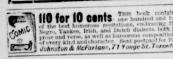


v look well and last well-are Fire, Lightning and Rust proof quicker laid than other se of their patent telescopic side lock Be sure of enduring protection by getting genuine Eastlakes, they never

Metallic Roofing Co. Limited



## CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilbiains, Earache, Neuraigle and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Aliments generally.

Large Pots, 1/1½ each, at Chemists, etc., with instructions.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester



## O'KEEFE'S **Liquid Extract of Malt**



and English Hops; and per bottle, whi'e other at the same price con Refuse all substitute hil

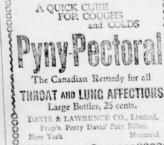
as as W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

EMULSION CONSUMPTION and By the aid of The D. & L. Em T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal. 50c. and \$1 per Bottle
DAVIS & LAWRENCE Co., Limited,
Montreal.

SACRED PICTURES.

We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size, 12x 22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (steel engravings) \$1.50 ach.

cents each. Earth targe shee, teach tegring), \$1.50 each.
St. ANTHONY OF PADUA
Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua
-size, 12\sqrt{12}\sqrt{16}\sqrt{1}-at 25 cents each.
Cash to accompany orders. Address:
Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC, RECORD Office,
London, Ontario Canada



800000------PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Wareroom SMITH BROTHERS

Eanitary Plumbers and Heating
Engineers,
LONDON, - ONTARIO,
le Agents for Peerless Water Heaters,
lephone 533.

GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

CHAPTER XXIV .- CONTINUED.

"Oh, Lord, sir, don't talk like that! Ah! but I know how it is. I'm afraid you are not well, sir. Sure we've seen it all along, but you fight so shy of us all, we didn't like to tell you there's a doctor comes twice a week from Lisheen. No one cught to be long ill at Gleencoonoge—no one that's young that is, because of the good air. But come along, sir; don't stand."

In spite of himself Mr. Chalmers was In spite of himself Mr. Chaimers was arrested by Com's chance words. She had discussed him then—his sister! Had some natural instinct stirred her sympathy, although she did not know the stranger was her flesh and blood? Mr. Chaimers looked at her husband with arriver!

Go you on. I don't want you. "I declare then!I'll not leave you, sir,"
said Conn, determinedly. "I wouldn't
for all the world have it on my mind I'd let a sick man and a stranger lose himself in a place like this. Come on now, do,

Conn's odd mixture of anger and sup

conn's oud mixture of anger and sup-plication did not altogether displease "No. 7." "Lead the way," he said, in a softer tone. "I'll follow you." Conn, fearing the darkness, started off willingly taking care many your Conn, fearing the darkness, started off willingly, taking care every now and then to look back to make sure that the inexplicable stranger was keeping to his word. "No. 7" was following in what Conn took for dogged silence; he was in reality regarding his self-elected guide with more favor than he had yet bestowed on him. He was measuring with his with more favor than he had yet bestowed on him. He was measuring with his eye Conn's breadth across the shoulders; he was thinking the height of the young mountaineer was remarkable, and that he was straight and well proportioned: he was admitting that he had a fire fearless bearing, and that his alert movements had an effortless grace about them pleasant to look at. Whether Conn slackaged his page to indge of the firmments had an effortless grace about them pleasant to look at. Whether Conn slackened his pace to judge of the firmness of the ground in front of him, or lifting his head, swept with a glance the sky and hills, or turned half round, keeping himself informed how it fared with his charge, he still held his critic's attention. And at the same time Mr. Chalmers' mind was going back upon the tion. And at the same time art. Char-mers' mind was going back upon the startled expression in his guide's face his eyes had opened on, Conn's look of relief which had succeeded, and the unheeding words he had dropped, so thrilling to his

