

Is yer heart made iv stone? have ye no soft spot at what are ye? Are ye a Turk or a hay-thorn, or what are ye?

"Hush," ejaculated the sentinel, suddenly stopping, "what about is that?"

"The cries of 'Fire, fire,' now distinctly broke upon their ears, repeated by two or three voices in the direction of the house.

"Let me go," cried Reddy, frantically rushing to the stable door. "Let me go, or my master'll be burnt to ashes."

"Not a step," replied the sentinel, barring the door with his carbine.

"Let me go, or I'll pray God to curse ye if ye don't—let me go, or kill me—kill me—kill me dead at once, or let me save my master."

"O mother iv God, save the poor old man," he implored, again falling on his knees and looking up to heaven in earnest supplication.

The sentinel stepped out a pace or two from the stable door, and seeing the flames breaking from the house in various places, became so alarmed for his companions, that for a moment he forgot his charge.

Reddy was not slow to take advantage of the neglect. Springing to his feet, he rushed past the sentinel, bound as he was, and ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the burning edifice.

Houghton, Waglipet, and their associates had remained to search the house as long as a possibility remained of doing so with safety.

The little innkeeper, from his long residence at the hall, knew every hole and corner where there was any likelihood of Bewall secret- ing his ill-gotten treasure, and though he examined and searched with the most anxious avidity, found nothing save a few pieces of silver plate, here and there, lying on the passages, where the servants had dropped them in the hurry of their departure.

Even the altar of the oratory was stripped of all its candlesticks, and the boxes, in which the sacred vessels were kept with so much care, broken open and rifled of their contents.

When Houghton saw, at last, that all his long cherished hopes of plunder had thus come to an end, and after so many plottings and intrigues with Bewall, had neither a soldier to protect him, nor a sect in his purse, he all rage, and foamed at the mouth, in all the fury of a maniac.

The innkeeper, too, seeing the inutilty of further search, now glanced anxiously towards the door, as if he was meditating an escape from the vengeance of the disappointed trooper, and the latter locked at him, in turn, and ground his teeth like a tiger ready to pounce upon his victim.

Just at this moment, which the little innkeeper had fairly concluded was his last in this world, a strange voice was heard speaking from the opposite corner of the chapel, and every eye turned to look in that direction.

"Bewall!" ejaculated the trooper. "Bewall!" cried every one, springing forward to lay hold of him.

himself almost suffocated by the smoke. On he went, however, resolved to die or save his master. When he reached the first landing, he saw there was no possibility of making his way along that passage, for the flames had met from both sides of the corridor, within a few yards of where he stood, and a part of the ceiling had crumbled and fallen in.

Turning in the opposite direction, he swung himself over a partition which the fire had not touched as yet, and ran blindly through the smoke, feeling his way by the walls, till he arrived at the bottom of a private staircase, which led to Sir Geoffrey's private apartments, and had sprung up half a dozen steps at a bound, when he was met by a sheet of flame that drove him back, singeing his hair and dress, and almost shrivelling the skin upon his face and hands.

"O, Father of heaven," he cried, backing out from the blaze, "must he die in the flames—the good old man, that never injured a crathur in all his life? O holy Mary mother of God, save him, save him for Christ's sake. O mistress Alice! dear, what'll ye do at all when ye hear this news? O darlin' jewel, sure I'd die a thousand deaths to save him for ye. O angels in heaven, look down on the sweet crathur, yer own beautiful sletter, and save my old master for her sake."

Pursuing another and less dangerous direction, Reddy at length found himself outside the building, and directly under the knight's library. Shouting for help, he ran round the front of the house, hardly knowing whether he went. Two thirds of the edifice was now burning clear and bright, and the heat was so excessive that one could hardly approach within fifty feet of the walls.

The devouring flames roared and seethed, and stretched their pointed tongues out along the roof, and up to the heavy square chimneys. The rafters broke and fell in one by one, sending up each time a dense volume of sparks and cinders, which floated in the air for a moment, and then fell among the trees, and on the roofs of the outbuilding, threatening to reduce everything around to ashes.

As Reddy turned up his singed and blood-stained face towards the window of Sir Geoffrey's room in mute despair he fancied he saw an arm extended through a broken pane, waving a handkerchief. For a moment he paused to think of some plan of rescue. "I'll do it," said he, "in God's name—I'll do it; it's my duty—I'll never die in a better cause."

And, flying to the stable, he snatched a coil of rope from one of the stalls, and clinging to it across his shoulder, returned, and commenced to climb a large elm tree that grew close by the wall, and reached its branches far above the library. Hampered by the heavy coil, it was some time ere he found himself on a level with the window. When he did, however, he saw the old man kneeling inside, and resting his clasped hands up against the sash, in earnest supplication to Heaven for deliverance.

