

ALWAYS SOME ONE BELOW.

On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up at the dim, vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,
I climbed till my brain was on fire,
I planted each foot-step with wisdom—
Yet I never seemed to go higher.

For this round was played with indifference,
And that one was gilded with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another
I found, under velvet, a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,
And my heart's strength began to fail,
And the dawn of the morning's excitement
Ere evening commenced to pale.

But just when my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last gilded round,
When my hopes, coming back from the future,
Were sinking again to the ground—

One who had climbed near to the summit
Reached backward a helping hand;
And refreshed, encouraged and strengthened,
I took once again my stand.

And I wish—oh, I wish—that the climbers
Would never forget as they go
That, though weary may seem their climbing,
There is always some one below.

LADY KILDARE;
Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER THE STRANGE MARRIAGE.

For a moment that seemed to each like an eternity, Lord Treham and the Lady Kathleen regarded each other through the deep gloom of the lonely Scottish church in an appalled and awful silence. The minister crept down from his desk and stood in the background of the group, pale with sudden alarm. His wife and her ladyship's maid drew also silently nearer.

But the figure of the strange and sinister ruler who had usurped Lord Treham's place at the altar and tricked him of his bride did not change in its attitude of triumph. The pale, faint gleams of moonlight that stole in through the dim and dusty windows showed through the thick shadows the evilly exultant smile that curved his lips, overspread his face, and gleamed mockingly from his eyes.

Lord Treham as yet paid no heed to this man. He had eyes only for the bride who had been stolen from him—for the white and trembling Kathleen, whose anguished incredulous face was turned to him in a desperate pleading and despair.

"What does this mean?" his lordship asked at last, in a strange and husky voice, breaking the terrible silence. "Speak, in heaven's name, Kathleen!"

"I don't know!" answered the Lady Kathleen, in a wild broken voice. "I thought it was you, my lord. Until you came in, I had not detected the cheat. The church was so dark, and I was so agitated, and I looked for no one but you."

His lordship set his teeth together, and drew his breath hard.

He turned abruptly from the Lady Kathleen to the minister.

How is it, Mr. Cowan?" he asked, still in that husky voice. "Is—Is her ladyship married?"

The minister, a naturally timid man, who was overwhelmed with distress at the strange turn affairs had taken, bowed his head in assent.

There was a moment's pause, then his lordship spoke again.

"Is the marriage legal?" he asked.

The Lady Kathleen lifted her drooping head with a thrill of reviving hope.

The minister hesitated, then replied in a distressed voice:

"This is a terrible situation, my lord. I don't know what relief the laws of England, or the divorce court, will yield her ladyship, but I am constrained to say that I believe this marriage to be legal."

A low mocking laugh came from the strange bridegroom.

That laugh aroused the tiger in the breast of the cheated lord. He was tempted to spring upon his enemy in a deadly assault, but he controlled his passions with a powerful effort and addressed himself again to the minister.

"Does not the fact that this miscreant impersonated me invalidate the marriage?" he asked, with supernatural calmness.

"The lady had no intention of marrying him, and even the Scottish law cannot hold her bound."

"I have never known a case just like this," said the minister, "but marriages are valid when one of the contracting parties conceals his or her identity under an assumed name, the other party believing the name to be the true one. In this case we have a gross fraud, but I firmly believe her ladyship to be legally bound."

"I do not," cried Lord Treham. "No law can uphold this fraud and deceit. The Lady Kathleen will never drag this experience linked with her name into a divorce court. She repudiates this fraudulent marriage. It shall be as if it had not been. We will take our places before the altar, and you shall marry us now."

"I cannot!" interrupted the minister, with agitation. "I dare not, my lord. The Lady Kathleen is already married. Let her seek justice at the proper tribunal. To marry again, with this marriage unannulled, would be to commit bigamy."

Again the sinister bridegroom laughed mockingly.

Lord Treham turned abruptly upon his enemy, and for the first time looked at him fully, keenly, and squarely. Until this moment he had been so absorbed in the wreck of his happiness, and in his own and the Lady Kathleen's despair, as to pay but little heed to him who had wrought all this misery. But now he seemed to arouse himself like a lion from a trance.

