AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XV .- CONTINUED.

"Stuff!" said woman number two, "for, if Mr. Herrick thinks of his whe the way he speaks of her, why isn't she ever seen with him, and why isn't she ever seen with these concetted, fine dreesed daughters of hers? Why, nobody ever least her."—waxing warm, "and I have daughters of hers? Why, nobody ever sees her, "—waxing warm, " and I have heard, and I believe it, that she only goes out at night so she won't be seen because her husband doesn't want her to be seen; perhaps he's ashamed of her." Pettard chuckled, and woman number one expressed her astonishment. That awaning young Gedding sant not

one expressed her astonishment.

That evening young Gedding sent not only his sister and her young friends, but also his father and motter, into convulsions of merriment at his excellent imitation of Herrick's manner and voice as he had heard and seen them that day in the post-office, and knowing, as everybody in Rentonville knew, how Herrick frequently quoted his wife, Gedding improvised a speech in which, "as I said to Mrs. Herrick, 'Bessie,' said I," was given with so exact a reproduction of Herrick's tones that everybody laughed louder than before.

Herrick's tones that everybody laughed louder than before.

"But, I don't believe," said Rose, "that Mr. Herrick does know anything more than the rest of us about Miss Burram's Charge—and isn't it absurd, mother," turning to a stout, placid, goodnatured woman, "that nearly everybody in Rentouville is making such a fuss because Miss Burram doesn't choose to tell her business? For my part I would like to get acquainted with Miss Burram's Charge just to know herself, not to know anything about her, but because I think she must be a very uncommon sort of anything about her, but because I think she must be a very uncommon sort of little girl. They talk of the way she carries herself in school; it is proud, I admit, but I do not blame her—indeed, I admire her for it—because her clastmates, some of them at least, seem to think there is something queer about her: think there is something queer about her; and I do believe—" getting so excited that her brother said:
"Go on Page 1111 hot

Go on, Rose; I'll het on you every Her sister made a face at him, and re-

pealed:
"I do believe it is all owing to those little Herrick girls; they're in her class and I've heard that they talk about her. I'd give anything to have her visit here."
"So should I," said her brother, "because, as I confessed to Herrick in the post-office, if Miss Burram's Charge is going to be Miss Burram's heiress, I'd tike—"

"Oh, Will, you are incorrigible," inter-"Oh, Will, you are incorrigion, interrupted his sister, "but, mother, don't you
think," turning to Mrs. Gedding, "that
we could manage it? This isn't the first
time I have thought of it; Hattie Fairfax and I have spoken of it together. It
seemed to me as if it would be a charity
to get the child to know some bay beside

W. Sarah Sinnott told Miss Burram. Why, Sarah Sinnott told Margaret "—the Geddings' cook—"that Miss Burram hardly ever spoke to her

"What a cruel woman," said Will in a "What a cruel woman," said Will in a shocked tone, "but we must believe it, having ourselves witnessed an instance of her cruelty to-day." Everybody looked up at him in interse curiosity, even Rose herself, deceived for the moment by his seeming earnestness. "Why, we actually saw," he went on with an air of tragic horror, "Miss Bursam and her tragic horror, "Miss Burram and her Charge sitting together in a handsome sleigh drawn by a pair of real thoroughbreds. Now, I appeal to father and mother, wasn't that cruel?"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gedding laughed;

the latter in a soft, low way befitting her placid appearance; but Mr. Gelding, tall and thin as his wife was short and stout,

laughed loud and long.
"I declare you are too bad," protested
Rose, though she was obliged to laugh Rose, though she was obliged to laugh herself, "but, it is because you men do not understand—you just take whatever you see on the surface without caring That's a fact, Rose," answered Will,

'I'm going,' said Rose, jumping up is a lawyer.''
"What does he look like?" implored to the door "What does he look lik

from her chair and making for the door with an affected air of displeasure. "Come back!" called her brother, "I

"Come back!" called her brother, "I plead guilty to having disturbed the decorum of this meeting, and I pladge myself to fature good behavior. Only, in your proposition, Rose, remember my needy circumstances; you know my salary is small, and if, as I said before, Miss Burram's heiress, you ought to give your own and only brother a chance. There! I've spoken;" as Rose turned again to leave the room, "Miss Gedding has the floor."