hearer.
The truth is that Mr. Chalmers was under the spell of Conn's indefinable fas eination which so many have felt. Some cination which so many have felt. Some-how during these moments everything conspired to help its working: there was solace in Conn's chiming voice to-night, and kindness in his words, even when he spoke roughly; the accidents by the way, the very changes in the air, befav-ored it. As Conn had foretold, the dark-ness was already evertaking them. ness was already overtaking them. The afterglow of the sunset died out, and the rapidly falling shades of night found the rapidly falling shades of night found the the pair with much of the dangerous tract they had to pass still unaccomplished. They had now reached the rugged valley full of huge mounds, and swamps all undrained, which justified Conn's warning about the difficulties of its passage in the dark, and the dangers of the streams and pools and quaking bogs formed by the accumulated waters from the hills. Mr. Chalmers began to perceive how easily a man might meet from the hills. Mr. Chalmers began to perceive how easily a man might meet his death in such a place, and to think uncomfortably of what fate might have awaited him had he traversed by himself that desclate place, so chilling and terrible in the gloomy light. Growing inwardly more thankful that he was not alone, he followed docilely Conn's footsteps as the latter twisted and turned, choosing the paths and climbing the hil-

empty bottles when returned, thus making "O'Keefe's" the most economical Mait Extract made.

Steps as the latter twisted and turned, choosing the paths and climbing the hillocks that he knew so well, "Is this a short way you have brought me? I have not been here before. It is a dreadful place." "Did you get to where I found you, by

"Yes, and would have returned that

way. Conn suppressed wan exclamation.

"You would never have done it. I'm very glad 1 found you, sir. You must have walked many miles to-day." And truly when Mr. Chalmers rememered with what nervous energy he had torn over the ground that morning, al-most, it now seemed as he thought of it, like one possessed, he did not find it difficult to believe that Com's terse comments had much significance behind hem. But this was no time for talking The light had quite gone. The ground, with all its /uncertainties, was uniformly black. Mr. Chalmers kept close to the heels of his guide, who had to stop every now and again and consider, and go cautiously. For a long time they moved forward with unexpressed anxiety, and every moment their rate of progress

every moment their rate of progress seemed to become more slow.

"Gently here!" chimed Conn's voice, all of a sudden in the dark. "This is a wall of loose stones—there's a break in it somewhere. Here it is; mind how you tread. You must feel your way; there are great boulders lying all about."

And so there were, and a horrible sound of rashing waters somewhere in the blackness. The wall being crossed, a few steps brought them to the verge of a

few steps brought them to the verge of a wood, through which they tore themwood, through which they fore them-selves with much difficulty; Conn lead-ing the way unseen, and holding the hand of his charge, which he had taken possession of without a "with your leave or by your leave;" and as they advanced, sound of the rushing torrent grew mearer, until Conn drew up, as it seemed, upon its brink; but it was invisible, the darkness of the night being intensified by

"There are stepping stones across, if I can only find them," said Conn, feeling about with his foot.

"How deep is the river?"
"Two or three feet may hap," answered Conn; "but there are ugly holes, and 've no mind to wade it. Here we are! Now give me your hand again, sir," and Conn drew "No. 7" along, directing him now to advance, recovering him once just when he had lost his balance, and land-ing him safely on the opposite shore. The getting through the thicket on this side was less difficult, and all of a sudden they stood on the white road, broad and firm, and heard the waves of the friendly sea breaking near.
"Egad," said Conn, with a laugh, "I

wouldn't care to do that over again. We were none too soon. Twas mighty well

the darkness didn't catch us before, or I don't know what we'd have done; for the worst was over, sir, before it got so black. But all's safe now. Keep to the road, sir; there's not a turn out of it. You're only three miles from 'The Harp,' and you can't go wrong. As for me, I must hurry on before, or else the wife 'Il be fretting her life out. She knew where I was gone, and I'm so late she'll think all sorts of things, and be in a nice fright."

"No. 7" said some words of thanks as Conn was beginning to start.

onn was beginning to start. You're welcome, sir," sang back Conn,

"You're welcome, sir," sang back Conn, and resumed his running.

Mr. Chalmers was alone once more—almost sorry to be alone. He stood thinking, wondering at the change he felt in himself, and listening for a few minutes to the lessening sounds of his guides rapid footfalls; and then, mending his own pace, made for the inn, glowing with a newly awakened interest.

