MY IRISH SWEETHEART.

Not skylark in the blue at morn,
Nor blackbird in the grove,
Nor throstle from the dew wet thorn
Can match the voice I love;
And love, with trust that will not fail
Through time or sorrow, lies
Beneath the blue-veined lids that veil
My Irish sweetheart's eyes.

To mate her lips no rose is found,
Her neck is white as foam,
Her laughter has the joyous sound
Of mountain rills at home;
Though bent beneath her airy tread,
Each daisy from the grass
Will quickly lift its tender head
Erect to see her pass.

And naught she knows of guile or wrong
More than the daisies do,
But oh! her faith is deep and strong,
Her love for me is true;
And longingly one prayer I frame—
To breathe my native air,
To see green Ulster's hills, and claim
My Irish sweetheart there.

—*M. Rock, in* DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE *for July.*

SALLY CAVANAGH,

—OR—

The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

'That's thirty pounds, sure money, for Father Paul.'

'They tell me,' said Tim Croak, 'that she's to be a nun. But they'll all be nuns,—till the man 'll come.'

'Nothing of disrespectful of that young lady in my presence, if you please,' observed Josh Reddy with quite a chivalrous air.

'I wonder what young Brian is thinkin' of,' said Jack Meehan. 'Faith it'd be time for him to stir himself.'

'I think I could tell you that same,' replied Tim Croak. 'Begob 'tis an admiration to see the way they're all settin' wan another astray.'

'Setting one another astray,' said Josh Reddy. 'Be good enough to elucidate your meaning.'

'What?' says Tim. 'The duce a wan o' me knows what you're saying.'

'You are just after observing that the people are setting one another astray. What do you mean by that?'

'I'll tell you then. The girl that her mother afore her on'y wanted an industrious man that 'd mind his business, nothing less 'll do her than a young gag wud a silk hankecher ondher his nick an' a jauntin' car; och! the duce a less 'il plase him than wan wud a feather in her hat an' a payanna, an' she 'il be lookin' for a jintleman, or may be a counselor, or a captain in the army. An' that's the way they're settin' wan another astray.'

''Pon me veracity, Tim,' observed Josh Reddy, 'there's a profundity of truth in what you say. But I don't see why Mr. Brian Purcell should not aspire to the hand of a lady with a feather in her hat, and whose musical talents have been cultivated.'

'Be me sowl, then,' said Tim, 'I know a hat that he's the highest feather in, or I'm mistaken. An' that wouldn't be pleasant news to some captains in the army. But there's the little bell.'

Tim Croak and Jack Meehan went into the aisle of the chapel, while Josh Reddy ascended the gallery, where he had 'the choir' all to himself. Father O'Gorman had been obliged to give up his choir in despair, for no sooner would Josh have a number of young men and women duly instructed for the purpose, than the ruin of their parents would compel them to fly in search of a livelihood far away from Father O'Gorman's little chapel. And so Josh Reddy knelt in solitary dignity within the curtained space in the corner of the gallery.

After second Mass, Sally Cavanagh called in on some pretext or other to almost every house in the village, and made it a point to wish as many as possible of her acquaintances the compliments of the season. She bought 'five penny loaves at Mrs. Casey's, and rather surprised that good woman by handing her a pound note in payment. Mrs. Casey was obliged to go upstairs to her box for the change, and the rumor spread about that Sally Cavanagh was after getting money from America; and 'would you doubt Connor?' and 'wasn't it short he was earnin' it?' and similar remarks were heard on every side.

It was after three o'clock when she reached home. The children came running down the boreen to meet her, except Norah, who stood smiling at the door with the infant in her arms, her long yellow hair shining like gold in the setting sun.

Sally Cavanagh folded her cloak carefully.

'Corney,' said she, 'I'm goin' to give the lend of my new cloak to Mrs. Hazlitt, an' you must run over with it to her.'

Corney was delighted, and mentally resolved to return by the cab ditch, where he had no doubt of finding the full of his cap of golden crabs among the long grass.

'Go the short cut, Corney,' said his mother; 'but come home around the road, as it might be dark on you before you could cross the river.'

