The Mist and the Night Wind.

The mist rose from the river,
It sifted through the trees,
And wound about the wooded hills
A gay and ghostly friese.
And the wind amid the pine trees hissed
Its lofity scorn of the valley mist.

The mist spread over the valley,
It swept on quiet wings
O'er sadge and marsh and meadow,
O'er recks and fairy rings,
And the night wind told the trees it kissed
Its hate for the low-born valley mist.

But when the day was dawning,
The patild mist grew gold,
And to the szure o'er the hills
to clouds of glory rolled.
White amid the pines, and in its pride,
The scornful night wind sank and died.

KNOCKNAGOW OR.

THE HOMES OF TIPPERAR BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LXV- CONTINUED. Ye're all lavin' Ireland," Honor re

"Ye're all lavin' Ireland," Honor repeated, as if to herself.

If they are," Phil observed, "it is because the invader won't allow them to live there. The Celts are gone with a vengeance, says the London Times. An'the English Viceroy tell us that Providence intended Ireland to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds. That is why our people are hunted like noxious animals, to perish in the dittoride, or the poorhouse. This is why the floating coffins This is why the floating coffine are crossing the stormy Atlantic, dropping Irish corpses to the sharks along the way and fligging tens of thousands of living skeletors on the shores of this free country. This is why the last sound in the dying mother's ears is the tooth of the lean dog crunching through the bones of hear in fact.

her infant-"
"O Phil, Phil, stop!" his wife cried "Tis too terrible to listen to."

"Tis too terrible to listen to."

"Woman, it is true," he replied. "And
England—whose duty it was not to allow
a single man, woman or child to die of
hunger—when this glorious Republic
effered to send food to the starving Irlsh
if England would send her idle war ships to carry it—England refused, and let the people starve, and now shouts in triumph that the Ceits are gone with a vengeance. But, mark my words," continued Pall Laby, rising to his feet, and gracefully extending his right arm, while the left party. tending his right arm, while the left rested on the back of his chair—" a day of retiibution will come-

" . The nations have fallen, but thou still are Thy sun is but rising, while others have

And the' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung— The full noon of freedom will beam round thee yet.' And I say, Mat Donovan, if you could live

able comfort at home, you had no

right to desert your country."

"Well, I'm not desertin' Ireland," replied Mat. "I didn't come to this country wid the intention of remainin'."

They all looked at him in surprise; and, after some hesitation, he told them the

he'd have his journey for nothing.

Judy Conneil mentioned some twenty

Judy Conneil mentioned some twenty or thirty different places to which, for one reason or another, Bessy Morris would be like to go. But, after reflecting for a minute or two, Phil Lahy said:

"Lave it all to me, Mat, and I'il manage it. Don't think of a wild-goose chase all over the States. It would be madness. Stop here for a few days with us and rest yourself. An' I'll get a few lines in the paper that'll be sure to come under her paper that'll be sure to come under her notice wherever she is. I needn't give her name in full if you like. But a few lines under the head of 'Information Wanted' will be sure to make all right. So make your mind alsy, an' let us have a walk while supper is gettin' ready, an' we'll drop in to the editor, who is a particular friend

"That's a good advice, Mat," Honor observed, eagerly. "You'd be only losid' your time an' your money for nothin' if you went huntin' about the counthry. An' 'twill do us all good to have a long twill do us all good to have a long So make up your talk about old times. mind and stay for a week or two wud us an' you may depend on Phil that he'll find Bessy even if he was to go to the bishop

It was so agreed; and Judy Connell and her mistress—if we may use the word—set about the supper, and so astonished Mat Donovan by the display he found spread out before him on his return from the city that he was afterwards heard to decla that he "dida't know what he was aitin'.

About ten days after, Mat Donovar found himself in the sitting room of a pri vate house on the shore of one of the great lakes "out West." He had inquired for He had inquired for Bessy Morris, and was shown into this

"This is a grand house," said he to him "I never see such a lot of big look in'-glasses. I wondher is id in service she is? I thought she'd be more likely to go on as she was in Dublin. But sure she might be employed that way here too, I

The door opened, and Bessy Morris tood before him! She looked surprised, quite startled, indeed, on seeing him. Toen her eyes sparkled, and the blood mounted up to her forehead; and, with the all withing amile she advanced and the old winning smile, she advanced and

gave him her hand.

