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## GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER I.

Towards the end of last September, I had recovered sufficiently from an attack of illness to be able to set out for Giencoonoge, a village which is near, and gives its name to a tranquil creek off one of the great bays on the south-west coast of Ireland. I had always found the balmy climate of that place to be the best restorative after a visit of throat affection to which I was atone time very subject, but which returns, I am happy to say, at longer intervals as I get older. My friends ridicule me, and the doctor smiles when I talk of Glencoonoge as my panaces. They say it is a fancy, and mention a dozen places in this country more accessible and better suited to my complaint. As it irritates me to argue, I leave them to enjoy their opinion and take my own way undeterred.

Yet now as I sit here reflecting, it occurs to me that fancy may have something to do with my predilection; but what of that? I read the other day that people often fancy themselves into real illnesses. and that sometimes the best medi-HORACE SHIPLEY (LIVERPOOL) EN ROUTE,

people often fancy themselves into real ill-nesses, and that sometimes the best me dinesses, and that sometimes the best medi-cines are powerless in the presence of fan-cies; so that fancies after all deserve to be taken into account. Perhaps it is not alone the genial air—though I'll swear there's none to equal it—that attracts me to Glencoonoge. Very likely associations created by repeated pleasant sojourns there have much to do with the charm which its mere name has for my ears. there have much to do with the charm which its mere name has for my ears. At the word my spirits rise, I am transported into another world—a world shut off by many a mountainous mile from railways and civilization: a world of opposits—of rocky highlands of wooded slopes, of ferny glens and rugged gorges, of noisy torrents and of tranquil seas; and in thought I move among the rural comin thought I move among the rural com-pany dwelling there, with whom my first pany dwening there, with whom my first acquaintance as a stranger some years ago, has ripened into friendliness and a knowledge tolerably intimate.

Fancy or no fancy, it is simple truth that the heat is no groups out of the More

Fancy or no fancy, it is simple truth that the boat is no sooner out of the Mersey and fairly at sea than I am forgetting the grimy town behind us and everything connected with it, my ailment included, and am looking ahead full of pleasurable expectancy. Last September, as the Beatrice Mary was bounding towards the Irish coast, I bethought me all of a sudden, while sitting on the upper deck inhaling vigor, of a means of prolonging that agreeable state of mind. There was something to be said for and against the that agreeable state of mind. There was something to be said for and against the sudden project; but reasons multiply to prove the advantage of doing what one burns to do, and they became in this instance so numerous and convincing that the mild dictates of prudence, which weakly strove to make themselves heard in the delayer was averbance completely. in the debate, were overborne completely, worsted, driven out of field, silenced uttrly; so that by the time Dublin was reached I had perforce to accept with resignation the decision which by that time stood judicially summel up thus: "Nothing can be better, wiser, or more discreet than to take advantage of the fine autumnal weather, this year particularly bright and soft, and knapeack on back, to walk to Glencoonoge by easy stages; hurrying here or loitering there, as the whim may decide. By-and-bye the weather may set in wet or cold; or incidents may fail at Glencoonoge. Certainly confinement will be found more bearable and the tranquillity of that sweet spot be better appreciated, if they have been preceded by some weeks of the incessant change and occasional hardships involved in getting there on foot." So after spending a week in Dublin, I sent on my luggage and commenced to walk westward, bearing generally likewise in a more or less southerly direction, and keeping as much as possible in those tracts of country which on the map have fewest marks of the railway.

What a freak it was! and how pleasant! And as things turnel out, not so foolish either. Each day I grew more re established in health and less apprehensive of damp sheets, wet feet, and other dangers about which I had grown nervous after in the debate, were overborne completely worsted, driven out of field, silenced ut

lished in health and less apprehensive of damp sheets, wet feet, and other dangers about which I had grown nervous after making up my mind. My diary lies open before me now. The scanty notes hastily scrawled therein set my memory aglow, recalling even trifles that have lain dormant for many months. Here is

Saturday, Oct. 4,1879.—At Abbeytown; misty morning. Walk before breakfast half a mile back along the road I came in by last night in the dark. Country-people hurrying in with farm produce.

Market-day.

