THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

PART L-THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPIER V .- Centinued. "Whe?" demanded one of the fishermen. When Tom happened to be greatly excited he invariably employed prenouns for nouns, at though he fancted other people should see at clearly as he the images before his imagina-

tien.
"Lane, David Lone, David Lane, the dummy of the Bahop's Island, and his wife, a dummy toe."

It was another pscullarity of Tom's, that when ence he found people did not unner. he became unnecessarily explicit, his accents at the same time rising, and his eyes glowing through their vacuous duliness in a kind of wild protest against the stupidity of those

"What is she like, Tom?" demanded another of the fishermon, as he shifted his pipe from one side of bis mouth to the other. and laz ly stooped to raise a cork float off the net at his feet.

"Well made and likely, with a yellow skin and white teeth, and red in her checks, and the sound of her dumb voice, and the hearing of her deaf ears, in the fire of her

"Faith, Tom!" oried the fisherman whe had last spoken, as he straightened his body and winked at his comrades; "but I think 'tle jealeus of you David Lane would be if he heard you say those words."

Fer a moment the unshapely frame of the Funi shock with rage; then words rushed from him so quickly, one upon the heels of the other, that it was difficult to follow him.
"How dare you say that! how dare you

may that ! You! D: you hear! David Lane is my friend, and his wife's good name is my friend, let whe will gainsay me and auffer. And the Bishop's Island is my friend, and all the fish that come to his lines are my friends, and the airs above the Bishop's to his seat. Island are my friends. All-all! all friends. And eitan, when my she wolf of a grandmother threshes the island with the thousand flails of the wind, and scoops up the water in her skinny hands and tries to dask the water ever the island and wash away my friend, I and laugh to hear that old she wolf yell in the storm as the waters fall down again and leave the island and my friend safe. Ah, spet. you villainous old hag!" he shook his fit at the dull, gray mist beyond the bar, "I'll my hand and went down for some tarf. meet you for all this yet; I'll be even with David Lane was out at the time, but I found you for what you do for me and my friends. his wife in the back-room. She isn't a bit I'll hand the faggets to burn up your wrinkled like his morner, but healthy looking and wickedness."

He was foaming at the mouth, and his dull, pals face had grown white with rage. Ine vacant eyes were perplexed with heat, Sut no fire came. L'ke the white vapor hinging over the place where a fire has been extinguished with water, the opaque heat was emoke from the ashes of reason extinguished for ever.

The fishermen were somewhat startled and awel by this outburst, and they countdered it prudent to pureue the jesting no further. F.om that time ferward the elightest approach to this subject roused Tom into lury, transcending even that occasioned by his persecution at the hands of that "eld she-walt" of his disordered imagination.

When Pat Casey heard that the bridal party had reached the Island, he turned to his wife and said, "Tnat's a change in old another, and then he seemed to be aware of Lane's plan. I hope there will be another Clauge, too, and that we shan't let our backruom to him that was born in it."

The spring and summer months of that year passed away wishout any remarkable event in the village of Killard. No one ever crossed from shere to the island except Tom the Fool, and Lane's wife had never been down to the village. Hence, beyond what Tout teld, there was it the known of her Tom told, there was little known of her.

Tom was reticent, and seemed to see in any question, however guarded, an attempt to David Lane, "sent Tom the Fool to me, all the savings of the talk and gold he'll be a repeat the old insinuation. True, some fishermon reported that once, from a distance they had seen a woman's figure on the low ledge of the island, but the distance had been too great to allow of any particulars being gathered. It would be possible for any one on the cliffs near the island to see a person en the level ground above the but, and during the time Divid Line had been seen there mere than once; but people seldom went along the barren cliffs. The road which led tiem Killard to Cleamore, the town in which the village seld its fish, went from the centre of the latter at right angles to the

co at-line of the bay.
In the meantime, Edward Martin bad been taken into the employment of Cantillen, and now fished in one of the latter's boats. The young man lived at the end of the yillage furthest from Cantill n's house, that is to say, at the other side of the little bay. He had made a most favorable impression on his master. The sider man saw in him sion on his master. The elder man saw in him a resolute spirit and a good heart.

Mrs. Usatilion, too, had taken a liking to him, partly because of his gentle, sad manners, and partly because she felt he had been tillen, and draw the dresser across it." sent to them as a kind of substitute for bis "I did as I was bid, wondering the whole dear dead brother. This latter thought time what could be the meaning of all caused her to behave towards him more like thisa mether than a master's wife. Often in the evening, when the boats had been hauled in on the stand and the oars carried away, and the fish sent up to Carey's, from which place the cart for town started, the young man found his way to his employer's house, sitting on : in the wide chimney-corner, or upon the bench facing the sea at the back of the house the family and he talked over such little news as their menotonous lives afforded, er as reached them, wonderfully transformed, from the great outward world of Clemmore.

