Divided Lives.

Somewhere across the wild deep sea that rages,
Dashing against the rocks in clouds of foam,
Somewhere beyond my life, the latter pages
Of yours are written in a distant home.
Well, it is well! and yet I keep you solely,
Deep in my heart, a temple and a shrine,
No consecrated place of prayer more holy,
No love more pure than this great love of mine.

Sometimes I wonder if the scenes around you,
Are like the scenes we loved so to behold;
Sometimes I wonder if new ties have bound you,
And blotted out all record of the old,
And when the woods grow dark, and dreams descending,
Fall on the earth as softly as the dew,
And memories grow and gather, never ending,
The thought will rise, "Am I forgotten, too?"

Ah, how the breath of Spring is strong to waken
As from the dead, the thoughts of bygone hours;
The rustle in the leaves the winds have shaken,
The freshness and the odor of her flowers.
The music of the stream, the blackbird singing
Deep in the brake, the fleecy lambs at play—
All these have more than magic in them, bringing
Back to the heart some glory passed away.

And how, just when the world is green and pleasant,
Low in the golden promise of the year,
Strong, tender thoughts of you are ever present,
Your memory is more than ever dear.
Ah, if I could but hold your hand—be near you,
Look in your face and find it just the same,
Stand for a moment by your side, and hear you
Lend with your voice, new music to my name.

But this can never be—I think, forever;
Fate is more cruel than the seas that roll,
More pitiless than all the seas that sever
Two lives that were as one—one perfect whole;
And since all prayers are vain for that one favor
That might bring quiet to a long unrest,
What is there left on all the earth to pray for?
What is there left to say, but "God knows best."

SALLY CAVANAGH,

—OR—

The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

This question encouraged Brian to make a full confession; after which he looked in the good priest's face, and said:

'But would it be right, under the circumstances, to declare my love for her, and try to win hers? Her father——'

'Fiddlesticks!' exclaimed Father Paul. 'Do you think I'd bring her down here if I thought her father would object?' And he repeated to Brian his conversation with Fanny's father the evening of their arrival in Dublin.

'So, my dear fellow,' said the kind-hearted old priest, holding out his hand to Brian. 'I think I may congratulate you.'

Brian Purcell was in the act of clasping the proffered hand, when the door opened, and Fanny O'Gorman looked in. She came in search of her uncle, as she was afraid our friend the doctor was creating a little confusion among the dancers, by insisting upon putting them through certain figures which were in vogue in his young days. Fanny stood hesitating in the doorway.

'Well, Fanny,' said her uncle, 'do you want me?'

'Yes, sir, Doctor Firbis——'

'Oh! I know,' Father Paul interrupted, 'he's insisting upon Josh's playing 'The Boyne Water.'

'No, sir, but teaching them to dance a cotillon.'

'Well, I'll settle that. But come here, Fanny.'

He took her hand and placed it in that of Brian Purcel, saying, with an encouraged smile,—for little Fanny was frightened:

'Brian has something to tell you.' Father Paul then quietly walked away, leaving them alone together. 'We'll say no more. We couldn't say what we would (who could?) if we tried. The little parlor' was a dingy little hole of a place, with one candle, that required snuffing, on the chimney-piece. But these two will bless that dingy little parlor to their dying day.

Father O'Gorman's never-to-be-forgotten party led to the consummation of another love affair. The doctor played a principal, though unconscious, part in the subjugation of a heart that had long resisted the assaults of the boy-god, albeit his darts were 'tipped with gold.' It happened in this way.

Doctor Forbis, whose house was not more than half a mile from the priest's, wended his way homeward on foot, in the bright moonlight. Arthur Kelly, the village carman, was leading his white mule to water after returning from the market town of C——.

'Good night, Josh,' says Arthur Kelly, in his hearty way.

'Good night,' responded the doctor, roused from a deep reverie, and rather astonished by this familiar saluation.

'Josh!' he repeated, as he proceeded on his way—somewhat unsteadily, we must allow. 'Joshua Forbis is my name: Joshua Forbis, Esquire, L. R. C. S. I.,—generally known as Doct r Forbis. But who has called me Josh? 'Good night, Josh.' Surely that man—Arthur Kelly, the carman, or I'm mistaken, and his white mule—has said 'Good night, Josh.' Yet, I must be mistaken, for Kelly the carman, of his white mule, would not dare!' The doctor put on a look of professional dignity which did not relax rather continued to grow in severity indeed—till he reached his own gate. Doctor Forbis made a false step as he approached the gate, but kept himself from falling by catching hold of the bars. He paused for a moment to recover the shock, and while he did so, great was his astonishment to see his own house rising high into the air, and coming down again. He held fast to the bars of the gate, for as the house came down, himself and the gate went up, and when the house went up, he came down. It was just as if the short, straight avenue were a plank, and that he was playing what the children in the village called 'weigh-de-buckedy' with his own house.