Corney reached the cottage a little after sunset, and delivered his bundle to Mrs. Hazlitt.

'He's the moral of his father, Matt,' Mrs. Hazlitt observed.

Corney was making off for the crab ditch, when Matt suggested the propriety of giving the little boy something to eat, and before he had time to say 'yes' or 'no,' Corney found himself sitting at the table with a plate of cold beef and a loaf of bread before him. Corney commenced operations so shyly that Mrs. Hazlitt beckoned to her husband, and both left the kitchen. When they returned the beef and bread were invisible, and Mrs. Hazlitt, clapping Corney on the back, desired him to hurry home as fast as his legs could carry him, as the night would be pitch dark.

'Did ye get any crabs for us, Corney?' exclaimed Tommy and Nickey, the moment he made his appearance.

'No,' says Corney, panting after his race home, 'but I have something better for ye.' And thrusting his hand inside his jacket, the boy produced the meat which Mrs. Hazlitt had given him credit for demolishing so quickly.

'Oh! Corney,' said his mother, laying her hand upon his head; 'an' didn't you ate any of it yourself?'

'I was goin' to ate it,' replied the boy, 'till I remembered this was Christmas Day, an' we had no mate; but I eat all the bread.'

Sally Cavanagh laughed to keep herself from crying.

'Hand me a plate an' a knife, Norah,' said she. 'An' isn't poor Corney a good fellow?' She divided the meat in four parts, and placed if before them.

'If you won't have some for yourself,' says Corney, sulkily, 'I'm sorry I brought it at all.'

Sally laughed again. But this time she rested her elbows on the table, and put her apron to her eyes. After a while she raised her head. 'You're the choroll Corney,' said she, cutting a fragment off Corney's own piece, which was the biggest, for herself. The five penny loaves were then produced, and Sally Cavanagh and her children sat down to their Christmas dinner. But, remembering that it was unlucky for an odd number to sit down to a Christmas dinner, little Willie was taken from his cradle and brought to the table, greatly to the delight of his brothers and sisters.

''Tis the sweetest bit I ever tasted, Corney,' said Sally Cavanagh, looking into the face of her generous-hearted boy, who was so like his father.

The night, as Mrs. Hazlitt expected was as dark as pitch. A flake of snow fell down the chimney on Sally Cavanagh's hand, as she sat down, after putting the children to bed, thinking.

'God grant,' she thought, 'we'll soon have a letter. 'Tis little he suspects that the oats was taken from us by that black-hearted villain. The neighbors are good, I know; but what could they do? An' there's poor Mr. Purcell that has his own trouble now. The tyrant 'll never stop till he has 'em broke horse and fut. An' 'tis poor Connor'd be sorry to hear misfortune fell on that family; an' good right he'd have to be sorry. Well, God is good! An' whatever happens Connor Shea's childher, I'll never ax for charity at any man's door.'

She knelt down to pray; but starting up suddenly with a frightened look, she made the sign of the cross on her forehead and on her breast, and blew out the rush-light. She heard a step approaching the house. The latch was raised, but the door did not open, as it was fastened with the back-stick.

'Sally,' said a voice outside, 'you're not in bed. I saw the light.'

CHAPTER XVII.

Christmas was not what it used to be at Ballycorig. The little family circle in the parlor was silent, not to say gloomy; and the cloud which hung over it appeared to cast a shadow on the larger circle in the kitchen. Even Mrs. Purcell's great rice pudding failed for once to call up cheery looks into the faces of the workmen and servants, though every saucer was filled to the brim with whiskey punch 'hot, strong and sweet.'

'How sorry I am,' said Kate Purcell, 'that Fanny could not come as she promised.'

'Indeed, then, so am I sorry,' said her mother, in her abrupt way. 'But I hope Brian will bring her with him when he is coming home.'

They all felt that little Fanny's presence would be like sunshine to them, and even the mention of her name appeared to produce a brightening effect so much so that Mr. Purcell took courage to talk about what was weighing so heavily upon his heart.

'What do you think I ought to do?' he asked, turning to Brian.