Well I remember it! The crowding in, not by that read alone but by every other, of light donkey-carts laden with poultry and vegetables and baskets of 1938, the owners and their wives tramping alongside; the bustle in the market-place; the chickens with their legs tied lying in plump heaps under the skirts of the country-women standing guard over tying in plump heaps under the satisfactor the country-women standing guard over them; keen factors moving swiftly from lot to lot turning them over, driving quick bargains, and carting their purchases away. The chickens were soon sold: all, that is to say, except the broad of one obdurate and apparently well-to-do widow who indignantly refused the dealers' off compressed and spectacles low down on nose as she plied her knitting needles nose as she plied her knitting-needles with silent vigor, and responded to every advance by a short shake of the head, given without so much as a lifting of the eyelids. An hour later the sun had put to flight the early morning mist; and as I left the town, some of the women whom I had before seen in the poultry-market were hovering near their husbands' caberge stalls or chattering with each other. bage-stalls, or chattering with each other, or making purchases about the town. "You widowed solitary thing" still seat-"Yon widowed solitary thing" still seated on her basket, was now in parley with a fair, curly-headed young man, with merry blue eyes that belied the mock gravity of his face. I think he coveted the brood of plump chickens lying there flapping their helpless wings, and that wheedling came easy to him and was agreeable to the old lady; for her unwilling features were relaxed into an expression something softer. I wonder now, whether she sold those chickens, or took them back home with her.

them back home with her.
Oct. 7.—On the road to Ballyvaughan.
Ask the way at dusk, and find I have still

once more I watch the sun go down, Once more 1 watch the sun go down, leaning over a five-barred gate that opens into a field, the hedges of which bound the horizon, so flat is the country. The fading of the golden sunset and the peace ing between this and Kilbeggin?

"To be sure there is," said the elder of the old men, coming forward with a less feeble gait, and talking in clearer tones than I should have expected, "at Rath-leek, an' not rough at all, but very good accommodation. You'll get a bed, sir— seven bels if you want them—zood of evening silence hold me there yet awhile and make me forget that daylight is passing. Sounds few and far between deepen the silence. Hard by a blackbird ripples a few notes. Away in the next field another faintly answers him. From a further distance men's voices, now one now another, now several to accommodation. You'll get a bed, sir seven bels if you want them—go enough for anybody at about twelve mil now one, now another, now several together, come ringing towards me. My
roal winding about takes me presently
near their owners—laborers at work in a
field close to the hedge by which the road "Less," struck in the brother, from his from this.

"Less," struck in the brother, from his seat in the chimney-corner, "less," he repeated, "if you go by the fields."
"Tis twelve miles by the main road—"
"Why should he take the main road when he might save a couple of miles by taking a short cut, by turning aside at Mr. Murphy's gate?"
"What other road would you have him take beside the main road?" asked the elder calmly, with the air of a man who knows that he can bowl his adversary over.

near their owners—laborers at work in a field close to the hedge by which the road runs. They are carting some late crop. One stands at the team's head, another raises his long-handled fork with its burden at the end; a third prongs scattered heaps lying about and follows suit, while a fourth on top of the wainload strews about each new contribution evenly. And as they work, one chants a snatch of song; another begins to speak and is answered with a laugh; and the response and the mingling of several voices together make a harmonious chording in the still air and fading light. Of what do they talk? Of the fine weather for tomorrow promised by the setting of the sun? Of course the meeting next Sunday? Of some local gossip? Whatever their conversation, it stops and their work too, as a stranger in the road calls out to know how far it is to Ballyvaughan. Their answer cures me for the time of lagging, and sends me hurrying on. Their voices grow rapidly distant again, but before they die out quite, I stop once more to listen to their cadence; then hasten forward to escape the darkness which comes looming up behind me from the east.