"My goodness, Mat!" said she, "what a surprise it is to see you so soon. When did you come to Amerc?"

"I only landed in Boston the week before last," he replied.

"Well, will wonders never cease?" re-

turned Bessy.

A pretty little girl here came into the room, and Bessy desired her go and shake hands with an old friend of here from Ireland. And as she glanced up into his face, Mat said to himself that she was the "dead image" of the little girl to whom he used to toss the cherries over the hedge, once

upon a time.
"I will be back to dinner at the usua." hour," said a gontleman, who advanced a step or two into the room. "I'm in a hurry, as I ought to be at the store before

"This is Mat Donovan," said Bessy. "This is Mat Donovan," said Bessy.

"I'm glad to see you," returned the gentleman, shaking hands with him.

"You have done well to come out west.

Irish emigrants make a mistake by remaining in the towns and cities, when they ought to try at once and fix themselves in the country. permanent homes in the country. Of course you will keep him for dinner, Bessy. We'll have a long talk, and I'll be glad to

give you all the assistance I can. Good-

bye for the present."
He barried away, and Mat looked in

He harried aws, and Mat looked inquiringly at Bessy.

"Don't you know he is my father?" she asked. "He was unsuccessful for a long time after coming to America. Then he was told that I had died when a mere child, and he put off writing to his father from year to year, till he thought the old man must be dead too; and having married sgain, he never wrote to Ireland till, reading the account of the loss of the vessel in which my aunt's son was sailor, he learned her address from a letter found upon my cousin's body when it was washed ashore. And this prompted him to write to my aunt. The letter only arrived the day before her death; and in my impatience to meet my long lost my impatience to meet my long lost father, I lost no time in coming to him. He is very well off, quite rich indeed, and I have every reason to be satisfied with his reception of me. The little girl is his youngest child."

"God knows, I'm glad uv id!" ex-

"God knows, I'm glad uv id!" exclaimed Mat Donovan, drawing a long
breath. "I was afeard you might be
wudout a friend, an' maybe in bad health;
for you didn't look athrong at all that day
I cailed to see you."

"I suffered a good deal while my aunt
was sick," replied Bessy. "No one
knows all I have gone through since poor
grandfather's death. But, thank God, it
is over. And so far as my father is concerned. my most sanguine hopes have cerned, my most senguine hopes have been more than realised. I am the mis tress of his house, and he says he must make up in the future for his neglect in in the past. I am very glad to think that he can be of service to you, Mat, if you settle down in this part of the country."
"I'm not goin' to stay," returned Mat. Twouldn't do to lave my poor mother

An, as Phil Lahy says, no man ought to lave Ireland but the man that can't help She looked at him in unfeigned astonishment; and Mat became quite confused and regretted that he had ta'd so much.

and regretted that he had sa'd so much.

"You did not come to America with
the intention of remaining?" she asked.

"No, I never had any notion of stayin'
in America," he answered absently.

"God be wud you," he added risir g, and
holding out his hand.
She placed both her hands in his, and

continuing to look earnestly into his face, "But you will come back and see my

"Well, maybe I would," he replied father again ?" "Well, maybe I would," he replied with a sorrowful smile, as he clasped her hands tenderly between his. "An, whenever you think uv ould times, an' the ould neighbours, I hope you'll remember that Mat Donovan uv Knocknsgow was your friend, ever an' always, Bessy. Ay," he added, gulping down his emotion, "a friend that 'd shed the last dhrop uv his blood for you."

blood for you." He rushed out of the house, leaving starding in the middle of the room

Bessy starding in the middle as if she were spell-bound. "Call him back, Fanny," she said hurriedly to her little sister. "Tell him I want to speak one word to him." The child overtook Mat Donovan be-

fore he had gone many yards from the house, and brought him back.

