## Moira Mayrene.

Writ'en for the Prot. Bring your scarlet mantle, throw it round your shoulders.

Draw the hood about you close, your bonny fact to hide;

But while you shade it carefully from curtous, free beholders.

A little clink leave open, dear, for me to peep inside.

Moira Mayrone!

Come! The moon's delaying, darling, keeping back her rising,
Through the fragrant, blossomed May a
glace discrete the throws;
For lovers' steps she loves to watch and
guard from rude surprising,
And mine, the light of Moira's eyes will
safely guide she knows,
Moira Mayrone!

Never head how late it is, no watch could Lovers' time, or tell the moment lovers ought to part;
Ah, wend you count it truly, Moira? lay your head, my treasure,
Where love to throbe of rapture sets the pulses of my heart,
Moira Mavrone!

One consenting whisper breathe to all its vows so tender,
Enho back my beart's fond words as shore
to sea replies:
Ah, Moira. Intel look up and let the moon
in 'ull-orbed aplendor. mil-orbed spiendor, t, with bright, approving smiles my swer in your eyes, Moira Mavrone!

MATILDA DESPARD.

## KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE JAY.

Mary stood up and asked Met to come on the drawing room, where they found Grace already sitting at the plano.

"Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed, looking round, "what sort of gentlemen

are those?"

But before she could proceed further with her censure, Mr. Lowe was at his post and placed the music before her.

"Well, now, let me think of all Mr Kearney's tunes," said she, turning over the leaves. "Listen to this one, Mat."

"No, miss," replied Mat, shaking his head. "that's 'Moll Row in the Morning."

"Well, this," and she played a few bars of another.

of another.

Mat shook his head again. "Ob. I think I know it now," she ex-claimed, as she turned rapidly over the leaves. "Why, here it is, with the very same name he has mentioned. Mr. Kearney has some words to it about-

"I'll go to the fair, and I'll sall my old cow. For twenty five shillings, one pound, and One crown;
I'll drink what I carn, and pay what I owe,
And what's that to any man, whether or

"That's id miss!" Mat exclaimed, in quite an excited way. eald Grace, turning to Mary. "Sit down

Mat's spirit was attentive as she played ; and after a little while he began to move his head from side to side and turned his

eyes to the ceiling.

Mary watched him with a emile ; for it seemed quite evident he was mentally going through his song with all possible care Her suspicion in this respect was confirmed beyond doubt when Mat thrust his hard into his pocket and pulled out a sheet of paper which he hastily unfolded, and, af er glancing at it for a moment, turned his eyes again to the ceiling and commenced what he himself would call "humouring" the tune.
"Good luck to you, miss," he exclaimed,

when she had stopped playing. "I think I have id purty well now."
"I think, Mat," said Mary, "you ought

"I think, Mat," said Mary, you ought to sing the song for us."
"Begor, I couldn't, miss," he replied, after some hesitation. "I'll thry an' sing id to night for 'em. 'Tis a new song I got from the young schoolmaster over at Lougneen; an' I said I'd get id be heart an' sing id at the fust weddin' I'd be at; an' Ned's happens to be the fast. Though faith, Miss Mary, I was thinking' I might

be singin' id at your own this turn "

Though the look which accompanied this observation was precisely the same as that which annoyed Mr. Lowe in the parlour, he now laughed and saw nothing at

he never favors me with any of his admiring glances."
"You like to be admired, Miss Grace,"

sald Mr. Lowe. "Wao does not, I'd like to know?

Lowe what you said about him the other day."
"And will you tell him that somebody

else said I was right?"
Mary got a little frightened; and, lest she should have got the worst of it in such an eccounter, she hurried back to the parlour and took up her work.

Hugh was sitting at the little table near the wiadow. He had gone out with the intention of walking over the farm, but turned back on finding the rain was beavier than he expected.