Oct. 12.-4 p. m. Luncheon at Th Grown at Dunyanagh. Group round fire. Querulous old age. Directions. This reminds me how often it happened

This reminds me how often it happened that I was hurrying along at nightfall without any clear idea where to find sleeping quarters for the night. The days were short, and towns in the cross-country track I had chosen lay far apart; and besides, the morning hours had a knack of flying away unbesided. One day it would be a churchyard that held me each would be a churchyard that held me each the track of the country and the track of the country and the track of the country and the country an grossed, where the names on the tomb-stones grouped themselves into families, and where there was an unending source of interest in calculating ages and relation hips from the dates on the stones : som times I met a priest on the road who took me over his church, and having pointed out all the improvements made duri his REGIME, led me to his schools a proudly showed his crowd of bare-footed, bright-eyed, healthy young Celts, and put them through their facings for my

bright-eyed, healthy young cents, and put them through their facings for my benefit in spelling, arithmetic, and geography. Sometimes I turned a long way out of my road to get a view or see a ruin. On this particular day some mounds in an upland field were the cause of my evening troubles. The mounds, said the guide-book, were the only signs now visible of an ancient palace of a line of Irish kings which flourished some thirteen centuries ago. It had been a famous place in its time, is often metioned in early chronicles, and fell from its high estate so far back as the sixth century, in consequence of a curse pronunced against it by a holy man. Misfortune thenceforth haunted the spot; its prestige declined; finally it was deserted prestige declined; finally it was deserted and the palace fell into ruin. Now the ruins themselves have vanished. The ruins themselves have vanished. The sharp upright stones standing about here and there may have been pillars once, but there is no other masonry, and no other sign of ancient splendor than these low mounds in squares and oblongs, which antiquaries say are the boundaries of certain halls of state. The peasantry call them raths, and regard them with a cerantiquaries say are the boundaries of tain halls of state. The peasantry call them raths, and regard them with a certain awe. It is known to be untain awe. It is known to be un-lucky to open or molest them — they are the abodes of the "good people" or are the abodes of the "good people" of fairles. What do you suppose would be found beneath if these mounds were opened up? Walls, I should think opened up? Walls, I should think; chambers, passages, dungens no doubt runic writings perhaps, speaking sepul-chral words out of the tomb of centuries utensils, weapons, tools; all sorts of evidences of the life which throngel about this place where, after resting for some

hours, I had not seen one living human being. I should have liked very much to have come again next day, and made my way towards the spire above the trees not far off, intending, if I could get accommoda-tion in the village, to sleep there and learn all I could of what was locally known or all I could of what was locally known of imagined about the interesting remains close by. The first glance down the short semi-circular street of one-storie I houses, of which the village consisted, was promising. Over one door swung a board on which the words, "The Irish Crowa" surmounted a nearly washed-out representation of that emblem of royalty. The interest of the terror, with its grammed and tion of that emblem of royalty. The inside of the tavern, with its cramped and antiquated look, its low ceiling and heavy beam across, its narrow counter and scant space behind, its roomy fire-place and great chimney, confirme i my hopefulness; and I was made very sanguine indeed by the sight of the occupants of the chimney corner—an old woman who silently watched the blazing heap of peut (every time she touched it a cloud of the chimney corner—an old woman who silently watched the blazing heap of peut (every time she touched it a cloud of the chimney corner—an old woman who silently watched the blazing heap of pe it (every time she touched it a cloud of sparks flew up, and flames licking the sides of the cauldron hanging from a hook fastened high up in the chimney) and two men who, unlike her, kept up an incessant chatter, the comments or narrative of the one being interspersed by frequent exclamations of dissent on the part of the other. They were brothers I soon found, the contentious one being the younger of the two; but they and the old woman looked old enough to have received from their grand-parents direct information concerning the days soon after the Flood; and I sat eating and drinking at the counter determining to draw on their stores of local learning at the first opportunity. All my pians, however, vanished into thin air when I learned from a young woman behind the counter that the house boasted but one other room, and that there was no chance of getting a bed in the village. I asked how far she made it to the nearest town.

"Twenty miles."

I repeated her answer with something

"Twenty miles."
I repeated her answer with something like dismay. Surely she was mistaken. The map did not make it nearly so much. The young woman shrugged her shoulders, said she "didn't know how that Twenty miles. might be; they always reckoned it twenty miles there—twenty good miles, too— Irish miles. But, of course, if it was less," she added, with slightly ruffled dignity,

"so much the better for me."
What was to be done? It had taken me already so far into the day to walk six, walking it in my easy way. I had not counted at the most on more than another ten. It would take till morning to finish twenty, even if I did not drop by to finish twenty, even if I did not drop by the wayside. "Was there no place at all,

knows that he can bowl his adversary over.

