelves full of that alone.' shelves full of that alone.' 'Well, I will simply under ake to any that you will not find a single thing of the sort in any Irish farmhouse, especially in the South.' 'Yet, don's you find exquisite lace here?' ' Find it ? they make it in certain districta but you might as well expect to find a dress maker's apprentice wearing the apparel of cause she has helped to make it, as d ... chess. find the Irish lacemaker wearing lace. Mrs. Courthops was silent for a minute. 'Blanche ! you must take me to see some o "" abins; some of your farmhouses also." 'I have always been told the children are pretty; have such lovely eyes. You have a of course.' 'I have nothing of the kind, of course ! My dear Ida, you must be dreaming. You really do not understand how careful and guarded we must be. The school is the last thing in the world we could venture to touch. How could you imagine such folly? The entire population her

great thing is not to interfere-to leave them to themselves, Over and above being the civil thing to do, it is the safest. Captain Marchmont told me that he never offers a hint of any kind to one of our tenants. They may have the pigs in their 100ms along with the planor, -offer every inducement to a visitation of typhus tever, as they do perpetually—he confines him-self strictly to taking the rent.³

'That would not do in Eogland. Brt, as you say, I am in a foreign country. Why, I ask you, do they prefer dirt to cleanliness ? They do prefer it-but it is the religion-il

goes with Romanism.' 'Well, it so, how is it that the French and Belgians, who are all Roman Catholice, are clean

and love working ?' There you have got beyond me, dear. I can't explain it, it is race or climate probably. Here they come !' 'The rain drave us back,' said Mr. Court-

hope, entering at that moment. ' Has the post come in vet ?

'No ! the bag is about due,' answered Tighe It has to go to Barrettetown to be sealed.] don't care for tes, thanks. Courthops, tea ?'

'No tea. How it does rain !' He went over to the window, on which the shower was beating with great violence. The rain was falling so thickly that the air, was quite obscured, and the cough of the rising wind made steelf heard dus-

tinctly. 'The blossoms will be all beaten off," lament ed Lady Blanche.

'Only a ten minutes' gust,' said Tighe, who was standing with his back to the fire. 'All

the better for our chances of a fish to-morrow With a full river such as we will have there wil be no doubt of a kill. Here comes that post bag; Mrs. Cadogan takes her time over i

Well, I am sure it is legitimately employed in her case. She is not like her predecessor, who used to read everything.' 'Read everything " exclaimed Mrs. Cour-

when the mail came in ; she opened the letters with not steam, and my Times used to come up amelling of pipes and porter.

' Do you mean to say they opened a paper addressed to you ?' 'Yes,' replied Tighe. 'There could be no

Yes, replied 11gns. There could us no mistake about that. It used to smell of tobacco and porter when I took it out of the wrapper. But 1-t me tell you how I caught them. I drove down one evening about ten among the trees beside the river. He walked quickly and nervously; it suited his humor, for his head ached and he had found the journey down in the jarring railway carriage tiring in the extreme. He had been rather out of sorts of late. He had returned from the South of minutes after the mail had come in, and Figan, the postnistress, with her family and Europe, where he spent the winter since Christ mas rather too soon : and had arrived in London connections generally, gathered round some fellow of the place, who was reading out the leadto find it possessed of an east wind of more than usual unscrippiousness. He had been chilled ing article for them.' 'What did you do ?' questioned Mrs. C. urt-

hope. 'Do? wrote instan!ly to the "General" and

had them turned out at once.' 'Destitued on the spot,' added Lady Blanche of the firs and be ches he could see an alm st

* it was done by return of post. But now tell the sequel, Tighe.' He taughed, * Biddy Fegan, who if the truth were known, did not confile her curi sity to political insters-I was credibly intermed that she read two-thirds of the letters that passed through her hands—at once furnished torsel with a folio sheet of the paper, got up a petition setting forth far valuable services, unblem -hel character, etc., and set off round the country to not this signed and attested. Who do you black was the first person, the applied to for a

signature f "Well—w -who? You! you! oh never !

from the earth. The budding branches of the trees perfumed the air; every now and again as they swayed to and fro in the gentle current of air which so med to sweep 'She did,' said Lady Bianche, 'and got it too --he s gned it at once. Yes, you may well look amused and astonished, Ida. You will learn in across the land-cane from east to west, clear shining drops fell to earth, glatening as they did so in the studight. Rabbits sourced back and forth across the cryveiled drive ; blackbirds ran fur, ively and noiselessly among the undervery e equently. 'I would not have signed it,' said Courthop growth, while in the trees overhead the thrushes

