

If We Know.

Could we draw back the curtains... That surround each other's lives... Know what's in the other's mind...

Woman's Work.

How we know the cares and trials... How we know the bitter disappointment... How we know the bitter disappointment...

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKIAM.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BLUE BODY-GAIT WITH GILT BUTTONS—ABSENCE OF MIND—"AULD LANG SYNE"

"Mat" exclaimed Barney, brightening up suddenly... "You'll have a great night up at Ned Brophy's weddin'..."

"No," Mat replied, putting on his coat... "I was told there was to be no weddin'..."

"Well, the girl's father is hard," replied Mat... "I don't know, Ned's brother..."

"I don't know that," returned Tom with a wink... "She's mighty sweet on him..."

"Who is that?" "Begor, that's what I can't make out... What are you delayin' for?"

"I can't stir till Mr. Robert and Mr. Lowe comes home," Tom replied... "I must put up the horses..."

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tervals. The year he had the wheat or barley on his own "little spot," the potatoes were supplied by a half-acre of "dang ground" or "dung ground."

Mat Donovan labored cheerfully during the six days of the week, returning generally at night to his own home, where he sat by the bright little hearth as happy as a king...

"I know," said Mat Donovan, looking towards a hill on the left-hand side of the road... "I know she has a respect for me, an' always had; an' she never a shem or ashamed to show it either..."

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we grieve to say we have seen the same tool applied when the smoothing iron was of smaller dimensions than the tailor's goose, and when the hand that held it was very much larger than Tommy Laby's...

Mat Donovan left his chair and stood close to the shop board, trying to look unaccustomed and perfectly indifferent...

"This is the Prophetess," Mat took up the dog-eared book and made believe to be reading it—while not a twinkle of the girl's buttocks escaped him...

"You think there's any truth in 'em?" Mat asked. "Yes, Mat," replied Phil—and the words seemed to have been jerked out of him as the iron came down with a thump...

"I don't know that," returned Tom with a wink... "She's mighty sweet on him..."

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very well, and Phil felt greatly relieved when he heard his wife say, without having alluded in any way to his forgetfulness in reference to the silver:

"What hurry are you in, Mat? Can't you rest a start?" "I must be gone," Mat replied; "I only called in on my way over from Mr. Kearney's."

"I partly guessed," he replied, "I was to see Nora when you were gone when I see 'em comin' in this way instead of turnin' up in the forth."

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A NOISY PREACHER SILENCED.

The preachers have been very busy all this fall and winter lecturing from village to village and holding meetings in country school houses for the purpose of stirring up bigotry against Catholics and of blowing on the smouldering embers of fanaticism so as if possible to kindle a civil and religious war in the country where peace should prevail...

Mat Donovan said, "God night to ye," and walked out with his new blue body-gait under his arm. A body Phil Laby added became very busy folding and putting away the things on his shop-board.

"Come, Billy," said he, as he drew a chair to the fire, "don't you give us a tune to put a stir in us these dull times?"

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the Canadian Newspaper Directory had failed to reveal the fact, and he was of opinion that the item was concealed and placed in circulation as a bit of campaign literature for the special use of Equal Rights speakers at meetings...

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