"Mat," said Bessy Morris, speaking calmly and thoughtfully, "was it you got the advertisement in the paper? I thought it might be a girl I knew in Dublin, who came out last summer."
"Well, id was," he answered.
"And you came to America for nothing

else but to find me?"
"I thought you might want a friend," he stammered.

"And you are going back again?" she continued, coming close to him, and lay-ing her hand on his arm, just as she laid the same hand on the sleeve of the blue body coat in Ned Brophy's barn. "What else would I do," he answered,

sadly.
"And have you nothing else to say to "O Bessy, don't talk to me that way," returned Mat, reproachfully. "Where would be the use of sayin' more?"

She moved closer to him, and leant he head against his broad chest, which heaved almost convulsively as she did so.

"Mat," she murmured, "I will go with

"G) wud me" he repeated, with

"And be your wife," she added, in whisper that thrilled through his whole frame, making him feel faint and dizzy. "Do you know what you're sayin'?"

"I do, well," Bessy replied.

"Look around you," he continued.

"An' then think uv the poor thatched cabin on the bill uv Knocknagow."

canin on the hill uv Knocknagow.
"I have thought of it," she replied.
"I have often thought of that cabin, as
you call it, and felt that if ever it was my you call it, and left that it ever it was my lot to know happiness in this world, it is in that poor cabin I would find it."

Both his arms were round her now, and he held her to his breast.

"God bless Miss Grace," said he; "'twas

"You bless miss crace, "said he; twas she advised me to tell you all."
"What did she say?" Bessy asked.
"She said that you couldn't be indiffer-ent to such love as mine," Mat answered, with his old smile.

"And she was right," returned Bessy. "And she was right," returned bessy.

"But are you sure, Bessy, this is no sudden notion that you might be sorry for?" he asked anxiously.

"As sure as that I am alive," she an-

"Oh, you must let me go out to have a walk in the open air. "My heart is too full; I'm smotherin'." He hurried out to wander by the shore of the lake, and think over his own happiness and thank

God for it.

"And so, Bessy," exclaimed her little sister, who had been a wondering spectator of the foregoing scene, "you're going to marry a greenhorn. Though Colonel Shiel admi es you so much, and wants you to got the hop with him."

"Yes, I am going to marry a greenhorn," returned Bessy, eatching the child up in her e ms and kissing her. "And who know and you will come to see me

up in her s ms and kissing her. "And who knows but you will come to see me to dear old breland yet; and find me in a to dear old Ireland yet; and find me in a pretty thatched cottage, with a fine old cherry-tree in the garden, and lots of bee-hives; and such a dear, kind old mother to take care of them."

"Yes, that will be nice. I shall go to Ireland to see you," returned the child, placing a hand on each of Bessy's cheeke and looking into her eyes. "I shall like on entering Hugh's room."

the thatched cottage and the beehives very "And you will like the greenborn, too

I am sure."
"Yes, I thick so. But it was so foolish for such a big fellow to be crying like a chi'd."

"Was be crying, Fanny ?" "Indeed yes. When I overtook nimes at the end of the block he was crying. I'm sure he felt real bad. And now you are crying too," added the child.

"It is because I am so happy, Fanny," It is because I am so happy that I Bersy replied. "I am so happy that I

Bessy replied. will go now and kneel down and pray to God to make me worthy of the love of that big, foolish greenhorn."
"I guess you Irish must be always

praying."
"It is good to pray, Fanny," "It is good to pray, rauny,
"Yes, of course, once in a while. But
have you got two cents? Thank you.
I'll go right away to the candy stone; and
if I meet the greenborn I'll give him some, and tell him to be a good boy and stop crying, and sister Bessy will marry him." "Well, there he is under the trees," returned Bessy, laughing. "And remind him that twelve o'clock is our dinner

CHAPTER LXVI.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR - MORE WEDDINGS THAN ONE.—A HEART AS "BIG AS SLIVENAMON."—BEAUTIFUL IRELAND THE SORT OF A WIFE THAT BARNEY

"Positively, Mary," exclaimed Grace "Tommy Laby—as I suppose I may still call him between ourselves—is about the

nicest fellow I ever met."