What was the use of going through the form of punishing her? "Well, you do not understand the country,

right hand ; every now and again a steel-blue expanse shone among the branches. Presently my dear fellow. Infe here is made up of appar ently empty forms, but disregard them and see water-side. where you will be. O'Malley leaned against the chimney piece found himself beside a boat-house ; it was halfruined and all overgrown with ivy weh? one of those Maulever-ra-D'Arcys-and periwickle. A punt, half full of whatever they call themselves. Yes, positive-water, was chained to the little boat-align, which an overhanging branch of a lime-tree ly dark, with eyes and hair like a gypsy. She

and showed his white testis with a smile for an instant. "Now to give you an instance : A rich Bir-mingham man took Devreux's place ou the west

slunst entirely concealed. He turned now and coast of Limerick, and settled there.' 'I know the man-not at all a bad sort either.

for the ground was aplashy and wet. He was about to return to the drive when from across He gave me a couple of days' magnificent sport. What a river i' * Exactly. Well it was part of the famous Barton property, and the people had some old the river a shrill-sounding voice broke the stillness. He was startled, and turning round lookprivileges; for instance, they used to cut sedges in the loughs to roof their houses with at a cered across. An odd-looking little old woman's figure appeared in front of an entrance gate on in time of the year, and there

Once on a time she came here to dilate to me on the iniquities of a curate, a wild kind of poor creature imported by our dear old friend K lliott-indeed, I think he was a cousin of his own-and Mrs er-Lees, among many other pisints, alleged that the misguided youth called the sacrament the maximum of youth cargo sacrament the Eutachrist, and when he was re-monstrated with declared himself to be per-fectly Rubical. 'Blanche, you never will forgive her that,' ob

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's served Tighe. 'No, never, never !'

Driving back shadows over low'ripp hills ; "Well you might, for it makes you a good There fore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid story.' 'That may be, but I have not Mrs. Brown to

When Chichele came down a few minutes be-' There it is, Couribope ! I tell you the people fore eight he found his sister and Lady Blanche seated before the fire. Tighe and Mr. Courthere and divided into two large classes, those who tell stories, and those of whom the stories hope had not yet appeared. It was half light, are told. I can't make up my mind which is the larger body I have stories. I like good things to <u>er</u>-er-transpire, as the papers say, just to haif dark. The evening was a clear, blui-h-gray, the air chilly and sweet. Turf fire burned picture quely, casting pretty soft lights over the

happen quite spontaneously.' 'So do I,'assented Mrs. Courthope, 'to get the first of a good thing before everybody has Blanche to Chichele. 'A long stroll. I can hardly say I walked. I mouthed it over. A story which has gone the rounds always appears to me suspecte, suggestive did not go beyond the park, only to the liver's edge. How lovely it is ! The green is really a of back numbers of Punch. Tighe, do you re member the day you were going over some one's

"Oh yes! that was in West Meath. The daughter of the house, Fanny Batty, had a Who are my neignbors: any echo-o. Yes, on the opposite side. There is a place that looks like an old dismantled mill, all ivy Farny; and the groom who was doing the and moss, and that sort of thing, a mill honours thought it wasn't the thing to call this mare by so familiar a term before strangers ; so-there was quite a party of us there-said he, it. when he wanted to show her off to us, "Get up, Miss Batty !'

CHAPTER X.

'Dust thou love pictures ? he will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid, Which seem to move and wanton with her breath Even as the waving sedges play with wind."

When Chichels went out he followed an

avenue which branched off the drive and wound

and depressed by it, and at his sister's and Lady

Blanche's request had accompanied them to Ire-land, it bling his first visit.

He soon passed out of sight of the house and terraces. The avenue, sheltered by a double

invenetrable thicket of brambles : d g-violets

arpeted the ground all round the trees, and in

the dim receases behind these were quantities of primoses, which looked nearly white in the shadow. The showers which had fallen at inter-