Conn had rightly calculated the effect of his prolonged absence on his wife, whose relief at seeing him safe and sound did not prevent her from beginning to

did not prevent her from beginning to scold him for having made herso uneasy. She declared that he had sat talking with his friend Jeb Donovan toolong, and that was the whole secret of it; thatit was just like him, and that he never had any consideration for any one but himself.

consideration for any one but himself.

"Wait till you hear," puffed Conn; and as soon as he was breathed, he gave her a history of all his doings, from the time of his setting out. But the book-keeper did not really listen until he came to his account of "No.7"—of where he was found, of his sullen behavior, and of certain fearful expressions that had fallen ertain fearful expressions that had fallen

certain learner error from him.

"Oh, Conn!" said the book-keeper, horified.

"You should not have left him till he was safe indoors."

"Listen to that!" ejaculated Conn, addressing the ceiling, "and I after break-

"Listen to that!" ejaculate room, activities of dressing the ceiling, "and I after breaking my neck home all for her!"

"The man," exclaimed the book-keeper, "is not in his right mind. Depend upon it, he has it in his thought to make away with himself. Gracious goodness! If he doesn't come back to the did you leave him? It goodness! If he doesn't come back to-night! Oh, why did you leave him? It would be the ruin of 'The Harp' and of us, if anything of that kind were to hap-

"Gad, I don't see that 'The Harp

matters much to us now. But never fear,
Jane, he's not such a fool."

"I believe now what I have thought
more than once is true: that he is in
some great trouble; and when a man is

distraught—"
"Faith, if you'd only seen the jump he
"Faith, if you'd only seen the jump he took! And let me tell you, he was care ful enough not to wet his feet, and clutched my arm when he nearly fell over in crossing the brook. Never fear! His bark is worse than his bite. In a few minutes you'll see him come in as brisk as a bee and roaring like a lion with hunger." "Tell them to get dinnerready at once." "I will," answers Conn, dragging him

"I will," answers Conn, dragging himself up from his seat, "so don't disquiet
yourself, my dear." And he added, as
he lounged towards the door, "He's been
asleep there all the day long in a bracin'
air, and 'tis fire and rested he ought to
be, and ready for anythin."
Responsibility sat less lightly upon the
book-keeper's shoulders than it did upon
Conn, and on this particular evening she
was unusually nervous. The anxiety

was unusually nervous. The anxiety which she had felt at first on her hus band's account was now continued on behalf of "No. 7." Nor was her mind set at ease when by and bye she heard the stranger coming in; but she must need begin to look ahead, fancing that the ful filment of her apprehensions was only postponed. If "No. 7" would take hi postponed. If "No. 7" would take his departure, she thought, that would be the easiest way out of the difficulty. But he showed no signs of moving, and something must be done. All the evening she was restless, with her mind at work. Sometimes she would rise and pace the room; and once she went out upon the doorstep, and stood there as if she were seeking counsel of the night. It looked less black now than it did to the way-farers an hour or two before. The sky arers an hour or two before. The sk had become cloudless, the new moon wa down, and stars were flickering t. The peaks and the lines of the bluely. The pears and the lines of the mountains were clear cut against the heavens; but all lower things—the pine-covered slopes, the bare mountain-sides, the islands, the jutting promontories, and the waters were fused in shadow. Bats were making long straight darts of flight, and sudden swerves and turns; and the book-keeper's thoughts went out from her, and wandered in the dusk with backwark and forward movements quite as fitful. How should she approach this moping stranger, who had suddenly become so important in her eyes? Presently, by a swift transition, she was living again in the time, three years before, when she was herself forlorn and silent, and the world was strange, and the outlook was like black, unbroken night; and her thoughts travelled on towards the faint dawn and growing light that brightened the interval between then and now—a re-trospect sine was wont to dwell upon cherishing it, and vowing its colors should never fade, let come what might here after; and all of a sudden she was once nore contemplating with sympathetic nind the picture which Conn's account presented of "No. 7" lying reckless out in he mountains, under the sky, thrown there like one who had abandoned him-

seef to despair.