'If I must speak my mind,' the latter replied, 'my opinion is, that to pay the rent he has demanded would leave you a beggar in a few years.'

'Times might mend,' said his father.

'Even so. Fifty per cent. additional is more than the land would be worth the best of times. And, besides, what's to prevent him from giving the screw another turn?'

'If he is so bad as that, wouldn't he serve me with a notice to quit at once?'

'I know the man,' said Brian, 'and I believe you are not served with notice to quit because he hopes to beggar you first. And if you take my advice you won't try to pay what he demands.'

'But he'll turn us out,' said Mrs. Purcell.

'Let him. Better to be put out now than in a year or two, when you'd be left not worth a shilling.'

'I lost more improving the place than would purchase the fee-simple of it.'

'So much the worse. There's no use throwing good money after bad. So tell him plainly you'll give up the farm if he wants more for it than you paid Quill.'

''Tis too bad,' said Mr. Purcell, 'that a man can be robbed in this way. Such a thing couldn't happen in any other country under the sun but this. You talk about freeing Ireland, but why don't ye do something?'

This rebellious sally made Brian smile. He knew that his father—like many of his class—was won't to extol to the skies the 'protection to life and property' which was to be found nowhere in such perfection as in Ireland, and to talk contemptuously of all malcontents of the past and present, excepting only O'Connell who was 'for peace.' Brian, however, did not think fit, under the circumstances, to remind his father of this; so he merely said:—

'Tis hard enough, sir. But so many things of the same kind have occurred under our eyes, we need not feel surprised, at all events.'

'There was never so bad a case as this,' said his father.

'That of the Clonbuee tenants, sir.'

'But they were nearly all poor people,' Mr. Purcell observed.

Brian looked grave but said nothing.

'If we can get that money,' Mr. Purcell continued, 'we'll be all right.'

This was an allusion to a sum of money which he had lent to a gentleman in the neighborhood many years before, and about which Brian intended going to Dublin.

'Don't you think, sir,' Brian asked, 'we could all live comfortably at Coolbawn?'

'Don't talk to me about Coolbawn,' replied his father impatiently. 'I tell you nothing was troubling me so much as the thought that you would not live here after me. I intended leaving it in my will that you should live here, where your father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather before you lived.'

Brian saw that there was no use to reasoning further upon the subject.

'Well,' said he, as he moved a chair towards his sister, who had been preparing tea during the greater part of the conversation; 'I'll ask Captain Dawson to dinner some day of the week, and we'll talk over the matter with him.'

'To dinner here, Brian?' Katie exclaimed in surprise.

'And why not, Katie?'

'Oh!' said she, as if recollecting herself, 'if any good is likely to come of it, I suppose that makes a difference.'

'But objection could you have to my asking Captain Dawson to dine with us under any circumstances?'

'Well, I have my own notions,' Katie, shaking her head.

'Let us hear them.'

'If you want to know, then, I can't think it quite consistant with self-respected to know gentlemen, the ladies of whose families would not know me.'

'I see, Kate,' said Brian, leaning over his sister's chair, 'that you are proud.'

'Well, if that is pride, I am proud.'

'And what do you think of your friends, the Misses Maloney's?'

'That's just what made me think about it first. 'Tis perfectly ridiculous the way they talk. The last time they called here they never spoke a word upon any subject but the Plunkets, and the Masseys, and the Honorable Mr. Crashton.'

'Confess now, Kate, that you are vexed because I did not go to the great ball. It is no trifling disappointment to miss the chance of seeing one's name in the 'Fashionable Intelligence.' Brian Purcell, Esq., Coolbawn, and Miss Purcell! I feel quite penitent for having deprived you of that honor, Kate.'

His sister looked up at him, and there was a world of suppressed fun in the glance. But after struggling for a moment to look serious, she rested her head against Brian's arm, and laughed heartily.

'Positively, Kate,' said he, 'you are more ill-natured than people give you credit for.'