cals all day had promph out a moist fragrance

song vicorously to each other, silencing the coo-

icg of the wood-pigeons. The river was on the

a little footpath appeared, leading down to the

walked along the bank down stream, stepping

on the roots of the trees as much as possible,

He turned into this, and soon

Then follow a long procession of saints, each with a symbol flower. The queenly Elizabeth of Portugal with the primose starring her manble ; St. James, bearing crovier and yellow lupin ; Sz. Enganins, with downcast oyes study-ing the cerulian buds ho loves ; St. Bonaventure, with heart as glowing with charity towards his fellowmen as the crimson hearted flower that decks his name-day; good Swithin that decks his name-day; good Swithin with the marigold that shows its honcest face in rain or shine; the morning glory saint, Eusta-bins; bud braving like a golden heart snume this of and barning like a golden heart among the other flowers the yellow Herosium sacred to Vincent de Paul; St. Margaret scarco touch-ing the Dragen Head, in the company of which Much appil cau be made by selling ye whole lob she is always pictures, in her path; St. Anne, with friendly chamomile, a plant of healing St. Innecent, with garland of mountain ground-sel; St. Julita carrying her white muller, and at the vary point of exit the soldier figure of Loycla, a seintly sentinel to guard the farthest portal of this fervid month.

Bat, to turn from this goodly company of the great and the wise of past days, we ourselves, even the most world-worn among us. long at times for a glimpse of the face of mother tare-that mother from which some of us have been so long exiled that we have almost forgotten how she looks.

Even the fashionable world, stirred by the universal longing, sighs amid its pleasures for sylvan sights and sounds, and hears amid its concert music and drawing room babble voices calling from echoing cliff and rolling surge. The merchant, too, in his counting room, hears the call and obeys it. The artisan comer, too, glad of a respite from his toil. And the children, too-the little prople are never the last to make for the green fields and cool waters.

What a great home gathering—back to Na-ture's arms again; buck from the wearing strife and termeil of a selfish world; back to lie in the long deep grass, and listen to the grasshop-per chirr, and the bees hum, and the cricket obirp-back again to the old home, close to Nature's heart-to be as we were, to taste of childhood's pleasures, with a spirit chas'ened from having drunk deeply at the bitter fount of Nyperience.

TERRORS OF A VOLCANO.

MARIANA.

Some idea of the terror of volcances may be gathered from an account of one in one of the Hawaiian Islands recently published. When the crater was filled from 500 to 600 feet deep with molten lava, the immense weight of which broke through a subterranean passage of twenty-seven miles and reached the sea, forty miles distant, in two day, flowing for three weeks and heating the water twenty miles distant :

"Rocks melted like wax in its path ; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat ; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flamins, Imagine Niagara's stream, above the brink of the Falls, with its dashing, whirling, bring of the rais, when its usually, which us madly-raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, isstantaneously converted into a fire; a govy-hued river of fused minerals; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke ourling upward from ten thousand vents, which gave utterance to the many deep-toned mutterings and sullen, conflued clamorings; gases detonating and shricking as they burst from their hot prisonhouse; the heavens lurid with fiame; the atmosphere dark and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapors, and gleaming with the re-flected contest. * * Such was the same as the lashed tround and over the melted rock; they boiled with the heat, and the roar of the con-flicting agencies grew hercer and louder. The

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NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMP TIVES.

INSISTING ON THE USEFULNESS OF SULPHURI ACID. A new method of treating pulmonary con-

sumption is described by the Medical Record from French sources. Sulphuratted hydrogen was one of the alleged carative agents in Bergeon treatment of the enemats. The French experiments have discarded that method as one of doubtful utility, but they seem determined to ful their patients' lungs with sulphur in some form. Their new system of curing consumption is bused upon sulphuric acid in medicated inhalations. Sulphur slightly moistened with alcohol is burned in a brazier, a little benzine or powdered alum being sometimes added to make the fumes less disagreeable. The patient is required to stand twice a day in this sulphurous chamber and inhale the medicated atmosphere until his lungs are saturated with subburic acid. The treatment is said to have been markedly successful in as many as 30 cases,

sweats and faver disappearing, the lungs clear-ing up and the appetite and weight steadily improving. M. Dujardin Beaunetz, who has been favorably impressed with the reports made in these cases, has tested the method practically, and greatly benefited, if not cured outright, seven patients. Into his sulphurous chamber fresh air is admitted from time to time, the patients being more mercifully dealt with than in the original experimenting room. This method of treatment is said to have been suggested by the experience of a soldier in the last stages of consumption. He was employed in disinfecting a barracks and obliged to pass nine hours a day in a sulphurous atmosphere. Although his condition had been proncunced Lopeless by hospital authorities, he completely regained his health in sixty-five days. The

sulphur burned for destroying the germs of con-tagious disease in the infected barracks had a similar effect upon the tuberc le bacilli of his own lungs. This is the practical explanation which the scientific followers of Dr. Koch offer of the success of this singular method of treating phthisis .- New York Tribunc.