Something—a slight sound, a breathing near, brought her to herself, and she started, finding she was not alone. A man—not Conn, nor Dan—was close beside her on the doorstep. It was "No 7." Her scared movement made him turn, and looking in her direction, he drew back quickly with an exclamation; for be saw her white face and no more, and

lought it was his dead mother's.

The book-keeper forced herself to laugh You frightened me, too, sir. I did ot know that any one was here.'

"Who are you?"
"Only the book-keeper, sir." "Only the book-keeper, sir."

"Only the—ah!" and he drew a long breath. "You are dressed in black, that was why I did not see you. I thought—"

His nervousness gave her courage, and breath.

as she did not proceed, she struck in, "It is not the first fright, sir, you have given me to-night. My husband has told me of your narrow escape, and I am afraid

it would be a charity to employ one or other of them."

He did not speak: and stood as motion-

—as if he had not heard her. But at last, just as the book-keeper was again about to break silence, he said:

"Our hills! From your speech I should not have thought that you belonged to this country."

"I belong to no other," laughed the book-keeper, quite willing to be personal, if by that means she could draw out her guest. "I have lived here so long, taken such deep root I may say, that I don't know how I could bear transplanting."

"But you are right," she continued,

"But you are right," she continued, after there had been another period of silence, "I am not a native of this place; and when first I came, I little dreamt I and when first I came, I little dreamt I should in the end have taken to it so kindly. I was very low in health and spirits, I remember, quite as depressed as you seem to be. I fear, sir, you are neither well nor happy."

"Do you judge me by the light of your own evergings?" he asked: and then.

"Do you judge me by the light of your own experience?" he asked; and then, with a sudden candor, "You are right in your surmise. Things are all wrong with me, and it is impossible they can ever

me, and it is impossible they can ever come straight again."

"Others have thought that before now, and have lived to find themselves mistaken. You look better lately that you did when you came three weeks ago. The air suits you."

He made no answer.

"And as for trouble," the book-keeper went on, trusting to her intuition, "there are few griefs that Time does not soften. What seemed once unendurable we come

are few griefs that Time does not solten. What seemed once unendurable we come at length quietly to accept. To us who are young, even if we have survived all we once cared for, Time is very gracious; for it is full of hope and promise, and imperceptibly it unfolds new interests and new prospects."

"No. 7" laughed scornfully, and cried out "And suppose in its turn the second

out, "And suppose in its turn the second crop is blighted, do you think it is possible for a man still to have faith in promises and hopes? Ah, no! But it is well for you if you can be contented. I

well for you if you can be you am very glad you are happy."
Suppose the second crop were blighted!
It flashed upon the book keeper that she It hashed upon the book-keeper that she had once been nearly losing Conn; and what had the outlook been like, then? Suppose her husband were to die a little while hence! Could life have any more happiness for her? She faltered in her argument. If this prove was were in argument. If this poor man were in some such plight, how worthy he was of pity, and how idle to try to console him by words!

"What can I say, knowing so little about you as I do? I amsure, sir, I wish I knew how, and I would willingly lighten your trouble. Why are you so reserved? It cannot be a good thing to be always silent and solitary, as you are. Why do you not take counsel—not with me—I know too little; but there is Father John. Papopla go to him when they are distracted People go to him when they are distracted with doubt or in some distress of mind and they are none the worse for it, and

The rough priest at the chapel yon-"He is a good man."

be. He can do me no That may good."
"Well," said the book-keeper, with

"Well," said the book-keeper, with a sigh, "it is getting cold, I must go in." Her teeth were chattering. "I think my husband is alone. Won't you come and sit by the fire with us?"

"You are very kind," he said. "Another time. Good-night," and descending the steps, he passed out into the darkness.

"Conn," said the book-keeper, awaking from a train of reflection she had fallen into after detailing this conversation to her sleepy husband, "I wonder what his

"I haven't an idea."

