To One in Paradise.

The shadows dark rest everywhere,
Where erst the sun so brightly shone,
While, mourafully, upon the air
My heart ories out—" Alone! Alone!"

Oh! that thou would'st come back again With all thy tender words and ways; Oh! that thou would'st come back again and bring the joy of vanished days!

O, gentle soul—my fond and sweet— w hom all the long hours I lament; whose heart for me did eyer beat, Who made life wear for me content!

How oft I speak thy name, and wait To hear thee answer back to me With the old voice aff ctionate And unforgotten melody!

How oft I reach thy hand to take, And feel it press so warmly mine, As when, for me, life held no ache. But wore, indeed, a charm divine! And all is o'er: the pleasant walks, The evening hours I read to thee

The evening hours I read to thee From some choice book, the happy talks, The "good-night" kiss for thee and me.

The hopes we shared of tender good To come to us with each day's sun; Our mingled tears of gratitude For blessings dear to both, as one.

Yes, all is o'er—no loved response Of hand, or voice, or what I would, Aye, fe-1, and know again as once. Is mine, yet God—yet, God is good

And worketh in all things and what Is for the best for each and all. Though we can understand it not. The while our tears in sorrow fall.

So gent's Heart! my'sweet and fond, Who dwellest now beyond my ken, In fadeless lands, in realms beyond Earth's woe-washed strand, I say "A To all thy peace the tenderest
The new-found good which met thee there
The wondrous largest, God's own best,
All thine in that serener air.

Yes, glory be to God on high, That thou hast won the crown ere me; It was thy due, rejoice will I. While in my heart's deep memory

Thou shalt remain continually
A living soul, the mighty sum
Of all that's dear on earth to me,
Where all else hath grown cold and dumb

go, after all, I'm comforted With peace which nothing can remove; That shall sustain me till I'm led To thec—at last—where all is Love.

-George Newell Lovejoy, Boston Transcrip

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LV.

BILLY HEFFERNAN MAKES DR. KIELY PRESENT, "AS A FRIEND OF PHIL LAHY'S."

Mat Donovan was right. Maurice Kearney's kitchen next morning seemed to have been turned into a hospital for curables. But Dr. Kiely was an early riser, and had sent away most of the patients, with prayers and blessings on their lips, before the family had assembled to the healtfather. in the breakfastroom. One poor man was so ill it was necessary to carry him into the out-house where the workmen elept, and lay him upon one of the beds.

After examining him, the doctor glanced round the spartment. There were several rude bedsteads, and two or three wisps of straw upon the ground, with something in the shape of bedclothes flung in a heap upon them. A bit of broken looking place stuck to the wall attracted his atten tion, and on going towards it he saw that the wall above and below and on either side of it was plastered with tallow, with bits of burnt wick stuck in it—proof pos-itive that a candlestick was an unknown luxury to Mr. Kearney's workmen once they retired to their dormitory.

"I wonder they don't burn down the house," muttered the doc'or. As many pairs of broques as ever were seen in a kish at a fair, were scattered about in all directions, some new and some old, some patched and some ripped and broken beyond all hope of mending; while not a few were grey or green with the mould of time. More pairs of dicty stockings were flung about, too, than would be agreeable either to the visual or would be agreeable either to the visual or olfactory organs of most people. A few suits of clothes hung from pegs over a corn bin at the farthest end of the room —the glit buttons and drab slik ribbons at the knees of Jim Dunn's Sunday breeches looking so intensely new and brilliant that people were tempted to come close to them and feel them with their fingers, as something very rare and curious. And the skin of the fat sheep the leg of which Dr. Kiely praised so highly at dinner the day before—dangled -dangled from a beam over his head; that being a safe and convenient place to keep it from the dogs. All this and more the doctor took in at a glance; and, feeling the air of the place heavy and unwholesome, he pointed to the window, which was at the back, opposite the door, and ordered Tom

Tom Maher looked very much surprised, and felt all round the sash, thereby dis-turbing a whole legion of spiders—mak-ing them run wildly over the walls and the windows—and carrying away divers

layers of cobwebs upon his fingers, "Begor, sir," said Tom Maher, as he tried to shake the cobwebs from his hand, which they covered like an old glove, "it don't open. I remember now wan uv the hinges was broke, an' 'twas nailed up as the horses was althered into the nev

What has the new stable to do with Sure this was the ould stable, sir, Tom answered. "An' when the new was

was built we came to sleep here.' 'Yes, I see," returned the doctor. "Horses, of course, require to be better lodged than men! Who sleeps on that heap in the corner?"
"Wattletoes, sir."