I have just this to say," burst out Rose: "I do not think Miss Barram has been treated as she ought to be by her it is enough to make one sour and distant, and queer, when one is let alone by everybody the way Miss Burram

Great Cæsar!" escaped! involuntarily from Will; "Miss Burram 'let alone,' when it would be as much as anybody's life is worth not to let Miss Burram

Mrs. Gadding raised her soft and in-"Why, daughter, some of the neighbors have called upon her; don't you remember, Mr. and Mrs. Hubrey?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Hubrey!" rapeated Rose scornfully, "why, according to Sarah Sinnott their call was enough to

aggravate a woman of less spirit than Miss Barram Sarah said she caught Sarah said she caught examining the parlor cur-Mrs. Hubrey examining the parlor curtains—think of the impertinence—and their call was, as all Rentonville heard

too indignant to laugh now.

"We haven't heard of any of our other neighbors calling on Miss Burram," she continued.

"Yes, we have," interrupted Will; weren't we told by mother, who got the story from Margaret, who got the story from Sarah, who had the evidence of her lown eyes, that Herrick had oalled on

Miss Burram not alone in the daytime, but actually when the shades of night had descended upon Miss Burram's household?"

At which Mrs. Gedding raised up her At which Mrs. Gedding raised up her voice again to remind her children that she remembered she had told them before what Margaret had told her that Sarah had said, "that the last evening visit made by Mr. Herrick, was the third visit that gentleman had paid at that particular time of the day to Miss Burram"

"Mr. Herrick doesn't count," said Bose impatiently; "I mean a neighborly visit that would be a kind of social charvisit that would be a kind of social charity to Miss Burram—she lives such a lonely life—no company except the visitors she has on Sundays—and nobody knows anything about them except that Miss Burram sends her carriage to the depot for them on Sundays and sends it with them on Mondays."

"And hasn't anybody ever had the courage to wayley them at the depot, and interview them?" asked one of the

'It seems not," answered Will. "There wouldn't be time," put in Miss Fairfax, "Hardman times their arrival at the depot, both coming and returning, so nicely, that there isn't a second to spare." nicely, that there isn't a second to spare."
"You know that from your own observation, I suppose," said Will wickedly, and both Hattie and Rose blushed, both

and both Hattie and Rose blushed, both having more than once gone together to the depot to gratify their curiosity about Miss Burram's weekly visitors.

"Has anybody else ever seen those visitors?" continued Will.

"One of them does business in our office," answered Mr. Gedding. "His name is Burram for the last seven years—never missed a week—comes down on Sunday, goes back on Monday."

Everybody in the room almost literally rushed at Mr. Gedding for never having told that news before.

"Nobody ever asked me to," he said, "and what was the use—it wasn't much

"and what was the use—it wasn't much news—that's about all there's to it; and I wasn't interested in this Miss Busram like you women folks are."
"But, father, who is Mr. Burleigh?"
begge i Rose, both interested and excited
as she knelt by her father's chair and

as she knet by her fathers chair and looked up coakingly into his face.
"Why, Burleigh is a lawyer and he has charge of all Miss Burram's business," asswered Gedding as if he were telling some years ordinary news.

some very ordinary news.
"Great Casar!" ejaculated Will, "what a find there would be here for Herrick. To think how all of us, Herrick included, have been hustling and stewing to find out something about Miss Burram, and here's our own father knows it all and reversions away a word."

here's our own father knows to hever says a word."
"Because there wasn't anything to say," protested Mr. Gedding again, "and why you folks are making all this bother about an old woman who chooses to keep to herself I can't understand."
"Well, it's because she oughtn't to keep to herself," said his daughter, "it isn't coul for her to keep to herself."

to herself," said his danghor, "It isn't good for her to keep to herself."
"Or, in other worde, it isn't good for the gossips of Rentonville who will die of dyspepsia in their effort to digest the myster.es of Miss Burram," said Will, but his aister paid no attention to him.
"Does Mr. Burleigh say anything about Miss Burram's Charge?" she asked her

Miss Burram's Charge? The asked her father.

"Never heard him mention her."

"Well, does he say anything about Miss Burram?" persisted the daughter.

"Nothing, beyond Miss Burram's got some mighty curious things from cross-seas in her house, and that the house is in a fine situation—lots of valuable land arous it—increasing in value every year; round it—increasing in value every year it'll bring a fortune if she ever makes up

her mind to sell it.'
"How rich does he say Miss Burram is?" asked Will with amusing eagerness
"He hasn't ever said, but I shouldn' wonder if she's worth over a million."