It may be that as the winter slipped into the spring, and the spring into the summer, there gradually grow upon the young man feeling of interest in the quiet, subdued, light-haired daughter of Cantillon. He looked upon her as a child, but in his quiet nature there lay, out of his own knowledge, a certain grouphed sentiment, which, when time had dawn the child into girlhoed, might awaken and reuse up and teach him to regard her with different eyes.

The year's fishing had been successful.

Mrs. Cartillon said Edward Martin had brought them luck, at all events matters had laugh. gene so well that towards the end of September the fisherman made up his mind to build an additional cerrach for the next year. So he set out for the city of Limerick, to purchase nets and gear and canvas. He was gone a whole week.

Upon his return, after embracing his wife and daughter, and aethling himself comfersably in the chimney place, and answering some question concerning the wenderful sights afforded by the wonderful city, the eagerness to know died out much sooner than he had anticipated, and before he had well bruken into his magazine of astounding facts dischassi to his eyes and ears in his

"There's nothing the matter, Biddy!"
he asked, looking in surprise from daughter to wife, "Nething amin, with you here,
or any one down at the village! Tell travels.

"Oh, me ! there's nothing wrong ; at least, mothing wrong that any one is to blame for,

birring these who have to may it, and they're

eutside serrew."
"What is it! Come, tell me! Don't be making me wander all ever misfortune to try what would frighten me meet." He turned to his daughter, "What is it

"It isn't a fit thing for the child to talk cheut, if she can't help hearing such scandale.

"Whe-e-ew!" he whistled, "I'm sorry, whoever she is." "It's no she, but a he," explained the

woman, in acrimonious mystery—the acrimony being for the offender, the mystery for her husband. "A man! Who is he, and what has he

den: ?" "No man, but a child, and he hasn't dene saything, sa yet."

"Upon my conscience, Biddy, but you're saying a let and telling me but little. Why den't you speak out at ence? A boy tout barn't done anv wreng, but is going too it his wu good time ? I feel like a blind horse at the bottom of a stone quarry, with ne neigh bur near to ask the way out."

The family were siting to the huge chim-ney-place, the daughter osside her father, the mother epposite te him

"There was one goed thing dene, anyway," centinued the womar, looking calmly into the fire as though she were communing with her-

" All right, B-idget, ' said Cantilion rising; "I'm geing down to Pat Casey's to hear the news, and when I come back I'll tell you all about it"

Cusey's disobarged the duty of circulating library to Killard. The freshest news of the village was always to be found there, duly elaberated and edited.

At the man's threat, Mrs. Captillon turned towards him, and said: "You haven't had a blast of the pipe since you came in, John Mary, get your father his tobacco, and I'll bring my knitting."

The husband understood what this meant, smiled quietly at his daughter, and drepped, with an expression of relief and resignation.

When the needle had been sut to work and the blue tobacco smoke rose slowly into the o pacious flue, Mrs. Cantillon began :

"The evening after yeu started for L'merick who should come down to Casey's out David Lane, Tom the Fool, and David Lane's lle upon the cliffs with my chin over the soa, wife; and, to make a long story short, he bired the back room for a fortnight, and paid Pat Casey's wife ten shillings down on the

> "Wnen I heard of this, I took a basket in well-favored and strong.

> "A. you may understand, there were few words netween her and me ; but she leaked friendly, and glad to see me. No wonder ! She hasn't seen the face of living woman for nearly a year. Do all I might, I coulin't help pitying the poor officted creature. It is no blame to her. I dare say, to be dumh; and as to her marrying David Lane, maybe she had no choice, bu: was forced into it by her people to get rid of her. I took her hand and amnothed her hair, which is very brown and bright She smiled. She was sitting on a obsir near the window, looking

irto the back yard. "Wille I was keeping her company, in comes Lane, hocking very cross at me, and on raing a large atick, with a heavy nob en the end of it. The couple made signs to one his bad manners and unreasanableness, for ha come over and caught my hand squeezed it, and then put his wife's in mins. I am free to confess that I felt a kind of leaning towards them then, taking into account what was going to happen; and had as things were, werso wouldn't botter them, as the

saying goes. "Wellatter a while I left, and as I was and I'm to stay a fortnight. You know Mrs. Cantillon, it isn't for one like me to say No. I daren's but come out of regard to the un-

been, not to think of anything else." " W li, to make a long story short-" "Faith," broke in her husband, "I don't see much age of the shortness. I'd bet a penny on yeu against any woman in the parish to give a story its natural dimensions, and put Kitty B. ff rean heraelf to it; and I knew what she can de at a yarn since our

Mary was sent to us, bless the duy." He put his arm affautionately round her fresh young cheek.

