In the beautiful garden of Paradise There were flowers of every shade, From the stateliest bloom that gladdens To the smallest gems of the glade.

There were lillies as white as an plume, Bending low with every breeze, And filling the air with delicious perfum: That floated far off midst the trees.

There were roses as red as the richest wine And they gleamed with its crimson light; There were some like the blush on a maid en's cheek, And others of pure, spotless white.

The lotus was there, with its sweet, drowsy breath,
That in bliss the senses can steep,
And the proud eastern poppy, gorgeousl
tossed. tossed, Making birds in their nests fall asleep.

There were jassamines golden, bright as th

others gie amed with a pale starry light; There were mosses and vines, rare and bea 1ful ferus. And strange buds unfolding at night.

And the "beautiful snowy daisies" we there.
Like the "five wise virgins" of old,
In their wedding garments so lovely as fair, Each bearing a small lamp of gold.

Eve loved every flower, and gave them names
When first they were baptized with dew;
And in that sad hour, 'ere driven away,
As she bade them a last, fond adieu,

She saw on the ground, what she ne'er A carpet of tiny white flowers, That seemed to have fallen like pure flake of snow All over the garden in showers;

For the angels that day were weeping for

her, And where'er the crystal drops bright Fell on the dark earth, the n there spra-from each tear Small violets, fragrant and white. So kneeling, she kissed the pale blooms wit

a sigh As they sparkled with heavenly dew, And all that reflected the glance of her eye Were changed into violets blue.

TALBOT.

THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY

CHAPTER XI.

Some weeks after the murder of the Nolans, Maurice O'Connell took his fishing-rod and his dog, Tasso, down to the banks of the Suir. He was resolved to have a day's sport. As soon as he reached the water's edge, he watched the flies that were passing just above the surface of the river. He caught one, and after examin-ing it, he took out his book of artificial

"The 'silver wren' is the fly for to-day," to his water-colored line.

Before Maurice had begun angling
Tasso, who had been seeking for some

game by the banks of the Suir, startled a

game by the banks of the Suir, startled a huge grey water-rat.

"There he is, Tasso," as he saw the rat diving under the water.

Tasso, who did not see the rat, barked; and looked at his young master.

Maurice kept watching the water on all sides, expecting soon to see the rat come to the surface for air.

"There he is, Tasso. There he is Tasso," again cried Maurice, as he saw the tip of the rat's nose above the surface of the

the rat's nose above the surface of the the rat's nose above the surface of the water. He patted the dog on the back and pointed towards the middle of the river. The dog understood him and plunged into the water. As soon as "Tasso" had swam some distance from the land the rat seemed to perceive him and suddenly dived again. Tasso did not return to the banks, but kept swimming around in search of his prey. All at once he began to swim round and round and then dived under the water. He was down for a considerable time; but when he came up the rat was in his mouth

"He has him—he has him," said Maure, who was filled with excitement.

Tasso!"
The dog laid the gat at his master's

Maurice moved a little further up the river, thinking all the time of his little Tasso. He was so engaged with the dog and the rat that he did not notice two of his friends, Mr. Kelley and Larry, who had come very near him. They had crossed the fields between the road and the river, the field between the road and the river. The field between the road and the river, and the field between the road and the river. The field between the road and the river, and walking stick floating in the river, and very near the bank.

Larry for the moment forgot Ireland the field between the road and the river. Larry for the moment forgot Ireland to rule their thoughts from the road and the river. The field between the road and the river. Larry for the moment forgot Ireland to rule their thoughts from the road and the river. The field between the road and the river. Larry for the moment forgot Ireland the river is the river of the road and the river.

"Why, Maurice, what harm is it?"

"I see you are a stranger in these parts, Mr. Kelley," said Maurice, still smiling, "otherwise you would know that it is an unlucky thing for a fisherman to be asked where he is going.' Both laughed.

must try my luck anyhow, Larry,' said Maurice

Maurice did try his luck. The result was that in less than an hour he had

Kelley kindly fixed for him by means of his knife and some twine.