"That's Barney. Where is he? I have

He went to see his mother yisterday, sir, and didn't come back yet."

The doctor turned up the covering o

one of the beds, and stooping down seemed to smell the musty straw. He shook his head, as he took a last survery of the "den," as he called it, and walked out,

Maurice Kearney opened his eyes and abbed his head as if the doctor's words ere utterly incomprehensible to him;

Maurice Kearney opened his eyes and rubbed his head as if the doctor's words were utterly incomprehensible to him; while Mrs. Kearney locked the very picture of amszement and consternation. Mary, too, seemed quite frightened, not so much by the doctor's words as by his look and the tone of his voice.

"My workmen never complained of their treatment," said Maurice Kearney, when he had collected his wits. "They are well fed, and I let them have their own way except in the harvest, or when we are in a hurry to get down the seed. And show me the man that pays better wages. You're after being told lies."

"I'm after being told nothing," returned the doctor. "I allude to what I have seen with my own eyes. It is shocking! Seven or eight men huddled together in one of your out-offices, lying upon rotten straw, and covered with old blankets and quilts that I verily believe were never washed. The place looks as if it were never swept out, and not as much as a current of freeh air to carry away its im purities. I wonder how you have escaped fever and pestilence." ever and pastilence."

fever and pestilence."

Mrs. Kearney crossed herself at the mention of the fever, and muttered that 'twas "their own fault," as they could get fresh straw if they liked.

"You astonish me," continued the doctor. "It should be your business to see to it. It would be better if you turned them into your barn to sleep upon the ground than leave them in such a nasty den as that."

"Whatever you'd do for them," rejoined Mrs. Kearney, "they wouldn't thank you."

"I don't think that is the fact," the doctor replied. "But you should not look for thanks for simply doing your duty. Have you never thought of this?" he asked, turning to Hugh. "Well, I have," he replied, "but I see so many things that require amendment, I left this as I found it."

I left this as I found it."

"Ob, yes; you would be a reformer on a great scale. But it would be much better to attend to small things and be practical. It must have a bad effect mornelly as well as physically. Let the poor people about you feel that you respect them. They may have their faults; but Heaven knows the wooder is that there is Heaven knows the wonder is that there is any good at all left in them." "Well," said Mrs. Kearney, who began

to show symptoms of shedding tears, "I'll get the place cleaned out and whitewashed. And I'll give them sheets and blankets, and make one of the girls keep it in proper order for the poor men; for what time have they to attend to it after their day's work? I'm very much obliged to you, doctor, for calling our

"I promised to see old Somerfield again on my way home," said the doctor, somewhat mollified, as he glanced at his watch.
"So I think we had better walk down immediately after breakfast," he added, turning to Mary, "to see this poor girl that you and Grace are so interested in." "Oh, yes," said Grace, "we'll all go.
I'd like to have one more walk through Knocknegow, and see poor Norah Laby

They found Norsh sitting in her straw chair as usual. Dr. Kiely had seen her once before, and he remembered how rervous and frightened she was when he perrous and frightened she was when he placed the stethoscope to her chest. But now she was quite calm, and looked at Mary and Grace with a smile while he was listening to her breathing. A deeper sadness fell upon her face for a moment as she fixed her eyes upon Grace; and Grace knew that Norah Lahy felt that she would never see her again in this world. The doctor spoke kindly to her, and said he would send her medicine by world. The doctor spoke kindly to her, and said he would send her medicine by Mr. Kearney's man, which he hoped would do her good, and desired her mother to keep up her spirits and have everything about her as cheerful as pozsible. Honor declared when he was gone that he made her feel "twenty years younger," and Norsh though he "made nnest-looking man on the pictorm, dressed in the green and-gold uniform of the 'Eighty-two Ciub. All of which Honor drank in with eager delight, feeling confident that the man who made a ech at a Repeal meeting in a green and gold uniform would surely cure her

darling.

Billy Heffernan emerged from his antediluvian domicile, and, accosting Dr. Kiely, ventured to present him with an archeological treasure, in the shape of a bronze bodkin found in his own turbary. "Will you sell it?" the doctor asked eagerly. "I'll buy it from you."
"I won't sell id, sir," he auswered. "I

don't want earling, sir," he answered. "I
don't want anything for id."
"Why, what use can it be to you?"
the doctor asked, looking quite disappointed. "Perhaps it is worth more than
you think."