"And your old weekness for nice fel-

"And your old weekness for nice fellows is as strong as ever, I dare say," returned Mrs. O'Connor, smiling.
"A strong weakness!" rejoined Grace;
"that's not bad. But, really, he is so
handsome, and so manly and intelligent—"
"And rich," Mary added. "Well, of course that is worth counting,

too. Even papa says he never met a more intelligent young man. It is really a treat to talk to him." treat to talk to him."

"Yes, I bave noticed that you think so," returned Mary. "Ye seem to like each other's society very well, indeed. But is he in the tolls in downright earn-

"No," she replied, shaking her head ; "he does not seem to be very susceptible."
And what am I to think of that hand-

ome and expensive ring on your finger?"
Nothing; only that he admires me "Nothing; only that he admires me"

"And suppose he more than admired
you, how would it be?"

"Well, though I scarcely ever knew
anyone elss so much to my taste in every
way," returned Grace thoughtfully, "I
believe I could not love him. In fact I
sometimes thick I have no heart. And
only for papa I'd follow Eva."

"There was a time." said Mayer "mboom

"There was a time," said Mary, "when I used to say the same of myself."
Grace bent her head, to hide the blush

which she felt stealing into her face, and walking to the window, seemed to take great interest in the movements of the great interest in the movements of the magples in the elm-tree. Perhaps she was thinking of the evening long ago, when Tommy Lahy peeped into the magple's nest before throwing down Mat Donovan's coat, after he had emerged from under the fallen hayrick.

"I suppose," she observed, "you know we are to have Kathleen Hanly at Woodland Level to night and Lovy. I never can

lands to-night, and Lory. I never can call him anything but Lory. He protests he admires me as much as ever, and if I only have patience till he gets his silk gown, he will lay that coveted garment at

gown, he will lay that covered garment at my feet."

"I am very glad to have Rose for a neighbour," said Mary. "I slways liked her, and was delighted when Mr. Wilson was appointed manager of the bank."

"Johnny Wilson, an you love me," returned Grace; "let us speak of them all as we used to do in the old times. I wonder does Adonis think of Kathleen still? I was greatly amused by Mrs. Cap still ? I was greatly amused by Mrs. Cap

tain French's account of the tiger hunt. Only to think that Richard and Mr. Lowe—or let me say Adonis and Apollo-figured so conspicuously in it! It is a plty Mr. Lloyd was not with them."

"Hugh was very sorry," Mary observed, "that Richard should go into the aimy. Arthur has written to him, strongly recommending him to come home. But I really fear he would not be contented."

"He might if he could retain the uni-

"He might if he could retain the uni form," rejoined Grace. "He came to see ne-or rather to let me see him-before he went away. And if ever mortal man soared into the seventh heaven upon a pair of epaulettes, that man was Surgoon Richard Kearney, of the —th Lancors. I acked him did he think Annie handsome. and he only stared at me. He could think of nothing but his new uniform."

"Hugh was greatly struck by Annie," ary observed. "He says she is the most Hugh was greatly struct by Anne,
Mary observed. "He says she is the most
splendid woman he ever saw."
"Yes, she does strike people at first;
but it wears off after a while."

Edmund does not think so," returned

Marv.
"Well, no; he is as enthusiastic as ever. But Edmurd is essentially an enthusiast. He is half out of his wits, he is so glad to have Hugh at home. I pity the poor snipe and partridges."

snipe and partridges."
"Why don't you apply the same rule to Hugh as to the others, and call him Fionn Macool?" Mary asked. "Do you remember giving him that name?"

"Indeed, yes," returned Grace, pen rely. "And how distinctly I remembe eively. "And how distinctly I remember the day in your room when Bessy Morris said I could not have given him a grander name. Though I by no means meant to be complimentary. Were you frightened, Mary, when you saw him so awfully thin and worn? I thought he had only come home to die. But papa said he would be as strong as ever again. And he is wonderfully improved during the last few

weeks." Mary clasped her hands together, and turned her mild blue eyes upwards, but made no reply.
"But where is he now?" Grace asked.