"Let him go through the estate, folly the path till the decoy road, and on, on round by the cottage, till he comes to the haystack—"

"It's likely he'd remember all that," interrupted the elder, with a chuckle.

"Sure he'd be a fool that he'd ask that couldn't tell him the way."

"He might walk for an hour, and not meet a soul. But let the gentleman plaze himself," he added, leading the way out of the tavern and into the road, where he proceeded with great fairness to put the alternatives before me—the short cut that might prove a long round, and the longer way that would turn out a saving in the end.

""And now that you've heard my

"And now that you've heard my

"And now that you've heard my brother," sa d the objector, who had come out, too, "just listen to me."

And he gave me fresh directions and new signs and tokens by which, if I took his cut, I might know infallibly that I was going right.

Thanking them both I set out, and at the turning in the road looked back in

the turning in the road looked back in time to get a parting sight of the pair as they toddled indoors, the elder shaking they toddled indoors, the elder shaking his head, the younger still arguing as he followed at the other's heels.

The promise of a fair evening was belied as rain-clouds, blown rapidly by a freshening breeze, overspread the sky. As it grew darker rain be zan to fall, and the wind to blow as a greatly that it spon

he wind to blow so gustily that it soon ecame difficult to make headway at al struggled on, however, and at the end about four hours, as I thought, began look out for the lights of Rathleek

to look out for the lights of Rathleck, which could hardly be much further off At length a welcome light broke upon the darkness, then another and another. The sight of them gave fresh strength to my lagging steps, and in a moment for-got the weight of my scaked overall, the water from which was running down into

my shoes.
But it turned out that all these lights shone from one house, a long low building, past which the gleaming road ran again into blackness. I knocked at the door in despair; it was opened by a young man in the uniform of the Royal Irish

"Am I in the right road for Rathleek?"
"Am I in the right road for Rathleek?"
"You are, sir; 'tis four miles from here."
"Four miles! I thought I was almost here. What time is it?"

"Four miles! I thought I was almost there. What time is it?"
There was a clock somewhere near, for he looked within and said almost immediately, "Five minutes past seven."
"So early? I am all wrong, it seems, in my calculations. I suppose I am safe of a hotel there?"
"A hotel? Oh—yes, sir, yes. There's a kind of hotel, sir. I should think, at any rate, you'll get a bed there.
"You seem doubtful."
"Oh no, sir, not at all, sir."

"Oh no, sir, not at all, sir."

"Oh no, sir, not at all, sir."
There's no fear, sir. They'll make you as comfortable as may be. You take the turning you see there to the right, and you go as straight—as straight, never a bend nor as straight—as straight, never a bend nor aturn, but as straight as ever you can go." "And you say it's a good four miles? Whose house is this?" "The barrack, sir, the constabulary

barrack."
"You ought to know the distance, then,"
"You ought to know the distance, then,"

said I, dismally, as I turned back into the sloppy road.
The young constable laughed. "I wish

I could say it was less, sir."

There was nothing for it but to turn from the bright door-way back into the darkness. In the short interval the road seeme 1 to have got more muddy, the rain more dense, and the wind stronger. Each moment my progress became slower, and at the end of a mile I was forced to turn aside and rest upon a field forced to turn aside and rest upon a field gate. I passed here a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour, reflecting on the growing lateness, the distance to be gone over, and my incapacity to move a step further, when at intervals between the gusts of wind I thought I heard the noise of wheels and a horse's tramp approaching from the direction in which I had come. The sound filled me with hope. "It will go hard," I muttere I, "if this vehicle, whatever it may be doesn't lift me out of my ever it may be, doesn't lift me out of my difficulty. But how should I make my-self seen or heard in that black roal and self seen or heard in that black roal and roaring wind. There was no time to be lost, for the sounds were close at hand, almost upon me. I rushed into the middle of the road, and began to shout at the top of my voice inarticulate sounds, or such random words as came to my tongue—"Hi! stop! hallo there! hallo! murder!"—at the same time waving my arms and umbrella wildly, though it was too dark for either gesture to be seen. arms and umbrella wildly, though it was too dark for either gesture to be seen. The wind carried my voice in the right direction; my manœuvre succeeded. Before it had reached where I stood a car had pulled up, and two people had jumped off in great aiarm.