Mr. Lowe and Grace immediately followed Mary, and there was much lively chat on the subject of the manners and customs of the peasantry, suggested by Mat Donovan's visit. Grace had quite a fund of anecdotes, picked up at those "diterary dinners" she alluded to when trying to find the "solution of the mystery" connected with the tracks in the

Hugh was ellent : but to the watchful eye of his sister it was plain he was en-joying Grace's lively sallies and merry laughter. He leant over the back of his chair, and during a lull in the conversation seemed to have fallen asleep. Mary called Grace's attention to him, in order that she might do something to rouse him. His long black hair hung over the table, and Grace happening to have the scissors in her hand, clipped off a lock.

Hugh started up, and seeing what she had done, snatched the scissors from her; and twi-ting a tress of her hair round and round his finger, cut it off, to her conster-

"Oh, you wretch !" she exclaimed, pulling down her hair to see what damage he on the wrist. The doctor turned round had done But finding the trees would to see what had happened; and seeing it, not be missed, she resumed her good flung himself on his back, and commenced

do ?" the doctor asked piteously, from the

sofa.

"'Tis too wet to go out," replied Hugh.
"It is too bad," said Mary, "that Mr.
Lowe must remain a prisoner."
"I saure yon," he replied, "I can be resigned to my fate."

"Will you go to the wedding?" she saked, turning to Hugh.
"I suppose I must There is no getting out of it, as my father won't go."
"He is a great stay at home, Mr. Lowe.
He will not go enywhere but when he can't help it. And you saw he does not even dance quadrilles."
"Except when he has some one to lead

even dance quadrilles."

"Except when he has some one to lead him like a bear," said Graca.

"Was it not customary," Hugh asked with solemnity, "when dancing bears used to be exhibited, to have the brar led by a monkey? I think I read about such a thing somewhere."

"I see what you mean sir," said Grace.
"Perhaps it is all fair."

"Perhaps it is all fair."

"A hit," said the doctor, "a palpable hit. But I'd sooner have expected it from Lory. He's devilish clever at that sort of thing."

"Is be, indeed? Then I was peculiarly

fortunate in getting two such clever part

"You are a match for them," said Mary laughing "A match—you are certainly compli-

mentary"
"I mean you are able for them all—to

give them tit for tat."

"Quid pro quo," replied Grace. "I
should nopeso."

"It would be diamond cut diamond," said Mary
"Diamond!" repeated Grace. "Do you

call him a diamond?"

And she nodded her head towards

Hugh, in a way that made the doctor
break into a horse laugh, and kick up his eels on the sofs.
"Or," she continued, opening her eyes,

in which there was a curious bleeding of astonishment and fur, "is that the

She pointed out into the lawn : and there was Mr. Lary Hanly doing bis best to shelter himself from the rain with the collar of his scenty coat, running towards the house with his head downthe wind being in his fac:—as if he in-tended making a battering ram of him-self to drive in the hall-door. He was covered with mud from head to foot, and it was astonishing how bigh up and far

behind him he managed to flug his heels.
Grace hurried out to open the door.
See stood back behind it, as 'ff she expected to see Lory shoot past her, and involuntarily held her breath in anticipainvoluntarily held her breath in anticipa-tion of a frightful crash among Mrs. Kearney's crockery; for a vague notion crossed her mind that Lory would be picked up insensible in the pantry at the end of the hall after splitting the door of that sanctum in two with his skull. Lory, however, had stopped himself on the door-step, and Grace stared at him in speechies amazement. The rain was running down in little rivers all over him—particularly over his

rivers all over him—particularly over his eyes; which made it necessary for him to cut off the streams at the eyebrows with the knuckles of his thumbs before he could see distinctly. Lory, too, looked sur-prised when he found who had opened the door for him. But recevering him self before she could sek him in, he fum

bled with one hand under his coat, and then thrust out both arms at full length towards her.
"Here he's for you now," said Lory,

breathlessly.

