The Master's Voice. BY PATHER RYAN.

waves were weary, and they sleep;
The winds were hushed,
The starlight flushed
The furrowed face of all the mighty deep.

The billows yester eve so dark and wild, Wave strangely now— A calm upon their brow, that which rests upon a cradled child The sky was bright, and every single star,

With gleaming face, Was in its place, And looked upon the sea—so fair and far

And all was still—still as a temple dim— When low and faint, As mourners' plaint, Died the last note of the Vesper hymn.

A bark slept on the sea, and in the bark
Slept Mary's Son—
The only One
Whose Face is light! where all, all else
dark.

His brow was heavenward turned, His face was fair;
He dreamed of me
On that still sea—
The stars He made gleamed through His hair

And, lo! a moan moved o'er the mighty deep, The sky grew dark! The little bark Felt all the waves awaking from their sleep. The winds wailed wild, and wilder billow

beat;
The bark was tossed:
Shall all be lost?
But Mary's Son slept on, screne and sweet. The tempest raged in all its mighty wrath,
The winds howied on,
All hope seemed gone,
'And darker waves surged round the bark's
lone path.

The sleeper woke! He gazed upon the deep

The sleeper work whispered: "Peace!
Winds-wild waves cease!
Be still!" The tempest fled-the ocean And, ah! when human hearts by storm

tossed;
When life's lone bark
Drifts through the dark,
And 'mid the wildest waves where all seen

He now, as then, with words of power Murmurs: "Stormy deep,
Be till—still—and sleep!"

And, lo! a great calm comes—the terperils cease.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXVIII - CONTINUED.

The question was suggested by the white build dog, who walked to the street-door and back again without condescend-ing to take the slightest notice of Barney,

or anyone else.
"I'm not at liberty to give particulare," Wat replied, in a manner that put a stop to all further inquiries on the important subject of the buil batt. Barney held on his way till he reached

Brney held on his way till he reached the corner of the street, when he was obliged to rest his basket against the iron railings of a genteel house, separated by a small garden from the street.

"Oh, murther, murther!" he muttered, "I'll ba kilt afore I'm down to Mrs. Burke's. An' 'tis a good deed; where was I comin' wudout Boby? An' thanumun dioul! the misthress 'll murther me worse nor the basket. I remimber now, she warned me to be home as fast as I could. I wondher what excuss I'll have for her? Let me see. Bagob, I'll say Bobby got the choile after the peltin' we could. I wondher what excuse I'll have for her? Let me see. Begob, I'll say Bobby got the choic after the peltin' we got comin' through the bog. For how will she know but it was ekelpin' in our face, barrin' Judy Brien might ted her; an' nice thanks that 'd be afther givin' her

a lift from the crass."

Here Barney pulled up his sleeve to the elbow and looked at his arm, upon which the handle of the backet had left its

Bezob, 'twill cat the arm off uv me," he continued. "Au' the divil's cure to me; where was I comin' wadout Bobby?" He swung the basket on the other arm and was setting off sgain, when the hall-door of the genteel house opened, and a lady came running towards him down the straight gravel walk.

"Wait for a minute," she called out, "I want to speak to you." He swung the basket on the other arm

miss," replied Barney, "I'm his places."

b'y."
"What have you in the basket?"

"Mate, mlss." "What sort? Show it to me." Barney raised a corner of the cloth.
"Beef!" she exclaimed. "I declare it?

a round. Will that be all dressed together?
"Begob, myse'f don't know, miss."

"Do your people have butchers' meat every day?" "Faith, an' they do so, miss; barrin'

"Oh, yes, they're Roman Catholics. Are you a Roman Catholic?"
"Begob, I am, miss—though my mother was born a haythen."
"Born a heathen! Is it possible?"