"I haven't an idea."

"I have been thinking," continued the book-keeper, "we mustn't leave him so much to himself."

"Why, what on earth—"

"We must talk to him more, see if we can amuse him; show him over the inn—do something, anything to keep him—do something, anything to keep him. from getting morbid. He is not so unap-

from getting morbid. He is not so unapproachable as I thought."

"Faith, I don't see, from your own account, that you made him much more amiable, after all."

"No. But you will succeed, Conn."

"Is it I? The fellow hates me."

"No."

"He does then, I know it well enough I've seen it in his eye before now."
"There! That's he coming in. Go and light his candle, ask him if he's tired and light his candle, ask him if he's tired after his day's adventures, wish him good-night, and pleasant dreams, and quick recovery. Say anything, and every-that's kind."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PORTRAIT. My quiet about this time was rudely proken in upon by the arrival of a letter from my father, which I opened with some eagerness and a sudden foreboding for the sight of it recalled the fac ad put off my return home until I had almost given up the idea of starting at an early date. Sall I had not reckoned on being so solemnly taken to task. While I had been living in a day-dream, quite willing that it should never end, my father apparently had been regarding the situation from another standpoint. contents of that letter must have been simmering in his mind for some time be-fore they had resolved themselves into the dose I had now to swallow. I was made to see in black and white the man-ner in which I had spent my time for many years past—how little had been de-voted to business, how much to random wanderings. A reference—half-sarcastic I thought—was made to the excellent reports of my health I had been lately sending home; and in view of the disposition I showed to undertake the responsibilities of married life, my father expressed himself surprised at my slowness in consisting myself to assume them by requalifying myself to assume them by re-turning to work, and striving, without more loss of time, to acquire a mastery of the details of management with which at resent I was so imperfectly acquainted. The letter peremptorily concluded by specifying the date on which I was expected back.

Nothing was said about my engage-ment to Alicia; not a word to put an end to my uncertainty. I re-read the lecture several times, in hopes of finding somewe have both been to blame for not put-ting you on your guard long ago against our treacherous hills and swamps. It is not safe for any stranger to venture so far from the road alone, as you do, even in the daytime. There are plenty of young men about here who would only be to glad to act as guide for a mere tritle, and was the meaning of the silence about Alicia? It could not be that I was being

kept purposely in the dark until I should reach Liverpool, when I would find some less-looking neither to the right nor left new matrimonial scheme ready cut and

dried for my acceptance—some alliance more financially attractive to my rich father's commercial mind than the choice I had made? What an unsettler

father's commercial minu character choice I had made? What an unsettler that letter was! It came like a gloved blow, well planted and unexpected, not hurting overmuch at once, but growing in its effect, leading you to calculate how great a capacity for force there is in the naked fist within. And as to to one so stunned various strange things suddenly start into sight, so there flashed into my mind the truth hitherto unthought of, that I was not independent, that I had no means but such as my father's bounty placed at my disposal; that of myself I was nothing, and probably less capable than any of my father's clarks of earning my own livelihood; that behind all his eindulgence my father had nevertheless that medicum of hardness and determination which is possessed or acquired by that modicum of hardness and determination which is possessed or acquired by all men who have been long and successfully engaged in active business; and that he might not hesitate to exert both qualities upon occasion, to bend my inclination backward to his will. Themore I pondered on the letter, the more disturbed and annoyed I grew. If my father was going to take this tone, I thought, it would have been better if he had done it sooner, instead of waiting till now when I was nearly thirty, and going ow when I was nearly thirty, and going

now when I was nearly thirty, and going to be married.

Luncheon was unbearably tedious that day. Luckily the younger children were at their lessons, and the post had brought The O'Doherty news of which he was full to overflowing; so there was no occasion for me to talk. He came in holding the letter he had just been reading, and crying out, "Egad, that's very good! I call that honest and straightforward. Listen, my dear, listen to this all of you' (Alicia and I were the only others present beside Madame O'Doherty).