Grace took what he presented to her mechanically, without having the least notion as to what it was, and Lory instantly wheeled round his hob natied boots making as much noise as if a horse had atmaled to the doors to making as much noise as if a horse had atmaled to the doors to make the doors. had stumbled on the door-step—and set off for home, forgetting that the wind would be now in his back; the conse quence of which Lory was precipitated need foremost, and had to run on allfours for a good ten yards before he could recover himself. Oace in an up right position, however, he was blown back to the avenue gate without further exertion from himself than lifting his feet exertion from himself than lifting his feet and keeping one hand clapped against his poll to prevent his cap from being swept across the bog, and, peradventure, stuck into a crevice of the old castle, like the piece of an old petiticoat—to which the piece of an old petiticoat—to which it bore a striking resemblance—in the broken window of Jack Delaney's sleep- model of sobilety. After eyairg Barney in silance for a minute, he was turning to the human heart, ever is to reas if they had been pinned under the shoulder-blades. He had actually reached Though some people may pretend not to the gate before Grace recovered from her care about it "And she glanced at Mary, surprise, even so far as to think of shutting on to say afterwards, "Let us have "Take care," said Mary, "or I'll tell Mr. the door. But then she could not use other." And in case he was the man What is it all about, Grace ?' he asked,

you done to righten Livy, has ne popped the question and been rejected? The effect was dreadful I very much fear the young gentleman's body may be found, nine days hence, floating in the Poulnamuck."

Poulnamuck "
But Grace returned to the parlour without noticing his binter, and was holding out Lory's gift to satisfy her own and her friends' curiosity, when a sharp pinch on the wrist made her letting with a scream. And "with many a filtr and flutter," like the celebrated raven, Lory's jay perched upon Miss Kearney's work box. He looked about him with the utmost non-chalance, and then winked his even chalance, and then winked his eyes several times and moved his neck as if he had been sleeping in an unessy position; and then the jay opened his beak and yawned, as if he were very drowsy, and meant to go to sleep again. But just as he was burying his head cosily between his shoulders, he caught a glimpse of him self in the lid of the work-box, and the sight so far a wakened his curiosity that he pecked at the rosewood, and in doing so his feet began to slip upon its polished surface: whereupon the jay extended his wings a little, and jerked up his tail. What followed we shall not venture to describe; but Mary jumped from her place near the table with a scream almost as loud as Grace's when she got the pinch cutting capers with his feet in the air.
'Taat Lory is a genius," said the doctor.

"He has cured me of a severe fit of the blues. I'm eternally indebted to him."

Grace got into good humour, too, and after cavefully pulling down her cuff, she ventured to take the jay between her hands again. "I'll go and make Ellie happy," she said, running away, holding the juy at srm's-length above her head.

To eky began to brighten over the hills, and Hogh predicted that the re mainder of the day would be fine.

The wind continued to blow; but before evening the sun fisshed through the broken cloude, and it was agreed on all hands that Ned Brophy's "hauling home" would be more propitious than could have been anticipated a few hours earlier.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Kearney, who

been anticipated a few hours earlier,
"I wonder," said Mrs. Kearney, who
came into the parlour in an evidently distressed state of mind—"I wonder what
can be delaying Barney? And he has
things we want for the dinner,"

"I suppose it was the heavy rain," Mary
replied. "No one would face out in such
a storm; and I daresay Barney waited
till it cleared up."

"Even if he did, he might be here
now"

"Well, you know," said Mary, 'Mr. Lowe has Lowe has decided on going to the wed-ding with Hugh, so you need not be parti-cular about our dinner to-day."

cular about our dinuer to-day."
"Why so?" M's Kearney asked, as if she
could not see the force of this resoning
"Why, of course, if they go at all,
they'll be there for dinner."

'Oh, yes, they call it a dinner, but it
will be more like a supper. I'll engage
it won't be on the table before eleven
o'clock—or ten the earliest."

