

WHO KILLED GEORGE TENER?

By Magdalen Rock.

"Oh, she was always a poor-spirited creature, and that's the short and long of it," Mary Bannigan declared, as she clicked her long knitting needles vigorously together. "Sure, I mind the night Owen Roe—the heavens be his bed this day—brought her home, though 'tis well on to thirty years, and not a one of us ever heard her angry word."

potatoes rotted in the ground. 'Twas a great blessing in one way to us all. Many's a shilling my own man earned. Well, as I was saying, Patrick got work, and things went on rightly till this man, Tener, was put over the men. I'm told he was a black Orange-man, and very uncertain in his temper when he had drink in him. One day didn't he take at Patrick about his religion—God pardon him -- and mockery of the priests and mass? And when he said something very bad about the Pope, sure Patrick left him as purty a black eye as you'd wish to see. Of course, Patrick was dismissed, and a ha'd, sore spring they had up there"—nodding toward the furze-clad hills where Mrs. Cregan dwelt. "And, then, George Tener was found lying dead one morning, and suspicion fell on Patrick. He had been away from home part of that night, and not a bit could be explained where. He told Father Dan that he had been to see Shiela Murphy, and had made up his mind to go to Canada if he could borrow the money for his passage; and that he had just wondered about lonely and distracted-like till nigh on two o'clock. But that would not have made him guilty in the eyes of the jury, only for James Morgan. He gave evidence—and false evidence—against Patrick, telling how he had seen him hiding that night as he went home; and how, when a good bit past the place where Tener was found, he had heard a voice crying, "Cregan, you villain." The doctors said the wounds on the head that caused Tener's death were made by a bludgeon or stick; and, sure enough, Patrick had carried such with him. Well, he was sentenced to death; and only for Father Dan, who went to Dublin himself, and saw the lord lieutenant, Patrick would have been hanged."

"Wasn't Morgan a stranger?" "He was; he came to work on the railway, and was overseer or something. As ill luck had it, he took a fancy to Shiela Murphy, and her father favored him, and said if he would settle down here he would get the girl. So he bought that farm he lived on—and the lonesome place it was—about that time from Widow McGuinness."

"But he didn't get Shiela?" "No fear. The girl would not look at him so much as, so there he lived alone since; and when the horse threw him at Margaret Cregan's door, as one may say, didn't she take him in, and attend to him as if he were her dearest friend?" "I don't know how she could!" "Nor I; but Margaret was always kind. Not a bit of wonder Mary called her a poor spirited creature; but, you see, Margaret was always religious, and has powerful trust in God. Sure she thinks Patrick will be cleared yet, and she's wearing her life out praying for that same."

"She's terribly shaken these last two years, I believe." "Aye, so she is. Margaret was the purtiest girl you'd see in a day's walk when she came here, and now she's worn to skin and bone." "She is that. And now, Mrs. Cregan, I'll be going. 'Tis high time to get the children their dinner."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Cregan was listening to the faint moaning of the man who lay almost lifeless in her house. She was, for her years and all her trials, still remarkably handsome, though very delicate in appearance. There was a neatness in her person and surroundings that formed a contrast to the appearance and homes of many of her neighbors. She was one of those gentle, patient women who always do greater things than their more noisy sisters. It was well known that she healed an old feud between her mother-in-law and Mary Brannigan, and kept her temper when Pat Ryan's goat ate a garden of early cabbages. She was a constant attendant at the little whitewashed chapel down in the valley. Perhaps, if her neighbors had a fault to find in her, it was that, though friendly and charitable, she was not disposed to spend much time in gossip. She was clever with her needle, and could contrive a use for every inch of cloth or thread of wool. There were three or four plants blooming in crockery teapots in the windows. Over the mantelpiece was a crucifix sadly realistic, a carefully framed print of the "Last Supper," and one of the Blessed Virgin. A couple of brass candlesticks, that had been handed down from mother to daughter, were wrapped carefully in brown paper, and a rush cover, that had been made on St. Bridget's Eve, was fastened by a bit of ribbon to the wall. People wondered how Mrs. Cregan had the heart to keep her little home so trim and bright as she did; but no one knew that she polished the candlesticks or tinned ware just

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THE TRUE CROSS.

Its Discovery By Empress Helena.

In the year 326, A.D., St. Helen, the mother of the Emperor Constantine went, in obedience to a command given her in a vision, to seek for the true cross at Jerusalem. On the Hill of Calvary she discovered three crosses buried deep in the ground. There was, however, nothing to distinguish the True Cross from the other two, the title, which was discovered at the same time, lying too far away to be of any use for the purpose of identification. This, however, in the event, only served to increase the glory of God and the devotion of the faithful, at the suggestion of Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem, the three crosses were carried to the bed of a sick woman to whom, after earnest prayer, they were applied in turn. On the application of the third she rose, completely cured. According to some authorities, among whom is the historian Socrates, the touch of the sacred wood also raised a dead man to life. St. Helen left a part of the True Cross, thus identified, at Jerusalem, building a church to contain it. With the rest she set out joyfully to Rome. Arrived there, she had built a chapel after her the Basilica Heleniana, stood near the Porta Maggiore, beyond the Basilica of St. John Lateran. On this site now stands the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which contains, besides the famous relic brought there by St. Helen, numerous other relics connected with the Passion of Our Lord. Innumerable small portions have been detached from the original relic at Santa Croce—though this still remains the largest. The wood of the cross is of a peculiar nature, and when soaked in water swells to many times its bulk, and small fibres are then easily detached. Besides the main relic at Santa Croce there are also large pieces of the true cross at St. Peter's—at the Altar of the Crucifix—at St. Mary Major, and at St. John Lateran. There is also a portion placed in the bronze cross which surmounts the tall Egyptian obelisk in the piazza before St. Peter's, near the spot at which modern writers place the crucifixion of the Prince of the Apostles. This obelisk was placed in its present position by the celebrated architect, Fontana, by order of Sixtus V. It was on this occasion that a sailor in the crowd broke the rule of silence imposed during the operation by shouting out; "Wet the ropes." This happy disobedience saved the huge column from falling to the earth when nearly erect, and was rewarded by the Pope with a title of nobility, and the right of presenting every year to the Holy Father a palm for use in the procession on Palm Sunday. This right is still enjoyed by the family, and the palm, worked up into a most elaborate design, is generally bestowed by the Pope upon some community or institution which he wishes to honor.