"Whew!" ejaculated Will, and then in
mock imitation of Rose, he threw himsel

mock imitation of Rose, he three himsen on his knees on the other side of his father's chair and said imploringly: "Don't you think, father, you could do something for methrough Mr. Burleigh— manage an introduction to Miss Burram's

"That's a lact, Rose, and That's the reason we poor fellows are so often mistaken in you girls."

"Will, if you do not keep quiet I shall leave the roon," said Ress in affected desperation; "I have a proposition to make and I shall be heard."

"Never knew a woman yet who wasn't heard when she made up her mind to beard when she made up her mind to be who is Mr. Barleigh?"

"I have told you, child," laughing at his son, but at the same time looking down affectionately at his daughter, "he

Will, clasping his hands and affecting to look as if his very life depended on the

Mr. Gedding could not speak for laughing, his son made such a ridiculously amusing picture, and Rose was forced to laugh too. Everybody in the room was enjoying the situation, and the mirthful Hattie Fairfax thought that Miss Burnards executively might well be teleproperated. ram's eccentricities might well be tolerated if they would often furnish such amusement as the present.

"Where does Mr. Burleigh live?" per-

sisted Rose.
"Live? B'ess my soul!" said Mr. Gedding, "I couldn't tell you; he doesa't live—he boards—boards with a widow named Toussel and her son, and they spend every Sunday with Miss Burram

"Great Casar!" came from Will again to the mild annoyance of his placid mother, whe said in her even way: That is the second time, son, you have

given way to volgarity."
"I beg your pardon, mother, but father is making such surprising revelations that I can't help it. Why, our Rose can meet Mr. Herrick on his own grounds t morrow; she can drive him wild by just hinting at all the inside knowledge she has about Miss Burram, and then, when has about Miss Burram, and then, when his corresity and envy are at white heat, she can just leave him with: 'As I was saying to my brother Will, Will, said I, mysteries are mysteries till you find them out.'"

There was another burst of laughter in

There was another burst of laughter in which Rose joined as heartily as every-

writing, consures upon her conduct; fancy such a thing!"

"Only fancy!" said Will in a hollow, lugubrious voice that set everybody, except Rose, to laughing again. Rose was too indignant to laugh now.

"We haven't heard of any of our other neighbors calling on Miss Burram," she send with the second median and the second median a

brother's implied charge of her visit to the depot, and Mr. Gedding said, rabbing his bald head in a puzzled way: "Blees my soul! what sort of a descrip-

tion do 'you want? He has two eyes, and a rose, and a mouth like the rest of

Will gravely.

"Oh, father," put in Rose, "you are really trying, Can't you say whether Mr. Burleigh is stout, or thin, or tall, or

short?"
"Oh," said Mr. Gedding, "he isn't so
stout as your mother and he isn't so thin
as the postmaster, Pettard, and I don't
believe he is as tall as Herrick, nor as stopping to think of a con "Go on, father," said the son, "your

power of description is wonderful."

"Has he dark hair?" asked Rose half angrily, "or dark eyes, or is he young, or old, or middle-aged?"

"Upon my word, Rose, I never noticed what color his eyes were; his bair, I'm not sure whether it's black or gray, and as for his age, he might he younger than as for his age, he might be younger than he looks and again he might be a good

he looks and again he might be a good deal older."

"Give it up, Rose," said her brother, "and use your own judgment the next time you see Miss Burram's visitors get into Miss Burram's carriage."

Rose did give up any further effort to get information from her father, but she returned with renewed interest to the proposition she had intended to make concerning Miss Burram's Charge. The proposition startled everybody except Miss Fairfax, who had heard it before: it was that Mrs. Gedding should call in person upon Miss Burram and at least, as Rose put it, establish a line of civil communication between the two families.

Mrs. Gedding was shocked as much as

Mrs. Gedding was shocked as much as it was possible to shock one of her placid

it was possible to shock one of ner placid temperament.
"Daughter," she said with a sort of mild horror, "of what can you be thinking to make such a proposition to me?"
"You are the very one to carry it out, mother, 'said the daughter, "you will take Miss Burram by storm; you are so gentle that when she has been five minutes in your company she will feel like a cat that for the first time in its life is being rubbed in the right direction." being rubbed in the right direction."