'Indeed, no,' said she, looking grave. 'They are good, affectionate girls, and I really like them very much. But that list the names in the 'Fashionable Intelligence' was so positively absurd, I cannot help laughing when I think of it. 'Twas bad enough to bring such a gathering together; but publishing it in the newspapers was really too bad.'

'Let me see,' said Brian, 'whether I can repeat any of the conversation by which you were so much edified the other day. Margaret opened the proceedings by asking Frances, 'What can have become of Godfrey Massey? I have not seen a sight of him for twelve days.' To which Frances replied, 'How forgetful you are. Margaret. Don't you remember George told us he dined with the Sixty-sixth on Monday week, and got cold, and has been confined to his room ever since?' 'What a funny mistake,' Margaret continues, 'that was of Isabel Massey, to mistake the major for Lieutenant Podgers in the hall.' 'Oh, yes,' exclaimed Frances, with a scream of laughter; it was a right good one. And the honorable Mr. Crachton cut up rough about it, too, and poor Isabel was dreadfully sold.' Am I reporting correctly?'

'Who could have told you?' Kate asked, looking greatly surprised. 'Those are the very words.'

'Well, your friends called that day at Ballytullagh, while I was there, and I had the pleasure of hearing it all before yourself.'

Isn't it a pity, Brian?' said Kate, with a look of compassion so intense that her brother flung himself into his father's arm-chair, and laughed outright.

''Tis a great shame for you,' said she reproachfully; 'and if you knew them as well as I do, you wouldn't turn them into ridicule in that way.'

'Well, now, which of them would you advice me to lay siege to? Their father has given me a hint that one of them is at my service, and welcome.'

'Oh, none of them, Brian.'

'Indeed! That's strange after your professions of regard for them.'

'But it is not because I don't like them, but—'

'But what?'

She looked fixedly at him, and said: 'Some other time I may tell you, but not now.'

'To be serious, Kate,' said he, 'I think your notions on the subject of which you have been speaking are, as a rule, correct. But there's no rule without an exception. Dawson and I are such good friends, I see no harm in your meeting him. Besides, he's a good fellow, and very different from the shoneens whom your fair friends hunt up so eagerly. And, by-the-by, you never objected to my having dozens of our rural aristocrats to lunch so many times.'

'Oh, when you hunt and shoot with them, it is only common hospitality to ask them in when they happen to be passing your door. But that's a different thing altogether.'

'By Jove, Kate, you look deeply into things. But perhaps I could guess who put these notions into your head.'

'No one, I only thought about it myself.' She blushed deeply, and even seemed offended.

'Don't be annoyed with me,' said Brian, taking her hand. ''You are a good, sensible girl Kate, and I need not hesitate to tell you I do not wonder at all you should like him better than any one else you have met. He is really and truly the noblest fellow I know. But you see the difficulties in the way as well as I do. And this business about the farm makes it worse than ever. I was thinking of asking my father to give you this place, and then we might be able to convince him that you would be just as well off as if your fortune went to somebody's sister in the usual way. But there's no use in thinking of that now.'

Kate pressed his hand. She leaned her head back against the high arm-chair, and closed her eyes. Her bosom heaved almost imperceptibly, and there was a sad smile on her lips. 'Twas only a dream, though, and she knew it.

'I wish, Kate, you would come to Dublin. I don't expect to be kept more than a week.'

'I couldn't think of being absent now, Brian.'

'Well, you are right—you are always right. But won't Fanny be disappointed?'

'Don't you like Fanny, Brian?'

'Indeed I do.'

'You must do your best to get leave for her to come down. I'll speak to Father Paul to assist you. I suppose it will not be easy for you to succeed, though, as I suspect, her marriage with Mr. M. is decided on.'

Brian felt a queer sensation about his heart on hearing this.

'Do you think she cares for him?' he asked, in a tone of affected carelessness.

'I won't tell you anything at all about her,' replied Kate. 'Find it out yourself.'

'How did it happen that you and she became such friends?'

'Well, I suppose because I liked her better than any one I ever met. We became friends almost the first day she came to the convent. I suppose her uncle being our parish priest, and her aunt having known mamma, had something to do with it. But no one could know little Fanny O'Gorman without loving her. Don't you think so, Brian?'

