## KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Mr Lowe found timself knee deep in fresh straw, after jumple g from the gig in Ned Brophy's yaid, he looked about bim with a slight sense of bewiderment Taels drive f r the first two miles had been pleasant enough, but when they turned off the high road into a narrow "boreen,"

off the high road into a narrow "boreen,"
Mr. Lowe expected every moment to be
finng over the fence, against which the
wheel aimost rubbed as they jolted along.
"Have we much farther to go?" he
asked, clutching the side of the gig, as the
wheel at Hugh's side sank into the deepest
alongh they had met yet.

"Only a couple of fields," Hugh replied.
"We'll be in view of the house after
passing the next turn."

passing the next turn." The couple of fields seemed five miles long at a moderate calculation to Mr.
Lowe, and it was not till he found himself on his legs in the straw he felt satisfied they had really arrived at their journey's end As he gesid about him he had a confused consciousness of the twang of fiddles, mingled with the hum of many voices and the clatter of many feet, on the one hand, and a combination of odors, in which turf smoke and rosst goose pre dominated, on the other. The music dominated, on the other. The music an out office at the opposite elde of the yard, which was converted into a kitchen for the occasion—and there being no chimney, a plentiful supply of smoke was

the natural consequence.

Hugh shouted for some one to come and take care of his horse; and a workman rushed from the barn, creating consider-able confusion among a crowd of beggars at the door\_for whom the fun at that aide seemed to possess more attraction than the cuinary preparations and savory

odors at the other.
Mr. Hugh Kearney's arrival was soon made known to the people of the house; and Mat Donovan, as "best man" and master of the ceremonies, was at the door to receive and welcome him.
"Is this the doctor you have wad you?"

Mat asked. "Begor, I'm glad we have him, as I was afeard there'd be no wan to

"This is Mr Lowe," replied Hugh.

Mat was evidently disappointed; for
he had the highest opinion of the dector's
powers in the matter of "discoorsin' the
ladies."

ladies."
On entering the kitchen, where preparations for dinner were also proceeding on a large scale, Ned Brophy's mother welcomed them with a courteey, and her daughter took their hate and overcoats to one of the two bed rooms off the kitchen. Mat Donovan opened the parlour door, and showed the gentlemen in with a bow and a wave of his hand that even the accomplished

or his hand that even the accomplished Richard, whose absence he so much regretted, might have envied. Two ladies who sat by the fire—one in a blue ball dress and pearl necklace, the other in a plain black allk, with only a blue ribbon for ornament—stood up; and Mr. Lows found himself shaking hands with the blue ball dress almost before he was aware of it.

"Don't you remember Miss Lloyd?"
Hugh was obliged to say; for it was
painfully evident he did not at once recog-

'Oh, I beg pardon," said he, "but really the pleasure was so unexpected."
Miss Lloyd was in fidgets of ecstacy, and

called to her sister to introduce her. Mr. Lowe bowed again, and it was pretty clear from the expression of his eye that he thought the plain black dress and the blue ribbon a pleasanter sight to look at than the blue gauze and pearl

"Sit down, sir," said Mat Donovan, placing a chair in front of the fire 'Or, maybe,' he added, turning to Hugh, "yon'd like to have a bout before the bles are brought into the barn?"
"Ob, no, we'll wait till after dinner,"

Hannigan'll be here shortly, and I'll bring him in to have a talk wad ye before sup-per is ready. I'm sfeared the cook is afther takin' a sup too much, an' if the ladies here don't show 'em what to do,

"Oh, you may command my services,"
said the younger lady, with a laugh.
"Thank'ee, miss," returned Mat. "But "Bat she's takin' a sleep, and may be she'd be all right after id "
"Who is the cook?" Miss Lloyd asked,

eagarly. Is it Mrs. Nugent?"
"'l'is, toiss." replied Mat. "She was
up at the castle yesterday, preparls' the
blg dinner, an' she's bate up intirely."
"Oh, was she at the castle? Where is

she? I'd like so much to ask her all "She's gone into the little room there,

mis, to take a stretch on the bed."

Miss Lloyd was on the rack immediately. Even Mr. Lowe faded from her mind and was lost in the stream of that blg dinner at the castle.