Mrs. Cantillon took no heed of the interraption, but went on . "Two days after-that was Friday last-Mrs. Casey sent up for me, and I went down. David Lane could hardly be kept out of the

some one frem the village to be with the poor creature, so I went in. " 'Now,' said Kitty Heffernan, the minute

"That's just my disease at present," in-terrupted the husband, "I'm wondering

what all this is about. She coughed in half-protesting reorgaltion of his intrusion upon her narrativ, and went

"As soon as the door was bolted and the dresser drawn across it I walked over to the windew looking it to the back yard, and whe should I see standing in the yard, wetching the window, but Elward Martin. He was just in front of the stable door, and every now and then he turned round from the window and spoke to someone in the stable. I onuld not see who this person was. When Edward Maitin saw me at the window, he smiled and nodded his head and pointed to the stable, as much as to say, "It's all right; but what he was driving at or intending to mean I hadn't the gnust of a glim-

"My disease all over again, only I'm getting to know less and less the mure you say," the husband muttered with a low

"I cannot make or mar what was, and I'm



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45; St Antoine Street,

MONTREAL.

telling you as it fell out. Be casy. Well, to mak. a long story abort..."
Y u will have your joke, Biddy; far be It from me t gaineny von. B . go on, any way, either making a long story short, or a short story roug! What broug! Elward shert story tone: What brought Edward Martin into Pat Casey's back yard is where

I'm blackest lost. "You're to hear shortly."

"Amen!" "Le about two hours (Edward Martin standing in the same place all the time, and talking, now and then over his shoulder) there were four instead of three living beings in the ruem. Kitty Heffernan said to me Lerdship Bishop Dewling, Vicar-Ganer. after a time, "Wrap up the child in that Heenan, Chancellor Craven, at St. Patrick' flannel there, and hand him through the windew to young Martin, outside.
"I was atruck all of a heap with surprise,

and, moreover, I feared semething wrong might be intended. . What fer?" I asked, and I knew my thoughts were on my face,

plain to sea.

" Den't ask me now, dear, I'm net to say. I'll tell you before you leave this room, but net at present. You're not straid Edward Martin would have a hand in any wickedness? What's going to be done is all for the best and ne harm will come to the child."

Thinking ever everything, and remembering that Kitty Heffernan was a good and heartful weman, and would ir jure no ene, and that E iward Martin would stand idle if goodness wasn't warting his arms, not to speak of his doing evil, I made up my mind, wrapped the new-born infant in the finnel and handed bim through the windew to Edward Martin, without opening my

lips.
"The young man took the child as tenderly as a woman might, and carried him across the yard into the stable.

. Kitty stood by the bedshie of the mother, and I remained at the open window. I wa-going to put it down, but K'tty said, 'Don't' That's all was spoken in the room, and I left the window up.
"In a few minut a Edward Martin came

out of the stable, carrying the new born as tenderly as a woman might. Just as he handed me the child through the window, I saw Father Murtagh leave the stuble and cross the yard. He was very pale, and trem bled all over; but his face was more quiet, and his eyes more satisfied than I have seen them for many a long day. As he went round the corner of the house he lifted his two clasped hands to heaven, and his face was full of thankfulness. F ther Murtagh passed out of sight as I took one child from the arms of Elward Martin. "I came back and laid the new-born by

the side of the mether.

" Now, said Kitty Heffernar, 'you way go. Let David L ne know to has a son; but you are not to let Tom the Fool hear that Father Murtagh has baptized him in the stable, yonder.' And that's the story of the helr to the Blehop's Island."

"Well, I'm alad it is a Christian hair this time," responded the bushand, "Maybe, good will come of this. But there is nothing in the story Mary might not knew ot." "Is's my heilef that no good will come of

this boy," said the wife.
"Is he deal?"

"I don't knew, but he can't talk."
"Small blame to nim for that as yet, although the family has great savings of talk

for them semewhere.' "And other savings, tee. I saw three

all the savings of the talk and gold he'll be a wonderfully rich man and a speech-maker."