"What a noble river this is, Maurice," said Mr. Kelley, as he and young O'Connell and Larry sat on the daisied and shamrocked banks of the Suir.

"It is a noble river," said Maurice "and I have always loved it. What a source of joy it is to me! What a pleasure to go ofter hunting, rat-hunting, fishing, boat-

ofter-hunting, fishing, boating or swimming on the Suir! How lonely I would feel if I were to be separated from this, my own sweet river!"
"Spenser, the poet looked upon the
Suir as his favorite," said Kelley.
"So says Richard Lalor Shiel," added

Maurice "The celebrated traveller, Mr. Inglis

does not think that even in the valley of the Clyde one can find more beautiful scenery than this before us now," continscenery than this before us now," continued Mr. Kelley.
"Never mind, gentlemen, about Spense

or those other travellers. Sure we know ourselves, from seeing, that the Golden

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, cruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. V. Fierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

January 12 Truce's Favorite Prescription" another might have reigned on many another bright Mayday. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders of which females are liable. By Sold by druggists.

Valley of the Suir is the finest in the world. Nobody can deny that," said

Valley of the Suir is the finest in the world. Nobody can deny that," said Larry, with pride.

"What a pity," spoke Mr. Kelley, with much warmth, "that even this river is subject to Saxon laws. What a pity that the green banks along this river, where of yore the free Celts played on the golden harp, and sang the praises of Fria, are now trampled on by the tyrant and the slave."

"It is a pity that Ireland is not free," said Maurice, whose brain and heart began

"It will soon be free," said the frevent Kelley. "Look around you, Maurice, on fertile field and fertile river, and bright

green woods, and

'Be sure the great God never planned For slumbering slaves a home so grand.' said Maurice, as he gazed upon the lovely

and shauree, as he gazed upon the lovely landscape before him.

"If the young and the old, the great and the lowly, would only unite to strike a blow for fatherland, tyranny and slavery would be crushed forever on Irish soil," said Kelley, as his face glowed with the fewor of his soul said Kelley, as his face glowed with the fervor of his soul.

"The young, Mr. Kelley, are already being united. We have formed a society of our own for the purpose of aiding 'the boys' when the day comes for lifting the

green banner from the dust."
"I suppose you have no suppose you have no arms Maurice

Maurice."
"Yes, indeed, Mr. Kelley, we have several pikes, guns, pistols and daggers."
"Noble children? Give me your hand,

Maurice. Maurice."

Mr. Kelley could not restrain his admiration of Maurice. Who could?

"Let me give you a piece of advice, Maurice, my dear boy; be very prudent,

and do not allow anyone to know your secrets. Above all things, do not even and do not allow anyone to know your secrets. Above all things, do not even hint to any person living, except to one of 'the boys' or to Richard, or to me, where you have hidden your pikes and guns. We live in a time of great treachery. He who seems to be your best friend may be your worst enemy. Be cautious, therefore, and do not place yourself in the power of our deadly foes. If you have not bound your companions by oath. I not bound your companions by oath, I would advise you to do so immediately. For the present, Maurice, we have no need of your arms, but we may require them in a few days hence. I have sworn in over twenty fine young fellows within the past Our numbers are swelling every Our rising will be the rising of an

angry sea. England cannot resist us."
"We'll put a nail in England's coffin as sure as that river is passing before ou 'said Larry, with a great shake of his

"We'll put a dozen nails in her coffin." said Kelley.
"As sure as you are sitting there, Mr

Kelley and Master Maurice, Ireland will kill England, dig her grave and bury her without the ringing of bells or prayers, or And no nation on earth will shed a tear

on her grave; no people will say: 'May
she rest in peace.' England, proud,
haughty, tyrannical, godless England, has
filled the earth with enemies. Her wealth
has come from the sweat of the poor; her
wide dominions have been won by fraud and the sword; her flag has been s est gems in her crown have been stoler from their rightful owners: her throne i built upon ruined altars and broken bay onets; she is accursed of God, and insulted injured, oppressed man."—thus spok

onets; she is accursed of God, and insulted, in jured, oppressed man; —thus spoke the patriotic and eloquent Kelley.