Seizing a caudle from the table, Miss Lloyd rushed into the little bedroom off the parlour. Immediately a loud scream made them all start to their feet, and fly to her assistance. All was darkness in the bedroom till some one brought a canile; and there was poor Miss Lloyd, blue ball-dress, pearl necklace, and all, sprawling on the floor, and staring wildly about her. The fat cook—who was a about her. The fat cook—who was a very mountain of a woman—was lying on the floor too, enoring sonorously; and it at once became apparent to the astonished spectators that Miss Lloyd had

tumbled over her.

Hugh Kearney stepped over the fat

cook, and reaching his band to the fright-ened lady, rated her up.

"O Mr. Kearney," she exclaimed, pant-ing for breath, "what have I fallen

"Over a mountain," replied Hugh, laying his hand on the fat cook's shoul-der and shaking her.

The sonorous music that proceeded from the mountain suddenly ceased; and a second vigorous shake had the effect of a second vigorous shake had the effect of causing the fat cook to open her eyes.

"O Mr. Kearney," she exclaimed piteously, looking into his face, "you know what a weak constitution I have."

hat a weak constitution I have."

This address, uttered as it was in a think you could hear me."

familiar and effectionate manner, took

familiar and affectionate manner, took Hugh somewhat by surprise; for it happened that Mrs. Nugent was a perfect stranger to him.

"Thundher an' turf, Mrs. Nugent," exclaimed Mat Donovan, "everything is roasted an' biled—an' there's open war among the women. Wan asys wan thing an' another eaps another thing; an' between 'em all everything is three-nalybels."

Mat out his arms round Mrs. Nugent

ybels."

Mat put his arms round Mrs. Nugent and lifted her to her feet—a feat which no man in "the three parishes" but himself would have attempted.

Mrs. Nugent steadled herself for a moment, untying her apron and turning the other side out, with great deliberation. "You know, Mr. Kearney." said she, "how a salt herring upsets me."

Hugh felt slightly confused, and altogether at a loss to understand why Mrs. Nugent should persist in assuming that he had so intimate a knowledge of her constitution.

constitution.

"Really, ma'am," said he, "I do not know. I believe this is the first time I ever had the pleasure of meeting yeu."

"Well, if you don't, your mother does," said Mrs. Nageat, as she stuck a pin in her cap a little over her right ear—for what purpose it would be difficult to say.

"She knows what dressing a dinner is," continued Mrs. Nugent, looking round on the company, "fer she was used to nothing else in her own father's house."

Hugh felt that this compliment to the O'C rrolls would have greatly gratified his mother, and that she would have quite overlooked the essertion that she was

overlooked the assertion that she was "used to nothing else" but dressing din-ners at Ballydunmore.

ners at Ballydunmore.

"And how are you to-night, Miss Lloyd?" said Mrs. Nugent. "I hope your family are well."

"Quits well, thank you, Mrs. Nugent," repluct the lady addressed, who was nervously feeling her pearls one by one, to know if any of them had come to grief in consequence of her tumble.

consequence of her tumble.

"Come, Mrs Nugent," said Mat Donovan, "an' set'em to rights at the dishin', in the name o' God."

"Yes, Mat the Thrasher," replied Mrs.

Nugent. "Let me alone for setting them to rights."

She moved with great dignity towards the door; but making a sudden and quite unexpected detour before she reached it,

unexpected detour before she reached it, Mes. Nugent came plump up against Mr. Henry Lowe, who mechanically caught her in his arms, as, yielding to the momentum, he staggered backwards. "Hands off, young man, till you're better acquainted," exclaimed the fatcook, in an offended tose. "I'm no sich sort of indivigel," she added, as she shook the young gautteman from her to bis atterned. young gentleman from her, to his utter confusion and dimmy. But before he could collect his wits to protest he meant no harm whatever, Mat Denovan took the offended lady's arm, and conducted her to the kitchen, where her appearance, as she stood with arms akimbo in the middle of the floor, made Mrs. Brophy and her servant girls feel like delinquents, so awe-inspiring was the glance the mighty empress cast round her dominions. "Mat the Thrasher," said Mrs. Nugent,

will you-"Begob, there's Father Hannigan; I must be off," exclaimed Mat, as he hurried away without waiting to know what Mcs.

Nugent required.
"God save all here," said Father Hannigan, stamping his feet as he stepped
over the threshold. "How are you Mis. "You're welcome, sir," was Mrs.