"What's the matter?" shouted one, running towards me.

"Which of you is it at all?" asked the driver more coolly after peering at me, and looking all round for some one else. I was out of breath with my exertion, and panted considerably.

"Where are you hurt?" asked my first questioner.

questioner.

I explained my predicament.

"Och!" cried the driver, disgusted, "is that all? Jump up with ye, and be quick. Sure ye wont mind giving the poor crature a lift," he added, in an audible aside

ture a lift," he added, in an audithe saids to his passenger.

Without waiting for an answer, I scrambled with my knapsack into the seat; nor was another word uttered by one of us, till three-quarters of an hour later our driver pulled up at the entrance to a dimly-lighted village, before a low whitewashed cabin with a thatched roof.

The passenger looked out from under his The passenger looked out from under his umbrella and asked what we were waiting there for.
"We'll have to stop here for the night,"

said the driver.
"Is this Rathleek?" I asked.

"That is where I wanted to get to,"
said I; but I did not as yet dismount."

"Rathleck!" said the passenger; "I told you I wanted to reach Castleborough."
"Tis eight miles further on, sir. Twould be impossible to get there tonight. The mare's tired out. She's been laggin' the last three miles with the double load an' all; and there's dirty weather ahead with the wind and the rain. Twill be a terrible night."
"Well!" said the passenger, "I suppose

wea her ahead with the wind and the rain. 'Twill be a terrible night.'
"Well," said the passenger, "I suppose there's no help for it. But what do you stand here for? Drive on to the hotel."
'The hotel, sir? Sure there's ne'er a one. But you'll get very fine lodging within here for the night.'

It was a great relief to hear this, and I jumped off directly. My companion on the other side of the car followed my example with less alacrity. I raised the latch and pushed open the door of the cabin, and as I did so the glow of a warm fire burst upon us both. fire burst upon us both.

### CHAPTER II.

ROUGH QUARTERS.

A sturdy-looking laborer in corduroys, sitting on a wooden stool in a corner of the room eating his supper of smoking potatoes, and a woman busy at the fire turned their faces towards the intruders.

"Good evening, Mike," crie1 the jarvey from behind us.

The laborer's face brightened. "Good evening kindly, Thaiy," he answered, "and what brings you in this part o' the world on such a night?"

"Och! you know I am out in all weathers and everywhere at once. Here's two gentlemen would like a night's lodgings, and 'its you can give them what they want, equal to the best in the country, as I'm atter telling them."

"You're welcome," said the host, looking at us doubtfully, "but—"
"You can give us beds, I suppose," said I. ROUGH QUARTERS.

said I.

"We can," said the man, after looking us over again, " if they're good enough for

"And can you give us anything to eat?" said my companion.
"Certainly," replied the man.
"What, for instance?" we both asked

Mike, as the jarvey had called him, Mike, as the jath had been allowed at his wife, who considered.

"Tea?" she said tentatively. We waited. "And—and eggs?" she added,

growing bolder.
"Tea and eggs. Anything else?" She shook her head.
"What! no bread and butter?"

"Oh!" she said drawing herself up with dignity. "bread and butter in "And potatoes," added the man, point

"And potatees," added the man, pointing to the smoking dish before him.
"Let's have a look at the beds," said I, though it was a mere formality, for it would have been impossible to have gone further that night under any circum-Mike lighted a rush and led the way

through a door in a low wooden partition to another compartment of the cabin large enough, however, to hold two good-sized bedsteads, and allow of a narrow passage between them. Of wash-hand stand or other of the usual accompani-ments of a bed-room there was no sign. We felt the rustling straw matresses and called for a look at the sheets. They were of a brown holland stuff quits new and very stiff and cold. But when you have no alternative it is wasting breath the straight of the stra to criticize, and besides there were simple looks bent on us full of anxiety

or approval.

"I shall sleep soundly here to-night, that's certain," said I.