Sir-I am directed by Lord Lisheen to Sir—I am directed by Lord Lisheen to inform you that he has no desire to interfere in ony way with your plans, and that though he will be represented at the sale of "The Harp" on Wednesday week, he will not having regard to your intention—allow any bid to be made against you on his behalf. Of course should you abandon the competition, he reserves to himself the right of taking such steps as he may deem advisable under the circumhe may deem advisable under the circum-

I have the honor to be, sir, Your obedient servant, Montague Hopkins, Agent.

"I call that very handsome of cousin James," continued The O'Doherty. "My dear, it was a bappy notion that of yours

it was all your doing—to make me go dear, it was a long of the was all your doing—to make me go and see him, and I'm obliged to you for it. He's not a badold fellow, after all. 'Tis a pity we haven't seen more of each other during our lives. Little family jealousies and spites—I wish to Heaven I hadn't made so much of them; and now the time's gone by, and neither of us is young any more. But, however," added young any more. young any more. But, however," added The O'Doherty, suddenly checking his rising emotion, "this makes amends for rising emotion, "this makes amends for everything. I'll write him a note before to-morrow morning to say he needn't be afraid I'll back out of my undertaking and that if it's in the power of money—'
"Within reason," suggested Madame
O'Doherty, calmly.
"Ah! d'yesuppose there's any one so in-

terested in the purchase as I am, or who will be likely to give so much as I—with

out harm to any one "Without harm I trust to the interest of the dear girls," observed Madame
O'Doherty, with quiet severity, "I hope
in the hurry and excitement of the
moment you will not forget them. Remember what Mr. Jardine told us about he money-lenders, and their desire to b

"Depend on it those fellows will only buy if they get it a bargain."
"It is half theirs already."

"My dear, you are always throwing cold water on my hopes." " I wish to warn you against disappoint-

ment, O'Doherty."
The O'Doherty pulled up suddenly, ruminated for a minute or two, and then returned to his hopeful mood, saying, "Tis some time since Mr. Jardine told us that. Many things may have altered since." And then he fell to thinking again. "I wonder," he said presently, "why the little man never comes near us

now."
"Probably because there is nothing to bring him to Glencoonoge. All the arrange-ments must be nearly finished." "Very likely. He was amiable enough

when I called on him the other day. when I called on him the other day. I was a little rough with him, if you remember "—turning to me—"the last time he was here. But he had forgotten all about it; as decent a little man as ever walked!"

And so The O'Doherty rattled on dur

And so The O Donerty rathed on during luncheon; in such good spirits that he did not perceive, apparently, the weight which had fallen upon mine.

But if he did not, some one else did. Alicia must have followed me closely when I went out on the terrace to think the matter over alone. For almost immediately agentle arm crept within mine, and the processing face. and Alicia, with concerned, inquiring face asked eagerly what was the matter.

"Then you must go in three weeks' time?" said Alicia, when the terrible story was finished. "What does it all

"I can't think," said I. "I must go of course—for the present; but I swear that nothing, nothing shall ever induce me to

give up my precious girl."

"Oh, dear! I hope nothing dreadful is going to happen. I hope papa won't want me to do anything. I am so afraid of him when he is cross." Just at that moment I heard my name

Just at that moment I neard my name called out, and looking round, saw The O'Doherty, at the open window of the library, beckoning. We walked towards him full of dread, and entered the room, where Madame O'Doherty also was sitwhere Malame o Dolerty also was sur-ting.