Brophy's reply, as she opened the parlour Father Hannigan had a hearty greeting

Father Hannigan had a hearly greeting from every one, and Mr. Lowe was particularly glad to see him.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Lloyd; but we must put Mr. Flaherty in that corner. Sit down there, Mr. Flaherty," he con tinued, laying his hand on the arm of a respectable looking man, who until now had been concealed behind the tall figure of the priest.

"Good night, Miss Lloyd," said he, with-out turning towards her. "Good night, Mr. Flaherty," she replied.

"(Food aight, Mr Fisherty," she repiled.
"Ha!" he laughed, appearing to look
straight before him, though the lady was
on one side, and rather behind him. "I
think this is Miss Isabella I have beside me," he said after playing again with the bunch of seals. "Yes, Mr. Flaherty. It is a long time

now since you paid us a visit."

He did not reply, as he was listening with an anxious look, to the conversation passing between Father Hannigan, Mr.

"This is the Esglish gentleman?" he observed in a whisper, leaning his bead towards the young lady who had just spoken to him.
"Yes; he is Sir Garrett Butler's nephew,"

she replied.

Mr. Lowe's curicalty to know something of Mr. Flaherty was so strong that it brought him to the side of Miss Lloyd, at the other end of the room. She tossed har fisunces about, and made way for him in an ecstacy of delight. "I am curious to know," he said, "who

old man's knees.
"That's the celebrated Irish piper," she

replied. 'I am surprised to see him here. I did not think he attended country wed-

dings."
"I suppose," said Mr. Lowe, "he goes round among the nobility and gentry, as round among the nobility and gentry, as we are told the harpers used to do."
"He does," she replied; "and he has a beautiful little pony the countess gave him. But I suppose he is stopping at present with the priests, and Father Hannigan has brought him with him" "I wish he would begin to play," said Mr. Lowe. And he was rather startled when the old man immediately said:
"Yes, I'll play a tune for you."
Oh! thank you; but I really did not

"Twenty minutes past nine."

Mr. Lywe, who looked at him in surprize as he smiled and chuckled while putting up his watch, caught a glimpse of the old men's eyeballs, and saw that he

the old man's eyeballs, and saw that he was blind.

"Sit down near me here," said Mr. Flaberty. "I knew Sir Garrett and your mother well. I'll play one of poor Garrett's favourite tunes for you."

As he uncovered his pipes their splendour quite took Mr. Lowe by surprise. The keys were of silver, and the bag covered with crimson velvet fringed with geld; while the little bellows was quite a work of art, so beautifully was it carved and ernamented with silver and ivory. Having tied an oval-shaped piece of velvet with a ribbon attached to each end above his knee, he adjusted his instrument, and after moving his arm, to which the bellows was attached by a ribbon, till the crimson velvet bag was inflated, he touched the keys, and extehing up the "chanter" quickly in both hands, began to play. Mr. Lowe, who watched him narrowly, now saw the use of the piece of velvet tied round his leg, as the "chanter" was ever and anon pressed sgatest it to

welvet tied round his leg, as the "chanter" was ever and anon preced galast it to assist in the production of certain notes by preventing the escape of the air through the end of the tubs.

The musician soon seemed to forget all mere human concerns. He threw back his head, as if communing with invisible spirits in the air above him; or bent down over his instrument as if the spirits had suddenly flown into it, and he wanted to catch their whisperings there, too.

suddenly flown into it, and he wanted to catch their whisperings there, too.

The audience, to some extent, shared in the musician's cestacy; particularly Father Hannigan, from whose eyes tears were actually falling as the delicious melody cessed, and the old may raised his sightceased, and the old had raised his signi-less eyes, and listened, as it were, for an echo of his strains from the skies, "Ok!" exclaimed Father Hennigan, turning away his head, and flourishing

his yellow Indian silk pocket handker chief, as he affected to sneeze before taking the pinch of snuff he held between the fingers of the other hand—"oh, there's something wonderful in these old irish airs! There was a ballad in less Saturdark Netter should be should be saturdark Netter should be should be should be saturdark Netter should be day's Nation about that tune, that was nearly as moving as the tune itself. Did you read it?" he asked, turning to Hugh

Kearney.

"Yes," he replied. "Your friend, Dr. Kiely, induced me to become a subscriber to the Nation."

