## WHO KILLED GEORGE TENER?

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"Oh, she was always a poor-spirited potatoes rotted in the ground. 'Iwas oreature, 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."

"True for you, Mary," Mrs. Fegan said, coming forward from her work of "cutting" seed potatoes to join the women-"true for you. All Lisbeg knows that if Margaret Cregan hasn't a good word to say, she keeps her tongue

"Aye, that she does," Mary retorted, scornfully. "But if Margaret, as I often told her, had had a bit of spirit in her, she would have left the old woman when Owen died, instead of dancing attendance on her. She's powerful handy and could have made a living for herself and poor Patrick anyavhere."

"And the poor lad wouldn't have been provoked to waylay Mr. Tener-

"If I told you once, I've told you twenty times, Mrs. O'Rorke, ma'am, that Patrick Cregan had as much to do with the killing of George Tener as yourself," Mary interrupted, sharp-"The very birds about Lisbeg know that."

"I didn't mean any harm-pone at all only the case looked black against the poor fellow," Mrs. O'Rorke attempted to explain.

"That's of no account. We all know Patrick and that was enough for us. No matter who rid the earth of George Tener-the Almighty forgive me if 'tis a sin to speak so-it wasn't Patrick Cregan. There are some things we're not allowed to understand till God pleases, be that here on earth or on the last day; but you'll mind my word whenever the truth is made known." And Mary tucked the leg of the stocking which she was knitting more firmunder her arm.

"Poor Mrs. Cregan has had her share of troubles,' Mrs. Fegan aald, pacifical-"First, the death of Owen, and then poor Patrick transported for

"For a crime he din't do," Mary put

"For a crime he didn't do," Mrs. Fegan repeated. "And then Susy's death."

"I'm not sure I'd call that a weighty trouble," Mary said. "Susy was a good round age, and had plenty of time to prepare for death; and there's no denying but she was an unpleasant old woman."

"That's so," Mrs. O'Rorke said, "But as we were saying, Mrs. Fegan, as you come out, wasn't the-" Mrs. O'Rorke, who had none of Mary Brannigan's decidedness about her, hesitated to find a fitting adjective-"wasn't it the wonderful doing of Mrs. Cregan to

take James Morgan in an nurse him ?" "A wonderful doing," Mary sniffled "a queer doing, to care for the man that swore against her son."

"But badn't he to tell the truth?" Mrs. O'Rorke questioned.

"Saints above, listen to her!" Mary exclaimed, now thoroughly exasperated. "Don't we all know he told far more than the truth? Don't we all know he tried to take Patrick's colleen from him, and that when Shiela Murphy said no, he swore to be revenged? He thought Shiela would change if Patrick were gone, but he was mistaken You talk like a child, Mrs. O'Rorke. Ask Father Dan if you Twas he taught Poor Patrick his catechism, and stood up in court and gave him a character, and a good one, too. I saw the tears in his eyes when he spoke of him after the trial."

"And, then, who killed the man!" Mrs. O'Rorke asked with some persis-

"How do I know? But it will be all known some day. God will right the widow and crpban yet." And so saying, Mary took her departure.

"Mary Brannigan is mighty sharp," Mrs. O'Rorke complained; "and myself, I may say, a stranger."

"Oh, Mary's tongue is the worst of , ber," Mrs. Fegan said, with a laugh. "But I must go back to the cutting or the pointoes. If you have time you might come in, and I'll tell you the

Mrs. O'Rorke followed her neighbor

into the house.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Fegan, lifting a handful of seed, "you ought to know there wasn't a better fellow in the barony than Patrick Cregan, Sure, he wouldn't narm a fly and would walk five miles at the hour of midnight to serve a neighbor. The land about here isn't kindly, Mrs O'Rorke, as I fear you'll come to know in time; and eld Sus' long illness was a big expense to the Cregans, and Patrick was glad enough to find work on the new line of railway that was made the year the | cd the candlesticks or tinned ware just

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 Orangeman, 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 hard, 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 evidenceagainst Patrick, telling how he had seen him hiding that night as he went home.; and how, when a good bit past the place where Iener 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 Shiels Murphy, and her fathe- favored him, and said if he would settle down here he would get the girl. 30 he bought that farm he lived on-and the lonesome place it was-about that time from Widow Mc-Guipness."

"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 dear est 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 Fatrick will be cleared jet, 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 bonc."

"She is that. And now, Mrs Fegure I'll be going. 'I's high time to get the children their dinner.'

Meantime, M18. Cregan was listening to the faint moaning of the man who lay almost lifeless in her home. She was, for her years and all her trials, still remarkably handsome, though very delicate in appearance. There was a neathers 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 sl healed an old feud between her mother-in-law and Mary Brannigau, and kept her temper when Pat Ryan's goat ate a garden of early cabbages. 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 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 cross, 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 lif-

tle home so trim and bright as she,

did; but no one knew that she polish-

God's very good." were only words till now."

time that morning, had made a more lengthened examination of his patient than on the preceding day, and had spoken freely to the priest, who chanced to be present.