'Let me see,' said doctor Forbis, whether I can find any natural solution for this most extraordinary——'

He was cut short by the approach of a car. He turned round, still clinging to the bars, and as the car passed Kate Purcell waved her hand to him.

'Good-night, Josh,' said the young lad.

The doctor let go his hold of the bars, and taking off his hat bowed low.

'But Josh! why Josh?' muttered Doctor Forbis when the car had passed. 'Why Josh, Miss Purcell?' Here a second car passed by, and the doctor distinctly heard Miss Frances Moloney utter the monosyllable 'screwed.' 'Screwed, Miss Moloney,' the doctor muttered, looking after the car. But here his attention was attracted by a very extraordinary phenomenon. Doctor Forbis distinctly saw two moons in the sky. They danced about, and knocked against each other like two great billiard balls As the doctor contemplated this wonderful natural phenomenon, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

'I have you,' exclaimed the owner of the hand.

'If I am not mistaken,' said the doctor, 'you are Tom Burke, the cattle dealer.'

'Tom Burke, the jobber,' was the reply. 'No mistake about it; I'm waiting for you this two hours. I have the horse and car at Mrs. Cary's below, so get yourself ready.' It was not difficult to see that Tom had been comforting himself with a drop of the right sort, at Mrs. Cary's.

'And pray, Tom Burke, may I take the liberty of inquiring where do you want me to go?'

'Over to my father-in-laws's, at the mountain foot,' Tom replied.

'A worthy man,' the doctor observed, 'Phil Shunney of the mountain foot.'

'Aye, begor,' says Tom Burke.

'And for what purpose am I required?' asked the doctor.

'My wife that's coming home,' was the reply.

'I see,' said Doctor Forbis, half sobered by the prospect of a fee. 'Your wife is—is 'coming home,' as you facetiously observe, and you require my professional services.'

'Aye, begor,' said Tom Burke. 'An' now I'll run for the horse and car. I was afraid 'twould be all hours before you could lave the priest's.'

'You see, Tom, in these cases we must be prepared for contingencies. I'll just get my instruments.'

'Oh, begor! don't forget the instrument, at any rate.'

'Certainly not,' the doctor continued. 'But as I know the road perfectly well you need not wait for me.'

'All right,' exclaimed Tom Burke, lifting his riding coat upon his shoulders with a shrug which was peculiar to him, and hurrying away for his horse and car with a slightly unsteady gait.

Doctor Forbis knocked at his door,—somewhat timidly, we are bound to admit. A window was immediately raised, and a head with a nightcap on it thrust out.

'What brings you here,' exclaimed a rather shrewish voice, 'at this hour of the night? Go away out of that.' The window was pulled down with a snap, and the shutters closed. The doctor was beginning to consider what would be the most judicious course for him to take in this awkward predicament, when the door opened. A hand was stretched out, which took hold of his and drew him gently into the hall.

'Don't mind her, dear,' whispered a gentle voice into his ear. 'Don't mind what she says, the cross thing! Come into the kitchen, but walk easy.' And Kitty Magrath squeezed the doctor's hand tenderly, and was about leading him through the hall, when her mistress called to her from the head of the stairs.

'Kitty, Kitty Magrath,' Mrs Forbis called out; 'don't let that man in at this hour of the night.'

'Is it me, ma'am?' said Kitty, from the kitchen door, which she had reached with a hop, skip, and a jump, before she spoke.

'Bring me a candle,' said Mrs. Forbis. 'But you need not light it.'

'Yes, ma'am,' says Kitty, delighted at having escaped detection.

'I'm blessed if they aren't all mad,' thought Doctor Forbis, as he turned into the parlor. He changed his hat for a fur traveling cap, which he generally wore when called out late at night. He then went out, closing the door softly behind him, and proceeded to the stable.

'Steady, now, old lass,' said the doctor, as he placed the saddle on his mare. He led the mare to the gate, making her walk on the grass, as he thought it wisest to avoid a meeting with Mrs Forbis in her present mood. He mounted outside the gate, and rode at a tolerably quick pace toward the mountain foot.

Doctor Forbis dismounted at Phil Shunney's door, and on hearing the sound of voices inside, and observing light in all the windows, the thought occurred to him that he had arrived too late. He raised the latch and saw quite a crowd of people inside. He recognized Shawn Gow's gruff tones above the rest.