"I don't get it myself," returned Father lannigan. "The Father O'Neill gets it, "I don't get it myself," returned Fatner Hannigan. "The Father O'Neill gets it, and I suspect he has a leaning towards those Young Irelanders, and dabbies in poetry bimself. But I wish I had that ballad about the "Coolin," to read it for Mr. Fisherty. If poetry as well as music could be equeezed out of an Irish begpipes, I'd say that ballad came out of that bag under his oxter."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DROWNING THE SHAM. ROCK.

"Only for three months, Owen! Just think what a little while! Why, 'twill have slipped away without you ever noticing it. Come now, child, don't be afraid. God will help you and make the water taste just as good as the poteen. Just make up your mind to it, and I promise you that you'll bless the day that will have made a cober man of you for the rest of your life!" for the rest of your life!"

The speaker was a kindly, white haired priest who for years had been the pastor of the Cathelics in the busy little town of M—, near Liverpool, and the person whom he addressed was a tall, handsome respectable looking man, who until now had been consealed behind the tall figure of the priest.

The old man was dressed in a decent suit of black, and as he sat down in the chair to which the priest hed conducted him, Mr. Lowe was struck by the placid smile that glowed over his round, ruddy face. He wore a brown wig, curied all round from the temples, which he now caught hold of ever each ear, to fasten it on his head. He then commenced playing with a bunch of seals attached to his head. He then commenced playing with a bunch of seals attached to his head. He then commenced playing with a bunch of seals attached to his head and shall expect the mountains and lakes of consumars had not yet robbed him of all the freshness of color and billillancy of eye of his native country. To be sure his small clothes.

"Good night, Miss Lloyd," said he, with-" jected expression in his handsome face as he stood before the old priest. The fact was, Owen had just been getting a lecture, which he knew was well deserved, from Father Laurence. Owen was the heat of fellows—industrious, honest, God fearing, a model son, a kind brother, a true friend. In his home in the West he was a general favorite, and the lamenta-tion had been universal when circumstances had caused him to leave it for a while for a good job that had been offered him in M——. There he had left a mother who adored him, and a brighteyed girl who had promised to be his wife, and a character of which any man might be proud. For a while after he came to M— his good habits stuck to him, and he was the same steady, hard working fellow as at home. Then the moment of trial came—the bad companions, the evil example, the ridicule and jeers of his com

rades, the overpowering temptation, the sudden yielding, and then the cruel, dreadful, unavoidable consequences. Good Father Laurence had made more than one attempt to rescue poor Owen from the horrible fate to which he was so 'I am curious to know," he said, "who is that old gentleman ?"

As he spoke his curiosity was further excited by seeing a little boy come into the room and place a green bag on the himself from the chapel. At last rumors reached the priest's ears which determined him to make a supreme effort before it abould be too late. One evening, after a long and tiresome day's work, he made his way to the house in the little back street, where he knew that Owen lodged, and, catching him just as he was going to join a set of boon companions at the neighboring public-house, he earnestly appealed to him to save himself from ruin and misery, and there and then to take the pledge. "You'll never regret it, Owen, I promise you, you never will. It is your one chance, and if you reject it, it is all up with you, I do believe. Just think what you're coming to, my boy—you, as fine a young fellow as ever stepped, a month or two ago. And proud I was of you, and used to point you out as an should be too late. One evening, after a long and tiresome day's work, he made

"Ha!" he replied, laughing; "I can hear the grass growing."

He pulled out his watch, and after opening the glass and fumbling with it for a moment, he said:

"Twenty minutes past nine."

Mr. Lowe, who looked at him in surviva as he amiled and chuckled while

I'll give it up to please you; and I'll only drink a glass now and then, just to stand drink a glass now and then, just to stand a mate a treat, and because one must wet one's lips with something. Won't that do, Father Laurence?" the young man concluded, with a coaxing air, taking off his coat, as though already beginning to prepare for bed.

Father Laurence was not, however, so easily taken in. Experience had taught him how little such promises were to be trusted.

trusted.