"I knew you wor always on the look-out for a thing uv that soart, air; an' I made up my mind to give id to you for times he had referred to. nothin'; as a—friend of Phil Lahy's," added Billy after some hesitation.

The doctor looked inquiringly at Mary; and, with her face half turned away, lest Billy should suspect she was talking about him, Mary explained the real state of the

"Ha!" said the doctor; and he seemed "I are said the doctor; and he seemed to fall into a reverle for a minute or two. "I accept your present," he said at last. "I am very much obliged to you, and I'll always be glad to do whatever is in

my power for you or your friends,"
"Thank'ee sir," said Billy Heffornan.
"I never got a fee that gave me so
much pleasure," said the doctor, as they
walked on after Mr. Lowe and Grace, who were a little in advance of them. "I never saw anything like his affection for Norah," returned Mary. "It is

wonderful." "The Irish peasant is a being of senti-ment," said the doctor. "The millions of money they have sent from America to their relations at home is a wonderful

doctor remarked. "If it goes on Ireland is lost."

"There were only two houses pulled down here," said Mary; "and the people gave up possession voluntarily."

"As for giving up possession, they do so because they see no hope before them. But I allude to a place a couple of miles further on."

"Oh, that's the place cleared by Sam Somerfield. He has not a single tenant now—nothing but sheep and cows."

"What a comfortable, substantial little farm house that is," said the doctor, stopping to admire it. "What a pity it is that the people have not security, to encourage them to build such houses as that."

"Everyone remarks Tom Hogan's

"Everyone remarks Tom Hogan's place," returned Mary.

"And very little encouragement Tom Hogan got," said Hugh, who had come to meet them. "His rent is up to two pounds an acre now; and if all I hear be true he must quit."

true he must quit."

"Does he owe much rent?"

"Not a shilling. But those three farms lower down are about to be given up by the tenants, who say they may as well go first as last. The three are to be joined into one, and as Tom Hogan's runs between two of them, I fear he is doomed."

"Is it part of Sir Garrett Butler's properts?"

perty?"
"It is. Notwithstanding all we heard
heart and his simplicity "It is. Notwithstanding all we heard of his kindness of heart and his simplicity, things go on just in the old way since he came in for the property. He leaves it all to the agent; and, so long as he serds him whatever money he requires, Sir Garrett eeems not to care for his tenants or trouble his head about them. We are very awkwardly circumstanced ourselves. He refuses to renew my father's lease upon some frivalous pratest or other. It that the greater part of the property must be sold to pay off the old debte; and the uncertainty is borrible."

Mary looked frightened, and, on observing it, Hugh changed the subject. "Is not that," he asked, "a model pessant's

cottage ?'

"Oh, yes; I know Mat Donovan's,"
replied Dr. Kiely.

"Here is Mat himself coming from the forge with his plough-irone," said Mary.
"You, too, Mr. Lowe," she added, "are admiring Mat's house."

"Yes; Miss Grace is drawing a pretty picture of love in a cottage for me. But why have not all the rest such neat houses as this?"
"Ask Mat Donovau himself," said

Hugh.
"He deserves great credit," Mr. Lowe

merked.
"I only kep' id as I found id, sir," said
at. "Twas my grandfather done all,"
"But why didn't your neighbours"

grandfathers do the same?"
"Well, sir," replied Mat, "I blieve
'twas all owin' to the freehould."
"How the freehould?" Dr. Kiely asked

"Well, you see, sir," Mat commence in his somewhat roundabout way, and laying down his plough-irons, "he was comin' home from the fair of Kilthubber comin' nome from the fair of Kilthubber —
'twas the Michaelmas fair, 'tis of'en I heard him tellin' the story when I was a little boy—ridin' a young coult belongin' to Mr. Kearney's father, an' happenlog to meet my grandmother on the read at the Cross uv Dunmore, he axed her to get up behind him, an' he'd give her a lift home. She was a good looking lump up get up behind him, an' he'd give her a lift home. She was a good looking lump uv a girl at the time, but, but my grandfather never had any notion uv her, an' 'd soon think uv flyin' as uv gettin' married, he bein' a wild soart uv a young fellow wudout house or home, or anything to throuble him. Anyway she tucked up her cloak an got up on the ditch, an com uv a bounce on the coult's everything about her as cheerful as por-sible. Honor declared when he was gone that he made her feel "twenty years younger;" and Norah thought he "made her better," and said he was a good man. Then Phil broke in with a full and true account of the doctor's speech at the great Repeal Meeting, and how he was the finest-looking man on the platform, ditch was not built at that time. But, whin my grandfather see that pullin' the ould halther was no use, he let him have his own way, an' instead uv tryin' to stop him, laid into him wud a hazel stick he happened to have in his band. My grandfather was always for a hazel stick, because, as he said, there was no stick handler to knock a man down if occasion required id wudout hurtin' him; an', though he was as given for a fight as any man, my grand-father was ever an' always for batin' a man wudout hurtin' him, an' tili the day uv his death no wan ever see a bit uv lead melted into a stick uv his, or even a ferl uv any account on id. Thim was quare times," added Mat, shaking his head, "whin people 'd whale at wan another wudout rhyme or raison at fair or mar-