"Or like a cat that for the first time in

"Or like a cat that for the first time in its life has a real good morsel to gobble. In other words, it will be a rare opportunity for Miss Burram to discharge her feelings against all Rentonville; and there will be nothing left of our poor little mother to return to the bosom of her family," said young Gedding.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Will," said his sister, "if you haven't manhood enough yourself to extend a little common charity to a lone women, at least you should not stand in the way of others doing it."

"That's a very serious charge," said

'That's a very serious charge,' said "That's a very serious charge," said Will with mock gravity, "but why does not your charity take in all the lone individuals in Rentonville—men, as well as women? Now, there is Notner living alone with only his three men-servants; why do you not propose that father shall call upon him and establish, as you said in the case of Miss Burram, a line of civil communication between him and our family? And by the way," turning to his father, "do you, father, possess any knowledge of Mr. Notner, or his affairs? In some respects the good people of Rentonville think he is as mystericus as Miss Burram, and there is no knowing, after the surprising revelations knowing, after the surprising revelations you have already made, what else you

may know."
"I don't know anything about Notner,"

Mr. Gedding answered.

"Nor does anybody else," put in Miss Fairfax. "My uncle said that at his club it was proposed to try to get him to become a member, but he said he was not prepared to enter any club at present."

ent."
"That's bad for our intention," said
Will; "we were going to ask Mr. Notner
to join our yacht club next summer."
"Your yacht club," repeated Rose contemptuously, "last summer your yacht club consisted of one yacht and three

members."

"But those three members," replied her brother, "including your humble servant," with a bow, "displayed such seamenship that they have been invited to join the Onotomah Yacht Club next season."

Ecason."

"You don't say so, Will!" burst from
Rose and Hattle, together in delighted
surprise, "why didn't you tell us?"

"Oh, we men do not boast like you
girls do," speaking grandilequently; "we
wait, and let things or events speak for

themselves."
"And the Onotomabs are going to have

a new boat-house and lovely club quar-tere," said Miss Fairfax. "My uncle was talking about it last night; they're going to commence building early in the "And immediately adjoining Miss

Burram's place," supplemented Will.

'How delightfal," said Rose, "for now you and I, Hattie, as guests of Mr. William Gedding, the illustrious member of the Onotomah Yacht Club, shall be hon-

ored visitors at the fashionable reception given by that club; last year we had to content ourselves with hearing about them."
"I'm sorry I told you," said her brother

In sorry I told you," said her brother lugabriously, "and you are being diverted from your charity to poor lone Miss Burram, and it is all my fault," with a deepdrawn sigh that could be heard all over the room. "I shall not say another word,"

word."

His sister answered, laughing, "I feel fortified by all that I have heard, and I know that my good intentions will be blessed if mother will only carry them out. Do, mother, call on Miss Burram this week before the school holidays are over; perhaps you will have an opportunity to see Miss Burram's Charge."

"Daughter, daughter!" mildly protested Mrs. Gedding, but the daughter knew that she would have her way; it would be less effort for her mother to yield than to resist the girl's persistency; and as for

be less effort for her months by your action to resist the girl's persistency; and as for any fear of the unpleasantness she might experience in a visit to Miss Burram, Mrs. Gadding felt too secure in her own placid self to apprehend that.

CHAPTER XVI.

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Miss Burram, on returning from her sleigh-ride, went immediately into the parlor, and without waiting even to throw aside her wrap, drew forth her letter. The lamps were already lighted, and the curtains drawn, though the daylight had not all gone, and Rachel, as she ascended to her room still tingling with the delight of the ride, thought the fading applicht reflacted through the stained-

usually pretty coloring to everything.

My Dear Bedilla:

Miss Burram's breath came hard.

'The liberty you give your Charge is astounding. Are you aware that he was at church on Christmas Day? at church unattended and like an outcast, getting no farther than the threshold? Are you also aware that it was a Catholic Church? If you have forgotten so far from the past that you have cut loose even from your old religious bias, can you shirk responsibility in the case of Rachel? Is it not contrary to every precedent, whether My DEAR BEDILLA: poneibility in the case of Racher, whether not contrary to every precedent, whether established by your present independent manner of living, or that which was in accordance with the old strictness to permit this child of ten, and the child a girl, and the child a to wander at large in this manner? at large in two serses — bodily and relig

" A waiting your explanation, 'I am, "As ever, yours, "Terry."