"The divil a lie in id, mis-au' reared. But she turned afther runnin' away wud

my father—God rest his sowl."
She looked at Barney as if he were a natural curiosity; and began to wonder what particular race of savages his mother ged to. Of what country was your mother a

native?" she ssked. "A native?" Barney repeated, as if the "A native?" Barney repeated, as if the question were rather puzzing. "Ob, ay!" he added after a pause, "is id what countryman is my mother? Begob, she was bred, born, au' reared in Ballyporeen. Her father was the clerk uv the church; an' my father was sarvin'the slathers whin they wor reefin' id. "Tis of'n I heard her tellin' the ins an' outs uv id. He used to run up au' down the laddher so coople, that, be japers, she tuck a sthrange likin' to him, an' med off wuh him—though her sign cenerations afore her wor haythene."

sivin generations afore her wor haythene "Oh, you mean," said the lady, "that our mother was a Protestant, and she married a Papist, and became an apos-

tate."
"Begob, that's ld, miss," replied Barney, perfectly satisfied with her version of the affair. "But this 'd never do for me," he saffair. "But this 'd never do to the handle added, thrusting his arm into the handle added, thrusting his basket. "'Tis all hours, an' I'm in the misthrags,"

of his basket.

for gettin' Ballyhooly from the misthress."

"Walt for a moment," the young lady
exclaimed, quite frightened at the idea of
his escaping. "Tell me; is Mr. Lowe with his escaping. "Teli your people still?"

"Begob, he is, mies; I have letthers for

him."

"Show them to me!" she exclaimed eagerly, thrusting out her hand through the railing.

"They're in the basket, below, at Mrs. Burke's, mies wad the newspapers an' the things for Miss Mary."

life out uv me."
"How does Mr. Lowe spend his time?" "He's d-n fond uv discorrin Miss Mary," Barney replied, with an extraor dinary grimace which he meant for a emile.
"Oh, I suppose he has no other amuse-

"Himself and the docthor goes uv an odd time over to Hanly's," said Barney; "an' they wor out wud the hounds yis-

"an' they wor out wud the hounds yistherday."
"I wonder," said she, as if thinking
aloud, "did they meet R:bert?"
"They didn't lave Mr. Bob's till wan
o'clock last night, miss," returned Barney.
"An' 'tis I have good raison to know id;
for I stopped up wud Tom Maher for the
horses, an' they kep' me dancin' for 'em
in the kitchen till I hadn't a leg to put
ondher me. The doctor was purty well I
thank you. An' faith there was no fear
up Mr. Lawa sither."

uy Mr. Lowe aither."
"Do you mean to say that Mr. Lowe was at Mount Tempe last night?"
"Faith, then, be was so, mies; an' 'tis I have raison to remimber id."

She turned round and ran into the She turned round and ran into the house, as if she suddenly discovered that Barney was not a safe companion, and that the fate of the clerk's daughter, of Ba'lyporeen, might be hers if she did not instantly fly from danger. But, so far from having sny such amiable intentione, Barney, as he swung his basket on his hip, ejsculated an imprecation of so extraordinary a character that we are not sure whether it would bear repeating—at least ordinary a character that we are not sure whether it would bear repeating—at least in his own words. Miss Llovd—we hope the reader has recognized Miss Lloyd—pulled up her skirts considerably higher than her ankies as she ran back to the house; and the glimpee thus afforded of the hymph's limbs must have suggested to Barney Brodherick the before mentioned imprecation. For, looking after the flying fair one, and recollecting the prectous time he had lost on her account, Barney prayed that a certain sable gentle man might have "her shin-hone for a flute, playing the 'Rakes of Mallow' for her sowl," into a place where it might dance to the music upon a pavement dance to the music upon a pavement which must be pretty extensive by this

"O Isabella!" Miss Lloyd exclaimed. "O Isabella!" She dropped into an arm-chair and panted for breath.

Isabella ran to the window to try if she could catch a glimpse of the desperado who, she had no doubt, must have at-tempted to carry off her sister.

"O mamma!" she continued, "Mr.
we has been at Mount Tempe,"
"Well; and what of that?"

"What! Oh, that we must have the party at once, and I am sure he will "No; I tell you he would not unless

those people with whom he is staying were asked." "And what great harm would it be to invite them?"

invite them?"

"Henrietta, you astound me! But
there has been enough of that nonsense
already. It is out of the question."

"But what I mean is they would not

"No matter, it would be talked of. You know the Scotts did not ask our-selves last time; and if they knew we had such acquaintances what would they not say !"
"Bat do you think he would not come

"But do you think he would not come if they were not asked?"
"Indeed, Henrietta," said her sister—a blooming blue eved girl of twenty summers or thereabout—"it would be positive rudeness after your being there,"
"I would not mind the rudeness," re-

straight gravel walk.

"Wait for a minute," she called out, "I would not mind the rudeness," rejoined her mother. "But when he saw you there he must be under the impression that they are recognized by the gentry. Indeel, I don't know how you can disabuse him of this notion—you are forever thrusting yourself into improper at last.