'No, Phil, thank ye all the same,' Shawn was saying. 'But I didn't touch a dhrop iv anything stronger thin wather since Christmas Day.'

'Well, I won't press you, Shawn,' the host observed: 'if you made a promise I'd be sorry to ax you to break it. But Tim Croak 'll take your part.'

'Ay will I,' responded Tim; 'I never see the harm a little rouser 'd do a man. Here's luck.'

'I wondher what's keeping Tom,' some one inquired. 'He ought to be here afore this, and the girls is gettin' lonesome.'

'God be wud poor Connor Shea,' said Tim Croak. 'Tisn't in the want av a blast o' music we 'd be if we had him.'

'God help him,' remarked Phil Shunney, 'when he hears av his family bein' in the poorhouse, as I suppose he will hear it.'

'Mr. Brian wrote av' towld him all,' said Tim. 'Sally had the sickness, but she was out o' danger the last boord day. Mr. Brian axed the doctor himself.'

This allusion to Sally Cavanagh caused a momentary silence, and the doctor called attention to his presence by pushing in the half door.

'Oh, is that the docthor?' exclaimed the man of the house. 'Welcome, sir, welcome. Go, Shawn, and hould the docthor's mare. Sit down, docthor, and jine us in a tumbler.'

And Phil placed a chair for his unexpected visitor.

'No, thank you, Phil,' said the doctor, solemnly; 'not at present. Where is the young woman?'

'What young woman, doctor?'

'Tom Burke's wife.' And Doctor Forbis laid his fur cap on the table, and threw his thick gloves into it.

'There she is, there, at the end of the table. An' in bad humor enough, I can tell you, to have Tom delayin' so long.'

Doctor Forbis walked up to Mrs. Burke, and gravely held out his hand; she gave him hers, and to her surprise, and slightly to her alarm, he placed his finger on her wrist, and, pulling out his watch, began to count her pulse.

'I think,' said the doctor, 'you ought to be in bed.'

'Bravo, doctor,' shouted Tim Croak 'So she ought.' And what was considered a capital joke of the doctor's, elicited a roar of laughter from the company.

Mrs. Burke leaped up, and bounded amidst a group of young women who were lamenting the absence of a musician, at the end of the room.

'Pray, what does all this mean?' said the doctor, bending a severe look on Phil Shunney.

'Mean!' Phil repeated.

Tom Burke told me that his wife was—was 'coming home,' said the doctor, using Tom's own phrase, which, it may be necessary for us to explain, is used in a figurative sense in Ireland.

'An' so she is,' says her father.

'Explain yourself, sir, if you please,' said the doctor severely.

'The devil an explanation I have, barrin' that Tom hadn't his new house ready when they wor married, and we kep her wud us till 'twould be finished off. An' sure 'tisn't to let her go we wud wudout givin' the neighbors a bit of devarsion on the head of id.'

Doctor Forbis was beginning to admit the possibility of his having partaken too freely of Father O'Gorman's old malt, when Tom Burke appeared upon the scene with Josh Reddy's fiddle in one hand, and holding Josh himself by the collar with the other.

'Come, you rascal,' he shouted, 'play up, and don't think you can humbug me.'

Josh, who was evidently half frightened out of his wits, seized his fiddle, and the first twang acted like magic upon the younger portion of the party, who were 'on the flure' in an instant.

Tom Burke seized the doctor by the hand, and assured him he felt proud of his presence. He called to his wife and bade her 'get something ready' for so distinguished a guest. And when the doctor saw a snow-white cloth spread upon a little table by the fireside, and a cold turkey and other inviting viands placed upon it, he thought he could not do better than make himself comfortable. And between the good fare and the merriment, and the respectful attention of the people of the house, Doctor Forbis made a night of it.

Next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Forbis asked him sharply how he got the key of the stable.

'I got it of course, behind the hall door,' he replied.

'An' who let you in?'

'Kitty Magrath,' said the doctor.

'Kitty Magrath, didn't you tell me you didn't let the doctor in last night?'

'No more I didn't, ma'am,' said Kitty.

Mrs. Forbis reddened with suppressed anger on noticing the evident confusion of both Kitty and the doctor, as she darted suspicious looks from one to the other.

'Who is this coming up the avenue?' the doctor asked, glad of an excuse to escape Mrs. Forbis' eyes.

''Tis the priest's boy, sir,' said Kitty, glad of an excuse too.

'Go out and try what is his business.'

Kitty returned immediately with the doctor's hat in her hand.

'You forgot your hat at Father O'Gorman's, sir,' said Kitty.

The doctor looked up at the crook over the door.

'I see it all, now,' he remarked gravely, shaking his head.