"We might do worse," remarked the traveller, looking up at the rafters.

traveller, looking up at the rafters.

There was a great bustle going on in the kitchen. My companion laid aside his wraps and I took off my waterproof. The woman put a big kettle and a small pot on the fire. The man brought me hot maker and I was soon darks should be a small pot on the fire.

water, and I was soon dryly shod.
"I see you have every comfort with
you," said my fellow-traveller as I fastened up my knapsack. He was regard-ing me with folded arms from his posi-tion before the fire "Were you long tien before the fire "Were you long under that rain? You must have been drenched."
"Notso bad as that; my waterproof got
"Notso bad as that my waterproof got

I see you are. How those clothes are smoking! We can't eat in a fog like "Never fear, sir," said the woman, "I

am laying the supper down in the parlor

Pown in the parlor below! There were unsuspected realms then in this habitation which had looked so unpretending outside, and the mysterious mounds among which I had passed the morning and my thoughts regarding them rushed back on me. "The parlor below!" back on me. "The parlor below!"
Gracious! Once a dungeon perhaps, the seene of wails and misery in the days of its prime, now in its decadence the pride of the honest folk who own it, and the delight of tired travellers who hear that supper is preparing, "down in the parlor below." The woman's words did in a

supper is preparing, "down in the parlor below." The woman's words did in a vague yet ple sant way suggest all sorts of possibilities. I looked at my companion to see their effect upon him, but he, lost in thought, had turned his back on me, and was now looking into the fire, shading his face with his hands.

At last all was really. The hostess disappeared with her final load, and our host, holding a rush-light above his head, civilly informed us that he would now show us the way "down to the parlor below." But alack it was only the neonle's way of speaking. We had'nt to descend at all to get to the apartment; it was only a pace or two away, a recess behind the chimney, shut off from the rest of the cabin by a door, and in size something larger than a cupboard. The walls hai been roughly papered, and pushed upinto a corner was a little round table spread for us; and we were to sit there with our backs to the other three corners which were near enough to look over our shoulders as we ate. Volumes of smoke were pouring from a small modern grate where pouring from a small modern grate where an attempt had been made to light a fire The dim light which our host carried did The dim light which our nost carried did not make the room less gloomy to our eyes fresh from the roaring kitchen fire. As I looked around a protest was fast rising to my lips, and it was only checked when my eye fell on the face of the proprietor, who was eagerly following our glances and looking from one to the other as if he would eajor our surprise at so as if he would enjoy our surprise at so

kitchen. Is there anything else I can do

kitchen. Is there advanting ease I can do for you, gentlemen?"
We said there was nothing. So Mike reture I with a last request that we would call for anything we might want.
"By the way," said I to my companion as we sat down, "what has become of the driver? I must not forget him, for he has done me a good turn to-night."

"You are indebted to me, if to any one. Theady and his car are in my service.

Thady and his car are in my service. very welcome, pray say no more about it."
"But I'll share the cost of the car with

you. I insist on that."
"You are undertaking more than you bargain for," said he, cracking an egg.
"Thave hired this fellow and his car

"Thave three this tenow and his car
for several days."

"You must do a great deal of travelling," I remarked, having seeled it in my
mind that he was a commercial traveller.
I had met many of them at the different
hotels where I had stopped.

"I have travelled a good deal in my
sime."

"I have travelled a good deal in my time."
"No doubt, sir, you know this part of the country. Can you tell me—"
"Ah! Thady is your man for that. I have never been here in my life before, but he knows every inch of the ground and the owner of every house and field. And he's willing enough to part with his information. But he claims to know so much that I suspect he trusts a good deal to his imagination for his facts. He has cousins in this town whom he hasn't seen for some time—one reason I suppose why for some time—one reason I suppose why he was so anxious to stop. He has gone to put up his horse and car and spend the evening with his friends. They would

evening with his friends. They would never forgive him, it seems, if he were to stay anywhere else."

"And a merry party I've no doubt they ll be around the hearth with plenty to say and hear, and news to learn, and fon and laughter mixed with it all. I envy the Irish their sociability."

He only grunted and said, "That de-pends, I shoul think, on whether you happen to be in the humor for being soci-able. If you are not, high spirits are the most wearisome things in the world, to my mind."

my mind."