"Wall asympto." repulsed."

o'clock—or ten the earliest."

"Well, even so," replied Mary. "They'll go at the usual hour, and you need not be so particular about our dinner to-day."

"'Tis too late already," rejoined Mrs. Kearney, with a sigh, "to think of roasting a bit of beef. But if that fellow was home in time, sure I could have a nice steak for them at any rate. He's always disappointing me, and unking missakes, binging wrong things, and nunning after disappointing me, and making mistakes, bringing wrong thingr, and running after peep-shows, and ballad-singers, and Pauches and Judys. My heart is broken with him," continued Mrs. Kearney, sigh ing deeply. "But indeed," she added with severe dignity, as she folded her plump hands and rested them on her kneet—"but indeed, only for the respect my uncle Dan had for his mother I would't keep him another hour under the roof of the house."

Many was not at all apprehensive that Barney was in danger of instant dismissal but wishing to put her mother into good humour she observed, as if to herself,

that "poor Barney was very devoted and strictly honest."
"Well, indeed," replied her mother in a softened tone, "there's nothing to be said against his honesty. His father would lay down his life for my uncel Dan, and, indeed, I believe poor Barney would do the same for any one of the

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BARNEY WINS A BET, AND LOSES MUCH

PRECLUS TIME.

The cause of Mrs. Kearney's trouble was all this time comfortably ensconced in the chimney corner, in the little kitchen behind Mrs. Burke's shop, with his foot on the hob—which foot, by the way, the servant girl had seized with the toogs while making the fire, mistaking it for a sod of turf of the description known as "hand turf;" in the manufacture of which moulders allow free scope to their fancy, and occasionally produce s marvel

grotesqueness. Barney had but just reached Mrs. Burke's door, when the rain began to pour down in right earnest. So, after putting Bobby under a shed in the yard, he took possession of the corner, and kept it without flinching even when the fire was at the hottest, and the big black pot barging over it was enveloped in the attempted to boil the potatoes with his foot, the remark that "the divil a wan else she ever knew could stand the same corner but Dan Brit and John Roche, the lime-burners."

"An' spake of the ould boy an' he'll appear," she added; "here is Dan him

ing spartment behind the forge. It was in silence for a minute, he was turning to observed, too, that the wind kept Lory's diminutive skirts stuck against his back, he looked again at him and heeltated. In the girl to order a plut of porter when he looked again at him and hesitated. In fact, Dan Brit was debating with himself whether, if he ventured to ask Barney to the gate before Grace recovered from her surprise, even so far as to think of shutting the door. But then she could not use her hands for that purpose, and as she was collecting her senses to think what was to be done, Hugh came out to know was to be done, Hugh came out to know was to be done, Hugh came out to know what had happened to make Lory beat so "Kitty, I'll take a glass of the old malt; I'm not very well to-day." And so Dan "Kitty, I il take a giars of suc on an I'm not very well to day." And so Dan Brit would have a glass of whiskey, price what is it all about, Grace? heaked, as he closed the hall-door. "What have threepence, in exchange for the pint of you done to frighten Lrry? Has he popped the question and been rejected? social and friendly way, and, in the spirit of a "good fellow," he was thinking of

pressing Barney Broderick to accept at And while Dad Brit was pondering the rieks to be run in the matter, his eye fell upon Barney's foot on the hob; which bisct seemed to fascinate Dan Brit and ive all other objects and subjects out of

his thoughts for the time being.

"The divil so ugly a foot as that," said
Dan Brit, solemnly, "I ever see, anyhow."

"There's an uglier wan in the house,"

rejoined Barney.
"No, nor in Ireland," returned Dan. "Nor in Europe, Asla, Africa or Amer-

"Will you bet a quart uv porther?" said Barney.
"That there's not an uglier foot in the

house?" exclaimed Dan, staring in astonshment at him. "Yes," replied Barney, with spirit, "I'll wager a quart uv porther, an' let Kitty be the judge, that there's an uglier foot in the house."
"Done," exclaimed Dan Brit, who

grasped at the certainty of getting a drink without paying for it. "But will you stake the money?"