"Hilloo, master; hilloo, there," shouted Reddy. "Drive out the sash! drive it out—break it with a chair."

The knight did as directed. "Now stand by there to catch the rope. And fastening one end of the coil round a branch of the tree, he hung the other to Sir Geoffrey with all the strength he could exert, in the dangerous and slippery position he occupied. Alas! the distance was greater than he anticipated, and the rope fell to the ground.

"Save thyself, Reddy," cried the knight, "and let me die. It's impossible to rescue me now; the flames are bursting into the room. Take the books and other things thou'll find under the window to Alice; and tell her—O, tell her—Here a crash of the falling roof drowned the old man's words, and covered Reddy with a shower of burning cinders.

The undaunted fellow saw there was yet one chance left; and climbing still higher up the tree, he caught one of the topmost branches, and began to feel his strength. He was now some forty feet from the ground, and the branch on which he resolved to risk his life was little thicker than a walking stick. "In the name of God," said he, "I'll try it; and making the sign of the cross, he swung himself down along the wall some ten feet or more, tearing the flesh of his knuckles against the rough stones as he descended. It being impossible for him at first to calculate the distance he should sink by the spring of the branch, he now found it had unfortunately sunk below the window sill, and as Sir Geoffrey could not be trusted to assist him, he should raise himself up hand over hand by the strength of his arms. Fearfully he looked over his head at that weak and sappy twig on which his master's life and his own hung suspended. It was a moment of terrible apprehension. He felt his arms could hold out but a little longer, and he dreaded the strong effort he should make might wrench the branch from the stem. Exerting himself, however, to his utmost muscular power, he raised one hand above the other; then again, and again, in quick succession, while the effort lasted. Sir Geoffrey now laid hold of his collar to assist him; but Reddy cried to let him go, and still rising higher and higher with the same continued exertion of almost supernatural strength, let the branch slip from his fingers, and flung himself headlong into the room. For a moment he lay on the floor, exhausted by the daring and awful feat he had just accomplished. Sir Geoffrey stood over him weeping like a child.

"O Reddy, Reddy, forgive me, my generous fellow, if I have doubted thee for an instant."

"Hush!" replied the latter, raising his head and looking round, breathless as a gladiator after a long contest. "Hush, sir; this is no time for apology; take the end of this rope that's about me here, and tie it fast round that iron bar; be quick, sir, or we'll be lost after all."

Having somewhat recovered his breath Reddy again started to his feet, and laying hold of the knight, lashed the old man to himself, face to back. "Now, sir," he cried, "wind yer arms round me, and in the name of God, don't be afeard; if the rope holds out, we'll both reach the ground in safety."

In this fashion, he succeeded at last in rescuing his old master from the flames. Their feet, however, had hardly touched the pavement below when the rope fell from above, and the fire burst through the window.

After both had pliously knelt and thanked God and the Holy Virgin for their miraculous preservation, the knight, followed by Reddy, crossed the lawn, and lay down on the grass by the old sun-dial, to take a last look at the conflagration. Scarcely was he seated, however, when he remembered the books he had thrown from the room, and would have hurried back again to retrieve them from reach of the falling fire; but Reddy drew him back, and ventured himself.

As the latter returned and laid down the precious burden beside the knight, the old man perceived that not only the poor fellow's knuckles were lacerated by the wall, but both his wrists so torn that the muscles were completely bare.

"Reddy, Reddy, my friend," said the knight, stroking down his white hair, and looking up tearfully in his servant's honest face, "thou hast suffered sadly on my account. 'Thou art indeed a martyrdom.' And he made a motion to take the lacerated hands to examine them. But Reddy drew them away.

"Bead, thin, if this be martyrdom, it's a mighty aye one," he replied, drawing the sleeves of his doublet over the mutilated parts and endeavoring to look as composed as possible under the smarting wounds.

"I shall never be able to repay thee now, Reddy. Mayhap Alice will. God grant it."

"Pay me; what for, sir?"

"For saving my life. O, if I could but see her once, to tell her something that has heavy here!" And he pressed his hand in his breast, and looked at Reddy, as if he could have kissed him all over.

"O, bead, thin, am sure thy little thanks I deserve for this, any how," replied Reddy, turning his head away, and plucking the grass with his finger and thumb.

"Little thanks? Why, God bless me, man, only think on't. Had the branch broke—"

"Well, an what if it did?"

"Thou wouldst have been instantly killed—"

"Iy course; but where id you be then, I'd like to know? Es, ha!" laughed Reddy, totally forgetful of all personal danger to himself.

"Me! bless my heart, man, and what right had I to expect thee to risk thy life to save mine?"