"But where is he now?" Grace assed.
"Writing in his own room," Mary replied. "He has little Grace with him.
He is very fond of little Grace."
"Oh, between little Grace's prattle, and her mother's singing," returned Grace, with a frown, "he has no time to devote the attentions."

with a frown, "ne man to other people."

"I'll go tell him what you say," rejoined Mary, laughing.

"You have kept the old writing desk and any all your wanderings," she observed,

"Yes," he replied; "I have brought is with me everywhere."
"Oh! and you have kept this too?" she exclaimed opening a loosely folded paper she had carelessly taken from the desk.
"Yes, of course." he replied, smiling, on seeing what she had discovered.
"And is it really somebody's that you

"And is."

"Well, it is," he replied, gravely; but he reddened immediately, and would have recalled the words if he could.

"And can't you tell me who it is? Do

I know her?"

"Ob, you must ask no more questions,"
he replied, snatching at the paper.
But she was too quick for him, and
carried it off in triumph.

"Here is that mysterious lock of hair," said Mary to Grace, who was still standing at the window, gazing at the mountains. "Can you unravel the mystery, as you did that of the tracks in the snow?"

"I can't imagine who it can be," she said, after looking for a moment at the trees of hair.
"He admits it is somebody he really

"He admits it is somebody he really cares for," said Mary.
Grace scrutinised the hair again, and as her own hair fell down on her hand while she did so, Mary observed:
"It is very like your own. But what is that written on the paper?"
Grace looked sharply at the half-obliterated pencilling, and said, "Oh yes.
'Only a woman's hair'—Swift, you know—

"' The passioned tremble of the heart That ripples in the little line— Only a woman's hair.'"

But he has made a change which is by no means an improvement. He has—' Only girl's hair.'" "There is something else written under

it," said Mary.

"Yes, it is the date. 'January 9,
18—.'"
The words swam before her eyes, and she fell senseless upon the floor. Mary caught her up, and placed her upon a low chair, by the side of which she had fallen She was about to cry out for assistance when Grace's bosom heaved, and her eyes

opened.
Oh, what has happened to you? Mary asked anxiously.

"O Mary," she replied, as if she were just awaking from a deep sleep, "it is my

Mary could only look the surprise she

"Do you remember," continued Grace "Do you remember," continued Grace,
"when Mr. Lowe was here, the day Mat
Donovan asked me to play the air of the
song he was to sing at Ned Brophy's wedding? It was the same day that Lory
Hanly brought me the jay."

"Yes, I remember," returned Mary.
"But what has that to do with it?"

"Elect at the date on the manar," and

out a house, or the sign of a house, within miles of him. At which Mrs. Donovau the elder blessed herself many time, and " Lock at the date on the paper," said "Look at the date of the Grace, closing her eyes.
"It is the very same day," replied

"And don't you remember," continued Grace, keeping her eyes still closed, "how I cut off a lock of Hugh's hair with your scissors, and he caught me and cut off some of mine?"

"Yes, I recollect it all now," Mary an res, I recollect it sil now," Mary an-swered, looking troubled. "I trust in goodness that I have done no harm." "And he has kept it all the time," Grace thought. "He has always kved

"This is Grace's hair. Hugh," said Mary, on coming into his room again.
"Well, it is," he replied, as if the earn-

estness of her manner had surprised him into the admission.
"O Hugh," said she, looking anxiously at him, "I never thought of this. I will

bring her up."
"I fear you have been making me ridiculous," he exclaimed, getting between

ser and the door.
She told him what had just occurred in the parlour; and so great was Hugh Kearney's actonishment, that for the moment he felt no other emotion. But when

Mary asked him would she go for Grace, he seemed much agitated. "Yes." he answered, with a motion of his hand towards the door. He paced up and down the room two or three times, and then sat down again at the table where he had been writing, looking quite un moved; save for that light, haif fire and half softness, that swam in his dark eyes Grace came in, and those dark eyes me

Grace came in, and those dark eyes met hers. She crossed the room with a measured step, and laid her hand on his shoulder, still looking into his eyes. There was no need for words.
"I don't know what to say," said he at last. "But, Grace, when did you first think of me?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I think "There must really be a mystery in

these things, Grace. I never hoped such happiness would ever be mine. Did you know how much I loved you?"