A little astonished, and not sure whether this was intended as a rebuff for my talkativeness, I waited till he might declare himself further; but he continued to eat and drink in silence; and I followed his example, considering the while whether my benefactor was or was not morose; his shortness favored the conjecture that he was; but on the other hand he had allowed his driver to go and see his friends; he had abstained from so hand he had abswel me strive of cuts see his friends; he had abstained from so much as a word of disparagement either of our homely quarters, or of our hosts idiotic attempts at civilization; and had he not lifted me out of perfect alough of despond? Besides there was every expect for man's saying as little as possess for man's saying as little as posses for man's saying as little as possessions. despond? Besides there was every excuse for a man's saving as little as possible in a smoky room, and I believe we were both equally pleased to exchange the miserable grandeur of Mike's" partyr." for the bonest comfert of partyr. the miserable grandeur of Mikes" par-lyr" for the honest comfort of his kitchen, where we found him placidly smoking his pipe, as far away from the fire as he could get, for it was large enough for a furnace and scorching hot. With a rough courtesy Mike placed a couple of rough courtesy Mike placed a couple of chairs for us somewhat nearer to the blaze than his own, taking occasion to remark in doing so that the rain had stopped, and the missis had gone across to sit awhile with a sick neighbor. And there the three of us sat, soberly smoking and saying Ittle. My fellow-guest indeed was as silent as he had been at supper. His eyes roved about the room, however, scanning the rafters, or the whitewash on the walls, or the bricked floor; and rested presently on the fire, where he found much matter seemingly for consideration. The laborer was more disposed

found much matter seemingly for consideration. The laborer was more disposed for conversation; but his stock of information, which mostly related to himself and his affairs, was soon exhausted. and his affairs, was soon exhausted. He told me that the potato crop had been good "the year;" that he himself could neither read nor write, had never been twenty miles beyond where he sat in his life; and (with much hesitation and wariness, and after several attempts to ascertain what our views might be), that he ness, and after several attempts to ascer-tain what our views might be), that he didn't approve of politics. He had broth-ers and sisters in America, and nephews and nieces close by who were "good scholards;" but for his own part he didn't miss the larnin', seeing how without it he was as well off as many that had it; and had no desire to see the world, for he knew them that had travelled and weren't

knew them that had travelled and weren't a whit happier than himself. "Nor so happy," he added, after six meditative whiffs, which ended his pipe.

Seeing my companion looking rather dolefully inte his tobacco pouch, which he found on opening to be empty. Mike got up and brought out from somewhere the pot containing his own supply, and requested him to help himself.

"Thank'ee," said his guest, breaking silence. "It's very good. Where do you get it?"

"At the store opposite," said Mike;
"At the store opposite," said Mike;
"and you're right, sir, 'tis very good. I'd
never wish for bet er."
"Limerick twist, isn't it?"

"That and none other," answered Mike, with a glance of mixed curiosity and respect at the gentleman who, silent as he "Dear me," mused the said gentleman.
"Are there stores in an out-of-the-way

"There are so. And it isn't only to-bacco that they sell, but anything you might like to call for. Now I don't think there's anything you can name that they havn't got in that shop. You'd be sur-orised."

"Oh! I know well enough what a store

"Oh! I know well enough what a store is. I keep one myself," and he waved his hand towards the tire, "away in Australia. Let me recommend you, my friend, if you ever emigrate, to go in for a store. It's the best and quickest way of making money."

"Aye, aye?" said Mike, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, which he laid on the bench beside him; and stretching out his legs, and folding his arms, he composed himself to listan.

"It beats gold-digging. Few gold-diggers get rich, and fewer keep their money. Success in the gold-fields is demoralizing; it is a flash in the pan. The luck, the suddenness, the ease, the excitement, all carry a man off his legs and lesson his patience and self-control. Perhaps it is fortunate that so few succeed. I have tried my hand at it myself, but was never lucky."

TO BE CONTINUED

as if he would enjoy our surprise at so much luxury.

"Very comfortable," said the traveller in answer to the look; "all we want now to make us perfectly happy is to have that window open."