"Shame on you, Owen," he said, "to try to put me off in that shabby fashion! To please me indeed! Is that your motive? Why it's God Almighty you should be thinking of pleasing, and of saving your body and soul from rain and destruction. Nothing will save you from that accursed temptation but the pledge, and it is the pledge I have come to give you. Pretend you're sick, indeed, and go and hide your head in the blanket? Why not tell the truth—that you're determined to save yourself while there's time, and to give up the drink altogether? O, Owen, Owen! It just shows you the time, and to give up the drink altogether?
O, Owen, Owen! It just shows you the
mischlef that's done already, and the
coward you're fast becoming, that you
should have to go to bed to hide yourself
from the danger, instead of facing it like
a brave fellow, and showing the sort of
stuff you're made of."
This appeal produced a considerable
effect, but it was by no means conclusive
Owen made a stout resistance still. To

Owen made a stout resistance still. To Owen made a stout resistance still. To take the pledge was a serious matter. He foresaw how he would be jeered and scoffed at; how all those with whom he had of late associated would despise and laugh at him. Even his own pride was mortified and humbled by the suggestion. Could he not take his glass like another? He hated to think that he should be so weak as not to be able to know when and

where to stop.

But Father Laurence was determined that, in spite of himself, Owen should be dragged away from the terrible abyes, and the end of it all was that, before he left the young men's room that evening, Owen had taken the pledge for three months, recerving to himself the right of "drown-ing the shamrock" on Patrick's Day.

Three months! It seemed easy enough to say; but it was surprising how long they appeared to get through. Owen, though he had made such a fues about it, had, in ne had made such a fues about it, had, in reality, not seriously foeeseen much difficulty in giving up the drink for three mohths. As to the deprivation, he had hardly thought about that; but he did dread the loss of the boon companionship, and, far more than this, the taunts and

and spent the rest of the week in slowly recovering himself, was among the worst of his mates, and once even tried to force

So the three months went on; and So the three months went on; and Owen's employers, satisfied with his steady conduct and industry, began to notice him, and gradually improved his position. He was already beginning to see the time when he could venture to marry, and to offer a home to his mother; with Norah for his wife, and his mother to hear there were the could be a formal of the provided of the could be a support to the could be a su to keep them company. The notion of living a few years in M—— became at least tolerable, and there was always the chance of being able to return home, and of recovering possession of that 'bit of land" which had been his father's, and iand which had been so hard to part.

Owen often thought of that "bit of land"
with yearning still, for, bleak and poor
and wild as it was, it had yet been the
home of his childhood, and to it his heart was tied fast by many strings. The times, however, had been during the last few years too bad even for Owen's stout will and strong hands, and he had to let

III.

"The longest lane has a turning," and at last t was the eve of St. Patrick's Day. That evening was a singularly bleak and wretched one. The March winds were howling through the narrow ugly streets of M— with a cruel fiercenes, and drifts of snow, blackened by smoke and soot, were heaped up here and there. Owen thought he had never felt so cold and wretched as when he was returning from his work that evening. A queer and very unusual feeling of weskness was upon him, as he turned the corner of the lane where he lodged, and as his eye was caught by the glare of the public house a few was in his waistcoat pocket, which by a large of the public house a few was in his waistcoat pocket, which by a large of the public house a few was out of the train, and was caught in Bill's embrace. At first Owen was the bill embrace. At first Owen was the bill's embrace. At first Owen was the bill's embrace. At first Owen belt ship with bill bill by the space of the power was the best of the power was the bill by the station. It was a desperate of the power was the best of the power was the bill's embrace. At first Owen he be was out of the train, and was caught in Bill's embrace. At first Owen he be was out of the train, and was caught in Bill's embrace. At first Owen he be was out of the train, and was caught in Bill's em by the glare of the public house a few steps off, where they were just beginning to light the lamps, an almost irrestatible impulse came upon him to cross the street. A glass, one single glass of spirits was all that was necessary to set him right again and to restore his chilled circulation! He

example of what old Ireland could produce, carrying your head so high, and not afraid to look any man in the face. But now, my poor fellow, just look wnat you're come to, rather—shaky and pale and besotted like the rest of them. Just brutes; that's what they are, and you'll become one too. And it will be the death of your poor mother, and of the lass who trusts and loves you. O, if either of them saw you as you were last night, rolling along the streets, bringing shame and discredit on the old country, on the mother who bore you, and, worse than all, on the holy religion you profess! Upon my word, it is enough to make St. Patrick himself weep for very shame."