"To save yours," replied Reddy, looking round with surprise at the knight.

"Ay; have I not been abandoned by those who have served me and mine long before thou wert born, and on whom I ought surely to have a stronger claim than on thee?"

Reddy could have replied at once, that he loved him well enough to risk his life every day of the year to save him, even from a tithe of the danger, but the words would have stuck in his throat.

"Ay course," said he, at length; "I'll not dispute about the claims. But it's little ye could expect of them, at best, am thinkin'."

"How so, Reddy?"

"Why, in regard if them beln' only Sassanachs, an never havin' the advantage of livin' in Ireland."

(To be continued)



THE GREAT DR. DIO LEWIS His Outspoken Opinion.

The very manliest testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character to the value of Warner's SAFE Cure published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have greatly surprised me. Many of these gentlemen I know, and reading their testimonials I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and analyze it. Besides, I took some, evaluating three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious and will frankly admit that it has saved the victim of a serious kidney trouble. I should use this preparation. The truth is the medical profession stands dumb and helpless in the presence of many cases of kidney malady, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hourly leaves room to doubt that Dr. H. H. Warner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity.

Advertisement for Dr. Lewis' BUNDOCK BLOOD PURIFIERS. Includes a list of ailments: BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN. Also mentions 'WILL CURE OR RELIEVE' and 'And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.'

CLOSE SEASON FOR GAME AND FISH The following is the law of the Province for the protection of game and fish: The close season for moose, elk, caribou and deer is from February 1st to September 1st. Hare, March 1st to November 1st. Partridge, January 1st to September 15th. Grouse, ptarmigan, woodcock, quail, and sandpiper—February 1st to September 1st. Swan, geese, and all kinds of duck—April 15th to September 1st. Beaver, musk, otter, marten, pekan, and wildcat—March 15th to November 1st. It is unlawful to shoot before sunrise and after sunset, and as the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec has determined to have this clause respected, it offers from \$10 to \$20 to anyone who will furnish proofs for the conviction of offenders. The close season for the different kinds of fish is as follows: Pickerel (dore), muskellunge, bass—April 15th to May 15th. Salmon with nets—May 1st to August 1st; with fly—May 1st to September 1st. Speckled brook or river trout—October 1st to January 1st. Salmon and lake trout—October 15th to December 1st. Whitefish—November 15th to December 1st. All Indians are forbidden to fish and shoot illegally, the same as white men.

IN ONTARIO the close season for game is as follows: Woodcock—January 1st to August 1st. Snipe—January 1st to August 15th. Grouse or partridge—September 1st to January 1st. Mallard, grey, black and wood ducks—January 1st to August 15th. Other ducks and geese—May 1st to August 15th.

Advertisement for FREEMAN'S WOMEN POWDERS. Includes the text: 'Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Perfumery. Is a safe, pure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.'

Advertisement for A BOON TO MEN. Includes the text: 'All those who from indigestion, excess or other causes are unable to perform their duties properly, can, by certain and permanent cure, without stomach medicine. Reduced by doctors, pills and the press. The Medical World says: "The only effective remedy for Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, etc. is fully supplied by DR. H. H. WARNER'S SAFE Cure. Beware of cheap imitations of certain remedies to fill and ruin the stomach. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for trial. Consultation free. HAZLTON BENEDETT CO., 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.'

NIBLISIT ACTIVITY. St. Peterburg, Jan. 4.—A Nihilist proclamation circulated here announces that Lieut. Col. Sudnikin was condemned to be executed by the Nihilist Executive Committee. Mme. Wolkenski, to whose recent arrest the murder of Col. Sudnikin has been attributed, is a sister of a lady who shared in all the attempts against the late Czar and who was finally hanged. The proclamation also contains a terrorist article directed against the Czar personally. Much anxiety prevails at the Gatchina palace.

Some say "Consumption can't be cured." Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as proved by forty years experience, will cure this disease when not already advanced beyond the reach of medical aid. Even then its use affords very great relief, and insures refreshing sleep. Some one has found out from the census that Louisiana has more old men in proportion to her population than any State in the Union, and that Mississippi ranks second.

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The above brands have no artificial flavoring, and as they are a safe smoke and not likely to give the consumer a headache, or put his system out of order; contrary, will give him pleasure in smoking any of the above Cigars.

RETAILERS can afford to sell these goods at the above named prices, provided they are satisfied with a reasonable profit. But in any case, when you call for any of these goods, do not be persuaded to take any other; it will only afford the Retailer a larger profit, and you will receive less value.

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The above firm have attained the highest honors of any in America, namely, Medals and Diplomas in Paris in 1867, and at the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, in competition with the world; also at several Provincial Exhibitions, which should be a sufficient guarantee of their ability in making Cigars.

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