Mirs Burram rang for Sarah.

"Tell Miss Rachel to come to me immediately." Sarah delivered the message with additional particulars as:

"I never see Miss Burram so excited; her eyes was like stars and her cheeks was just as red as the muffler I give Jim Christmas, and she had a letter in her A letter! Rechel's heart gave a throb;

A letter! Rachel's heart gave a throb; might it be, could it be, that the letter was from Tom? Maybe he had written to Miss Burram for her; and without saying a word to Sarah, she darted out of the room and down to the parlor.

"May I never be burned nor drowned alive," ejeculated Sarah, "the like of them two, Miss Burram and her Charge, never was born; as the Lord made them He matched them. And Jeem's another that's past understanding. It's almost a week since I give him that letter, and he ain't let on a word nor sign about it,"

Flushed and breathless Rachel stood

Flushed and breathless Rachel stood before Miss Burram, and Miss Burram's first word crushed miserably all the

child's hope.
"Who saw you in church Christmat
Day?"

ind a moment for Rechel to re It required a moment for Rachel to reover herself—recover from her sickening isappointment, and quite comprehend

the question.
"I don't know; all the people's backs
were to me, and I came away before any Think," said Miss Burram, "did no-

"Think," said Miss Burram, "did no-body notice you going in, or coming out, or while you stood in the church as you told me you did?"

Then it flashed upon Rachel how Mr.
Notner had descended the stair near where she stood, and had passed out be-fore her, "but he hardly looked at me," she added.
"That will do!" said Miss Revenue

she added.

"That will do!" said Miss Burram, and Rachel went out of the parlor and up the stair with a step that seemed as if leaden weights had been suddenly fastened to her feet. There were still a few faint beams of soullight coming in through the oriel window, but they had lost their charm of color for her—the revulsion from the sudden great hope to the cruel disappointment had brought back every sad, wild longing for Tom, even to the exclusion of any care or thought as to why Miss Burram should have asked the question she did. And while she slowly ascended, Miss Burram came out of the parlor on her way to her room, and by parlor on her way to her room, and by linner time she had her reply for Mr. Terry.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN EVENT IN RATHGONAN.

Rathgonan was excited. A very little thing did excite it. All day were usually so much alike in the village, that any event, out of the ordinary, caused a delicious feeling of excitement in the people. They were not too particular, either; in fact I don't think there was ever such a thoroughly impartial people on this point. They enjoyed equally a wedding or a wake, a circus coming to the town of a transfer to one of their stranger. But what was self sacrifice where the good of her children was concerned? All this was conveyed in Mrs. Green's look as she sailed (she never walked) up the aisle of the little nary, caused a delicious feeling of exwith everyone. This morning there were little knots of people here and there all discussing the news.

'Is that you, Mary Scanlan! Yeh,

did you hear the news?" called out Joney Kelly, as she leant over the "half door" and caught sight of her croney on her way to the village where her husband Mick was work-She was taking him his breakfast, a cake of home made bread, rolled up in a red handkerchief, and

his sup "o' tay in a little tin canteen. "Yerra, news is it, Joney Kelly? And would I hear it? Me, that's workin' late an' early for that old thief, Mick Scanlan, an' the curse an' bitther word for thanks. What's the news? Maybe any o' the neighbors had an account at the house?"

"Wisha, as sure as your name is Mary Seanlan, you've guessed it! an' 'tls Kitty Green, if you please. an' they'll be no standin' the widow now. "Yerra, an' is it Kitty? An' who has a betther right? More power to her, ses I! But who is the boy, Joney?"

"Oh, a fine block of a farmer from The Mounthin 'beyand. He has his six cows, a fine house, an' a side car to dhrive her around like any lady. An' they say the likes o' the weddin' was never seen in these parts, there'

to be roast an' biled at brekhust ! "See that now! but the widow always did things decent. I'll say that ing caught in this good act, and im her, an' Kitty deserves her But I must be pushin' on wid Mick's brekhust, though the divil a much were many exclamations of admiration he'll ate afther the tare he was in last at the wonderful self-control exercise night, God help me wid him. Good-

luck to you, Joney, woman." Mary walked up to the top of the village to Mr. Blackhall's garden, where Mick Scanlan and three other men were setting potatoes. When Mary arrived the three men were al-ready at breakfast sitting with their are you doin', woman? Why don't backs to the wall and their wives in you ate?"

front of them, all chatting comfortably.
As soon as Mick caught sight of Mary, he walked over and joined them.
"Top o' the mornin' to you, Mary Achree! Sure, Mick here thought 'twas the way you were goin' to let him live on the porther he had at Thady Dineen's las' night, till dinner!" And Johanna Grady laughed heartily at Mick's scowling face. heartily at Mick's scowling face. "An' sarvin' him right if I did,

answered Mary, "but what's this I hear about Kitty Green? Joney Kelly was tellin' me as I came down the road was tellin me as I came down the road.