'Well, I do think so,' said Brian. 'She is a most lovable little creature.'

Kate's eyes sparkled with pleasure at hearing him say so. She really believed that Fanny loved him, even before she ever saw him,—for which piece of foolishness Kate was responsible; for when they were at school together Kate never tired of talking about her brother, and Fanny never tired of listening to her. It was the dearest wish of her heart (except one, perhaps, but that was only a dream) that Brian should love the little maiden who loved him.

Brian and Kate had been silent for some time, when their father came in, brushing the snow from his coat.

'We'll have a heavy fall of snow,' he remarked: 'do you think they put in your lambs?'

'Oh, yes,' repeated Brian; 'since I got Mick Dunphy everything is sure to be all right.

'Tom Croak is in the kitchen, and wants to speak to you. Maybe 'tis some message from Grindem.

'Well, Tim,' said Brian, on reaching the kitchen.

Tim Croak, who was accompanied by one of Mr. Grindem's grooms, called him aside: 'The master that's after riding off somewhere, blazin' drunk,' said Tim, 'and from something they b'ard him sayin' I thought we'd find him over in this direction.'

'He wasn't here,' replied Brian.

'Where the deuce must he be after facin to? Dick Fahy saw him passin his door about half an hour ago.'

Brian whispered a word in Tim Croak's ear.

'Begob aye!' Tim exclaimed, and lighting the candle in his lantern, and catching up his long wattle, he beckoned to the groom, and started for the mountain foot in a sling trot.

There was a deep frown upon Brian Purcell's face, and he had some thought of following them. But after reflecting for a moment, he changed his mind and returned to the parlor.

'Kate,' said he, 'I'll tell you tomorrow whether I'll ask Captain Dawson to dine with us. And, by the way, I thought his manner rather odd for some time back; but I see the reason now. He knew his uncle was determined to have us in his clutches. Dawson was always a good natured fellow.'

Brian never suspected the real cause of the change in Captain Dawson's manner towards him.

Tim Croak found his master stupidly drunk at Sally Cavanagh's door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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New Glasgow,	Kensington,	Cardigan,	Murray Harbor South
Laird's Mills,	Clifton,	Dundas,	New Perth,
Rustico Mills,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
Emerald,	Summerside,	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
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P. E. ISLAND RAILWAY

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS.

COMMENCING on Saturday, June 3rd, prox., and continuing until September 30th, 1893, Excursion Return Tickets will be issued every Saturday at one first-class fare from all stations to Tignish, Alberton, Summerside, Kensington, Cape Traverse, Hunter River, Charlottetown, Mount Stewart, Belfast, Georgetown, Morell, St. Peter's and Souris, good for return on Monday following, but not on date of issue.
Tickets from stations east of Royalty Junction to points west of Summerside and vice versa will be issued on Friday, good to return on the following Tuesday.
J. UNSWORTH, Superintendent.
Railway Office, Ch'town, May 31, 1893. 6i.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned till Thursday, the 6th July next, from parties willing to contract for certain alterations and repairs to be made in the three tenement house on Dorchester Street, according to plans and specification to be seen at their office, Queen Street.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
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FREDERICK PETERS,
Trustees late Owen Connolly.
June 29—2i

Prince Edward Island Railway.
1893 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1893
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	
Charlottetown .....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 55
			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 56	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 48
Freetown	4 45		7 10
Emerald Junction...	4 55		7 30
Bradalbane.....	5 01		7 39
Hunter River.....	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire.....	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction...	6 06		9 19
Charlottetown.....ar	6 20		9 40
			A. M.
Cape Traverse....dp			6 25
Emerald Junc....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr's	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown .....dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction.....	3 15	6 50
Bedford.....	3 40	7 28
Mount Stewart Junc. ..... ar	4 03	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 38
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 55
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 47
Royalty Junction.....	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	5 30
	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

The Mutual Life Insurance Co'y., OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS, (December 31, 1892,) $175,081,156 61
ANNUAL INCOME, (1892) 40,238,865 24
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