Mrs. Forbis and Kitty followed the direction of his eyes.

'My dear,' said the doctor 'it was all owing to that last rose of summer. This explains why I was called Josh. I see it all now.'

Josh Reddy's white hat hung upon the crook over the door. Kitty Magrath pounced upon it immediately, and hurried in breathless haste to the little house opposite the doctor's gate.

Josh Reddy was sitting by his fire in a most melancholy frame of mind.

'Good morrow, Josh.'

'Good morning, Kitt,' Josh replied with a high. 'I hope you are well.'

''Tis little you care which, Josh,' says Kitty reproachfully.

'Kitty, my dear, I'm in no mood for amatory dialogue this morning; so be pleased to inform me of the circumstance to which I am indebted for this visit.'

'I brought this home to you,' said Kitty, with a deep sigh.

Josh looked around, and, springing to his feet, 'exclaimed:

'Kitty, you're an angel! I apprehended it was irretrievably lost. Sit down, Kitty, and let me play 'Bonny Kate, for you.'

'I must be going, Josh.'

'Don't talk of going, Kitty,' said Josh, hanging his beloved white hat on his poll. I never knew your worth till now. So say you'll be mine—'come to the bower I have shaded for you,' and I'll talk to Father Paul this blessed day.'

Kitty became hysterical immediately. And that day week Kitty Magrath was Mrs. Josh Reddy. So much for Father O'Gorman's evening party.

* * * * * *

Shawn Gow found a pleasant fire blazing before him when he went home, after seeing Doctor Forbis past the Clodagh. But the moment he sat down, Nancy said anxiously:—

'Shawn, achora, is anything afther happenin' to you? you're as white as the wall.'

'Nancy,' says Shawn, 'Sally Cavanagh is dead.'

'Oh Shawn! Shawn! when did she die, and who tould you?'

'No one told me,' replied, but I know id.'

Nancy looked at him for an explanation.

'She's afther appearin' to me be and near the churchyard.'

'The Lord betune us an' all harm,' exclaimed Nancy, making the sign of the cross. 'Did you speake to her?'

'No,' he replied, I didn't the presence of mind. She looked into my face, and thin turned into the church.'

'You had a right to ask her what she wanted three times in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; an' thin she'd tell you what was troublin' her.'

'I know that, but I didn't think uv id in time. I'm a'most sure, though, 'tis to bring her home to bury her.'

'An' sure you will, Shawn.'

'I will, an' God know I'd do more than that for her. For where could you get the like uv her.

'Thrue for you,' said Nancy, bursting into tears. 'Go tak a stretch on the bed, an' go round for a few of the neighbors in the mornin'; an' lave me here to say a few prayers for her poor soul O Lord! Look down on her poor childher.'

Shawn Gow retired to rest, leaving his wife to offer up the full of her beads' for Sally Cavanagh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARKABLE GROWTH.

From 10,000 to 1,000,000 in Ten Years.

SUBSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF PUBLIC APPRECIATION—RAPID EXTENSION OF A BUSINESS FOUNDED ON MERIT—WHEN NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING IS VALUABLE.

The mark of public appreciation which best indicates the meritorious character of an article for public use, is the evidence shown by the necessity of enlargement of business facilities connected with the production of the article. The Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., located at New Haven, Conn., owning and manufacturing from the original formulas of the Kickapoo Indians the famous medicines of that celebrated tribe, have found it necessary to make a substantial enlargement of their factory by the purchase of a six story brick building, containing about thirty thousand square feet of floor space for conducting the enormous and still increasing business of supplying their remedies to the public. This growth has all been within the past ten years; and this is the third time the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co. have outgrown their quarters since the first introduction of the Kickapoo Remedies among the white people. Their business has grown in a ratio of one to a hundred; or in other words, they are now doing annually one hundred times the amount of business they did the first year.

MERIT A NECESSARY BASIS.

This success resulted mainly from the intrinsic merit of the Kickapoo Remedies; since their introduction was largely attained with comparatively little or no advertising, and that principally consisting of parties of Indians with their interpreters travelling from town to town erecting their camps and showing the people just what the Kickapoo Remedies were, and their use.

It was only within the past two years that the Kickapoo Remedies have been advertised in the newspapers, and then only at first in certain sections after their sale had been established, so as to keep the merits of the Kickapoo Remedies before the people. This newspaper advertising, however, has been of much benefit to the sale of these famous medicines, and has been largely instrumental in effecting the need of additional facilities. Many people who were not reached before are now using the Kickapoo Indian Remedies, and some really astonishing cures have been wrought by these simple compounds of roots, barks and herbs.