"Well, but what about the runaway

"Begor, sir," he resumed, "the horse got enough uv id, and stopped uv his own accord at the back gate, an' my grand-mother slipped down fair an' asy, an' went home. But my poor grandfather was

How?" the doctor asked. "She took such a hoult uv him, when the horse made off, he never had an asy mind afther, till they wor married,"

eturned Mat solemnly.
"Take care, Mr. Lowe," said Dr. Kiely laughing, "how you venture to take a Tipperary girl on horseback behind you, lest she should take such a hoult of you as would rob you of your peace of mind. But come to the freehold, Mat. Did he get this house and garden with the wife ? "Neither uv 'em had house or home, sir," returned Mat. "An' there was a lough uv wather between the two roads where you see the haggart there now. Sure to smell the musty straw. He shook his head, as he took a last survery of the "den," as he called it, and walked out, leaving Tom Maher to look after the poor sick men.

Dr. Kiely strode into the parlour without even bowing to the ladies, which greatly astonished Mary, for the doctor was usually a model of politeness.

"Indeed, yes," returned Mary. "Mrs. Lahy is just after telling me that her was usually a model of politeness.

"Indeed, yes," returned Mary. "Mrs. Lahy is just after telling me that her brother, who has often sent her money, turning to Maurice Kearney, "to see the haggart there now. Sure do money they have sent from America to of money they have sent from America

came out that the two estates joined at

came out that the two estates joined at the cross uv the road there, an' no wan could tell which uv the landlords the little spot belonged to. So my grandfather was let alone. An' wan day a gentleman happened to tell him that he had a freehould while grass grows or wather runs, in spite uv law or landlord; an' he got so proud an' had such courage that he never stopped till he made the place what you stopped till he made the place what you see id. An' that's how it was that the freehould made Mat Donovan's house an' haggart what every wan says it is, the nurtiest house an' haggart in the county

purtlest house an' haggart in the county Tipperary, for a poor labourin' man's."

"It is a remarkable illustration," said the doctor, "of the saying, "Give a man a rock with recurity, and he'll turn it into a garden.' It is a stricking argument in favour of a Peasant Proprietary."

"I often thought so," said Hugh.

"I hope we may live to see the day, Mat," Dr. Kiely observed, "when free-holds will be more numerous than they are in Ireland."

are in Ireland."

"Sure you don't think the English
Parliament would do that for us, sir ?"

"I'd rather have it done by an Irish
Parliament," replied the doctor. "But
it is getting late," he added, looking at
ble watch, "and I must call at Wood-

The hour of parting came, all too soon. Richard and Mr. Lowe had driven off in the tax-cart. Dr. Kiely and Eva were already seated in the carriage; while Grace had run back to comfort Ellie and Willie, who were sobbing violently upon the stairs. Mrs. Kearney wiped the tears from her cheeks; and though Mary smiled, it was plain that tears were threatening to enfface those mild blue eyes, as Grace kissed Ellie, and told her somewhat reproachfully not to cry, for didn't she know they'd soon meet again at the convent. Aud, in the meautime, The hour of parting came, all too soon. upon some frivolous pretext or other. It is hard to say how it may end. Conceal it at the convent. Aud, in the meantime, as we will," Hugh added, clenching his hand, "it is serfdom. It is rumored now allusion to the convent, however comat the convent. And, in the meantime, wasn't she leaving her the jay? But the allusion to the convent, however comforting to Eille, had a precisely contrary effect upon her brother, and changed his hinbhering into a loud rost.

