

THE LAST JOURNEY OF LITTLE PATRICK.

A Midsummer Day Spell.

BY THE LATE EITHNA CARRERY.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Mairgreed Magennis lifted her foot from the rocker of the cradle and the purring noise that had lulled the kitchen children...

That's always the way of it—you never see things as I see them, Garry Magennis. And I'm going to-night...

"That's the fool I am," she said, smiling wanly; "the fool to be forgetting what I'm bound to do. But how can I leave that wee little child lying there all by himself?"

She scented business and profit in this unexpected call, and so her mood was gracious as she addressed Mairgreed.

Space whereon the fairies held their revels could be distinctly seen. Her husband stood beside her, nervously expectant.

"Whiter than Snow." Once, when I was paying parochial calls, and dropped in on a washerwoman who had just got out a line of clothes, I congratulated my friend...

At the hushed awe in his voice she raised her eyes to his, then, in silence she looked down at the child.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish could more of it for my friends.

She opened her eyes to the child, and she looked down at the child, and she looked down at the child, and she looked down at the child.

There's a little white soul looking forward and the wise woman, drawing a small bottle from somewhere about her ragged garments, shook a few drops of thick liquid into the hollow of her left hand.

"How sweet she is," he thought, "how fair and how young—not fit to do such a deed as this that she had set for herself."

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"Oh, how I dream it," she cried, "fair woman and all! I think I must have been mad. Heaven forgive me! My little Patrick is really with God, O before, and then God had sent that little Patrick—his own little bright-haired boy."

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