"Well, I didn't know—but, somehow, I belleved it."

belleved it."

They were silent again for a long time;
and Grace recalled Bessy Morris's words—

"If a ship were sinking with you or a
lion rushing to devour you, wouldn't you feel safe if his arm were around you? es, she felt it was so.
"Wonders will never cease," exclaimed

Mary, flinging the door open. "Fionn Micool can make himself agreeable. Do you forget that we are all invited to a great ball at Woodlands in honour of Fionn's safe return from the antipodes ? Grace, for once in her life, would have forgiven the great ball. But she resolved to make herself as "killing" as possible; for it was rather provoking that Mrs. Kiely so dezzled her guests on such occa-

Kiely so dezzled her guests on such occasions, that even a certain young lady,
who was generally admitted to possess
some attractions of her own, was quite
thrown into the shade at Woodlands.
"That dark dress becomes you admirably, Mary," said she. "And Eilie looks
downright lovely in white. There is
is something fawn-like about her. But
which of these shall I wear?"

"Ask Hugh's opinion," returned Mary.
"Yes, Eilie; ask him which would he
prefer."

prefer. "He doesn't care which," said Ellie,

"He doesn't care which," said Edite, after consulting Hugh on this important matter—"as neither is green."

"I like green but green does not like me," returned Grace. "I must leave that to Annia." me," returned that to Annie.

"Yes," he replied; "I have brought it vith me everywhere."
"Oh! and you have kept this too?" she sclaimed opening a loosely folded paper he had carelessly taken from the deak.
"Yes of course." he replied smiling on the colors," Grace replied. "Her uncle Dan settled that long ago. I only wish his worthy nephew—or grandaephew—would do the a me for me. But I will have my revenge, and dance all night with Lory."

"What will your pape say, when he knows?" Mary asked, as they drove up the avenue at Woodlands.
"He will like it," Grace answered, em.

phatisally.

And he did like it. And said—and said truly—that there was no man to whom he would rather entrust his daughter's happiness than to Hugh Kearney. And yet the patriotic Dr. Klely feit disappointed, though he strove to hide it even to the particular of his theories. pointed, though he strove to mae it even from himself. For in spite of his theories, he cherished the hope of seeing his darling Grace the wife of a descendant of one of Grace the wife of a descendant of one of those Norman freebooters, who "came to divide, to dishonor," and to whose illowened advent none knew better than the learned and patriotic doctor how to trace all the woes of unbappy Ireland. "But then," he would say, in his grand way, "some of them became more Irish than the Irish themselves."

Is it necessary to add, that there was

wedding soon after?

Grace wishel to have the ceremony performed by Father Carroll, as it was he married Arthur O'Connor and Mary, and Eimund and his dark eyed bride. But the democratic Dr. Kiely dearly liked eclat; and Grace had the honor of being married by a bishop. And never did priest or Bishop, or Cardinal or Pope of Rome, hold his hand over a brighter or a happier little bride. appier little bride.

But there were more weddings than one. "Mat Donovan and Bessy Morris!" the astute reader exclaims.
Of course. But a child would have

quessed that. And the tall pediar, who never passed And the tail pediar, who never passed the way without taking a draught from the pall under the little window, opened his eyes in wonder on seeing a neat quare farm yard, with barn, dairy, cow-house, and all other regulates, behind the little tatched bouse, to which two rooms with good s'zed windows had been added. The tall pediar, as he replaced the cup on the tall pedlar, as he replaced the cup on the little window, rubbed his cuff across the his grey beard, and hoped it was not all the work of the "good people," and the work of the "good people," and would not have vanished into thin air before he came his next round—as hap pened to his own knowledge to a sung little one-sided of Holycross Abb.y. And the tail padlar, awanging off the heart the tail pediar, swinging off his heavy pack, and sitting on the corner of the table, gave a full and true account of how he had been hospitably received in the soug little house before mentioned, one fine summer evening, and awoke next morning by the side of a furz bush, with