"Ay, will I," said Barney, suiting the

action to the word, and slapping down the coppers on a chair near him "Take that money, Kitty," said Dan Brit, "an' decide the bet." "What is the bet?" Kitty asked.

It was explained to her; and Kitty

"Watt a Dit," Pettured Darley.
"Kitty, give us a peep at your own."
"What impudence you have!" exclaimed Kitty, indignantly. "Who dare say a word agin them, I'd like to know?"
And Kitty exhibited a pair of very pres.

And Kitty exhibited a pair of very presentable feet.

'Begob. Kitty," said Barney, with a grin, "if I was depindin' on thim I'd lose my bet."

"An' do you mane to say you haven't lost id?" Dan asked. 'Run, Aitty, for the porther."

"Ay, will she; but 'tisnt't my money 'll pay for id."

"Didn't you bet there was an uglier foot in the house than that?'

And Dan Brit pointed to the foot on the bob.

"An' where is id ?"

"An' where is id?"
Barney Broderick slowly and deliberately drew his other foot from under the chair, and held it up to view.
"Here's your money, Barney," exclaimed Kitty, in an ecstacy of delight. "You won the bet; I'll go for the por-

ter."

Dan Brit's jaw fell down as he stared with open mouth at Barney. And after swallowing his share of the porter he walked away with an expression of coun ance which made Kitty observe that "wan 'd think' twas a physic o' salts he was afther swallyin'."

Wuen the rain ceased Barney, snatch ing one of his baskets from Mrs Burke's counter, hurried off to Wat Murphy's and presented Mrs. Kearney's written order to the butcher.

"I haven't what she wante," said Wat; "but I can send her a nice bit that will

answer her as well."

answer her as well."

He seized his knife and saw, and cut
and weighed the beef so quickly that it
was wrapped in the cloth and deposited
in the basket before Barney could collect his wits to demur to the proceeding.

"Au' now," he muttered, scratching his head as if the thing were done past recall, "an' now she'il be puttin' the blame on me, an' eayin' 'twas my fau't—an' that's the way they're always layin' everything on my shoulders. The divil may care what's done wrong—'tis Barney wud every wan uv 'em, big an' little."

"If she finds any fau't wud that," said Wat, as if he were threatening somebody. lect his wits to demur to the proceeding Wat, as if he were threatening somebody "tell her 'tis her own cow"—which, how-ever, did not happen to be the fact. But Wat Murphy told lies in the way of busi-ness on principle, "For"—Wat was wout to observe—"if I did't tell lies do

carry id?" "A purty woman you'd mske," ob-served Wat, as Barney stooped under the weight of the heavy basket, "Blood an ouns, Wat!" he exclaimed, turing reund outside the door, "when are we to have the bull-hait?" have the buil-hait ?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

That was a characteristic reply Car dinal Manning made to the Catholic Workmen's Club of Vienna, whose mem bers had congratulated him upon the results of his intervention in the recent strikes in London. After returning thanks for the attention, His Eminence says: "I have always before my mind the words of the Lord, 'I have pity upon the people'; for nowhere on earth is there such unlimited wealth and such extreme poverty to be found as in our England. But, thanks to Providence, our workmen are gifted with prudence and patience, and are inclined to hear

as that of the human heart, ever is to re-turn to its repose, for God is peace.

Prominent Public Men are not slow to give expression to their opinion where genuine merit is concerned. D. Derbyshire, president of the Onterio Creamery Association, says: 'Nasal Balm beats the world for catarth and cold in the head. In my own case it effected relief from the first application."

Scotland Vet

"I can highly recommend Hagyard's
Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter
of a cough she had been troubled with ever
since she was little. She is now 12 years
old."