"Come, Grace," said her father, "we have no time to lose." She had her foot upon the step, when she stopped, looking quite sad, with her ites compressed, and her eyes bent on the ground. They were all surprised; and her father asked what was the matter. But Grace made no reply. Turning round she walked slowly to Hugh, who was standing with folded arms beside the door, and held out her hand to him. She had forgotten him. She had said good bye, over and over, to everyone else, but never thought of Hugh. And now he looked at her as if he did not know what

she meent.

"Good bye, Hugb," said she.

"Oh! good bye," he replied with a start, taking her extended hand. And there was something in his tone that made Mary look at him with surprise. She observed, however, that he laughed as he

observed, however, that he laughed as he led Grace back to the carriege, and handed her in.

They are gone — Grace, Richard, Mr. Lowe, and all. And Mary does feel lonely; and feels, too, that she must try hard to keep up her spirits, or they will inevitably broak down. Well, that intelligence in her sister Anne's letter has removed one indefinite uneasluess from removed one indefinite unessiness from her heart at all events. The way is clear before her now, and not clouded by hope —a hope from which she shrank as from a sin, and strove to baulsh from her heart; but which would, nevertheless, return again and again to disturb and trouble her. Thank God! that is all over now. "How I should like to be able to call such noble old trees as those my own,"

Grace observed Eva admired the trees, too, and the un-Eva admired the trees, too, and the undulating lawn, and the woods around, but she could not see what good it would do her to be able to call them her own.

"It must be that Mr. Kearney was right last night when he said the old gentleman would be out with his hounds to morrow or after. There is the horn sounding," said Mr. Lowe.

"Yes, I can see the pack, and the hunts man mounted before the door, from where I am," returned Richard Kearney, who had walked on a little further than the

rest.

They were in the avenue at Woodlands. waiting for Dr. Kiely, who had walked on to see his patient, leaving his carriage at s turn in the avenue not far from the house though not in view of it. Mr. Lowe walked in from the road, and were now chatting with the ladies in the

carriage. "I wonder, if he be recovered, why papa delaying so long," said Grace. "Can

"Nonder, it no be recovered, why paper is delaying so long," said Grace. "Can you see pape coming, Richard?"
"No, he's not coming," returned Richard. "That's something going on I can't make out. The doctor is standing with no one mounted but the huntsman.

"I'll walk down and see," said Mr. Lowe. "And perhaps I ought to bid Mr. Somerfield good bye, after accepting of

Dr. Kiely was astonished to find his patient in a chair on the lawn, propped up with pillows. His son, a tall, cadavercus looking man with grizzled hair and beard, stood on one side of the chair, and a saintly looking though somewhat spruce young clergyman at the other. Two graceful young ladies stood a little apart, looking very sad and interesting, but not altogether oblivious of the handsome

young clergyman's presence.
"Blow, Rody, blow," muttered the poor old invalid. And the horn sounded, and

the woods gave back the echo.

"O sweet Woodlands, must I leave you?" exclaimed the old foxbunter in tones of the deepest grief.
"You're going to a better place," said

the clergyman, impressively.

"Yoix! Fallyho!" cried the invalid, faintly. "Blow, Rody, blow." faintly. "Blow, Rody, blow."
"Don't ax me, sir," returned the buntsman, after putting the born to his lips and

taking it away again; "my heart is ready

his face. Dr. Klely laid his finger on the old man's wrist, and turned to whisper something to his son, who was still standing by the cheir. But the doctor drew back, as if the eye of a murderer were upon back, as if the eye of a nurderer were upon him. Mr. Sam Somerfield's face was asby pale and his lips livid, while a baleful light glared from under his shaggy brows, which were dragged together in puckered folds. His daughters, too, were terrified, and wondered what could have brought and wondered what could have brought that shocking expressing into their father's face. But guided by his eyes they turned round and saw that Mr. Low was standing near them; then they understood that terrible look.

TO BE CONTINUED. "ANNIE LAURIE."

THE RESULT OF A STRUGGLE FOR A EOARDING SCHOOL PRIZE. CHAPTER I.

She was the darling of Broughton Academy, sweet Madge Wilmer, with her piquant face, great brown eyes, and short dark curls running all over her small head. See had always been spoilt, being the only child of rich parents who idol zed her; and the fourteen years of her young life had glided by without the faintest hadow ever crossing them. Then at Broughton Academy the girls all made a pet of her, so it was not surprising that she should be somewhat wilful and spoilt. The Academy was a very select and expensive school on the outskirts of St. Louis, and its scholars were mostly the

daughters of rich men.