devoutly thanked Providence that her house was not one side of Holycross Abbey—though nearer to an imaginary straight line between Maurice Kearney's fort and the quarry than she could have The little boarded parlour, with its papered walls and American clock on the chimney piece, was just what Grace had fancied as suitable for Bessy Morris. There was a book shel', too, with a goodly number of volumes arrayed upon it, which caused Mr. Bob Lloyd to stare the first time he saw it, and furnished Mrs. Ned Brophy with a subject for much scornful laughter. Whenever Ned did

not make his appearance in due time on the nights of market days, he was pretty sure to be found by Mat Donovan's firesure to be found by Mat Donovan's lite-side. And as he meekly obeyed the order to "get up out of that," and staggeerd homeward, Ned invariably protested that his libations during the day did not exceed "a couple uv tumblers uv porther."
But we fear this did not always save him
from a whack of his own blackthorn

across the shoulders.
Old Mrs. Donovan, however, preferred
the kitchen with its snow-white dresser and shining pewter-not forgetting the old spining wheel and the straw-t chairs—as, indeed, did Mat himself, and Bessy, too. And as for Billy Heffernan, he protested that his flute became quite hoarse whenever he attempted to tune it noarse whenever he attempted to tune it in the parlour. And when he took his place on the bench, with his back against the partition, Nelly alway thought of the night when she make the discovery that Billy loved Norah Lahy; and how, after the first pang of jealousy, she loved Norah herself better than ever. Yes, Bessy Morris and Mat Donovan were married; and that dear, kind old mother's sad face. and that dear, kind old mother's sad face had a moonlight sort of smile in it for-ever after. But lest Mat should get credit for more than he deserves, we feel bound to admit that if Bessy's father had not thaved so handsomely, he could not have built the out-offices quite so soon;

nor rould he have the ten acres at the other ide of the road.

But here were more than two weddings than two.
"Where is that fellow?" Mrs. Kearney asked, fretfully. "I never can find him when I want him."

No one seemed to pay any particular attention to Mrs. Kearney's grievance. There was a car at the hall-door, with Mary and Grace on one side, and Mrs. Edmund Kiely—about whose feet Hugh was elaborately wrapping the rug - or

the other.

"She is the only handsome woman,"
Mary observed, "that I ever kne." Hugh
to care about."

to care about."

"Thank you," returned Grace.

"Did you send him anywhere?" Mrs.
Kearney asked from the door-step—ad
dressing her husband, who was pointing
out a defect in the horse's shoeing to the

"Yes," he answered, at last. "I sent him to count the sheep."

"And you knew I wanted to send him to town," returned Mrs. Kearney re-

proachfully.

"He ought to be back an hour ago, "He ought to be case an nour ago, Maurice answered, "But I suppose he fell into the quarry and broke his neck; or was attacked by the bull in the cloverfield. Getthat shoe taken off," he added, turning to the servant, as if the broken neck or the attack by the bull were a matter of little consequence compared with Edmund Kiely's chesnut going

"Here is Arthur," said Mary rather impatiently. "Decide at once; we have no time to lose. Even mamma has all her bows pinned on to her entire satisfaction."

"Yes, but she had no difficulty in decid." Mrs. Kearney was quite alarmed; but

sauleen" with which the heel of one of the rider's brogues was armed. Flinging himself from his steed, Barney burried up

"Are the sheep all there?" he asked.
"Begob I have 'em all in my hat, air,"

Barney answered.