He knows they are only farmers. And gallon nv whiskey an's some ginger cordial, Robert is so intimate with their brother." "Oh, if there was no one but bim I hexpected."

should have no objection. But the sister "All right, Bill," said Mr. Lloyd, turnis out of the question. I really wonder both she and her mother have not called on you. I saw them drive by the day before yesterday. And, indeed, I'd have no objection. Mrs. Barn tells me she's a

ciable sort of person; and very good to make presents."
"There is Robert," said Isabella, point-

"There is Robert," said Isabella, pointing to the window.

"Oh, we must send for him!" exclaimed Miss Lloyd. "I wonder is there a meeting of the club to night?"

"No; it is to be on Thursday," her mother replied. "They are going to elect Buresford Pender."

"They have trave her!! black hell him" said.

"R bert says he'll black ball him," said

"I really cannot understand his preju dice against him. He is a young man of excellent principles," replied her mother. "I hate the sight of him!" exclaimed Isabella. "He is the most insufferably vulgar creature I ever saw."

Mr. Robert Lloyd, in hunting costume, he wall known gray

and mounted upon his well known gray horse, had ridden quietly past his mother house without turning his eyes towards it A servant, however, was sent to the hotel for him; and he seen strolled up the gravel walk, with his hands in his pock-

"O Robert," said his eldest sister, "you had Mr. Lowe last night."
"Ay, faith," he replied.

"Do you think you could get him to stay with you for a few days?" "He's a d—d sight better off where he is. I wish I could exchange places with

Miss Lloyd made a gesture, expressive of the most ineff ble contempt.

"He's to be at Ned Brophy's weading to night," Bob observed.

"Ob, and we are asked," exclaimed
Miss Lloyd. "Are you going, Robert?"
"Ay, faith. I always go to a tenant's
wedding."

"It is what the highest people do," said

"And don't you think we ought tolgo?"

Miss Lloyd asked.

"If you wish it, I see no objection,"

"Will you come, Bell?"

"If I thought there would be any chance of fun, I would. Will there be any fan, Robert?"

"Av. faith. He has two pipers and three fiddlers."

"And an excellent dinner." said Miss.

"Av. fatth. He has two pipers and three fiddlers."
"The divil a know I know. I get a scrap uv writin' mentionin' what I'm to brin.' Oa'y for that they'd bother the three legs and two shoulders of mutton, "Don't mind the bill of fare. But can

we make ourselves fit to be seen in so "I'll wear my blue gauz," said Miss

Lloyd.
"What! will you go in a low body?"
"Of course I will; and I'il wear my
pearls. And, mamma, will you lend me
your bracelets?"

"Yes, you may have them; but take care and don't lose them, as you did those trinkets the other day." "Oh, they were only worth a few shill-

'Yes, but it would be just as easy to "Yee, but it would be just as easy to lose them if they were dismonds."

'Oh, you need not fear; 'I'll take care of them. Come, isabella. And, mamma, will you tell John to have the car ready?"

And Miss Lloyd burried to her chamber, possells thoughts intent, so far as Mr.

And Miss Lloyd hurried to her chamber, on hostile thoughts intent, so far as Mr. Henry Lowe's heart was concerned.

"Now, Robert," said Mrs. Lloyd, on finding herself alone with her son, "did you do anything in that matter yet? You know her fortune is very considerable, and would enable you to put everything to rights. So I beg you will make up your mind this time, and don't act so strangely as you have so often done."

"I'll talk to Jer about it."

"Well, Jer is rensible, and has got you out of some awkward scrapes. But this is a different thing eltogether. So I request you will act for yourself now. Have you seen her?"

"Ay, faith."
"And how do you like her?"
Mr Robert Lloyd opened his mouth
very wide and yawned. And when his
mother looked round to see why he had

mother locked round to see why he had not replied to her question, the gentleman was leisurely walking out of the room with his hands in his pockets. Whistling was one of the things that Mr. Robert Lloyd did well; and as he sauntered down the gravel walk, his mother could distinctly hear the little air which he had played upon his jews harp for Mr. Lowe, and of which he had become particularly fond since Richard Kearney's misadven

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HAULING HOME-'IS NORAH LAHY

THE HAULING HOME—'IS NORAH LAHY STRONG?"