"Is he one of your flock, Father

"No-ut least I believe he goes to no place of worship; but I have heard that he should be a Catholic, though he never admitted so.'

"Is he likely to recover conscious-

flar case I've had the man did, but he died almost immediately; however isn't-" He paused, and then added in an undertone; "Isn't it a curious fate that has brought him here?"

the doctor continued, speaking still in a lowered voice and glancing toward the hed where Mrs. Cregan stood.

A couple of weeks clapsed, and the first excitement attendant upon the accident to Morgan had passed away; though Mrs. Cregan still had an unusual number of visitors in the spring evenings, but during the day she was often aloue. She was kneeling in the middle of the kitchen floor one afternoon, saying her beads. In the past ew years she had contracted the habit of thinking aloud, and as she finished the "Hail, Holy Queen," she said;

sins, and grant him the grace to die a good death.'

She did not notice, as she began the but as she proceeded some strange was recognition in the look that met her, and she hastily rose from her knces.

"God save us!" she exclaimed

"You met with an accident," Mrs. Cregan interrupted, trying to speak calmly and cooly, "and you were carrind in here."

and ran away."

poison."

on the pillow without further speech; and Mrs. Cregan tried vainly to move composedly about her ordinary domes her; and it was with a feeling of innigan cross the threshold.

she said to her visitor; "and I'll go to the well while you're here "

to-da*s* f"

Mrs. Cregan placed her finger on her lips, and Mary saw that Morgan was aware of her presence. When Margaret left the cottage, he asked ;

"Mary Brannigan, will you tell me all about how I came here to

"Aye, that I will," Mary answered promptly. "You were pitched head foremost from that brute of a house at the door; and Margaret tock you in, and has nur wide you since - which

is a good sight more than I'd have done myself."

ishment was great on beholding Mor-

gan. After some professional ques-

"So you thought I was going to die,

"Yes," the doctor answered, gravely;

"Do you mean that? You're not

"No, my poor fellow; and if you

have any matters to arrange, do so.

In a few days, a few hours even, it

Morgan turned away; and, after a

few brief instructions to Mary, the

When he had been gone a quarter

"I am," answered Mary, "Can I do

"For Father Dan? Well, God is

"There, that'll do. And get a mag-

istrate. I'm going to leave Margaret

"She will take it right enough, right

suGladly; but it may be long before

Mr. Nagle, the magistrate, is here. Tis

The woman took down a shawl of

Mrs. Cregan's from the peg by the

door. She partly ran over the three

priest's house, and breathiessly told

"And now I am going on for Mr.

Nagle. He wants him, too. He says

he's going to lcave a legacy to Mrs.

MA legacy," the priest repeated, won-

deringly. "Well, Mr. Nagle is here,

fortunately. We will go a, once, and

So long did May remain with the

pricet's housekeeper that she met Mr.

Nagle returning alone; and Mrs. Cre-

gan was sitting, pale and tearful, on

the side of the road, opposite to her

"What did he leave you, Margaret?"

"Mary," Mr«. Cregan responded, with

great sob, and catching fast hold of

the woman, "God is good. Patrick is

"Yes; the magistrate has Morgan's

confession in his pocket. He says he'll

be home soon. Oh, I can't thank God

enough. But sure I never doubted-I

She fell on her knees with a cry,

dragging the bewildered Mary with

"And I'm forgetting him," nodding

toward the house, "and he dying.

Mary, pray, pray that God may give

him grace to die weli-that He may

forgive him. Father Dan is with

It was some time before Mary under-

stood how Morgan had confessed he

had murdered Tener for the money he

carried with him that night. He had

thought that once he was settled on

the Widow McGuiness' farm, with her

father's help, he might win Shiela for

his wife. He did not intend to fix the

guilt of murder on Patrick Cregan;

but when he saw suspicion failing on

him he had thought how well it would

be to get rid of a rival, and thus to

Mary had gone to spread the won-

derful news through the village be-

fore Father Dan opened the cottage

door, and signed to Margaret to enter

A great change had taken place in

Morgan's appearance; his features

were drawn and pinched, and his eyes

had the glassy stare of death; but an

expression of profound peace was there

too. He shrank back on the pillows

"Margaret," the priest answered,

for his own soul's sake forgive him.

She did not speak, but her glance

reassured Father Dan, and he let her

as Margaret came forward.

approach the bed.

secure his own safety.

never doubted all the time."

bouse, when she arrived.

Mary questioned, eagerly .

Eilen will get you a cup of tea."

miles that divided her from

her errand to Father Dan.

Crégan."

cleared."

hinı."

"Cleared !"

"You can. Go for the priest-"

of an hour, Morgan spoke;

"Are you there, woman ?"