Do Nor PUNISH UNJUSTLY .- After all, it is perhaps better that the child should be a little spoiled rather than it should be unjustly punisbed. The latter sometimes makes a very un-bappy memory to carry about with one. A gentleman said a short time ago; "I shall never forget, though I have wished a thousand murky with vapors, "* Such was the scene as the prever long of the provided in the manner flery contaract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, times that I could, how I punished intrie manner for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as coast, a mass of compact indurat: clara, white it for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as coast, a mass of compact indurat: clara, white it for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as coast, a mass of compact indurat: clara, white it for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as coast, a mass of compact indurat: clara, white it for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as coast, a mass of compact indurat: clara, white it for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and minutes after I had punished her, and then she looked up and said : 'Papa, you will have to the sent of the sone whin me again; I can't say it.' You can whip me again; I can't say it.' You can imagine just how I felt, and how I kept on rereports of the explading gases were distinctly membering the look on her face and the tone of heard twenty-five miles distant, and were lik. I the sad little voice."

is Roman Catholic : the priests would not allow us to interfere with them in any way.'

Mrs. Courthops stared at her.

'Please ring for me, dear ; you are close to the bell. Finney, she said to the footman 'take away the teast ings, and bring in free tea as soon as the gentlemen return. Th The priests will allow us to do nothing. It is of no use attempting to improve the Irish.'

Then you are not on good terms with you priests here?' asked Mrs. Courthope.

'Terms! Oh! as to that-they are not per sons of a class one could have anything to do with, Father Paul, as they call him, is rather one of the better sort-he was educated a; riad -but the cibers are--oh !' an eloquent move ment of the evebrows and nose conveyed Lady Blanche's meaning batter than words.

The footman, who was a native of Barretts-town and a Roman Catholic, noted this expression of face and translated it into words of the most unequivocal sort when he related to hi fellows in Barrettstown her ladyship's comments on the clergy.

Utterly impossible to show the least interest in them whatever you may feel.' 'What an extraordinary thing to say of your

own people, your own tenants and dependants

'My dear Ida, I wanted to look after th school here-you know we came here after I was married. I thought of having a sewing teacher, and offering prizes for good sewing and knitting. I was warned not to do so by every one. Mrs. Brown of Lees Castle—poor woman, she has rather an unfortunate manner, don't you know?-opened a school somewhere or other about her place: Lady Fredbury was greatly amused at her doing so, and the Le Poers also. She had only just come into the county, and the-er-other inhabitants thought her just a soupcon-well-inclined to show up all that in her opinion we ought to do. All went beautifully for something less than a week. After that, empty benches were the order of

the day.' 'Wby ?' Oh ! the parish priest simply forbade the girls

to attend it. You see, she had texts hung up on the walls, and was given to that low evan-gelical style of doing things, converting the creatures-I always thought it in the worst possible taste.'

You mean converting the Roman Catholics ! 'Of course. I consider it so preposterous ! They never make any astempts on us. Imagine a priest taking upon himself to hand me a tract! I believe any one of them would die rather than take such a liberty as to tell me to my face that my soul was in danger.' 'But he thinks it is.' 'That is beside the question altogether. The

notion of allowing this; he had brught th property out an out. He said they disturbed the wild fowl by cutting the sedges, and he would not allow them to amoy the sheen with their dogs tramping over the mountains, so egad ! he stopped both.' "And then ?

Well, after living with a loaded revolver within reach at all hours and places he had to pive in at last I don't mean give them back their privileges, but lets the place.' 'Left Barton Lodge !' echoed Courthope, with

a sing of regret in his voice. "Yes; it was not half bad for a fishing billet. That sort of thing won's go down in this country. My plan is never to interfere. That Bir mingham fellow-I forget his name-tried or

some religious dodge with them also, meddled with the schools, offered a prize for Bible knowledge, or something of that sort; regularly in-sulted them. I don't believe in education for the lower orders of Irish. That's all very well in England; people who work in factories and e better for being educated, permills are th haps; but I should imagine it a real misfortune to the poor of Ireland. No; they are infinitely better off to be ignorant. I never set foot in the school. I leave that altogether to the parish priest. I never refuse him snything he

Now, I gave them a site for that new isks, chapel they have built-it is actually upon the corner of our demeane-gave him two subscriptions and a lot of wood. Oh, Father Paul is de voted to mo! we are the best of friends.