One afternoon, in early June, the girls were all out on the wide, smooth play-ground. Some were swinging, others playing lawn tenuis, and others again promenading, school-girl fashion, with their arms about each other's waists, while the fresh, girlish voices rang out mingled with peals of merry laughter.

There was one girl, however, who took no part in any of the amusements, but sat alone on one of the rustic benches, with a book on her lap and her eyes bent down upon it. She was a thin, pale-faced girl, with far too weary and dis-suitefied a look for her fifteen years. The only thing bright or pretty about her, for she was dressed both shabbily ner, for one was dressed both shabbily and dingily, was her hair, of a bright gold hue, and plaited in one thick braid which fell below her waist. At a little distance was a group of girls of whom

Madge Wilmer was the centre.

"I can't bear that girl," said Leila Sumner, a supercilious blonde, with a cold look at the quiet figure on the bench; "there's something so sneaky and sullen about her."

and sullen about her."
"I don't like her myself," answered
Madge, "and there's certainly nothing
attractive about her, but I don't think she is exactly sneaky; she is of a nervous, sensitive temperament, and you know she is rather at a disadvantage here. Perhaps under more favorable circumstances she would appear to s

What a little moralizer it is !" said Ada Waters, one of the older girls, laughing and patting Madge's curly head, while Leila Sumner spoke up rather spitefully: "You needn't take up for while Lena Summer spoke up rather spitefully: "You needn't take up for her so, Madgie, for she is running you pretty hard for the vocal-music prize." Madge flushed and tossed her curly

"Let her, but she shan't beat me; my beart's set on winning the prize, and it will take something better than that weak creature of a Loula Parks to carry it off from me.

"Do you know what I overheard the "Do you know what I overneare the professor say to Mrs. Broughton the other day" interposed Ada Waters. "Mrs. Broughton, who wants Madge to win the prize, was asking the professor what he thought about it. 'Why, Madge will carry it off, of course,' he replied, 'not because she has a finer voice than Louis Parks, for she has not—the latter has a voice that, with proper cultivation, would make her one of the famous singers of the lay-but because Madge has the confi dence and self-possession to do herself justice, which the other girl, unfortu-nately, entirely lacks.' Those were his

nately, entirely lacks." Those were his exact words, Madgle, so, you see, you are pretty sure to get the prize."

Madge flushed crimson, and then pouted, while the other girls broke out into indignant exclamations. "The idea!" "What utter nonsense!" "They didn't see a thing in that Louis Park's voice, while Madge had a lovely one!" They never heard anything so aboutd. Professor must have been joking, or Ada had misanderstood him.

"Very well, have it just as you please, only hush," cried Ada, stopping up her

ears,
"I can't understand how her parents ears.

"I can't understand how her parents can siford to send her here at all," said Leils, "for they are quite poor, and there is a crowd of children besides Louls."

"I believe it is a rich old uncle who sends her," said another of the girls; "my papa know him, and he says he is very rich, but as queer as he can be, and something of a miser. He must be frightfully mean, or he would have given the girl an

"Ah!" replied the old forhunter, with a sorrowful shake of his head, and looking earnestly into the parson's face—"ah! by (i—, I doubt you!"

The parson's look of consternation brought a grim smile into the hard features of Mr. Sam Somerfield, as he adjusted his father's nightcap, which was displated by the effort to'turn round to look at his spiritual director.

The dying forhunter seemed to drop suddenly into a doze, from which a low, fireful whine from one of the hounds caused him to awake with a start. "Poor Bluebell; poor Bluebell," he murmured. The hound named wagged her tail, and coming close to him, looked wistfully into his face. The whole pack followed Bluebell, waving their taile, and with their trustful eyes appeared to claim recognition, too, from their old master. But his head drooped, and he seemed falling asleep again. He roused himself, however, and gazed once more upon the fine landscape before him, and again called upon the huntaman to sound the horn. The huntaman put it to bis lips, and his chest heaved as he labored for breath; but no sound awoke the echoes again.