MRS. M. FARRCHILD, Scotland, Ont.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil The last lot l got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have fulled to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery." A Pleasing Discovery.

I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until advised to try Hagyard's Yellow Oil Since then I have found it to be an admirable remedy also for burns again throat and rheumatism.

MRS F. CAMERON, 137 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Forcible Facts.

The testimony as to the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters is overwhelming and admits of no dispute. It is the best blood purifier extant. Its action on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels is perfect. It cures dyspepsus, constipation, bad blood, biliousuess, sick headache, and all skin

Some symptoms of worms are: - Fever. colic, variable appetite, restiesness, weak-ness and convulsions. The unfailing rem-edy is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

shook her head sorrowfully, and told
Barney he was always a fool.

"Stake the money, yourse'f," said Barney.

"Come, give me back that change," said Dan; 'an' bring in the drink. The bet is mine."

"Wait a bit," returned Barney.

"Kitty, give us a peep at your own."

LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XVI.

ABBE EDGWORTH DID BAY "ROW OF Sr. LOUIS ASGEND TO HEAVEN."

The Semaine Catholique of Toulouse, France, under the title, "Authentic Details of the Last Moments of Louis XVI."

contains the following curious piece of in formation never before published in ABBE EDGWORTH DID BAY "ROW OF BT. LOUIS ASCEND TO HEAVEN."

The Semains Catholique of Toulouse, France, under the title, "Authentic Details of the Last Moments of Louis XVI," contains the following curious piece of in formation never before published in French, and, in fact, taken from a work now all but out of print. The Catholique says: "We borrow from a book, now all but out of print, published in London five days after the execution of Louis XVI, with the title, 'History of The Conspiracy of the Tenth of August, 1792,' by Bigot de Sainte Croix, Minister of Foreign Affairs to Louis XVI, a letter in which this statesman relates the details of his master's death, which took piace January 21st, 1793. The account is inserted at the end of the volume as a document bearing upon the last hour of the King. Apart from the general interest of the details, the letter of M. Biget de Sainte Croix establishes a point of history, the authenticity of which has been contested, namely, the expression used by the Abbe Eigworth to the Martry King, 'Enjant de Saint Louis montes au ecil.'"

Paris, January 21, 1793. Eigworth to the Martyr Kin Saint Louis, monter au seil:"

Parle, January 21, 1793. At last the terrible sentence of death
has been decreed without appeal, without
revision, without delay. At noon yester
day, Garat, Minister of Justice of the
Executice Provisional Council, charged to notify the King of the decree of the Convention, entered a coach, having with him Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Grouvelle, Secretary of the Council, all three trembling like malefactors ustil all three trembing like materiors in the partived at the Temple. The large chamber in which the King was impris-oned was divided into two compartments by a partition. As the arrival of the members of the Executive Council made a noise at the door, the King raised his eyes and advanced towards his visitors, inclinand advanced towards his visitors, inclin-ing himself in salute, but manifesting not the least emotion. Then stammered Garat, who seemed much troubled, 'Louis, the Convention has charged me, as the executive, to instruct you as to the decree it has rendered. Read," he said, turning to Grouvelle, who at once began and read on until he came to the words, "And with having conspired against the foreign and domestic peace," when the King repeated this physic, extended as King repeated this phrase, extended, at the same time, his hands in front of him, bowing his head and slightly shrugging

his shoulders.

When the reading of the decree was ended Louis drew a paper from his pocket which contained several requests, among others that the Minister of Justice would engage counsel to promptly attend to them. To this Garat responded that the counsel would not have the power, but that he would at once place the claims of the King before the Assembly, informing wont to observe—"if I did't tell lies do
you think I could ever sell an ould ram ?"
"Ozh! be the hokey, 'twill dhreg the
arm out uv me!" exclaimed Barney, as
he raised the basket. "If I thought
twould be so heavy, I'd bring up the ass."
"Put it on your head," Wat suggested.
"I'm d——n sure I won't. Do you
want 'o make a woman uv me? Is it
like a can uv wather you want me to
like a can uv wather you want me to
carry id?"

that he would at once place the claims of
the King before the Assembly, informing
him that several members of the Assembly
ad already expressed themselves favor
ably disposed towards the granting of
them.