The light in the dim old church was so faint and gloomy that he could not see into the man's features distinctly. But he saw that he was tall and stonily built, with a heavy, massive frame that seemed a perfect storehouse of strength. Like Lord Treham, the man was attired in black. His face, seen indistinctly through the gloom, was not unlike that of the man he had so fully personated.

Lord Treham moved a step nearer to him, a passionate fury whitening his face and glowing fiercely in his eyes.

"This matter is to be settled between you and me, then?" cried his lordship fiercely. "We will not need to appeal to the law. I will undertake to rid the Lady Kathleen of your claims."

"Not here!" interrupted the minister, in a panic. "Do not profane the house of God by unseemly violence. Come with me to manse, and we will discuss the matter, and see what can be done. Let me conduct you, my poor Lady Kathleen!"

He gave his arm to the Lady Kathleen, who clung to it, shivering close to his side, and he then led her from the church.

Lord Treham walked at Kathleen's other side as one having the right. Close behind

came Mrs. Cowan, the Lady Kathleen's maid, and the minister man who had wrought so much evil.

But once outside the old church and beyond the archway, Lord Treham halted abruptly on the moonlit lawn, and faced his enemy with a face so white and stern and savage that the Lady Kathleen also came to a halt, uttering a low cry of terror.

Mrs. Cowan schooled the cry.

"This is no place for you!" said Mr. Cowan, addressing his wife. "Go back to the manse, and take her ladyship's maid with you."

Mrs. Cowan obeyed, and walked away, accompanied by the Lady Kathleen's maid. The chief actors in the little tragedy were thus left to themselves.

"Now, sir," cried Lord Treham fiercely, advancing a few steps nearer his enemy, "we will settle this matter. But first tell me who you are."

His eyes fairly blazed as they scrutinized the face of Kathleen's bridegroom. His lordship had been for three years her ladyship's constant suitor, and had known all her London friends. Yet he had never seen this man before. Her acquaintance with him, he rapidly thought, must have been secreted in a remote date. His fierce gaze photographed the man's face upon his soul forever.

It was an evilly handsome face, and as different from Treham's, now, when plainly seen in the moonlight, as darkness is different from light. Except in the dark old church, under circumstances of peculiar agitation and anxiety, he could never have passed himself off as Lord Treham. He was dark-browed with black hair, bold, black eyes, a sallow complexion, and a sneering, sensual, wicked-looking mouth, half hidden in a forest of black beard which fell in shaggy lengths low on his breast. This beard he had carefully tucked under the lapel of his coat when he entered the church; but it had now made its escape, constituting one of his most prominent features.

"If you wish to know who I am, my lord," he said, "I have already told you that I am the husband of the Lady Kathleen Connor. If I had not been married to her to-night, but had simply appeared at your bridal, my very presence must have prevented your marriage with her. If you desire further information in regard to me, permit me to refer you to my charming bride, Kathleen."

He spoke her name imperiously. Something in his tones seemed to touch some hidden chord in her ladyship's soul. She started from Mr. Cowan's arm, and looked up wildly, as she might have looked upon one who had risen from the grave.

"Nicol!" she faltered, recalling several paces, her face whitening with an awful horror. "My God! Nicol Bassantyne!"

"Nicol Bassantyne, at your service!" said her bridegroom, his evil face all aglow with exultation. "You seem surprised to see me, Kathleen!"

The Lady Kathleen uttered a wailing, anguished cry.

"Alive!" she whispered. "I thought you were dead! O Heaven! pity me!"

She tottered back, clinging to the arm of the minister for support. Her lovely face was blanched to a death pallor. Her blue eyes were full of a wild horror. Lord Treham forgot his own anguish and wrongs in her utter misery.

