

who looked badly out of place amongst the nymphs and satyrs and similar profanities which surrounded the chamber. The house was no sooner adverted that it was immediately taken by an officer then quartered in Dublin. Being a man of Colonel Brunton would not permit the house to be remodelled in any way. Mrs. Brunton, too, was a woman who liked novelty, and the triumphant situation of herself what a delightful sensation her antique woman age looking drawing room would create when well lighted up and filled with a fashionable mob. A pretty, plump little woman, she was enthusiastically charmed and enchanted with her Irish house. One day, about the beginning of October, she moved into it with her two infant children and her two English servants. The day Mrs. Brunton arrived at her new house her husband was obliged to spend the evening out. However, to pass the time she amused herself by wandering about in the old mansion, peeping into dusty old cabinets and cupboards, and looking with wonder and admiration at the venerable old furniture and exquisite china which seemed almost too fine and delicate for use. About 6:30 o'clock as she sat in the drawing room, the nurse entered, saying it was necessary for her to go out and buy some things which were urgently needed. The woman respectfully asked her mistress if she would go up to the nursery if she should hear the children cry.

And he soon returned. The scene he had witnessed he could not repeat to his nervous wife. Therefore to avoid being questioned, he said, with an assumption of gaiety: "Mabel, congratulate me! I have at last seen your mystical old woman." She shivered, and nestled into her husband's sheltering arms, as she whispered faintly: "Yes, I know you have seen her, for I saw her go before you out of the room." They could not account for the phenomenon, and, naturally, were diligent about mentioning it to anyone. Thus the time passed until Christmas. With the Christmas time there arrived a nephew of Colonel Brunton's; clever, handsome, merry Stephen Fenton, a young medical man, who had just taken his diploma. He had passed a brilliant examination, and before again recumens work had come to spend some time in Dublin, for the purpose of resting his rather overtaxed brain. It had been agreed that he was not to be told anything about the mysterious old woman. On Christmas day a number of friends were expected to dine. There was also to be an evening party. Therefore, in order to save time, Mrs. Brunton had had the dining table arranged early in the afternoon and had then locked the door. She was very proud of her daintily arranged dinner-table. The rare old china, the Venetian glass, and the rare old china belonging to the mansion. Groups of step-herds and shepherds, the golden and silver, filled with glistering holly, interspersed with the snow white ones of the mantle, were placed at intervals along the table. About five in the afternoon, as Colonel Brunton and his nephews were sauntering leisurely, a sudden and heavy shower came on. They walked fast, but by the time they arrived at the hall door they were thoroughly drenched. Colonel Brunton immediately went into his dressing room, on the first landing, inviting his nephew to follow; but that free and easy young gentleman preferred taking off his boots in the back hall. "Here, Bridget! Mary! who ever you are, take these boys like a good girl," he said, addressing a woman standing in the shade at the top of the kitchen stairs. "Angeled woman, habited in an old-fashioned black gown, with a white hawk-ruff and a red shawl, approached, and he threw the boots, when—and to his horror—they went through her! Stephen's first practical thought was—being a doctor, 'By jove! my brains must be in an awfully queer way!' He walked slowly up the stairs, and on the first landing there was the figure again! It preceded him step by step, but he did not feel frightened—no, as surely as he had seen it before, he felt it was a mere physical cause acting upon a brain which he felt was overtaxed. The figure entered the drawing room. Stephen mechanically followed it; and there, what a scene met his eyes! On the polished floor near the fire place lay the body of a young and beautiful foreign-looking woman richly dressed. There were wounds about her neck, half concealed by her long raven black hair. A tall, dark complexioned man stood near, holding a long, thin Venetian stiletto, while beside him stood the woman, who whilst she spurned the body with her foot! As she laughed the vision faded, and Stephen Fenton left the room, more than ever uneasy for his brain. At the door he met by Mrs. Brunton, who insisted upon his coming down and having a slight of her prettily arranged dinner-table. Her husband was also one of the privileged, and the proud young housekeeper triumphantly unlocked the door. But to what a sight met their eyes! The exquisite old china and glass lay in fragments upon the floor. The table decorations had been ruthlessly destroyed. In a recess near the fireplace stood a dark, foreign looking man, also the old woman, both of whom looked devilishly and then vanished! The scene was witnessed by all three at the same time. Mrs. Brunton fainted in her husband's arms. A serious nervousness was the result, and, as soon as practical, she was removed from the house. Stephen Fenton recounted his experience, as did also his uncle. The mystery is yet unsolved, but such is the legend connected with the house.

BOSTON'S CATHOLICS.
In a ringing speech which Judge Fallon delivered lately before the Boston School Board, of which he is one of the most useful members, about the status of the Board in throwing out St. Vincent's misadvisedly by the Catholics of that city, he said: "Who are the Catholics? We have been traduced, vilified, abandoned! Half the people of Boston. Many of them—aye, more than enough to fill the largest church in this city—the descendants of the Puritans. In our Church to-day you will find men and women belonging to nearly every old family in the city of Boston—men and women with historic blood coursing through their veins: the blood of the Warrens, the Winthrop, the Tutors, the Wards, the Welch, the Whitneys, the Wynans, the Darbys, the Danes, the Doughtys, the Careys, the Homers, the Longfellow, the Lyman, the Metalls, the Robinsons, the Sullivans, the Stagers, the Stangers, the Thayers, the Tryons, the Tuckermans, and countless others. And when we look around and see such men as Newman and Manning and Faber and Brownson and Kent Stone and Bishop Ives of North Carolina, and thousands of other men of the highest intelligence, standing, coming voluntarily day after day to our Church, have we not reason to feel that all that is intellectually great or morally good in Protestantism we are getting of the best of it?"

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