Is it thrue, Johanna, do you know?"

"Divil a lie in it, Mary, an' 'tis my
Nora that's to help at the washin' up
afther. Sure 'tis Kitty herself that
axed her, an' we're all to be up at the brekhust. But as sure as you're there, there's the widow herself an' Kitty wid her! Up at Father Tierney's they war l'il be bound, settlin' for Tuesday mornin' ithat's the day she'il be married; an' good-luck to her for a de-cent girl that never gev herself airs."

Mrs. Green and her daughter passed the garden wall where the laborers were at breakfast. She was a small fat, little woman, and her face actually shone with pride and importance as she replied to the many congratulations she and Kitty received as they passed through the village. Johanna Grady stood up and leant over the garden wall. "Yerra, Mrs. Green, garden wall. 'tis myself an' the neighbors here are just talkin' over Kitty's luck! An', Kitty, darlin', 'tis proud we all are of the gran' match you're makin'. Yeh, I suppose whin you're livin' in the gran' farm, you won't know us at all, at all ?'

Kitty giggled and blushed, and the

mother beamed.
"Indeed, Johanna, meself an' Kitty feel thankful to you all for your goo wishes; an' we'll expect to see every wan'o' ye on Tuesday mornin', plase God, at the weddin'. We're just afther settlin' wid Father Tierney. The mar-riage is to be at 9 o'clock, and thin be fore Dinney Sullivan robs me o' my child here, we'll all have a knife at

fork together.' The invitation was accepted by all, and Mrs. Green and Kitty went off, followed by the prayers and blessings of the laborers and their wives. Tuesday morning was a lovely, bright, spring morning, and the whole

village was astir early. Nearly every one was invited to Kitty's wedding. The little church was crowded. Denie Sullivan and his brother Michael (who was to "sthand wid him") occupied the front bench. They looked anx iously from time to time towards the the bride had not yet arrived and it was very near 9 o'clock! What could be keeping them? All kinds of horrors ran through poor Dinney's He remembered his grand nesd. He remembered his grand-mother telling him a story of some one she knew, who was found dead on her wedding day. Could anything have happened to Kitty? He had just decided to go out and take a look towards Widow Green's house, when there was a rustle in the porch, and the bridal party arrived. The widow came first, with an expression of pride and martyrdom that spoke volumes vished it to be distinctly under stood by all there that her daughter was making the best match in the county (being a daughter of hers, that was not to be wondered at). At the same time she hoped all would appreciate the sacrifice her mother's heart was he town, or a tragedy to one of their church, followed by Kitty and her sis the town, or a tragedy to one of their friends. It was a change—and it was ten Nannie. Kitty looked very pretty change they wanted. In the present in her navy blue wedding dress, the instance the excitement was caused by a report that Kitty Green, the elder of the inevitable white veil on the blue the Widow Green's two daughters, was toque. But it was an article of faith about to be married. Kitty was one of the village belles, and a great favorite a white veil, just as she was expected to drive through the town with the bridegroom after the wedding break-If these two customs were omittfast. ed, the wedding was not considered "respectable." A murmur of admiration followed Kitty as she took her

place near the bridegroom. much shaking hands, moving of benches and some condescending nods here and there, the widow was at last settled down and the ceremony pro eeded. Everything went off perfect ly, and the wedding party passed into the sacristy to "sign the bo Mrs. Green threw herself on Kitty and wept loudly, then kissed her son-in law, and blessed them both, and besought them not to mind her feelings as a mother getting the better of her tage to breakfast. The table was laid in the kitchen. It was a long deal table on which was spread a coarse, but spotless white cloth, and there wa roast an' biled " Joney Kelly had prophesied; they had pig's head and crubeens, and a boiled leg of mutton

and a roast of goose. Amid much laughing and joking they drew into the table, and breakfast went merrily on. When Mrs. Green felt anyone looking in her direction, she turned her eyes towards the ceiling and martyrs must have envied her expression; then catching someone's eye she was covered with confusion at bemediately called attention to some of the delicacies on the table. And there were many exclamations of admiration by this devoted mother. "See that now!" "Ov! ov! the crathure, shure 'tis the heart's blood that's goin' from

her! Mrs Green seems not to hear, but leaning towards Johanna Grady calls

(Johanna had not ceased eating for a

(Johanna had not ceased eating for a moment since she sat down.)