"Don't take it so hard, Kathleen!" said Bassantyne, with a triumphant smile. "I might not have announced myself in this theatrical manner, but I called on you at Kildare Castle, and was told that you were in the garden. I followed you out on the rocks, and chanced to overhear Lord Treham's declaration of love and proposition for an immediate marriage. I knew why you dared not marry him openly, with all the pomp and glory of a fashionable wedding. You feared, in that case, that some ghost of the past would arise to confront you. There are two or three to whom your secret is known, and you feared that they would hasten to reveal that secret to Lord Treham, and so cover you with shame and ignominy! You were right. The private marriage was the only one suitable for you! I followed you over here, intending to reveal myself at the proper moment and stop your marriage. Lord Treham's brief absence from the church suggested a better course. I took his place—with what effect you have seen."

He laughed softly to himself, gloating over his triumph and her anguish.

There was a brief silence. Lord Treham stood apart, strange suspicions struggling in his soul. He began to comprehend that this sinister intruder was connected with the Lady Kathleen's secret, and he vaguely felt that there was in some way in this man's power. But not a doubt of her found lodging in his mind. His trust in her remained unshaken.

"My little ruse was fair enough," said Bassantyne, watching her ladyship curiously. "All is fair in love and war," says the old proverb. There is no use in fretting, Kathleen. If you haven't changed greatly in the last five years, you will soon compel your proud spirit to submit to circumstances. It is true that by my inopportune return I have cheated you of a brilliant title, but I am rich and honorable, and I love you! Let these facts reconcile you to your fate!"

He moved nearer to her, his eyes fixed gloatingly on her drooping head and despairing face.

"Stand back!" cried Lord Treham, interposing. "Do not insult the Lady Kathleen by your professions of love. Whoever you are, Mr. Nicol Bassantyne, do not think that your vile fraud of this night has given you any authority over her! She has too many friends to be given up to a cheating adventurer who foully personates another man at the altar. She shall be freed, if we have to go through the divorce court to effect her freedom. Any publicity must be preferable to the obscurity you have placed upon her. The Lady Kathleen is still under my protection, sir, and you must answer to me for your cowardly crime!"

"Very well," said Bassantyne coolly. "I am willing to fight you now, if that's what you want. But before we proceed to blows, let us understand what we are to fight for. You condemn the Lady Kathleen to be grossly injured by my taking your place at the marriage altar. Now, if she is satisfied, you say we have no reason to find fault. Is not that so?"

"But I am not satisfied!" cried the Lady Kathleen passionately.

"Not satisfied, Kathleen!" and Bassantyne arched his black brows, in seemingly astonished inquiry. "You wish, then, that I had permitted you to marry Lord Treham?"

"No—no!" moaned the Lady Kathleen, shuddering.

"I thought you could not be so infuriated as that! You hope for a divorce, perhaps?"

"I hope for nothing," returned the Lady Kathleen, wringing her hands despairingly. "I must do as I have done for years—submit to my fate. Barry," she added, turning to Lord Treham, who still stood a little apart, dark, gloomy, and stern, yet with great agony expressed in his dark eyes, "there must be no fighting for me! If you ever loved me, spare me that great grief."

"If I ever loved you! O Kathleen!"

His anguished voice aroused the Lady Kathleen from the depths of her despair. The sight of his suffering lent her a factitious

strength. Loosening her hold on the minister's arm, she moved toward Lord Treham, saying:

"I must have a few words with you alone, my lord—for the last time! Come with me to the beach."

He gave her his arm, and they walked down toward the sands, on which the boats lay rocking in the moonlight.

The Lady Kathleen was the first to speak.

"Barry," she said, "if I had adhered to my first resolves, this would never have happened. Would to heaven I had refused to come here to-night. Would that I had refused you, as I have done so often before. But do not let the events of to-night have any blighting influence on your life. You must go away and forget me."

"And leave you to the persecution of that second-rate? Never! Never!"