Owen's heart was touched. He was sorry for the old priest, whose dim eyes were really filled with tears, and he was ashamed of and disgusted with himself.

"I tell you what it is, Father Laurence," he said at last—"I'll stay at home to-night. There! I have promised those chaps to meet them, but not a foot will I go; and if they come here, I'll be in my bed, and pretend to be sick. Now, won't that sattefy you, Father Laurence? I'll not go near the public house as long as I live. Do you think I care for the drink? Not a bit of it. It's only for the rake of comradeship and doing like the rest. But I'll give it up to please you; and I'll only drink a glass now and then, just to stand not eat it, he could not even look at it; and with a dased, bewildered sensation he sank down on his bed, intending to rest quietly there for a few hours which must elapse before the longed for hour struck, when he would be free to give himself that which would supply the place of food to him. But he could not rest. Presently he

but ne could not rest. Presently ne started up again, and, clapping his hat on his head, was out in the open air, strid-ing with hurried steps down the little lane with a half-formed notion in his lane with a half-formed notion in his brain of buying the whiskey and bring ing it home with him. But once in the public house, the temptation was too strong for him; the smell of the liquor was overpowering, and in an instant he had put the glass to his lips and swallowed a draught. O, how good it was! How it ran like fire through his veins, all at once endowing him with a magic strength, and making him feel able to defy the world!

The weakness and depression had all dis appeared, and as one glass had done him so much good, another was tossed off to complete the cure.

At that moment a familiar figure passed

the open door, and Owen, recognizing his old enemy, Bill Greenwood, felt a audden desire to show himself off to the man whose taunts still rankled deeply in his bosom, and perhaps to find an oppor-tunity of making him smart for them. So he followed Bill down the street, and overtaking him, offered to stand a treat at the nearest public. Bill, who seemed more sober than usual that evening, and who, Owen observed with surprise, wore a clean shirt and a tolerably respectable coat, gave a surly kind of assent, remarking that he hadn't too much time to lose, as he had to go to the station to meet a as he had to go to the station to meet a girl whom he expected from Liverpool.
"An Irish girl, too," he said with a grin,
"who is coming all the way over to marry
me. I guess you'n wouldn't do as much
for you! But mine is a brave lassie, and
though she's kept me waiting a bit, she's
coming at last. Ye see it's not them
that's afraid to look a glass of good
whiskey in the face that the Irish
people like," he concluded, with a
contemptuous glance at his companion. "They're much too seesible
for that, and know well enough that it's panion. "They're much too sensible for that, and know well enough that it's only sneaks and cowards that won't take their drop and stand a feller a treat when Owen shrugged his shoulders at this

speech, feeling strong in the thought that he would stand Bill such a treat as would ne would stand Bill such a treat as would go a long way to wards knocking him over altogether. Bill, however, was disposed to be prudent that evening, and though, as he said, just to oblige Owen, he tossed off a glass, it was Owen himself who drank the most on the occasion, and on whom the liquor took most effect. Bill seemed buff treined to above the first. seemed half inclined to shake him off as he set out for the station, declaring that the train was due in ten minutes. Owen, the train was due in ten minutes. Owen, however, he hardly knew why, unless with some notion of picking a quarrel with him, stuck to him like a leesh, plying him with questions concerning the girl who was coming all the way over from Ireland to marry him. The Weishman pretty Irish girl marrying a coarse brute like Bill was too much for him altogether. He swore that his Norah had bluer eyes are some, who will be found to deny and was a comelier lass than any other in and was a comeller lass than any other in sll Ireland, let alone Connaught, and that Bill was a liar if he said the contrary. Whereupon Bill, growing furious, burst out, "Your Norsh! My Norsh is the girl that's worth a dezen of your'n! And she's a showin' on it too, by coming over the sea to marry me lusteed of sticking at home, with her finger in her mouth, waiting to be fetched like a barrel of goods!"

been struck, and all the blood in his body seemed to rush to his brain. Like a tiger that instant a train rushed up to the plat-form where the two men were standing, and Bill had darted forward to a thirdand Bill had darted forward to a third-class carriage, from the window of which a young girl was looking anxiously out. Owen stood transfixed. It was Norah, his Norah, with sweet red lips and eager, laughing eyes; and in the flash of a second, without ever even so much as seeing him, Suddenly he recollected his knife that was in his waittoat pocket, which by a dexterous movement of his hand he selzed. What happened next? Owen did not