"I'm sorry to say it is'nt made to open.
But if you don't like the smoke I can lave the door ajar so that it will come into the the door ajar so that it will come into the the door ajar so that it will come into the the same that the same that the same that will come into the the same that the same t

A BIT OF CHIVALRY

Generous Young Butcher's Defens of Sister Anthony.

This little incident, related by "Moina" in The Advocate, will be read with interest by all who admired the grand character of Sister Anthony

the grand character of Sister Anthony
the "Angel of the Battlefield."

A bit of history connected with
Sister Antony's coming to Cincinnati
which has not been told before may
prove interesting. In those early
days Catholics of means were few an far between. Religious intoleranc ran so high that a Sister appearing of the street in a religious garb wa liable to insult, and it took a brav woman to go forth in public thu attired. Sister Anthony was not in the least timid. Had she been, sh

never could have succeeded.

The old Fifth St. Market House, the famous mart of trade, stood then when are now located our beautiful fountai and esplanade. On a market mornin when the market house was in its glor there was no livelier or busier spot i the whole city. The old time butche were a great power in the community and in many instances they were law unto themselves. Although man decent, honorable men pursued the useful and lucrative avocation butchering, yet a good sprinkling ruffians, rowdies and reckless fellow were found in their guild. T market house, unless necessity cor pelled it, was not considered a safe desirable place to walk through.

Among the leading and prospero butchers was a young man named I an Irishman and a Catholic. Son people, through force of genius a perseverance, forge ahead in little He had to literally fight his w through. He was a powerfully bu young man, a perfect athlete, and brave as a lion. Many attempts we made to take an unfair advantage him, and cowards laid in wait til and again to take him unawar But he was equal to every occasi and came out scathless, while his sailants for whole months were force to nurse broken noses, cut lips a black eyes. He had one advants over his enemies in those days drunkenness and dissipation—he ne touched a drop of liquor. He windustrious, too, and had the repu tion of being strictly honest. wonder that such a man could s mount difficulties and go right to front; and we may add that he ac mulated quite a fortune here and this city in 1857, going out to the r west where he met with marvel prosperity and died five years ag

multi millionaire. But to return to Sister Anthony. She started with about forty orp! girls-and children, as all mothers understand, must have something eat. If she had but the means to some course meat and a few vegeta she might get along, for the Sis are the best cooks in the world understand the art of making a l go far. Some one told her to go d on Tuesday morning bright and e to the stall of Mr. R, the butche the Fifth St. Market. It took nerv do it, but that was one quality in w Sister Anthony was never lack She procured a moderate sized bas and taking two of the orphan child

by the hand set out for the marke It was a rather unusual thing those days to see a Sister in the of her order on the street, especi house, and Sister Anthony was no one to furl her colors under any cumstances. No wonder she gaped and stared at by the crowd, one had to listen to the vile, co remarks of the journeymen butche The Sister with her little girls

pushing through the crowded parto reach the stall of Mr. R., lo to reach the stall of Mr. R., about in the centre of the market, a big stout young butcher picked bull pup that was dezing under o the benches and threw it into basket which the Sister carried. gave a little scream of terror a rudeness and looked up appeal to the coarse, leering countenar her tormentor; but her terror wa creased when she beheld a hand young man, wearing a snow-apron, clear one of the high bench a single bound; she then say right fist swing out like a mill mer and land under the ear ruffian with an ominous thud, a less than four seconds there were objects lying in a heap at her viz; the basket, the bull pup a butcher. "You are one of the butcher. I believe, madame R., for it was he. "Please s behind my stall," and as he specially and as he specially and stall," moved the bench to one side, cl

a passage way for the really frig Sister and her two orphan childr "You must pardon my rude fighting in your presence," con the young man, "but that black did not get as much as he des This is a rather rough place for

come. "It was the sheerest necessi R., that drove me here," and the told him of her story of want a fering. "I was directed to c you, Mr. R., "she said, " to a to provide us with a little meat.

"Well, now, Sister," he and shall not want for meat whil here : but that basket you bro all broken, and is not large

anyway. Then he picked up a larg handled willow basket that easily contain two hundred and telling one of his hired take one handle, he took the and, invited the Sister to acchim as he wanted to introduce