"Well now," said he, as soon as we were seated, "I want to know whether you young people have made up your minds yet. You have seen a great deal of each other, and 'tis about time, I think, that we came to a definite understanding. You, sir, do you see any reason to with

draw from the proposal you made some time ago?"
"Oa the contrary, sir; reflection ha

only confirmed my choice. Alicia has my heart for ever and ever."
"And you?" turning to Alicia, "are you willing to consider yourself engaged to this young man?"

gagement at that time. "Your father." ha gagement at that time. Tour rather, he continued, addressing me, "has now withdrawn his opposition, and I have none to offer, as you are both content. Your father, sir, stipulates for an engagement of one year. If all goes well he will not be disposed to offer farther hindrance to your, magriage; and you will see." to your marriage; and you will see," handing me the letter, "what he means Il. He makes no sec-Upon that point I find by 'if all goes well.'
ret of his doubts. Up ret of his doubts. Upon that point I find myself unable to agree with him. It rests with you, sir, to prove which of usis right," and The O'Doberty held out his hand which I grasped, unable to speak so great was my relief. His other arm closed round his daughter, who had run up to him and thrown hers about his neck. Madame O'Doberty, coming forward, staidly congratulated us both, kissing her step-daughter.

It was all very well, this end to my forebodings; but I still could not reconcile myself to having been so completely ignored, or to being treated so like a child. Nevertheless I rapidly made up my mind as to my course of action; so that when Alicia said by-and-bye, "At least you are allowed to stay for three weeks longer," "Three weeks." I rejoined, "I cannot stay three weeks. I must be gone at once. I must be at home learning my trade. I feel I can now throw myself into work feel I can now throw myself into work with such a zest that—Ha!—we are not going to wait a year, mind that: at least I am not."

"Oh! Do tell me what you will do,

Horace."
"I'll tell you, dearest, what I am going
"I'll tell you, dearest, what you are to do this very minute—and what you are going to do with me, if you are agreeable, going to do with me, it you are agreeable, as you always are. We will both walk across to the inn, and have some things which are lying there belonging to me sent over to the Castle, that I may pack

"I shall like it so much; and we will go in and see pretty Mrs. O'Hoolahan. But when will you start, Horace?" "To-morrow. Or at latest," I added

after some reflection, "or at latest the day after to-morrow. I cannot begin too soon And I am sure my father will be pleased and disarmed when he finds me so ready

to fall in with his views."

"Go before the sale!" cried Alicia. "The sale! What sale

"Why, of 'The Harp.'"
"The Harp!" I had forgotten all about how many its fate was being watched; and I felt ashamed.

"I am sure papa will be offended if you

go before. You know how interested he is in it, and he will think you do not care about what concerns him. Besides it will be only putting off your departure till Thursday week." Thursday week! Really, Alicia was dropping two weeks of my available time

only too readily.

"After that," I said, slightly piqued,
"I suppose I may go and welcome."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MIRACULOUS CURE,

Crippled Child Healed by Missionary Fathers, West Hoboken—Physicians Had Declared Case Hopeless. The remarkable cure of little Joseph

Hughes, two years old, is creating a good deal of stir and curiosity among the citizens of Bridgeport, Conn. The ittle fellow is the son of Mrs Joseph Hughes, 187 Linen avenue, Bridgeport, and has been an invalid almos

from birth. About six months ago spinal and hip trouble developed. The boy became greatly emaciated and was unable to The family called in severa local physicians, who pronounced it an almost hopeless affliction. Several consultations were held, and it was decided that only one chance for prolonging life remained, and that was by operation.

Mrs. Hughes lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Shea, and the grandmother would not allow them to place the boy upon the operating table. Mrs. Shea is a devout Catholic, and has always believed in divine intercession where there was full faith. After consulting her pastor she decided to visit the church of the Missionary Fathers, in West Hoboken. Daring Thanks giving week mother and grandmother, with the child wrapped in a blanket, set out for the church.

When they arrived they found it filled with invalids, kneeling in front of the altar where the miraculous relics are exposed. The Father to whom they told their sorrow examined the child carefully, and inquired all the circumstances of the disease. The nother and grandmother expressed complete faith in their appeal to the

"After some time in prayer," Mrs. Shea recounted, "the child, who had not put a foot under him in months, was tenderly taken by the good Father, who, after praying over him, blessed him and anointed the afflicted parts with holy oil. Then the sacred relic was placed to the afflicted parts, and we all knelt and cried out that God would in His Providence remove the disability which had rendered little Joe's life almost a living death.