IV.

gurgling groan, and was lying helpless on

O, the horrer of what followed ! Owen only seemed to hear Norah's screams, and to see Bill's white fice, with wide opened staring eyes looking up at him. At first, he did not know what it meant; but pres-ently he heard voices around him saying that Bill was dead; and he felt a strong grip on his arms, and he realized that they were carrying him off to the station-house, and that people were looking at him with a strange shrinking, and cailing

him with a strange surinking, and calling him a murderer!
He, Owen Lambert, a murderer! It was impossible—quite impossible. And yet, his hands were all covered with blood, and he knew well enough that the awful expression he had seen of Bill's face meant—could mean nothing else but death. And then the wretchedness of the night that followed; the long sleepless hours, during which his bewildered senses seemed slowly to recover themselves, and the slowly to recover themselves, and the awfal trath came home to him with a ter-

rible reality!
He could not deny his guilt, or dispute the justice of his punishment. And what a punishment! To die a shameful death; to be remembered with horror and loath to be remembered with horror and loathing; to be pursued to the very end by Norah's reoreachful eyes and his mother's curees. Would she curee him? This thought seemed the crowning misery of all. He could bear everything else—the shame, the ignominy, the terror of the slowly but surely approaching end, which, in some wonderful way, seemed already to be on him, and that fearful death, from which the bravest may well shrink, to be imminent. He saw all the horrible preparations—the cold, chill, raw moroling, the scaffeld, the executioner, the stony, pale, pitless faces of the spectators; and he knew that he deserved it all, for was he not a murderer? he not a murderer ?

As this climax was reached, Owen, with

As this climax was reached, Owen, with a great bound of horror and despair, started to his feet. Where was he? Whence had he come? What had happened? He looked around in chillamezament. There was no light save that of the moon which poured through the ebutterless windows; but the light was sufficient to fill him with the assurance that he was standing in his own room; that his untasted supper was on the table before him. And hask! What were the sounds that at the moment reached his ears, which seemed like heavenly music, but which were really nothing else but the

town clock striking twelve? town clock striking twelve?
All at once Owen fell on his knees in middle of the room, with a wild laugh, and yet thanking God. It was a dream—only a dream! And he was free, and Norah was still his own promised wife, and his mother would not curse him; and even the mad temptation that hed here even the mad temptation that had been on him a few hours ago had passed away, on him a tew nours ago mad passed away, and he no longer seemed to care for the drink. He was hungry — hungry and tired, [after all; and having hastily swallowed a morsel or two, he turned into bed, and slept peacefally for the rest of

the night.

Need it be added that Owen did not "drown the shamrock" on that Patrick's Day, nor on any Patrick's Day after? Next morning he went and told all to Father morning he went and told all to Father Laurence—his mad temptation, and his terrible dream. The kind old priest smiled and blessed him, and told him how he had missed him from the chapel the previous evening, and had intended that very day to go after him, to see what he was about. And while they were talking a letter came to Owen, directed to the care of Father Laurence; a letter telling him that his mother and Norah were well him that his mother and Norsh were well and expecting to hear soon from him, and another great piece of news, too. Old Uncle Dan was dead, and had made Owen

his beir!
And so they married, and lived happy ever after.

that the work we are engaged in here to day is an eminently good and useful one. For my part I can find but one thing to find fault with or to criticise in taing to ind fault with or to criticise in connection with the proceeding from first to last. It is the passage in your address in which you offer an expression of your thanks to me for coming here and for taking the part that I have taken in the work of the day. Why should you think of thanking me for this? The work that we are engaged in, is it not my work that we are engaged in, is it not my work as well as yours? There are no doubt, as you say in your address many things that I have to do. The life of an Archbishop of Dublin cannot at any time be a life of idleness. Each day, as it comes, brings it own pleasure of work to be got through. Each day as it They were at the station now, and at the words "my Norah" coming from Bill's coarse lips, Owen reeled as though he had passes from us, must see many things, important no doubt in themselves, doubly important in the eyes of those who take a special interest nevertheless, of necessity, put seide and left undone. But this work of yours— rather, let me say, this work of ours—the advancement of the cause of temperance among our people, is, as I view it, the work that has just now the first of all claims upon me. It is the work of the day and of the hour.

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