"God know I can't, sir," he cried at last, bursting into tears. The huntaman's emotion moved the two young ladies to tears, and they came nearer to their grand father's chair, and looked anxiously into his face. Dr. Kiely laid his fivger on the old man's wrist, and turned to whisper something to his son, who was still standing by he chir. But the doctor drew back, as if the eye of a murderer were upon him. We saw spar, she involuntarily paused as the sound, as if the eye of a murderer were upon him. We saw spar, she involuntarily paused as the sound, as if the eye of a murderer were upon him. We saw spar, she involuntarily paused as the sound, as if the eye of a murderer were upon him. We saw spar, she involuntarily paused as the sound, as if the eye of a murderer were upon him. We saw spar, she involuntarily paused as the sound, as if the eye of a murderer were upon him. We saw spar, she involuntarily paused as the sound, as if

"Hush, my darling," Mrs. Parks was saying; "you may win it after all."
"No, no, it is impossible, mamma," sobbed Loula; "You can't understand how I feel with all those cold, scornful, unfriendly eyes fixed upon me. None of the girls like me, you know; I haven't a single friend among them all; and I can't have any confidence in myself. It is so different with Madge Wilmer; they all love her, and are ready to think the best of everything she does. Oh, mamma. how can I give up the hope of my life? I feel that it is in me to be a great singer, I feel that it is in me to be a great singer, and I could make money so that you and papa would not have to struggle so hard. Do you think, mamma, that Uncle John will really do as he said if I fall to win the

I know that he will, my dear," the mother answered, saily. "You see, he never changes his mind, and he hates anynever changes his mind, and he hates any-thing like failure. He promised to send you to Paris to have your voice cultivated, on condition that you won the prize for vocal music here; but he will not, I am sure, darling, do so if you fail."

"And I shall fail," murmured the girl,

with a fresh burst of sobs.

Madge suddenly started as though she had just awakened to the fact that she was listening to what was not intended for her ears, and, with crimson cheeks, she stole away. But, for the rest of the day, merry Madge was very thoughtful and silent, and, more than once, had anyone looked closely into the brown eyes, she would have seen tears in them

## CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

The exhibition day of Broughton Academy arrived, and the big halt was crowded with the parents and friends of the pupils. Among them was Mrs. Parks, in her well worn black silk and bonnet, and beside her was a little, dried—up man, with shrewd, twinkling eves, and thin, determined lips. Mrs. Parks was very pale and very nervous, and her auxious eyes wandered first to her daughter, and then to Madge Wilmer. Such a contrast! the former so pale and sad in her plain, white dress, with her long golden hair unbound and flowing round her like a cloud; and the latter, her pretty face all smiles and happiness, clad in dainty, lace-trimmed white robes, with broad yellow sash and ribbons, and a spray of red roses twined in her short curls. Was it any wonder a bitter sigh broke from the mother's lips as she gazed?

as she gazed? At length came the singing trial, and the two girls, Madge, still smiling, and Louis, white as death and trembling like

Madge was the first to sing, and as she took her place by the grand plane, she looked so bright and pretty as she stood there that a murmur of admiration went through the audience. The professor had through the audience. The professor had decided that, to give the girls an equally fair chance, they should both sing the same song, and the sweet Scotch song, "Aunie Laurie," had been chosen.

"Annie Laurie," had been chosen.

The opening bars were played, and Madge began to sing and at once everybody was staring, while the girls looked at each other in horrified amazement. What was the matter with the girl? Never had she sungs o wretchedly; she was fairly murdering the song. It was a relief to everybody when the last note died away, and a very faint applause followed. Madge, as she turned from the plane with crimson cheeks, felt her eyes fill with tears and her lips quiver for a moment, but, as she turned and faced the audience, there was a smile on her lips.

In the meantime Loula had risen and

In the meantime Louis had risen and taken her place at the plane. She felt rather dezed, but her heart was beating quickly, and she had forgotten her fright in the new hope that was thrilling her. Madge had failed; she could win now. She listened to the opening cords without any nervousness whatever, and the next moment her voice rang out clear, sweet and strong, as no one had ever heard it

before.

When the last sweet, lingering note

When the last sweet, lingering note When the last sweet, lingering note died away there was a burst of enthusiastic applause, and there was no doubt as to who had won the prize. The girls all started in amazement as Loula went down the long hall to receive it. They could hardly recognize their shy, pale schoolmate in the girl with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes, who, with that cloud of golden hair, was almost beautiful. There was only two, however — the mother, trembling with happiness, and brown-eyed Madge Wilmer — who could fathom the Madge Wilmer - who could fathom the happiness throbbing in the girl's heart.

And when it was all over Madge we

away, to the consternation of her parents, Reseate burst into tears.

CHAPTER III.