The Suir flowed on, laughing, sighing, moaning—full of sadness, full of light, full of music. But for Mr. Kelley there was no more lasting joy that day. All his thoughts, all his words were of the wrongs of more bleeding ladard. He told Maning of more placeting ladard. He told Maning of poor bleeding Ireland. He told Maurice and Larry many a tale of English oppres-sion. He spoke of the Penal Days, when priests were hunted down like wolves; he ke of the Black Famine Year; he spoke ice, who was filled with excitement. "What a noble dog he is! Brave old Tasso!"

The dog laid the rat at his master's quick and bitter tears.

"Well, Maurice, where are you going?" said Mr. Kelley, at the same time taking young O'Connell by the hand.
"Mr. Kelley," said Maurice, with a "Mr. Kelley," said Maurice, with a the cane. He stepped down to the very brink of the water, and tried to reach out the stick, but in vain. for the stick, but in vain.
"Step on that stone there, Larry," said

Mr. Kelley, who began to be interested in Larry's efforts, "and then it will float into

hands. The stone alluded to was about a yard from the bank. Larry immediately saw the wisdom of Kelley's advice, and so he Larry, "you cannot catch anything after that question. You might as well tie up your rod and go back to the cottage."

in the bottom, and so it rolled, and so did Larry, in the water.

"I'm drowned—1'm drowned!" cried poor Larry, as he dragged himself and his wet clothes towards the bank. "May English rule soon come to an end

caught about nine large trout. The last fish, however, broke his rod. This Mr. Kelley kindly fixed for him by means of almost in pieces; "only for England this almost in pieces; "only for England this wouldn't happen to me." Mr. Kelley and Maurice were forced to

laugh at Larry and his sage remark.
"You may talk as you like, gentlemen," "You may talk as you like, gentlemen," said kelley, quietly, "but I never saw a decent river yet. They are full of deceit. They smile, and sing, and look bright and kind, and carry your picture on their breasts, but they would wet your last suit of clothes, and drown you, too, if they only had the chance. All your poets and travelers in creation couldn't persuade me that that is a nice beautiful or steadily upon that gentleman. and travelers in creation couldn't per-suade me that that is a nice, beautiful, or decent river. I know better than they do. What do they know about rivers any

Mr. Kelley and Maurice laughed again. "Larry," said Maurice, kindly, "go up the cottage immediately, and get a change of clothes, otherwise you may catch cold."

Tennyson's "May Queen."
Who knows that if the beautiful girl
who died so young had been blessed with
Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she orders of which females are liable. By druggists.

"Indeed, Master Maurice, there is no danger of my catching cold, but as there is some danger of a cold catching me, I'll take your friendly advice and go to the cottage. Good-bye, Mr. Kelley; and may you live to see Ireland queen of the land and waters. May your name be placed side by side with those of Washington side by side with those of Washington and that famous Cannibal who rode ove the snowy Alps in the hottest time of summer. Good-bye, Master Maurice; may your name and fame forever float down into the calm, bright waters of oblivion. A trop, Levy Above.

down into the caim, origin waters of ob-livion. Amen, I say, Amen."

Larry fleeted along the bank of the river like a shadow.

Mr. Kelley and Maurice planned and plotted on the fair banks of the Suir until the shadows and bats began to pass

around them. CHAPTER XII.

The usual recruiting offices of the secret societies are "the wine-house," "the cabaret," "the tavern," and "the public-house." When the demon of intoxication begins to disorder the minds of the innocent and unsuspecting, then the crafty agents of unsuspecting, then the crafty agents of wicked conspirators against peace, society and religion endeavor to lead them astray. Hundreds of noble youths are being daily led into the ranks of men condemned by the good and wise of all classes by means of strong drinks and burning words.