"Good evening, Barney," said Mr. Lloyd, as he was passing Mrs. Burke's shop door, where Barney Brodherick was fixing sundry backets and parcels in his donkey-cart. "What news?"

"Nothin' strange, sir," replied Barney; barrin' that I'm in a divil uv a hurry."

"Barney, maybe you'd carry this as far as Honor Laby's for me?" said Judy Brien, who stood by the donkey-cart with a new cradle she had just purchased from a travelling vendor.

travelling vendor.
"An' welcome, Judy, an' yerse'f on the

top uv id."
"Oh, I must wait for Tim, an' he'll carry me behind him. I was goin' to lave the cradie here at Mrs. Burke's, till I met you. I thought you wor gone home

hours ago."

"All light," said Barney. "Put id on top uv this hamper, an' I'll tie id down wud this bit of coard."

"Hallo! Bill," shouted Mr. Bob Lloyd, who watched the fixing of the cradle with great interest, and even held it in its place while Barney was tying it—
"hallo, Bill, where are you bound for?"
It was Billy Heffernan upon his mule. The saddle was very far back towards the animal's teil, and kept in its place by a crupper. He was obliged to put both hands to one side of the rein in order to bring his steed to a stand, which he

Mrs Burke's shop-window. This catastrophe was only prevented by Bob Lloyd hitting the mule on the nose with his whip.
"Comin' home wud Ned Brophy, sir," replied Billy. "He sint me-wo, Kit !-ou "Oh, I can say it was merely accidental. afore 'em to tell them to sind for another

ing the mule's head towards the read.

And moving back a pace or two, Mr.
Lloyd drew hie hunting whip from under
his arm and deliberately lashed the mule
several times under the flanks, which had the effect of making Kit fling out her hind legs as if she wanted to fling her shoes at the head of her assailant. finding that this was impracticable, Kit put her head between her fore legs, and after a minute's debate with herself as to the proper course to be pursued under the circumstances, she clattered up the main street at a cauter, with her nose to the ground, after the manner of mules and donkeys with a pack of canine tor mentors at their heels.

"Begob, sir," exclaimed Barney, as if a bright idea bad struck him, "I b'lieve I might as well wait an' be home wud the

"Ay, faith, Barney," replied Mr. Lloyd. And there being neither peep show, nor ballad singer, nor Punch and Judy in Kithubber on that day, Ned Brophy's wedding was a regular god send to Barney; for were it not for the wedding, in spite of his ingenuity in finding tempta-tions to keep him from being home at a proper time, Mrs. Kearney might possibly have been able to have the "nice steak"

for dinner,

A wedding party is always an object
of interest; and Ned Brophy being well
known in Kilthubber and along the whole
line of march, men, women and children
were on the lookout for his.

were on the lookout for his.

The procession comprised some ten or fifteen "carriages of people," locluding jaunting cars and "common cars," and a considerable troop of equestrians, among whom Mat the Thrasher, in his blue body-coat, mounted upon Ned Brophy's colt, was the observed of all observers. They were greeted with a cheer from a considerable crowd collected at the corner of the street, which compliment was atof the street, which compliment was atthe fact that several boon companions of the bridegroom's were in

"And don't you think we ought tolgo?"
Miss Lloyd seked.
"If you wish it, I see no objection,"
"Will you come, Bell?"

"Will you come, Bell?"

excite surprise.

Mat Donovan, however, having to Mat Donovan, however, having to alignt to pick up the bidegroom's hat, which somehow had got the habit of being blown off his head every ten minutes or so, the whole procession rattled past him before he could remount; and as he came up with them just as they were passing the cross of Daumoyne, he discovered that they were indebted to Barney Broderick for turning Ned Brophy's hauling home into what the newspaper reporters call "a regular ovation." Barney was standing with a foot on each shaft, belabouring his donkey to keep him at a gallop, and behind him, on the top of his belacouring his donkey to keep him at a gallop, and behind him, on the top of his load, was Judy Brien's new cradle. It was naturally supposed that Ned Brophy had provided himself with a cradle at this early stage of his matrimonial journey; and such an instance of foresight w

and such an instance of foreignt was bailed with shouts of applause from Kil-thubber to Kuocknagow. Barney stopped at Honor Lahy's to leave the cradle there. "What is this?" a gentleman asked, "What is this?" a gentleman asked,
putting his head out of a chaise that stood
near the beech tree while the driver was
repairing a break in the harness, pointing
to the cars and horsemen as they passed.
"Ned Brophy's funeral, sir," replied
Barney, as he pitched the cradle down on
the ground.