'There now," said his wife, "leave off, and don't be joking about such people,"

"I'm not joking at alt. I'm wondering; that's no slo."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF CLOSMORE. In the year 1854, that is to say, a decade after event, recorded in the last chapter, there lived in a dingy, unwhelesome street near the eld Cathedral of Limerick an elderly man described as a "gentleman," for he din not work at any trade or profession. If he had been saked to furnish a reason why he should not fall out of the world's economy, he would have replied that he was a philosopher. Among the poer and uneducated people surrounding him he passed for a miracle of learning; for there was no event or cirou metance or lact, latent or passing, that he could not clothe in half a dezen names, not one of which conveyed a more definite idea to his hearers than that the speaker was a very learned man and ought to be in the Church, or the law courts, or Parliament, according to the subject he treated of. He was tell, erect, this, with dull white com-plexion and small round restless eyes.

He lived in a large bleak upper back room; across its thresheld come of these who knew

him ever passed. As far as his neighbors could learn, he had no friends nearer than those with whom tue supplying of his slight daily wants, or chance meeting, brought him into contact. And yet no man was less independent of society. He would converse freely and fully with any man, woman, or child fortune threw in his way. He was the most simple and guileless of men, and although he considered the whole circle of acience and art lay revealed to him, he assumed no airs beyond one of bland, impartial, imperturbable infallibility.
When mention of any branch of thought, er inquiry, or discovery unknown to him by name, arose in his presence, ne declared it to be either an ignoria superstition, a vulgar invention, or an idle and fruitions divergence of the schoolmen from the broad and open paths of knowledge.

(To be continued.)

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An old physician, resired from practice, had placed in he hands by an East Indian mission-ary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy ary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the specity and permanent oute of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung aff-ctions, also a positive and radical cure for aerveus debility, and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curacive powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve numan suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in Gerssan, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Norks, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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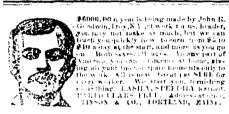
DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Consecration of a New Church-A Nobile Edifice-Imposing Ceremonial. St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton. was dedicated to divine services on the 23.d. The

building is situated on the northwest corner of Ploton and Mary streets facing the south, and rank; among the foremost of the sacred edifices recently added to the city's fine church buildings. It speaks volumes for the UENERAL ROOFERS and CONTRACTORS, energy and zial of His Lordship Bishop Dawling, and is a credit to the Cathello peopl , to Architeo Rebert Clesoy and the builders. His Lerdship Bishop O'Capnor, of London, performed the selemn and interesting corement of consecration, and at 10 30 the church was formally spensed and Mass ol brated. Among the dignitaries who took part in the services were His Grace Arch-bishep Walsh, of Teronto; Bishep O'Comor, of London; Dian McCann, of Terento; Father Marijahn. Provincial of the Bislian Order; and Father Kloepfer, head of the College at Bullo. Tours were also present Father Daugherty, Gualph; Father Daugherty, Arthur; Father Bat, Niagara Falla; and the following clargy of the discome: His Heenan, Chancellor Craven, at St. Patrick's Courch; Fathers McEray, B-ady, Coty and O'Sullivan, of St. Mark's; Fath. Zalm of St. Jo eph'e; and Father Laley, or ist. Patrick's

Bishop Diwling sang the High Mass and Archbishop Walsh preached. The other clergy who assisted were: Vicar General Heenen, assistant priest; Father Brady, descon; Father C.ty, sub-descon of honor; Father Dougherty and Dean McOann, assistant to the Archbishop; Chancellar Oraven and Father Brennan, assistants to the Bishop of Londer. M.z.rt's twel/th Mass produced by the

combined choirs of St Mary's, St, Patrick's and St. Joseph's churches with an orchestra of twelve pleas. The sermen was preached by the Aronbishop of Taronto who chose for his text first platta of Paul to the Carinthiane, I., 23 d and 28th verses "But we presch Christ ocuelfied, auto the Grocks feel shoess; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Grocks, Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God." An address was atterwards read to the Archbishop on behalf of the congregation and His Grans replied in suitable terms. At Vespors Dian McCann SEND FOR CATALOGUES of Toronto proceded. The new church is in the Norman Romanagua. The south and I fty tower on the eastern eide, giving the whole a grand appearance. The building exclusive of tower and vestries, is 55x129 feet. It is sclendidly finished and the internal decorations are very striking -Times.



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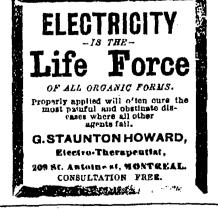


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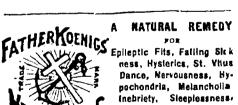
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