A certain tap-room in Bridge lane was for a long time the favorite rendezvous for "the boys." Here, almost every evening, many of them came together to

evening, many of them came together to kindle their patriotism and—to drink beer and whiskey. It is just to remark here that some of "the Carrick boys" were entirely opposed to these visits to the public-house. Richard O'Connell was mediately, you traitor and iiar."

could to make his compatriots take the pledge until Ireland would be free. Mr. kelley's conduct was not the same, nor equally commendable. Whenever he was not watching the river, he was almost sure to be found in a public-house speed. The tradex did ware the spy!" never seen in a tap-room, and did all he

to be found in a public-house, speech-making and "swearing in boys."

Mr. Kelley, a young student from Dublin, and a few others were seated in the Bridge lane tap-room. The conversation was about Ireland.

"Are the boys as numerous about Carrick as is reported, Mr. Kelley?" inquired the student. "Carrick is our stronghold. I have

sworn in over one hundred and fifty in this very room," replied Kelley.
"Are there a thousand boys in this vicin-

"There are over fifteen hundred sworn

patriots in and around this grand old town," said Kelley. "Is it not true that the priests are opposed to the society?" asked the student.
"Alas, this is too true. They tell us that we must use moral force, and fight our battles openly. But moral force is of no avail against a heartless, headless monter—English tyranny. O'Connell tried noral force, and his people starved, and e died of a broken heart. Why should

e fight openly a foe like England? Does e not work in the dark against our ights, our liberties, our religion, our lives? She holds Ireland in slavery by means of pies, robbers, preachers, landlords, bayonits, powder, treachery, lies, and devils. Sive me arms forged in hell, and I will bear them against the arch-fiend, England." Mr. Kelley looked as if in a frenzy as

spoke these words.
"There is a good deal of truth in what ou say, Mr. Kelley, but you know well nough that we are too weak to fight gainst England except by moral force. The priests love their people, and conseuently do not wish to see them butchered y the thousand. I love Ireland, and rould willingly die for her glory or freedom. But still, unless you give me greater proof of our hope of success, I cannot approve of a revolution. If you can prove to me that Ireland can match England on the battle-field, I will not promise to enter a secret society against promise to enter a secret society against my conscience, but I will promise to cast my cassock aside for awhile and fight for my country and my God. There is not a not the unclean reptile lived with its my cassock aside for awmie and ngus to my country and my God. There is not a kindred in the tepid morasses of the primitive green if he saw a fair chance of freeing green if he saw a fair chance of freeing Q. By what unusual aptitude did it green if he saw a fair chance of freeing Ireland. Of this I am positive. There is not a priest in Ireland but would bless

to the breeze by men who could keep it freely floating."
"Every man is entitled to his opinion," said Kelley, "but for me, give me war, flerce and bloody war. My daily prayer is for war. I am growing sick of clerical interference. Moral force is a sham. It will never do anything against England. Ireland's only hope is in the keen, bright sword. Remember the glorious words of Davis:

"What rights the brave?"

Davis:
'What rights the brave?
The sword.

What frees the slave?
The sword.
What cleaves in twain The despot's chain, And makes his gyves and dungeons yain? The sword.'''

"Since you deal in poetry," said the student, with a smile, "I can answer you in the same sweet language. Please listen to what a writer in the Nation, of 1842, said in verse:

'We want no swords, no savage swords, Our fetters vile to shatter; We need no steel to smite our lords, Or their myrmidons to scatter. A purer brand—the arm of right— Will manhood's lesson read 'em. With conquering mind alone we fight— 'Tis all we need for freedom.'"

"That's a fine stanza for the moral-force men," said Kelley, quietly, "but I do not see much beauty in it. The sword

"Have I not seen you in Dublin, Mr. Kelley," asked the student, as he gazed steadily upon that gentleman.

"Never!" said Kelley, decidedly.

'My senses must have deceived me then," said the student.

"They must have deceived.

"They must have deceived you, if they tell you that they saw me in Dublin, for I have never been there."