the ground.
"Don't mind him, sir," said Honor
Laby, "'tis his weddin'."
"The difference is not mucb," returned

the gentleman—who must have been an incorrigible old bachelor—as he pulled up the window and leant back in his seat

the window and leant back in his seat
Mary Kearney, and Grace, and Eille
were out walking; and on hearing the
shouts, and catching a glimpse of the wedding party, they ran into Mat the
Thrasher's house, where they could see
without bring seen, from the little window, the light from which was wont to
cheer the height drawaller as he pleaded

dow, the light from which was wont to cheer the beiated traveller as he plodded along the bleak bog road.

Nelly Donovan was arraying herself in her best finery for the wedding.

"Come here, Nelly," said Mary, "and point out the bride to us."

"I never see herself, miss," replied

Nelly, running from the room with her hair about her shoulders; "but that's Ned's first cousin on the same side of the car wud him; so, I suppose the tall wan at this side is the wife."

"The count is very nicely dressed,"
("The count is very nicely dressed,"
Grace remarked, "That's a very pretty
bonnet he has In fact, she is quite lady.
like. What is her name?"

ike. What is her name?"
"Bessy Morris, miss."
"Is that Bessy?" said Mary, looking at
the owner of the pretty bonnet with increased interest "So it is; I see her now."
For Bessy Morris had turned round
and looked over the clipped hedge, and up
at the old cherry-tree, and then down
toward the school-house beyond the
quarry, with a wistful gaze that Mary
interpreted into a sigh for the times that
were gone.

were gone.

"She has all the latest fashions, m'ss,"
said Nelly, "after coming from Dublin.
But she was always tasty."

"Ned looks as if he were going to be hanged," Grace observed. "I should not

hanged," Grace observed. "I should not like to see such an expression as that in my husband's face on the wedding day."

The matter of fact way in which she spoke of her husband made tham all laugh; while old Mrs. Donovan stopped her knit

ting and raised her hands in worder.
"Ah, I would'nt say," said Nelly, as if
to herself, "but that house below in the threes is after bringin' some one to Ned's mind that put the heart across in him the

night uv the party long ago."
"And did she refuse him?" Grace asked.
"No, miss; she was fond uv the slob but she hadn't the fortune."

"The bride is a fine-looking girl," said

Mary.
"Faith, then, she is nothin' short uv id,"
"Faith, then, she is nothin' short uv id," "Fatth, then, she is nothin short uvid," returned Nelly with an assenting mo ion of the head as she stooped down and pushed back her hair to get a better view, "though Billy Heffernan tould me she was a step laddher."

'Oh, a step ladder!" exclaimed Grace.
"What did he mean by that?"

"What did he mean by that?"
"Long, and narrow, miss," replied
Nelly, laughing, "like huxter's turf"
"Come, Grace," said Mary; "it is getting
late, and we have to call at Mrs. Lahy's

yet. I didn't like to go in when I say the chaise at the door. I hope all the wedding people are after passing."

"They are, miss," replied Nelly, "An' maybe you'd tell Phil Lahy not to delay, as I promised to wait for him."

"Is Phil to be at the wedding?"

"The I recording to be are dding?"

"Is Phil to be at the wedding ?"
"Faix, 'twouldn't be a weddin' wudout
him," said Nelly.
"You're in great style, Nelly," Mary
remarked with a smile. "I suppose you
are determined to break half a dozen
hearts at least before morning?"
Nelly sighed, and shook her head; but,

recovering herself, she replied in her wild way:
"Well, I must thry an' do some good for myee'f among the strangers. There'll be some likely lade there to night, an' who

knows what luck I might have Mary was welcomed, as usual, by Norah and her mother. But Phil seemed to have a weight upon his mind, and was as full of importance as if he were about to engege in some undertaking upon which the very existence of his little helpless

family depended.
"Good evening, miss," said he in a subdued tone. He paced up and down the kitchen, as if it were a sick chamber, rub bing his newly-shaven chin, and occasionally feeling the high stiff collar of his clean thirt in a hurried way, as if the thought were continually occuring to him that he had forgotten to put it on.
"Nelly Donovan desired me to tell you,

Mr. Lahy, that she was waiting for you.'