"It is best Barry, for my sake, you must go. It cannot be wrong for me to tell you, now that this great grief has opened between us, that I love you more than I love my life! I have loved you for years, and my passionate love trembled. But for years I dared not acknowledge to you that love, because I have always had that fearful expectation of something terrible in the future. For years I have lived in a very terror of dread. Only a few months since, that terror was dispelled by a report that he—the man—was dead! Yet even then, when I read the notice of his death in a foreign paper, I dared not dream of marriage. I should never have dared marry you openly, with the pomp of a fashionable wedding, as he said. I should have been afraid that something might have come between us to prevent the marriage, even at the last minute. I have enemies who trade upon my secret, and who might have chosen to reveal it to you at any moment!"

"My poor Kathleen!" said Lord Treham, in a yearning tenderness. "And this man—this Bassantyne—knows your secret?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Tell it to me, Kathleen. You need a true friend. Let me hear the whole story, and judge how much terror there is in it. Perhaps those enemies of yours magnify the importance of the secret. I can help you."

"It is too late—too late! No one can help me now. I cannot tell you the story, my lord, but I can say, and she lifted her head proudly, with a scarlet flush stained the whiteness of her cheeks, "that my worst crimes consisted in childish folly and imprudence. The name of Kathleen Connor is as un sullied as on the day I received it at my baptism."

"It is necessary to say that to me, Kathleen," demanded Lord Treham. "Do I not know your pure soul, your glorious, untainted nature? It is because I know them so well that I entreat to be taken into your confidence. Your enemies may be magnifying the importance of the secret."

"No—no! I comprehend its importance only too well!"

"You will have to tell the whole story, will you not, when you sue for a divorce?"

"I shall never sue for a divorce!"

"Kathleen!"

"We are parted forever, Barry. It was fortune—even providential—that our marriage was interrupted to-night. So long as Nicol Bassantyne lives, I must not see you again. O Barry! this night holds our parting!"

"You mean to acknowledge this marriage, then? To live with this scoundrel as his wife?"

The Lady Kathleen flushed again.

"No, I do not!" she said. "I would die first! He may proclaim our marriage, if he chooses. I shall not deny it. But I will never live with him—never! I cannot tell how much I loathe this man, my lord, and yet, strange as it may seem, this strange marriage of to-night is a relief to me!"

Lord Treham uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"It puts an end to all my terror and dread!" murmured the Lady Kathleen. "It is well for you and me that it has happened. You must forget me, and find some other more worthy one your proud old name than Kathleen Connor. You are a proud man, my lord, and you have the right to be, and it is better that your mad marriage with me was interrupted. And now a last word, my lord. I beg you not to provoke a hostile meeting with Nicol Bassantyne. For my sake, do nothing to peril your life, that life which is dearer than all the world to me! And though we are separated forever, Barry, always remember that I loved you!"

"And a last word with you, Kathleen!" cried Lord Treham impatiently. "You have denied me a knowledge of your secret, which it seems you share with two or three blackmailing wretches. Now hear me! There is no obstacle between us which I cannot surmount! I swear to break the bonds yonder wretch has fixed upon you! I swear to dispel all the shadows that envelop you! I swear to discover your secret, to scatter its terrors, to relieve you from your hideous thralldom—to make you my wife! Until these things are accomplished, I will know no peace, no joy! From this moment I set myself to the task of freeing you from the coils of your enemies!"

He caught her to his bosom, kissing her with a yearning, passionate fervor.

They were still lingering in that embrace when steps were heard behind them, and Bassantyne's sneering voice broke in upon them.

"Humph!" he said. "This is a pleasant sight for the eyes of a newly made husband. Come, my Lady Kathleen Bassantyne. My boat is waiting, and yonder comes your maid. We must be off, if you don't want Kildare Castle in a terrible commotion."

The Lady Kathleen loosened herself from Lord Treham's frenzied grasp.

"You will go back with me?" his lordship asked.

"I dare not," she whispered. "But I fear nothing. My maid will be with me. And you will be near."

She turned from him with a breaking heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan, with her ladyship's maid, were approaching the beach. The Lady Kathleen advanced to meet them, listened to their expressions of pity and sympathy, and then bade the minister and his wife farewell.

Bassantyne then conducted his bride to his boat, the Lady Kathleen's maid following. The lady and her attendants took their seats, Bassantyne pushed off the little craft, and sprang in. Then he set his sail, and the boat started skimming over the moonlit channel toward Point Kildare.