"What I am going to repeat is God's solemn truth. Before our last prayers were ended Joe struggled from my grasp, and crawling to the floor, walked about apparently free from all ailment. He ran about the church as ively as if he had never known what it was to be without the use of his legs. "Of course, we wept as we poured out words of praise to God, for if this

was not a miracle, what could you call While Mrs. Shea was talking little eseph came running into the room, as cappy and lively as any two year old He was apparently in perfect boy. He was apparently in policy health showing no signs of hip or

spinal trouble. Dr. Hair, one of the physicians consulted several weeks ago, said to day that at that time it was the unanimous to this young man?"

"Oh, papa! only engaged? We have been that a long time."

"My dear!" exclaimed Madam O Doherty, lifting up her hands decorously.

"No," said The O'Doherty, kindly, "I expressly said I could recognize no enopinion of several doctors who saw the boy that he could not live more than two weeks. He was astounded when he learned that the boy was running JANUARY 27, 1900.

THE LETTERS OF STEVEN Glimpses of the Inner Life; of

In the course of a review of Letters of Robert Louis Steven His Family and friends," a v prepared by Sydney Colvin and lished by Methuen & Co., London Weekly Register says : All England has now read

strong and exquisite author.
know his works would imply bnormally sequestered condition life on the part of the ignorant the letters now published were penned with any reference world. They are the most letters ever written, they have and nothing in view except im communication and they are all written to intimate friends of them are addressed to h nearest-parents or wife-but the latter has a memorable interest, for it describes in na form and as though for publithat visit to the leper settler Molokai, which, as every one produced the pamphlets in de Stevenson had the strange g tune of his fatal delicacy, or disease, of constitution—a broad strains of spirit that

of spirit that carried him gail

boyhood beset with bad nig evil dreams to that for y fift

which he took to be something age and which was harassed

He was now much work. unhappy, but there is not a le does not prove how invincibly happy again. That he wa happy enough to write letters vitality as these without excel proves the brilliant physiolog dition in which weak lungs r a man. His brain was fed b and eager blood in quantitie wounded lungs relieved by and death menacing hemon quantities that submerged t and destroyed it as soon as was healed. He was use thought of death; it was to hi ant thought full of courage suffered enough to look se wards the rest that was to co his fragile body. He was n out some solemnity in his The threat which he recog early religious training an tinction of his own spirit from the least touch of tr paltriness There never w responsible or a more or a more conscio less squalid mind given to his, and, as we have said, t had he improved by though ters, therefore, are cheerfu means frivolous reading. conspicuous moral qualitie are courage and kindne were some of his companiand literature who held his too much of a preacher; ev detain us with apologies for morality. But without his these would have had noth Louis." It was one with We have spoken of his kindness; to these qualit rades are indebted for ev

> have braved something fused to let character an Take this passage from letter to his wife. Stevens remembered, paid a visit colony in 1889 on his v Pacific. He gives the p words—the flat promonto wooden town with its t shut from the world by a tain to the south and opening upon the ocean

Our lepers were sent of

boat, about a dozen, o.

and happy word written i

by this scarcely breathi

vividly humorous.

Being delicately sensitiv

very horrid, one white m large grown family be Honululu, and then in stepped the Sisters and not know how it would h me had the Sisters not b horror of the horrible weakest point; but the ness at my elbow blotte and when I found that o crying, poor soul, quie veil, I cried a little mys as right as a trivet. crushed to be there thought it was a sin at should feel unhappy; to her, and said some "Ladies, God Himself you welcome. I'm sur me to be beside you; l blessed to me. I thank and the good you do m cheer her up ; but inde said it when we were stairs, and there was hundreds of (God save masks in poor human receive the Sisters an

tients.

little speech :
Partly I did it ashamed to do so, and of my golden rules. ashamed to speak, s But, mind you, that r with strangers; with there are other consi During this visit, brought himseif to en the lepers, Stevensor to have been strung

He recurs to the m

repugnance by the ness and devotion o there voluntarily went daily to the miracle of neatness with seven leper g old maid meal serve ters" and took