WHEN NEWSPAPER ADVRERTISING PAYS.

Healy & Bigelow, the agents for the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company, appreciate and endorse most heartily the value of the newspaper advertising for a meritorious article, and say: "We find that newspaper readers are very discriminating, and inclined to be skeptical at first, but after you have established confidence in your goods and the people find that your statements are reliable then your business is bound to increase and extend."

The Kickapoo Remedies consist of only five articles, all of which are purely the product of roots, barks, gums, leaves and flowers. They are absolutely free from mineral or other deleterious substances, as attested to after a chemical analysis by R. H. Crittendon, Professor of Physiological Chemistry at Yale College

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa is a blood, liver and stomach remedy. Kickapoo Indian Oil is a quick cure for all pains, stiffness, soreness, rheumatism, and the like. Kickapoo Indian Cough Cure, as its name implies, is for throat and lung difficulties. Kickapoo Indian Salve is an excellent remedy for cuts, wounds, sores, eczema, etc., and Kickapoo Indian Worm Killer is a harmless and absolutely certain remedy for those troubles so frequently met with among children, viz: Seat, pin and stomach worms. The Sagwa retails for one dollar a bottle; the Cough Cure fifty cents; and the other remedies at twenty-five cents a bottle or package.

There is probably not a drug store in the United States to-day where the Kickapoo remedies are not obtainable, and we are pleased to say that Messrs. Healy & Bigelow have published in this paper, and will continue doing so, some really marvellous cures effected by the Kickapoo Indian Remedies and also unimpeachable evidence of the absolute vegetable purity of these simple, yet effectual compounds, that, as some one has said, bring "Long Life and Good Health."

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HE LOVED good bread, pie, and pastry, but his stomach was delicate.
SHE LOVED to cook, but was tired and sick of the taste and smell of lard. She bought Cottolene, (the new shortening) and
THEY LOVED more than ever, because she made better food, and he could eat it without any unpleasant after effect. Now THEY ARE HAPPY in having found the BEST, and most healthful shortening ever made—
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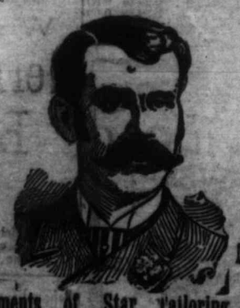

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Ripans Tabules are compounded from a prescription widely used by the best medical authorities and are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion everywhere.

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One tabule taken at the first symptom of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating, or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

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KALSOMINES, all colors,
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On and after Wednesday, May 24th, 1893, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom	Ac'm
	A M	P M	
Char'ottetown ....dp	6 00	2 40	
Royalty Junction....	6 14	3 01	
North Wiltshire....	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River....	6 58	4 05	
Bradalbane....	7 23	4 40	
Emerald Junction....	7 30	4 55	
Freetown....	7 40	5 08	
Kensington....	7 53	5 28	
Summerside ....ar	8 15	6 00	
Summerside ....dp	8 30		P M 1 40
Miscouche	8 45		2 02
Wellington	9 05		2 28
Port Hill....	9 35		3 17
O'Leary....	10 30		4 42
Bloomfield	10 47		5 08
Alberton....	11 14		6 00
Tignish....ar	11 55		6 53
			P M
Emerald Junction..dp			5 15
Cape Traverse.....ar			6 05

TRAINS FROM THE WEST

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton....	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield	1 30	7 44	
O'Leary....	1 46	8 09	
Port Hill....	2 37	9 35	
Wellington....	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche	3 25	10 44	
Summerside ....ar	3 40	11 05	
Summerside ....dp	4 05		A. M 6 15
Kensington....	4 29		6 43
Freetown....	4 45		7 10
Emerald Junction....	4 55		7 20
Bradalbane....	5 01		7 32
Hunter River....	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire....	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction....	6 06		9 19
Charlottetown....ar	6 20		9 40
Cape Traverse....dp			A. M. 6 25
Emerald Junc....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr's	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlot.town .....dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction....	3 15	6 50
Bedford....	3 40	7 28
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	4 05	8 05
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell....	4 38	9 00
St. Peter's....	5 00	9 30
Bear River....	5 33	10 14
Souris.....ar	6 05	10 55
	P. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart Junc....dp	4 10	8 25
Cardigan....	5 03	9 28
Georgetown.....ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Expr's	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River....	6 46	1 46
St. Peter's....	7 20	2 45
Morell....	7 42	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford....	8 40	4 40
Royalty Junction....	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	5 35
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown.....dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan....	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart Junc....ar	8 10	3 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted

J. UNSWORTH
Superintendent
Railway Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1893.—6i

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