Lord Treham followed closely in their wake, his anguished glances seldom wavering from the slender, girlish figure which dropped low in the stern of Bassantyne's boat.

The Scottish minister and his wife, with tears and forebodings, lingered long on the sands, watching the receding shape and speculating upon the future of the three whose fortunes had so strangely become entangled.

"Heaven guide them!" sighed Mr. Cowan. "There's a dark future before the bony Lady Kathleen—a dark, dark future!"

(To be continued.)

What do we need to make us considerate. Much good sound and a drop of pity in our hearts.—Mde. Swetshire.

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SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL, No. 1652.—**DAME MARY HENDERSON**, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of **WILLIAM O'HARA**, of the same place, Trade, duly authorized a *causa* in justice, Plaintiff, vs. the said **WILLIAM O'HARA**, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause on the Fourteenth of October, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-nine.

MONTREAL, 14th October, 1889.

JUDAH, BRANCHAUD & BAUSET, 12-6
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 804.
MARGUERITE CHARTRAND, *Elle majeure et usant de ses droits*, of the Village of Coates St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff;

vs.
JOSEPH BRUNET, formerly of the Village of Coates St. Louis, District of Montreal, since dead, and now of Beaconsfield, in the State of Michigan, one of the United States of America, Defendant.

The Defendants is ordered to appear within two months.

MONTREAL, 11th October, 1889.
GEO. H. KERNICK,
Deputy P.S.O.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 1574.

DAME MARIE-EUDOXIE CHOQUET, Plaintiff,

vs.

JOSEPH EPHREM JACQUES, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

MONTREAL, 10th October, 1889.

ETHIER & PELLETIER,
Advocates for Plaintiff.

No. 115.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH DUBEAU—DAME SCHOLASTIQUE MAURICE, widow of **JACQUES DUBEAU**, her son **CHARLES** and **JACQUES DUBEAU**, all of this city hereby give public notice to all the interested parties of **JOSEPH DUBEAU**, who was drowned near Shelter Island, New York State, during August 1886, that they will petition, on the 22nd day of November, 1889, one of this District Superior Court Judge, in Chamber, at the Court House of Montreal, at 10:30 a.m., to grant for their own and exclusive benefit letters of verification of the heirs. All interested parties are hereby notified to oppose the said petition, on or before the said date, if they judge convenient.

MONTREAL, October 17th, 1889.

DAVID, DEMERS & GÉRAIS,
Attys. for Petitioners.

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PERSECUTED DONEGAL.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR,—It is scarcely necessary for us to inform you of the fact that Father McDonagh and over twenty of his parishioners have been returned for trial to the Assizes on the atrocious charge of wilful murder. The people do not require to be vindicated from the vile aspersions that have been cast upon them; whilst the persecution of Father McDonagh strikes every honorable man as one of the most infamous specimens of political venom that the world has ever seen. Not a particle of evidence has been adduced against him; notwithstanding which, after nine remands, the brave priest and about 25 of his parishioners have been returned for trial till the current Assizes. The Crown will probably endeavour, with the assistance of a partisan judge and packed jury, to complete the scandalous persecution which they have initiated. In such an emergency we appeal earnestly to you to contribute generously towards securing a Fair Trial for the accused, who are of themselves almost helpless. British law supposes every man to be innocent until he is proved guilty, and we are confident that we do not appeal in vain. Already great expenses have been incurred by repeated and vexatious remands; but still greater expense must be incurred at the Assizes, for it is incumbent upon every lover of justice and liberty to see that the accused shall have the best possible legal talent exerted on their behalf.