'I should like to meet him,' said Mrs. Court 'Well-er-' said O'Malley, as if starbled,

we could not ask him to dinner-ask him here, in fact-no." No; I told you, Idn,' repeated Lady

Binnche. "But I can't understand why that should

make such a difference. In Inverness-shire last autumn, don't you recollact, Jack, the parish minister used to dine with us often, and he was the son of a smith...the Morrens' own blackmith. Lady Morven told me so ; ever so many Scotch clergymen come from quite the lower class.

'They do, I believe,' Tighe observed thought fully; 'but they are all educated, that makes the difference.

'How-why, are not these people educated slao ?'

'They can't have a Catholic university,' said Tighe; 'and, after all, you see it is their religion, and in fact hey suit their people all the better for not brig too well educated. I tell you my plan is the only one-never interfere -never meddle-replect their little prejudices and customs. I have no heed of personal pro-tection, I don't believe one of the people has the slightest ill-will 'o me. Of course for the sake of the bouse and property I got the police barrack to ilt on the demesne ground where it can command the town ; but -

"But, my dear follow, that-er-sent la garrison. it seems to me '

'Ohlamere presention in case of a night raid for arms, which, by the bye, I believe they are too wise to attempt. No, Courthope, put Explish ideas out of your bead when you come over here. The great secret of managing the

Ver here. The great secret of managing the Irish is to let them alone. 'I have been telling Ida,' said Lady Blanche, 'of a neighbor's oddities---Mrs. Lees, Brown, or Broun. If I lived for an hundred years I could not recollect her name 1 Ida,' she said, I Idan' beliene way here whether the Brownia I don't believe you know what an Evangelical

On yes 1 1 do,' retorted her cousin, 'a sort of disappointed, the young man took his way back Dissenter—they talk tex's, and have them all once more, this time finally. He turned right over the place.

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were closed, but a side door through which she had come out, and which was half-buried in ivy, was op-n. A high gabled wall of a house, the end of which was turned to the road, appeared before a confused mass of outhouses. one of which was evidently a mill. He was standing behind a tree, quite out of sight, and waited for a minute to see what would come next. The old woman, who, with her red shoulder shawl and bright petticant, looked something like an English gip y, advanced to the edge of the river, which took a sudden bend at that point, and looked up and down the

bank. 'Miss Marion ! Miss Ma-s-a-rion ! yerr, my laws I where are you at all, at all, and his rever ence sittin' widin, wid your sunt, lookin' everywhere for you, miss?

'Is that Choctaw or is it Sandwich Island ! murmured Chichele, as he listened to the strange sounding dialect. 'Oh ! who comes here?' A tall slender girl, who had been standing c sitting in a deep thicket of bushes a little way in from the path, pushed her way out of this and appeared on the bank suddenly. She had a shawl over one arm ; the other held a couple of books. She wore a black dress. Her face was pale, narrow, and foreign looking. Her eyebrows were dark, her hair black and coiled in a creat twist behind. He could not distin guish her features, but she was evidently quite young, sixteen or seventeen at the most. 'Kitty Macan !' she said-the words were

carried distinctly across the water to Chichele's ears, and sounded a little foreign. 'I have told you repeatedly to send Peggy or Rody to look for me, and you are not to shout my name out on the high-road like thes.'

Well, den, Mis + !' Kitty Macan in vain expostulated. Miss cut her short with a peramp tory 'I order you not to do it again!' massed her by rapidly, and stopping gracefully, disappeared into the ivy-framed door. The old oman burried after her.

'Who in the world can that be?' burst forth from the watcher's lips. He came from behind the tree now and made haste down the back to the very edge of the water. 'What a curious, striking looking creature ! Foreign, sarelywho and what can she be?---and so beautiful !' Then he stood looking over at the gates with

the mass of trees topped by a great fir, which reared its red trunk alofs above them all. There was nothing now but the end wall which had no window, and the mosegrown roof of the sheds and outhouses to look at. A sudden impulse seized him to cross over, but no bridge was visible. He remembered then that the nearest bridge was far down the river, close to the village. There was the weir. to be sure; to the village. There was the weir, to be sure; he could see it a few yards lower, but the river was full and was tumbling over 15 in a way that did not invite an adventure, though at low water it might be an easy enough featfor a sure footed person to cross by the top ledge. He remained for a few seconds standing by the water edge full of the thought of crossing somehow or other, when suddenly the aburdity of the situation flashed on his mind and he burst out laughin.g He turned round and sprang up the bank, but no sooner had he reached the path than he thought he again heard voices from the same direction. Without a moment's hesitation he turned round and made for the same point by the river edge where he had been before. It took a few minutes to reach it, and when he did so the door in the ivy was half sjar as before. There was no one to be seen but a tail old man clad in a long black cost and wearing a rusty tall hat, who was walking leisurely along the bank in the direction of the town. It did not occur to Chichele that he had come out of the mysterious house opposite, and