"This is strange," said the student, mus-ingly, "yet it must be so. The man that I saw in Dublin was no friend to Ireland, but Mr. Keller is." out Mr. Kelley is. "If the man you speak of was no friend

Do not attempt to remain over night without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry near at hand. This of Wild Strawberry near at hand. This is the season for Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cholera Morbus, etc., and the remedy above named is the unfailing specific.

to Ireland, then be sure he and I are not one and the same. Before High Heaven have I sworn to fight or die for Ireland." "His eyes were like yours," said the student.
"A hundred men in Limerick have eyes

like mine."
"His build was like yours."
"A thousand men in Ireland are built

"His voice was like yours."

"His voice was like yours."
"Ten thousand voices in the British Empire are like mine."
"Perhaps it is so," said the student, "but it is strange, very strange."
"We see many strange things in this strange world," said Kelley. "It seems strange to me to see a student in this taproom. You did not come here for the number of drinking. You have only purpose of drinking. You have only sipped a spoonful of wine. Your purpose must be a deep one, and no doubt is well known at the Castle. Your appearance is that of a student, but I am inclined to think that you are no more a student than I am. If you have come here to note my words, you are welcome to set them down in black and white. I will stand by them all. Ireland for the Irish. War to the knife with England and

tyranny?"
"Your insulting language is without "Your insulting language is without cause," said the student with calm dignity, "I did not mean to offend you. I do not think any good can be gained by harsh words and insults. My purpose in coming here was good and just. From the description I had of you, I rightly suspected that it was a Dublin de—"
"Hold, hold!" exclaimed Kelley, jumpting to his feet. "If you say that word I

the ing to his feet, "if you say that word I was will take your life. Leave the place im-

The student did warn the youth of carrick against Kelley; but in vain. Mr. Kellev's character stood too high to be destroyed by the words of a stranger stu-dent, who, perhaps, as Mr. Kelley hinted, was in the pay of the Castle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Know-Nothing Catechism.

If we may judge by quotations, no sane person will be astonished at the condem-nation of the text-books of civic morality by M. Paul Bert and his colleagues as pro-nounced by the Holy See and promulga-ted by the French Bishops. Here are a few questions from the Manual of M. Andre Buthet, in things we do not know:"

Q. What is God? A. I do not know I do not know.

Who created the world? A. I do not know.
Q. Whence came mankind, and whither

oes it go?
A. I do not know. A. I do not know.
Q. When and how did man come upon

A. I do not know.

Q. What happens to us after death?
A. I do not know.
Q. Are you not ashamed of your igno-A. One need not be ashamed of not

knowing what nobody can know.

This know-nothingism, or, as the author would prefer to style it, positivism, has at least the merit of extreme simplicity. It would seem, however, that not everything is unknowable and unknown: the Dar winian theory, to wit, is taught with dog-matic certainty, as thus:
Q. Were species always the same as

ry or free-give me success, I If you

Q. Where was it before?
A. It was at the bottom of the scale, waiting for a favorable opportunity.

ise from this position?

A. There came a period in which the the green banner of Erin if he saw it cast to the breeze by men who could keep it freely floating."

A. There came a period in which saurian, instinctively foreboding its higher vocation, was filled with disgust at its freely floating."

wetched existence in the moras. It felt wretched existence in the moras. It felt the need of changing its abode, and began to dream of journeys through the air.

Q. To what did so preposterous a drear A. The dream beneath these flat skulls

was so obstinate that nature at last had to obey.

Q. What had she to obey?

A. The eternal law of the evolution of life, which is spread through all the worlds, so as to penetrate all things, ever dying out and ever renewing itself.

This last passage is so idiotic that we do not feel quite certain that we are not being hoaxed by the quotation; but, at the risk of being reckoned "flat skulls," we translate the extract verbatim from our foreign

Good Testimony to Character.