'Oh, I'm atin' hearty, Mrs. Green, ma'am, thank your but sure its to Mr. Sullivan an'the brice I'd be so bowld as to be callin' attintion! Yes, Kitty darlin', it does credit to your bringin' up to see you so modest on the day of your triumph (not flatterin' your good your triumps (and the stages) so fill up her plate, Jack Madigan, an whin the punch comes round we'll not be without givin' her a health.'

"Mick Scanlan, is there anythin' I could do with the leg o' mutton for

you."
"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Green,
but I'm risin the pig's head indeed,
ma'am, an' more iligant a wan I never put tooth in; but you're not workin' yourself, ma'am? Work away, ma'am!"

Mrs. Green looked reproachfully at him. How little he understood a mother's feeling! But then how could a man be expected to know that her heart was wrung, although for her guests;
sake she smiled bravely? She looked
across at Peggy Rafferty, and Peggy
turned her eyes up, and so expressed that she knew the torture her friend was going through, and admired the heroic fortitude with which she bore it.

Punch came round, and the health of the bridal pair was drunk, and then it was time for Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan to start for their home, to be ready for the dance that all Rathgonan was to be at there that evening. Many of them had to walk the whole ten miles there and back, but what was a trifle like that when a wedding dance was in question?

Mrs. Green broke down again, saying good-bye to Kitty. She impressed on Denis that in giving him Kitty she gave him a sacred charge, and it rested with himself whether he earned the widow's curse or blessing. At last the happy pair drove off amidst a shower of old shoes. Mrs. Green still sobbing, went back to the kitchen. "Yerra what's the matther wid you

at all, ma'am ?" says Mary Scanlan. coming over to the widow's side.
"Wan would think 'twas a buryin' you wor havin', instead of Kitty bein' married to the warmest man in these parts ; so they say of him anyway."

Mrs. Green recovered in a minute at the implied doubt of her son-in-law's wealth. "An' is it doubtin' it you are, Mary Scanlan? If it is, run your eye over his tidy bit of a place. He has his fine house, his six cows, an' a nate dairy, his rick of turf, an' his stack o' hay. An' how many min dhrive their wives home in their own side car? To say nothin' o' the little nest egg in the savin's bank! Not that I axed him what he had or had'nt, for the words spoken for Kitty was: 'Tis Kitty I want, ma'am, an' I'm not askin' has she money or not. If she has, 'tis her own, let her keep it.' Thim were his words, Mary Scanlan, an' who's to deny it? An' was I to be outdone in dacin-cy? No, I axed the honest man no

Mary expressed herself satisfied that the widow was telling the truth, and also gave it as her opinion that "as far as dacency wint, no one could come

up to Mrs. Green for it. And now the guests began to leave and distracted Mrs. Green from her grievances. All agreed that a finer wedding had not been seen in Rathgonan for years, and all promised to be at the dance at Sullivan's house that night.—M. I. T., in Irish Monthly.

PATHER MATHEW'S BADGE.

His Gift to Lord Brougham and What the Latter Did With It. From the London Good Works.

Brougham told Father Mathew, the celebrated Irish temperance advocate, that he was extremely abstemious in the matter of wine. In 1844 Father Mathew amused a large party at the house of an Irish nobleman in London by his attempts to convert the noble lord to teetotalism. "I drink very little wine," said Brougham, "only half a glass at luncheon and two half glasses at dinner, though my medical advisers told me I should increase the quantity."

"They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity," said Father Mathew playfully, "and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you mention, but I have hope despite the good humored refor you," despite the good humored resistance of Brougham, he invested his lordship with the green ribbon and silver medal of Total Abstinence Soci-

ety.