There are depths undreamt of by you, dear. on what he had just seen, and determined to Stewart has a bullet in him this month uack; if

nto dinner.

mont is coming to dinner, is he not ?'

more than sixteen . r so.

"How in the world am I to talk to this female?" mused Mr. Ausdale, runni g a search-ing and not altogether admiring glauce over his companion. Mrs. Marchmont's complexion bore traces of the Indian sun, Her bair was gray and thin, and her attire, compared with that of the other ladies, distinctly doedy. She carried herself well, and her expression was in-

tolligent, if rather depressed. 'How delightful the spring flowers are,' hazarded Chichele, apropos of a table decoration composed entirely of jonauls.

'Yee,' said Mrs. Marchmont. 'The park is full of them. Mr. O'Malley's uncle Mauleverer -whom-he succeeded him you know-was pas signately fond of them. He caused them to be planted all along the river, and narcissus, but bey come later. Mauleverer !' rep-ated Chichele to himself

He handed her salt with a positive air of empressement. 'Do they?'he naked. 'I don't empressement. 'Do they?' he naked. 'I don't know much about flowers, but I'm fond of them -those wild ones, as people call them,

especially.' 'They remind me of the valley of the Trent.' Warwickshire, Marchmont. 'Warwickshire, sighed Mrr. Marchmont. Warwickshire, Stafford, and Derbyshire-Low lovely the fields there are just now !

bere are just now : 'Dan't they grow here—are they not, what do yeu call it, indigenous, eh ?' 'Oh, I don't know. I am not a botanist. Godfrey Mauleverer's wife loved them, and he

stuck them in everywhere. I recollect Father Conroy taking offence one Easter-au early Kaster. It used to be a cussom here to send down flowers to deck the altar'-she dropped her voice very low as she said this. "Poor old Godfrey sent down a cartload of these lonquils. Father Paul thought he was bidly treated because they did not come out of a hothouse. He likes scarlet geraniums and that sort of thing.

'A bouquet with scarlet geratiums always makes me think of raw mutton chops' Lady Blanche heard this and thought how

good it was of him to be pleasant to Mis. Marchmont. She smiled approval to him, little dreaming the youth's nefarious designs.

Did you know this Mauleverer? he asked. 'Yes, he died just two years after we settled at Birchtown. Poor old man! his end was a ad one.

"Ah ! really ?"

The 'really' sounded precisely like an in-berrogation. Mrs. Marchmont want on. 'He lost his wife and all his children, his three boys, one death following upon another with such dreadful rapidity, that his mind/quite gave way. You know he became a pervart-yes went over to Rome on his death-bed.' latter part of her sentence was conveyed in a whisper. Chichele contented himself with raising his eyebrows. That Father Conroy, pur-sued Mrs. Marchmont, 'took advantage of the poor old man's state of mind-they the poor old man's state of minu-minu-are all Jesuits, you know, worked upon him, and —.'a shrug of her shoulders finished the sentence. 'I must say he was disinterested enough, for he did not attempt to get any money for poor old Godfrey.'

"Father Conroy is the parish p lest, I pre-sume,' ramarked Chichele. "Yes. He is quite a character. He behaves

rather well as a rule."

Captain Marchmont was relating the news of the county to Lady Blanche. Shootings and midnight drillings were the topics of conversamidnight ornings were the copies of conversa-tion. The agent was by no means inclined to minimize matters. He rather dwel: upon the risks he was exposed to. Mr. Courthops lis-bened eagenly. Tighe O'Malley's face wore an

benea eageriy, Tigne O Malley's face wore an expression, part incredulous, part contemptuous. 'You know all they are doing, at all events, Marchmont,' said he. 'Try that brown sherry near, you, then. If forwarned is forearmed, you can't be taken by surprise.' Oaptain Marchmont filled his glass slowly.

and the second sec