Some seven years later, a new singer, of whom wonderful things were prophesied, made her debut in a concert hall in

She was a slender, pale faced young girl, with a mass of beau iful golden hair As she came on the stage, a pretty, brown eyed young lady, evidently American, in the addence, bent eagerly forward with a smothered exclamation. The next moment she drew a deep, long breath, as the rich, wonderful voice of the young singer schoed through the hall.

There was a breathless hush until the last note ceased, and then thunders of applause shook the building. In answer to it the young singer came forward to sing again. As she stood for a moment, irresolute, she happened to encounter the gaze of the pair of brown eyes bent eagerly upon her. A quick change passed over her face, her blue eyes grew soft, and filled for a moment with tears; then, in a voice which trembled a little at first she sung, as no one there had ever heard it sang before, the sweet song, "Annie Laurie."—Emma Howard Wight, in Belford's Magazine.

## PERRY COUNTY, KENTUCKY. Baltimore Mirror.

The social conditions prevailing in Perry county, Kentucky, are strange as they are interesting. A judge is holding court there now under the protection of two companies of State militis, having previously made his will and cleared up his worldly house as a precaution against a too hasty summons. It is the first time court has been held in Perry county in two years. Over three hundred mur ders have been committed in the last twenty years, and for these nine men have been arrested, and only one convicted. The latter was released after a brief term of imprisonment. There is not a church or school of any kind in the county, nor has any religious service been held there for two years. The Philadelphia Ledger remarks that if such a place should be found in the wilds of Africa, missionaries would be sent out to it immediately; which is probably quite

Perry county has a thoroughy and essentially American population. There is not a citizen of foreign birth within its confines. The explanation of its present deplorable chaotic social conditions cannot, therefore, be found in the evil influ ences which many prominent and obscure non Catholic writers and moralists unhesitatingly attribute to the introduction of foreign elements. The Perry county people are the natural product of what are frequently extolled as undiluted Americanism and unqualified Protes-tantism. They hate foreigners and have a superstitious horror of Papists. Their lawlessness and intellectual and spiritual

poverty are the direct fruits of the mode of life and traditions of their race. We recommend these interesting facts to the consideration of those of our non Catholic friends who publicly profess to believe that whatever spiritual darkness and superstition exists in this country are due to foreign and "Romish" influ

Perry county has entirely escaped the touch of both these elements, and yet we assert without fear of contradiction that nowhere else in the land will be found any class of Americana, "native or of immediate foreign extraction, who are quite as debased, morally, socially and intellectually, as the simon pure American and "Protestant" stock of this

region of the South-West.

As the esteemed Ledger observes, should such a state of things be found in the wilds of Central Africa, the brethren of the American Mission Board, whose hearts bleed for the benighted heathen in remote lands, would immediately dispatch a missionary expedition to reclaim the wretches thus given over to the worst forms of savagery. Why our own savages
—more savage, because of the vices
of civilization to which they cling, than
than the naked denizens of the African agery. Why jungle-are abandoned by their com missionary boards is a matter beyond the comprehension of the ordinary in-

Would it not be more consistent

more humane, more practical and pro-fitable for those individuals and religious journals who are forever bemoaning the melancholy aspect in which the alleged ignorance and superstition of the Papists of Spain, Mexico and elsewhere present themselves to the sanctified gaze of the evangelized American orb, withdraw their solicitude from the happy and contented Catholic peoples of other countries until something is accou other countries that sometimes that plished in the way of regenerating the worse than pagan savages of their own race and at their very doors? If, as it is confidently charged, the Spanish peasants are ignorant, they are moral, at any rate. The Perry county folk are no less ignorant than immoral. The Span-ish peasants, nor any peasantry of Cath-olic faith, have the utter disregard of all moral and legal restraints which charac-terize the class of American barbarians to which the Perry county people belong to which the Perry county people standing the may be, as it seems to be, very distressing to our critics to find the happy Papists of foreign lands content to practice devotedly those religious customs of the faith which are the result of ages of the faith but certainly the most critical of these friends will scarcely have the hardihood to pretend that this tenacity to timenored religious customs and traditions is more reprehensible than the savage disrespect for the sanctity of human life

which prevails among the American heathen to whom we refer.

Perry county, Kentucky, is the place for our native bigots to direct their attention when they are inspired to indict the Church with crimes against the faith and reason of the Christian world. It discloses the logical and practical culmination, under favorable conditions, of so-called Protestant Christianity.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.