There are husbands who can do justice the qualities of their wives under any circumstances. A Belgian journal fur-nishes an example. A woman was lately ccused of poisoning, and was on the point of being condemned when she entreated that her husband should be called to speak to character. The request was granted, and the husband testified with superb frankness that the best proof of the innocence of his wife was his still being alive, "I am persuaded," he said, "that if my wife had the slightest inclination for poisoning, she would have begun with me, for she de-tested me most cordially for the last ten This evidence threw the jury into a roar of laughter, and produced the acquittal of the woman.

There is no excuse for suffering from Headache, constipation and all the wearying train of symptoms of a disordered liver when Burdock Blood Bitters is an unfailing remedy, and only costs One Dollar a bottle. Why suffer on without a trial! 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months, with almost universal satisfaction.

"When all other remedies fail," for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, bysentery, etc., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the resoue."
Thus writes W. H. Crooker, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing."

Blind Man's Undying Hatred England.

Two hundred yards directly northeast from the imposing soldier's monument in Calvary Cemetery is a gray granite obelisk which daily attracts the attention of visiwhich daily attracts the attention of visi-tors. It is the largest stone in the new portion of the cemetery, and its polished surface rises fifty-two feet from the base. An ornament coping the white granite, forming a square of sixteen feet, incloses the obelisk. On the east side of the cop-ing there is an inscription on the arch ing there is an inscription on the arch sunk deep into the granite and emblazone with gold. The letters read: "Erected t Outlast the British Monarchy." Some who read the inscription openly express delight, while others think it is out of place in a graveyard. Those who do not agree with the inscription admire the obelisk, which is very imposing. A granite plate facing the east side of the coping shows that the monument was erected by Daniel Murphy, of Ballintonig, Township of Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland. On the north side of the obelisk, cut in polished granite and in raised letters, is a mortuary notice which shows that in one of the vaults lie the remains of Eleanor Murphy, of Donegal, wife of Daniel Murphy, who died in New York City in 1882, at the age of 82 years. On the south side is a notice of the death of Solomon C. H. Murphy, 23 years of age, and son of

Daniel Murphy.

A stonemason was carving letters on the obelisk when he was asked by the World

reporter:
"Did you engrave the inscription on the "Yes, sir; and a very pretty sentiment it is," he replied. "Many come here, however, and wrangle over it, but it will make this spot the most famous in the

cemetery."
"Do you think the obelisk will outlast

the British monarchy?"
"This stone will stand forever, or until
it is taken down. It is made of Quincy granite, the finest and most durable in the world. No expense has been spared, and there is no better finished piece of work in any cemetery. The engraving of the letters cost \$200 alone. There are finer monuments in the cemetery—for instance, that of Johnston, the dry-goods man, which cost \$100,000—none more durable. Great crowds come to see it every day."

Daniel Murphy, who erected the obelish

and caused the inscription to be put upon it, lives in simple style on the north-east corner of Madison and New Chambers east corner of Madison and New Chambers street, New York. He is worth \$200,000, and occupies the first floor of a double apartment-house, which he owns. He is 74 years old, and was stricken with blindness two years ago, after a severe attack of Bright's disease. He came to this country in 1832, and worked as a farmhand in New Jersey, receiving \$8 a month and his board.

and his board.

He was subsequently a clerk in a grocery store, and afterwards assistant in the
old American Hotel at the corner of
Broadway and Barclay street, before the
Astor House was built. Twenty-five years ago he engaged in the building trade, and amassed a fortune rapidly. He was a pre-

Ireland.

"The inscription on the coping is my the civil authority. Whatever diversity of

cessive generations."

"Is it merely a matter of patriotism?"

"No. The estates of my ancestors in the County Wexford were confiscated during County he reign of Oneen Elizabeth because their owners would not renounce their religion. A vast fortune was taken from them, and

that great wrong together with my patriotism, induced me to erect the obelisk."
"What will it cost?" "What will it cost?"
"I have already spent \$24,800 upon it, and shall expend more. I do not mind the money, and am ready to give \$50,000 in cash to the leaders of any formidable and legitimate movement that is inaugura-

ted against England in the cause of Ire land." Mr. Murphy expects to recover his vis-Mr. Murphy expects to recover his vision. Although 72 years old, he looks twelve years younger. He has always been a Democrat, and takes great interest in American politics. Before he lost his sight he personally superintended the selection of the stone for the obelisk and sketched the design for it.—N. Y. World.