We appeal to you on further ground; for the cry of the evicted and suffering can never fall unheard on Irish ears. Already about forty families have been cast out on the roadside, because they were unable to pay exorbitant rents for miserable holdings on the bleak mountain sides. Even as we pen this appeal the forces of the Government are being again centred on Donegal for the purpose of muzzling the homesteads of a brave and virtuous peasantry; and in a few days the ring of the cruel crowbar will again resound. The lot of the poor people has been a hard one, for they have scarcely ever been without the grim spectre of famine, or the equally terrifying spectre of the balliffs, at their doors. Their brave priests have stood faithfully by them, though their only rewards have been the plank-beds and the lying tongue of a violent slanderer. This year's struggle is test one in Donegal; for if we allow the people to be crushed, they may be crushed for ever; but if we stand faithfully by them in their hour of need, their victory and ours will be indeed a permanent one.

The duty also devolves upon the people of supporting the families of the prisoners who were recently sentenced, after a farcical trial in Fermanagh, to eight months' imprisonment for the "crime" of resisting the destruction of the homes which their own hands had raised; and we must not be forgetful either of the families of the Gweedore prisoners, who have been imprisoned without trial for the past two months on the charge of murder, and will be imprisoned for four months to come. All of them are breadwinners, and many others who were unable to endure the legalised Reign of Terror have fled the district. Their families must starve, their crops cannot be gathered, and their lands must lie untilled, unless we give practical and generous proof of the faith that is in us.

Confident that a more deserving appeal never was made to you, we know that your response will be both prompt and generous; and if a collection has not already been entered upon, in your district, we trust you will use your influence to have one initiated at your earliest convenience.

Remittances should be made to Mr. Edward Hughes, J.P., College Square, Belfast; or to Mr. Jeremiah MacNeagh, 98 York Street, Belfast, who will gratefully acknowledge the smallest contributions.

Your faithful servants,
PETER KELLY, P.P. Dunloughagh,
McNELLIS, G.L., Gweedore,
J. J. O'SHEA, "United Ireland," Dublin.
Belfast Oct 19th, 1889.

An Irish Jesuit Martyr.

Father Edmund McDonagh was a member of the Society of Jesus. Pope Gregory XIII. sent him from Rome to Ireland when Elizabeth was striving by the severest tortures to root out the Catholic faith in his native country. Father McDonagh met with a glorious death soon after reaching there, and was the first to proclaim the truth of the Catholic religion by the shedding of his blood. He was a native of Limerick, and labored to comfort the Catholics who were then solely persecuted. He was seized by the enemy of the faith, and confined some time in a close prison in Limerick. His constancy was assailed in many ways. The ministers made him all kinds of promises if he would join in the treachery of the reformers. And when the confessor of God continued unmoved, he was taken to Cork to be questioned still further by the cruel heretics. During the whole of that journey his hands were tied behind his back and he suffered from his guards all the hardships that are usually inflicted on murderers and traitors. He was thrust into a common prison, and endured various tortures at different times. But when even then his firmness remained unbroken, he was accused of high treason, and condemned in open court. The reasons publicly alleged by the bloodthirsty magistrates for inflicting this infamous punishment were such as to prove that he well deserved the title of martyr;—viz., that he stubbornly continued to profess the Catholic faith, which was proscribed by Elizabeth in England under the penalty of high treason; that he had come to gain over to and confirm in the same faith his fellow-citizens; that he impudently denied to the queen the title of head of the Church of England. He listened with great tokens of pleasure and joy to this glorious sentence decreeing him in triumph, and humbly bowing to the judges, he thanked them. He was then taken off, as one guilty of high treason, to the usual place of execution. Here he was hanged, and, after a short time while he was still alive, the rope was cut and he fell to the ground. The executioner cut open his body, and tearing out his heart showed it to the people. Then he cast it into the fire. The rest of the body was quartered and set on stakes in different places, that it might be seen by all, until it fell to pieces. This famous man suffered death at Cork about the year 1580.—Sacred Heart Review.

"Johnny" said a mother angrily, as she pointed to a steak pie that had a great piece taken out of it, "did you cut into that pie?"

"No'm."

"Well, how did that hole get in it, then?"

"Dunno," replied Johnny, drawing his sleeve across his face; "perhaps it got wore in."

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Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to issue certificates, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

Edmund McDonagh
J. J. O'Shea

Committee.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery which may be presented at our counters.

R. H. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank

PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State National Bank

A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank

CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank

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