Garat reported the answer of the Convention to the King at the Temple, and
said, "Louis, the Assembly acquiesces in
such and such a dema d, but the decree

positive—beyond recall."
"Very well," said the King, "it is neces

sary to submit."

After this he conversed with the three After this he conversed with the three Commissioners with calmness, composure, and perfect sweetness, going over the papers in his portfolio and in his pockers with the same tranquility as a man who is preparing himself for a short journey. When the commissioners retired, he saluted them with an air of sevenity, and, re entering his electing characters. ing his sleeping chamber, he said coldly to the servant who advanced towards him, "It is the time for dinner." He dined in

his usual manner.

Tale was the same Minister of Justice This was the same Alliester of Justice who brought the King the Irish priest that he had requested should attend him, and who stayed with him till the execution. He passed all that day and part of the night with the unhappy family, whose cries could be heard outside the prison cries could be heard outside the prison at intervals, especially at the moment of separation. The Queen was in a piteous state. She tore her hair and refused to listen to a word of consolation. The King, melted to tenderness, but, nevertheless, calm in the midst of his family's despair, draw her towards him, with affects despair, drew her towards him with affection, saying, "Good bye until to-morrow." Prayers were long; the night was far advanced when he retired to his couch He arose at six next morning, and dressed himself without saying a single word. He heard Mass in his room, confessed, and received Communion. He wished to save his family the horrors of a lasting

farewell. "This morning at nine o'clock," says "Ins morning at nine O'clock," says the writer, breaking into the present tense, "he entered the Mayor's coach with his confessor, a municipal effiser, and two gens d'armer. During the journey to the place of execution, he recites the prayers for the dead. Arrived at the foot of the confid he is described by foot of the scaffold, he is despoiled of his coat, and then mounts it with a firmness without parallel, looking tranquilly around him the while. When on the scaffold, he addressed these words to the

people.
"'I die innocent ; 1 forgive my enemies, and I desire that France Here he is interrupted by the roll of

the drums, and the atroclous Santerro ordered the executioner to do his duty
They tied him to the plank, and when the knife of the guillotine was placed in the proper position he once more raised his head and looked at the multitude.

It was then that his confessor inclining his head towards the king articulated in a loud voice: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven At this moment the cord is cut, but the head still retains its place; the iron is pressed upon it; it falls, and is seized by

by the executor, who, making a tour of the sceffold, shows it to the people.

The executioner was, it is said, from Meaux. I am a sured that the executioner of Paris refused the office, and is

The body was taken to the Madeleine in a hearse filled with lime in order to reduce it to a cinder, and if possible prevent future recognition. And thus was terminated this fearful crime

The cries of pity were drowned by terror, and when the head fallen the only cries were "Vive la Nation, vive la republique."

ruffians who marched through the city singing the "Marseillais," a sombre silence reigned everywhere, but it was a silence recembling that of the tomb.

L. C. BIGOT DE SAINTE CROIX.

THE DEAD HAND.

THE SECRET OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN GUILTY OF BLASPHEMY. "There are strange things in this world," said an old newspaper man whose

All

Swi Down Arous No

One

Franchild forev

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hair was gray twenty years sgo.
"I'm not much of a believer in supernatural occurrences, but when a plain fact comes into my experience I am will-ing to admit it. What I am going to tall you I know and am satisfied about. You may or you may not be, just as it suite

"You remember," he began, "the time President Cleveland visited Minneapolis, President Cieveland visited Minueapolis, and what a crowd there was? The state fair and one or two other things attracted people enough, but the President's presence drew every one in the state, it seemed to me. I was on a Chicago paper at the time, and got an assignment to go up and take in the combined show. When I stepped up to the counter of the leading hotel to register I noticed that the man in fr nt of me, who had just laid down the pen, was also a newspaper man from Chicago. There wasn't anything special about his appearance except that he was unusually tall and thin and did'nt look very well. Naturally when I put down my name I vall and thin and did'nt look very well.