Bargaining With a Pump.

Some thirty years ago an intemperate man was reformed by being refused one cherry. Penniless he went to the public house one morning where he had squan-dered many a shilling, to get a drink "on. tick." The landlady refused to trust him Seeing a plate of luscious ripe cherries on the bar, he asked for but one. "Save your money and buy your own cherries,' was her surly reply. "I will," he said was her surly reply. "I will," he said, and he did. His wounded pride forced him to reflect; from reflection ensued amendment. From that morning he was reformed.

The following story tells of a flannel

weaver who also was induced by a surly answer to reflect and then to make a bar-gain with a pump: This man had saved aguinea for the purpose of having a whole week's dissipation. He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days; on the morning of the eighth day he was burning with thirst, but his money against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp, Colic, and the various Bowel Cramp, Colic, and the various Bowel Cramp, Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—One of the most valuable discoveries in medical science, for the benefit of mankind, was made when Burdock Blood Bitters were invented. This medicine positively cures at foot in this house and I will dash this mop in your face." The poor wretch hung down his head in shame. He was leaning against a pump, and after a short study began to talk to the pump.

"Well, pump," he said, "I have not spent a guinea with thee, Pump; will thou trust me a drop?" He lifted up the handle, put his burning mouth to the spout, and drank his fill; this done, he

"TO OUTLAST THE BRITISH MON-ARCHY." again said to the Pump: "Thank thee, Pump, and now, hear me, Pump. I will not enter a public house again for the next seven years; and, Pump, thou art a witness." The bargain was kept, and this man afterwards became a respectable man-ufacturer, and often said it was a grand thing for him when Judy threatened to

dash the mop in his face. HOW PRESIDENTS JEFFERSON AND MADISON APPRECIATED CON-VENTS.

Catholic Telegraph A very interesting fact in the history of our Church in these United States is an event which followed the cession to our Union of the former Territory of Louisiana. This took place in 1803. There was at the time of this transfer a large community of Sisters of the Ursuline Order, in the City of New Orleans. Feeling that the coming under a government new to them, might happen to be critical to their property, these Sisters—eleven in number—having a prosperous academy with about 170 pupils, and wishing to continue the same, thought it prudent to address a letter to Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, informing him of their desire to remain in charge of their property and academy charge of their property and academy— to remain in Louisiana under the Union Bishop Carroll sent a copy of the letter of Sister Theresa of St. Xavier Farjon, the Superior, to President Madison, then Secretary of State, that he might be informed of the Sisters' intention and wishes. Mr. Madison sent to the Bishop the following

reply:-"DEPARTMENT OF STATE

"Sin:—I have had the honor to lay before the President your letter of the 14th December, who views with pleasure the public benefit resulting from benevol-ent endeavors of the respectable persons in whose behalf it is written. Be assured, sir, that no opportunity will be neglected of manifesting the real interest he takes of manifesting the real interest he takes in promoting the means of affording to the youth of this new portion of the American dominion, a pious and useful education, and of evincing the grateful sentiments due to those of all religious persuasions, who so laudably devote themselves in its diffusion. It was under the influence of such feelings that Governor Claiborne had already assured the ladies of this monastery, of the entire protection of this monastery, of the entire protection which will be afforded to them, after the

recent change of government.
"I have the honor to be, sir, with very

great respect. etc., "JAMES MADISON." The Mother Superior wrote also direct to President Jefferson, on the same sub-ject, to which she received the following reply, which is happily in delightful con-State of Massachusetts towards the same useful and respected body of religious

teachers, in 1832:—

The President of the United States to Sœur

Therese de St and the Nu "I have received, holy Sisters, the letter you have written me, wherein you express anxiety for the property vested in your institution by the former governments of Louisiana. The principles of the Con-States are a sure guarantee to you, that it sidential elector on the Hancock ticket in | will be preserved to you sacred and invio-1880, and has always been noted for his | the cause of | mitted to govern itself according to its own own," he said. "I want the obelisk to outlast the British monarchy. For the government of England I have nothing jects of your institution cannot be indifferent to any; and its furtherance of the wholesome purposes of society, by training up its young members in the way they should go, cannot fail to ensure it the patronage of the government it is under.