'I'll tell you what I'll do," said
Brougham. I'll take the ribbon to the house of Lords, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord — the wo liquor, and I'll put it on him. nnouncement was received with much laughter by the company, for the peer referred to was notorious for deep potations.

A few evenings later Brougham met the man in question in the House of Lords. "Lord—," said he, "I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and he passed the ribbon and medal rapidly over the old peer's

"Then I'll tell you what it is, Brougham, I'll keep sober from this night!" exclaimed the other, and to the great amazement of all his friends, he remained faithful to his vow.

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RITUAL OF THE CHURCH.

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Froof Thatits is Sanctioned by the New C. J. Armistead, in the iSeptember

number of Truth, published at Naza-reth, N. C., has a fine article on 'The Ritual of the Catholic Church Sanc-tioned by the New Testament." He writes as follows:
In its broadest sense, ecclesiastical

in its product sense, eccessatical ritual embraces every means whatso-ever of expressing, by the help of exterior material things, what is going on in the interior spiritual part of nature. It includes even so simple a thing as the expression of humility by bending the knee in prayer, or the manifestation of a spirit of thanksgiving by the singing of a hymn. Its essence consists in the use of visible or audible symbols of a belief or a feeling.

It is obvious that, without ritual of

some sort, social worship is impossible. For a number of persons could not join at all in a common purpose to worship God together unless they had some out-

God together unless their united ward symbol to express their united beliefs or feelings or desires.

Here then, as in so many other disputed points, the Catholic and the Protestant are one in their principles. The Protestant can not rightly object to the ritual worship of the Catholic on the ground that it undertakes to re ne ground present spiritual by material things, that it appeals to the senses, while the gospel is intended to appeal directly to the heart. For, as we have seen, he is obliged to do the same thing himself in his social worship.

But still he objects that the appeal

to the senses is carried too far in the Catholic Church. He imagines that it is impossible for worship to be interior, spiritual and sincere when it is exed to such an extent by the help of audible or visible symbols. And he quotes scripture in support of this belief. He always falls back upon the text: "God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth."

But the Catholic is only too willing

to test the matter by
AN APPEAL TO THE BIBLE. In fact he claims that it is in the Bible itself that the Church finds the mode on which her system of ceremonia

worship is built. Now, in the first place, the text just quoted does not say one word abor ritual, one way or another. In the Christ simply foretold that the time would come when men would worsh God in spirit, that is, with the fair and contrition of the sou and in truth, that is, with a tr knowledge of His nature and His wi How, then, do Protestants come to b lieve that this verse specifically co demns the ritual and ceremonies

Catholic worship?
The explanation is easy. They staught from their childhood to believe that true spiritual worship required sort of mutilation or suppression or part of man's nature, a shutting out everything that can affect the sens

The Catholic, on the contrary, lieves that the New Testament clear sanctions the principle of an appea the senses in order to awaken an increase faith and hope, and all that is meant by worship in spirit in truth. For it over and over set the example of a ritual far more st ing and impressive than is ever Catholic Church. We admit deed, that it does not give the de of any ritual appointed by Christ t exactly followed by His Chr Nevertheless, we repeat, and we prove, that it fully sanctions the of arousing the soul to devotion adoration by appeals to the se and gives repeated instances in w for this very purpose, God Hi employed the sight and the he

with a power of impression possi His empipotence alone. But it will be objected at onc if God had desired, under the tian dispensation, a ceremonial ship, the New Testament would contained a divinely appointed just as the Old Testament does. at all. For

UNDER THE OLD DISPENSATION the ritual was wholly prophet symbolized future events, and fore it could have been made ap ate by Him alone who foresay events. So to speak, God was to arrange its details Himself no one else could have arrange But when prophecy became when the Church knew what f truths were to be symbolized worship, He left it to her to de her own ritual, under the gui the spirit who was promised to into all truth. And under the ance she has taken the life o Himself as her model.

But how can this possibly asks the Protestant. Does t Testament ever represent Jesu worshipping God, His Father, such pomp and ceremony as in the Catholic Church? W by gentle persuasion and a love and gratitude, rather magnificent displays of His p glory, that He moved men Him? Or do we read that ever worshipped Jesus Himse such way? Could anything or freer from rite or than the manner in which I proached and thanked and those whom He had healed?

Those who ask these ques look the fact that Christ is p us in the gospels under aspect. In the one He is worshipper, in His human God the Father. But havi wherewith to offer a costly ate worship. A miracle we