Mary's laugh was almost as ringing and quite as musical as Grace's—but Mes. Kiely only looked astonished, with all her great black eyes—as Barney carefully accoped a fistful of sloes out of his hat, and presented them to his master, who commenced to count them with a look of

"They're all right," said he, flinging away the sloes, and looking quite satis

"She's afther consintin', sir," said Bar-

ney with a grin.
"Oh. very good," returned his master,
"One fool makes many."
"But," continued Barney, rubbing his
poll, "if Miss Grace id put in a good
word for us, I know Father Carroll
wouldn't be hard on us, an' he gettin' so

wouldn't be hard on us, an' he gettin' so many jobs all us a slap."

"What is it, Barney?" Grace asked.

"Goin' to be married, miss," Barney answered, looking very solemn. "Au' if you would tell him to do id as chape as he could, I know he'd do snything for you—nn' not to be too hard wud the questions. I have my prayers as pat as A B; an' what more do a poor man want? An' I'm purty good at the seven deadly sins, an' know what is mathrimony, now, since M'ss Eille put id into my head," Barney added, with increased scircusness.

"And so, Eille, you have been putting matrimony into Barney's head?" said Grace, turning to Eille, who was romping on the grass with two of Mary's children.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

Maurice Francis Egan, in Ave Maria. Every father and mother has certain asponsibilities. This is a truism. It responsibilities. seems foolish to repeat it, so generally is it accepted. But very few fathers and mothers ever accurately define for them selves just what these responsibilities are. They believe that their children are. They believe that their children ought to be taught, well clothed, well fed. They provide schools, often with-out much discrimination; they feed the children, they clothe them. The mother who runs a sewing machine all day to provide frills for her children considers herself a marytr to her duty to them, when, in truth, she is only a marytr to that spirit of vanity which dictates that they shall be better dressed than other people's children. The father who spends his days in accumulating money, and who has no time to become really acquainted with the dispositions of his boys, declares to heaven that he, too, is a martyr. How can his sons go wrong with such an example before them? And yet this very devotion to what he day from him. "We are slaves of our children," he cries out; "I work for my board, that I may be able to bring the model."

them up well and leave them money." Society takes this father and mother at their own valuation, and looks on them as models. Society is wrong; for society judges superficially.
Children are what their parents make them; they are more precious gifts than wealth or reputation; they do not thrive best among the luxuries which the American parent thinks it his duty to surround them with. They need, from the beginning, love and cheerfulness. Give them a happy home rather than a luxurious one, and they may be trusted to bloom as their Creater intends that they should

When children are sent by God, He means that those to whom He sends them shall make them the object of their lives. The father ought to live for his children; mother generally does. Unhappily, the mere business of living takes so much time and thought that the real good of children is lost eight of. Parents too often hold that money must make their children good and happy. The foolishness of this is made evident every day. The orphan is to be pitted because he has lest his father's and mother's influence; he has no memories as other children have ; he has, like a grape vine unsupported, cast out his tendrils and found no auswercast out his tendrils and found no suswering touch. There is a blank in his life, and neither money nor reputation nor ease will ever atone for this immense loss. Who can deny this? And yet parents go through life acting as if the accumulation of money and the acquiring of luxuries

for their children were all in all. What father does not say to himself that he is a marvel of unselfishness, because he keeps close to his work day by day?—a thing he would do whether he had children or not. And yet how few fathers are unselfish enough to give up their newspaper or the club at night, or to stay up an hour later, in order to add to the cheerfulness of the home circle! How few mothers will repress the faultfinding word, the querulous of jection, the ill-natured criticism on other people, and teach by example that cheerfulness is one of the first of Christian social duties! A parent's words are silver, but a parent's example is golden.

Better that children should be left

legacy of cheerful memories. Better that they should have none of the luxur-ies of life, provided their mother, by her unselfish love and cheerfulness nome, humble though it be, an oasis in the way of life. The offensive breath, resulting from Catarrh, can be removed by a few applica-tions of Nasal Balm. Every sufferer should give it a trial. Sold by all dealers. Mr. L. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system course Dusprosite Liver Complaints.

poorer in this world's goods than that their father should not leave them the

system, oures Dyspepsis, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness. Mining News. Mining experts note that cholera never attracks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawterry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoes, etc. It is a sure cure.

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