TO BE CONTINUED. That tired debilitated feeling, so peculiar to Spring, indicates depraved blood. Now is the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sareaparilla. It cleanese the system, restorss physical energy, and infuses new life and vigor into every fibre of the body.

Two Men Testify. Gentlemen,—One bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured me of lumbago after all lae failed. PETER A. WATSON, Four Falls, N. Y.

"I used Yellow Oil for croup this winter,

A STORY FROM SPAIN.

TRAIN UP A BOY IN THE WAY HE SHOULD NOT GO AND HE'LL GO THERE.

AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

your son?"
"I am enchanted with him, Tio Matraca He is so clever; he would astonish you; there is not a book which he picks up but he learns by heart. His master is delighted

"Good morning, Don Simplicio, how !

he learns by heart. His master is delighted with him, and declares he is a prodigy. And I—well, I'm his father, and I can't help feeling proud of my son!"

"I suppose, then, you will give him a good education?"

"What else can you expect He isn't thirteen years old, and I've engaged six professors for him."

"What!"

"Si. Senor! six professors—one for

"Si, Senor! six professors-one for mathematics, one for French, one for music; then there's his riding master, his fencing-master, his dancing-master,

"Ave Maria purissima. When are you going to stop, Don Simplicto! So, according to what you say, this prodigy of yours sings, dances, rides, adds up figures, and talks a language which you can't understand. That isn't bad; but—how about religious instruction—who teaches him Christian doctrine?"

"What nonsense you do talk, Tio Mat-raca; I suppose they teach the children that in every school."

Ah! you suppose, do you? And you are satisfied with that are you? So your idea is, 'Peace here, and glory hereafter.'"

"Nonsense, man, what's the good of "Nonsense, man, what's the good of bothering over such a thing?"
"I understand! We musn't bother over Christian doctrine, though we trouble ourselves over everything else. Very good, Don Simplicto. Time will teach you what you should have bothered about. Experience is the best mistress. Atios, Don Simplicio !"

AT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE. "Well, Don Simplicio, and how is your on getting on—does he write to you?"
"I haven't heard from him for some

time; but I suppose he's all right"
"Ah! you only suppose; so that possibly he might be ill?" "Why, do you know anything concern-ing him?"

Nothing in particular about his health,

about his conduct. "Thank God that he is in good health! "So you thank God that his corporal health is good, the state of his saul does health is good, the state of his soul does not seem to concern you much! Well, just listen a moment. I have received a letter from a friend who gives me a very bad account of his conduct. Your son never goes home to his lodgings to elsep—he spends his time in cafes, and in worse places too. He speaks of religion worse than a savage would do. He is leading a dissolute life; he converses familiarly with atheists and infidels. Is one word, if your son is not already a

one word, if your son is not already a scamp of the first water, he is not far from being one."

"Confound the lad! After all the advice I have given him! I used to say to him 'Stick to your studies, my boy; don't waste your time in boyleh follies; there will be plenty of time for that after a little while!"

"So then you consider these things

"So then you consider these things boyish follies, eh?"
"My dear sir, you misunderstand me. Boys will be boys, and we must not make too much fuss over their freaks. But I do want my son to study—that I must insist on, for a man that has no pro-

ession or career is not a man."
"And pray Don Simplicio, what is man without religion?"
"Listen to me a moment, Tio Mat-

"No! Don Simplicio, you listen to m A man without religion is a wild beast who, after he has destroyed everything within his reach, ends by destroying him-

"Not so fast, my good sir! Yeu always exaggerate. I don't say that a man ought not to have religion, but I think people trouble themselves too much over these trops themselves too much over these tittle things. The lad is no fool—he knows what he is doing—and then you ought to see the articles he writes!"

"So he contributes to the papers, does

'Oh, yes! He writes for El Despelleiz or (Anglice 'The Fisyer'), one of the most advanced newspapers. A little while ago he wrots a magnificent article on the 'Free Education of Women.'"

"A pice education he d give them !" "You may laugh if you like, but the essay took immensely.

III. SIX MONTHS AFTERWARDS. "Tio Matraca-ob, my friend, Tio Mut-

raca!"
"My dear Don Simplicio, what is the matter with you?"
"A terrible misfortune has befallen me my son has committed suicide!"
"What!"