> n which my office can give it. I salute you, holy Sisters, with friend-

TH. JEFFERSON. [SIGNED.] A Darkey Turns State's Evidence. "Hole on heah!" "exclaimed a negro on trial for stealing a saddle. "Hole on heah, Jedge, for I'se gwine to turn State's evidence, right heah." "How can you turn State's evidence, when you are the only one concerned?" asked the Judge. "Don't make no diff'ence. I'se a gwine to turn State's evidence right heah, an' doan yerself commence ter forgit it. Ef I turn dat evidence an' show yer 'xactly turn dat evidence an' show yer 'xactly who stole de saddle, yer'll 'low me to go about my business, won't yer, Jedge?' "Certainly, sir; if you can turn State's evidence, and tell us exactly who committed the theft, the law will grant your liberation." "All right; heah's tur de State's evidence. I stole de saddle myself, an' 'er good day, gen'lmen," and he walked out of the court-room before the officers could sufficiently recover.

officers could sufficiently recover from their surprise to detain him. Канока, Мо., Feb. 9, 1880. I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters, of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six all the medicine www. T. McClure.

years. WM. T. McClure.
The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in r, whose daughter was in poor health seven or eight years, and could get no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. Візнор & Со.

against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp, Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Ex-tract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles.

It is now in season to warn our readers

T In the dream I d Love came, arme Fret and fever, do Foes that haunt l Time's strong har Fate stood dazed

AUG. 10,

Sly suspicion, col Faded 'neath the And the voice I ld And the smile I ld Sunshine in the g When we two sto For you reigned in In the dream I dr

And I woke, and A cold world, bar A world whose siden.
Told me that, as f Love and trust m In so sad a clasp a All too faint and for the cold world wo

ARCHB

London Wee

We deeply reg of the Archbish Edinburgh, which denly, on Monda Broughton street remembered tha with paralysis di Rome, but, in spacter of the attack return to his po Sunday week, I Mass at the Proto his youthful ting the children Papal Blessing w by the Holy Fat During last wee also to pay visits but it was under taken to avoid a in order to guard celebration of H as a priest had b the 9th owing to had been fixed preparations had at the Pro-Cathe from all the diarrived in Edin celebration. Ow illiness, the pub it nad heen det privately with h Irvine, and hun of the Scottish I a purse of £1,00 cs in all parts however, the Ar seized with paral to the moment the last Sacrame Very Rev. Mons with the Rev.

in attendance.

John Strain w

the 8th of Decer

cated at the Hig at the Catholic

Aberdeenshire.

seven years' re

lege at Rome, w

dent of the pres ordained subde John Lateran or

and on the sar orders in the c

though only thater in the year and in December the Rev. W. Hyears later he charge of the m included the gre of Kirkcudbrig tions at Kirkud in other parts o Dumfries, and President of S near Aberdeen. Gillis, in 1864, Apostolic of the land, and conse Abila by his H September 25th the Bishops wh of the centenar He was named Throne, June 1 the restoration land had been sideration at R 1877 that the important step May the 12th o gave audience t land, headed l formal petition oration of the sary steps were it was reserved ually conferring The Apostolic larchy was resto the 4th, 1878, a lated to the drews and Edin Archbishop the quiet and u

discharged. A purpose and lift formance of his vears of his min stness, and an the respect an whom he had lege, or as a Bi Metropolitan S was a source o flock, who cele vestments and as well as a appearing in charge of actual Archbishop has one exception, Industrial Sch his support on was pressed on

from year to will be found he was connect The administra afterwards of t laborious; the