Naturally when I put down my name I turned to him and introduced mweelf.

We shook hands and began to chat. While we were doing this the old man who was proprietor of the hotel was inspecting the room rack. Turning to us he said that there was only one empty room in the house, and that we were welcome to it if would double up. Tast suited me all we right, but the tall man objected vigorously. I was a little huffed over it, and said that he could have the room if he was so seifs hover it. I could sleep in a chair or walk over it. I could sleep in a chair or walk the streets all night. I had often done so before.

before.

'Ob, no," said the tall man, "it isn't that. I snore so badly that no one else could aleep in the room. I was thinking of you."

"I laughed at the idea and assured him that I would sleep as soon as I struck the bed. Finally he gave in and we agreed to take the room together. It was a little to take the room together. It was a little bit of a cubby hole at the top of the house, and the only furniture in it was a common bed and two wooden chairs. Another Chicago newspaper man who heard we were there came to see us, and the three of us sat there and talked until I supposed it was 2 o'clock in the morn-ing Neither myself nor the visitor could recollect anything unusual about the behavior of the tall man when we compared notes afterward. At last we said 'good-

night' and went to bed.
"I don't know how long I slept, and, "I don't know how long I steps, and, in fast, I have never been able to bring up a perfectly clear recollection of what bappened in that room. It seemed to me that I woke up in about five minutes, but it must have been longer. My first but it must have been longer. A feeling was one of fearful dread. was not a sound from the man at my side. A huge lump of ice seemed to be on my chest and press me down. I was sufficiently. I tried to shout, but could not emit a syllable. It was only after a long struggle, that brought sweat pouring out all over me, that I could raise my hand to the inert freezing mass on my

chest. "It was a pulseless hand, the hand of a corpee, that I clasped. I dropped it in horror, and climbed nervously out of bed. The moonbeame came in through the little dast-covered window and played across the pale face sunk in the pillows. The feeling of the hand was still on my chest. I could not overcome the frightful sensation of helpleseners. I lit the gas and proceeded to call for help. Then it was, in the better light, that I saw he was not dead. I went to his side to look at

not deed. I went to his side to look at his hand but some movement of mine awoke him, and he softly pulled it under the counterpane. I could not go to bed and remained up all night.

"In the morning when I spoke of the sffair the tall man laughed and said I must have been desawing, as did the must have been dreaming, as did the landlord; so did my newspaper friend. I could not answer them, but I felt that some strange mystery was hidden that night in the little room.

the wires that my companion of that night had committed suicide under circumstances of almost inconceivable horror. A few days afterwards a letter came to me from him it and left it on his table the night he took his life. It solved the mystery.
"The Caristmas night before I met him

in Minneapolis he was drinking in a saloon in Chicago with several friends. He made the remark: 'I suppose we have to again celebrate the birth of a bumbug.' One of his companions saked him not to speak that way, upon the ground that it would be a personal favor. This led to argument. The blasphemer said: 'Prove to me that there is a God.' His friend said: 'Prove to me that there is not a God.' "The tall man drew himself erect and

raised his arm on high. 'I will call upon God, if He is a God,' said he, 'to strike me dead right here where I stand." "Those around drew back, but no miracle followed. The tall man laughed

at his young friend. They parted for the night, perhaps a little solemnly, but not much was thought of the matter. "One week later a strange, pain devel-

oped in that arm, and in less than a month it was useless. In his letter to me he said: 'You are the only man who ever suspected my secret, I am a leper.'"—

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