"My son has put an end to his life; my decreet and only child is lost to me for-ever. Listen to this letter: "My Dear Father. I am sorry to

cause you any disquietude, but I cannot help myself. I am weary and worn out with life, and I no longer wish to live. I had indeed desired to make known to you my situation, but what would have been the use of it? You could not have helped me. You would have filled my head with advice. I did not want that. head with advice. I did not want that.
I wanted some one to fill my soul with
good—and I found no such one. I deciare to you frankly and fairly, I believe
in nothing—nor can I believe. I am convinced that everything is a lie. Perchance this has made me the unfortunate
man I am! What is life but an incomwinced that everywhing is a no. Terchance this has made me the unfortunate
man I am! What is life but an incomprehensible chaos? What is this hunger
in my heart that I have never been able
to appease. I cannot tell. One thing I
do know—I live in darkness and in grief,
and I prefer death to such a weary existence. I would you had never given it
to me! Farewell, and forget forever thy
wretched son. Pepe.'

She was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, net by
great interpositions, but by the use of the
collystre-pep corn cure—Putnam's Painless
corn Extractor. Tender, painfull corns
are removed by its use in a few days,
substitutes in the market make it necessary
that only "Putnam's" should be asked for
attached son. Pepe.'

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures courses.

wretched son, Peps.'
"Ferever! forever! how can I forget
my son forever? The thought is terrible
—is maddening."
"Yes, Don Simplicio, it is, but you \$1.00.

would not bother once over certain things
-what is the use of bothering now?"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LITTLE LESSONS BY GREAT MEN. One day when Socrates was walking he saluted a citizen whom he met, but the he saluted a citizen whom he met, but the man did not return the courtesy. Socrates did not seem to be affended at this, which surprised his pupils, and one of them said to their master: "That man was rude to you, I cannot understand why you take it so calmly." "My children," snewered the great philosopher, "if I met a man who was more awkward and ugly than I, should I be wered? You say mo. Why, then, should I be irritated with this citizen because he has not my good mancitizen because he has not my good man-ners?"

A PLUCKY BOY. The boy marched straight up to the ard the the Cat little that cat night

counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant, complacently, who had just risen from such a glorious good dinner, "what will you have to day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that.

There were a few wispe of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking them he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hauds traveled down to his vest pocket.

eled down to his vest pocket.
"Do some work for me, eh? Well,
now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the

counter?"
"O, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please, growing fast; there, see if I can't look over the counter?"

"Yes, by standing on your toes; are they coppered?"
"What, sir?" "Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not?"
"She can't keep me in shoes anyhew, sir," and the voice healtated.
The man took pains to look over the

counter. It was too much for him, he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.
"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, very gravely, "but I recken if I

get close enough I can see what you look like"
"I'm older than I'm big, sir." was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I am very small of my age."

small of my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybedy but me, and this morning I saw her crying, because she could not find five cemain her pocket book, and she thinks the bey who took the ashes stele it—and—I who took the ashes stole it—and—I— have—not—had—any—any breakfast, sir." The voice again hesitated, and tears

sir." The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.
"I recken I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.
"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the simple answer.
"Humph! Where is your father?"
"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lest, sir, in the steamer City of Boston."
"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky little fallow anyther. Let me are "and

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a p!ucky little fellow, any how. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth, and looked atraight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Oash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reals.

low reply.
"Ab, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, "An, I'm sorry to near that, well, here's a younga'er that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, then he put his pen behind his ear, then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.
"Oh, I understand," said the latter

"yes, he is small, very small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get ?" Three dollars, sir," said the still-s

ished clerk.
"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you have get a place at \$4 a week. Come back on Mooday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remem-

"Work, sir, work all the time ?"

"Work, sir, work all the time i"
"As long as you deserve it, my man."
Tommy shot out of that elso. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight crasked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small byy's good luck those in that tenement house every luck, those in that tenement house en-joyed themselves thoroughly that morn.

ing.

'I've got it, mother! I'm took. I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take parcels the clerks call 'Cash'!—well, I'm that. Four dollars a week! and the man eaid I had real pluck, courage, you know. And here's adollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now." The heuse was only a little 10 m5 room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look as she took him in her arms and hugged him, kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of

thankfulness - English Journal.

She was Saved

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthus, whooping cough and all bronchial and large troubles. Price 25c. per bottle, or 5