Cregan a legicy after all." "You necdn't. She won't take it."

enough. Will you go?"

a good step to his place.'

ti as and answers, Mergan said;

"and I fear so still."

trying to frighten me?"

may be too late."

anything for you?"

doctor left.

good, and-."

doctor ?"

"Maybe she had a reason for it. Did She stood gazing silently at Morgan for a moment and then turned away; and, lifting a sock she was knitting "Not a bit. You were more like a for one of Mrs. O'Rorke's children, log than anything cise; and as for reaplied her needles rapidly. Her lips son," Mary replied, scorntally, -- "as moved occasionally in prayer and sho the doctor said, you'd never speak cast supplicating looks towards the again, and as the docsn't expect a leglittle crucifix. After some minutes acy from you, I don't know what it would be' the work dropped from her fingers and Morgan chuckled grimly to himself.

she went back to the bedside. "I've got over that ill feeling, thank "She'll get no legacy at present; for 'm going-going to cheat the doctor.' God," she murmured; "and can look at him without hatred, though he put "You may, but I doubt it very much you where you are, Patrick avick. But Why speak of-" Before Mary could finish her senyou'll be righted yet; for God is good. tence Dr Benson entered. His aston-

She had used the words so often in hours when faith itself seemed crushed that they had become a prayer on her

grief.

"And sure I hope He'll forgive me." she continued, "if I did hesitate to take the man in: for He knows I'm weak, and maybe He left him at my door to soften my heart to him. Oh, I know well that though I said many a prayer for him, as Father Dan bade me, the prayers were very cold-they

The man moved slightly, and she arranged the pillows more comfortably beneath his head. The dispensary doctor had been with him for the second

The priest shook his head.

"He'll never recover. He may live as he is for weeks, or he may drop off

at any moment." ness f

"I should say not, though in one sim-

Father Dan assented mutely. "She is an extraordinary woman,"

"That was for Patrick, and now I'll say one for him ; and I pray God that He may forgive James Morgan all his

second Rosary, that the sick man's eyes were wide open and fixed on her; feeling caused her to turn round. There

"What are you doing here !" Morgan asked in deep, husky tones; "What ihe-"

Morgan tooked around and noticed his surroundings." "In here-to your house ?"

He raised his hand to his brow. "When was that?"

"Ah, yes, I mind. The horse shied,

He muttered an imprecation as he finished, while Margaret took a cup from the table near and held it toward

"What is it?" he asked. "Maybe 'tis

"Poison! No; 'tis only a drop of milk "

He drank it greedily, and fell back tic duti s, conscious all the time that the man's gare never wandered from tense relief that she saw Mary Ban-

"I forgive you from my heart," she said.; "from my heart, James Mor-"I'll be wanting some fresh water," gan, and I promise Patrick shall forgive you, too."

"You can say that, now that you "Well," Mary agreed; "but how is he know all t" Morgan cried. "I can, I can, thank God."

"Then, Father Dan, I have hope, God will not be harder-" He stopped and looked at Margaret. "It was when I heard her praying for me that I first thought of telling all, and then I

thought again I would not; and sure I need not be thanked, now that I am dying." He paused a moment "You remind me of my mother. It she had lived I would not be what I am-not

that I meant to kill him; I wanted the money, but I could not get it-till -till he was dead. She was a good woman, and maybe she was praying for me, too. 1 did not follow her

> kith nor kin nor home-" His voiced failed suddenly, and Mrs. Cregan raised him and held a cup to

teaching, and when one has neither

"It will soon be over. O. father, say it again--that you are sure God will forgive mc."

"He will, He will. He Himself has said so."

And Father Dan, ere he began the prayers for the dying, quoted the words that have consoled many a sinner. Before they were ended Morgan was dead.

There were many formalities to be observed, and it was some time before Patrick Cregan was released. When he reached Liebeg, he found that Mr Nagle had in hands a sum of money sufficient to buy and stock a moderatesized farm for him. They had chosen one some twenty miles from Lisbeg; for Father Dan rightly urged that he would more quickly recover his heatlh and spirits away from old associations. Shiela and he were quartly married shortly after his release. Mrs. Cregan, strange to say, preferred to live in the home to which she had come as a bride, and in which she had passed so manly lonely hours. Patrick's affairs prospered; and many times in the year Mrs Cregan is still brought over to see her grandchildren, who never, weary of hearing the story of Morgan's confession and of her own most welcome legacy .- Ave Maria.

## 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 Macarias, the Bishop of Jerusalem, the three crosses were carried to the bed of a cick woman to whom, after carnest 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 for its reception. This chapel, called after her the Bascilica Heleniana, stood near the Porta Maggiore, beyond the Bascilica of St. John Lateran. On this site now stands the Pascilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which contains, besides the famous relic brought there by St. Helen, numerous other relies connected with the Passion of Our Lard.

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 picces 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 claborate design, is generally bestowed by the Pope upon some community or institution which he wishes to honor.

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