BOY AND MAN.

The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow;
And to find out what manner of man he will be,
No aid from magician or seer need we borrow—
In the glass of his present his future we see.
Self never is changed in the process of growing,
No harvest is other than slept in the seed;
And each boy in life's garden is constantly sowing
His self of the future—a flower or weed.

Ah, light-hearted youth to whom Hope is e'er chanting
Of the honor and fame to be won in life's prime,
Be not reckless to day of what seeds you are planting,
Nor believe that a habit grows weaker with time.
As your seed, so your harvest; with joy or with sorrow
You are freighting each hour that passes away;
And the noble and true 'mongst the men of to-morrow
Are the pure-hearted, upright, good boys of to-day.

—The Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., in Our Young People.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

—OR—

The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

For, though Matt Hazlitt was a follower of the gentle craft, and could tie a trout fly to perfection, Brian knew he did not scruple to bear a torch by the river bank on occasion, and would plunge his barbed spear into the upturned belly of a salmon without the slightest compunction. But the light near the ruined house was not moving, and evidently was not the light of either a pine torch or a shief of straw. After puzzling his brains for some time to account for the phenomenon, Brian put on his hat, and, taking a stout stick in his hand, sallied forth with the intention of satisfying his curiosity.

He knew the ground so well that he found little difficulty in making his way to the old house. He got inside the walls cautiously from the rear, and found himself within a few yards of the light. Brian Purcell's nerves were certainly not of the weak sort; but on hearing the delving of a spade and the shoveling up of earth, his heart began to thump unpleasantly against his ribs. He saw the figures of two men, one standing upright, the other kneeling on one knee, looking into what he could not help fancying a deep grave, which a third man was digging. Brian Purcel was as ready as any man to face danger, whenever there was a necessity for so doing. But it is no impeachment of his courage to say that at that moment he wished he had come armed with a better weapon than the stout walking-stick.

The man who was digging stopped for a moment and said:—

'Which of ye has the black-handle knife?'

'I have,' replied the man who was standing, in a gruff voice.

'I feel myself getting some way nervous,' says the voice from the ground, 'an I'd like you'd make sure, for fear of danger.'

'There's no danger,' replied the gruff voice again; 'I did the business right. So go on and be d—d.'

The man on one knee started up, and clapped his hand on the mouth of him with the gruff voice.

'Let him alone,' says this man, in a low, plaintive voice, 'or he'll spoil all. I told you he would, and he will.'

'Hould your tongue, you angishore,' growled the gruff one, 'and give us none of your jaw.' Here Brian could see this person throw back his head and elevate his elbow, and an odor of whiskey became very perceptible immediately. The digging and shovelving went on again in silence for some minutes.

'Would I doubt you, Betty?' the man in the ground exclaimed triumphantly.

'What is it?' asked the man with the plaintive voice.

'A cave,' was the reply. 'I have a cave. The spade is aither running into it.'

At this moment a hollow, and even, Brian thought, an unearthly sound, issued from the river, quite close to the group.

'I'm blessed if it isn't a terror,' exclaimed the gruff voice.

'There now,' says the other sorrowfully, and in the same low plaintive tone. 'There now, all is lost. And didn't I tell you this'd be at the end of it?'

'Josh,' says the man below; 'Josh, are you able to say the 'Deprafundish?'

'No,' was the reply; 'I never committed it to memory.'

'There's no use,' says the other, 'in asking that unfortunate man——'

'What do you mane, blast you?' says the gruff one.

'But, at any rate, maybe ye could manage a few words of the 'Prayers for a sowl departin'.'

This was said in a faint, gasping way.

'Curse it, man,' growled the gruff one, 'try a drop of this. And stooping down he appeared to hold a bottle to the mouth of the man below.

''Tis rewivin',' says he, evidently after a long pull at the bottle, ''Tis rewivin'; and now if wan of ye had the 'Litany for the Dyin' I'd be able to answer id.'

Here the hollow noise from the river was repeated. The gruff voice swore again that it was his sable majesty and no mistake.

'There now, there is more of it,' says the man on one knee plaintively. 'And now we may as well give it up. Give me your hand, Tim.'

'Josh, there's no use. I'm a dead man from the hips down.'

'None o' your blasted humbug,' says the gruff voice.

'Good luck to you, an' let me die like a Christian,' faintly implored the man below the surface. 'Like a Christian,' he repeated—'an' giver us another dhrop o' that.'

Now, the name 'Tim,' addressed to the last speaker, was a ray of light to Brian Purcell. He began to have a faint glimmering of the real state of things. And he had not long to wait for the full clearing up of the mystery. In order, however, that it may be equally clear to the reader, we must go back a couple of hours, and change the scene to Tim Croak's habitation among the furze.

A dry fagot blazed and crackled pleasantly upon the hearth. Tim's wife, Betty, sat upon a straw 'boss' knitting, occasionally stopping to listen for her husband's footfall coming up the glen. The door opens Tim Croak enters. He place his long wattle over the fire-place, and pulls off his coat. Tim never wears his coat inside doors, and generally carries it upon his arm outside.

'Come, Betty,' placing a sugan-bottom chair in front of the fire, 'have you e'er a little rouser for us to-night? Sit down, Josh.' The invitation to sit down was addressed to a mild-looking little man in a worn dress-coat and high colored trousers of dubious hue and material; but who was chiefly remarkable for being the possessor of the most wonderful white hat ever seen. The proprietor of this unique article was never known to possess another. It was an old hat which it would be impossible to imagine a new one at any period of its existence. Mrs. Hazlitt was heard to declare that it was an old hat the day it came into the world. Dr. Forbis called it the 'last rose of summer,' we suppose because it was 'left blooming alone.' But the idea that it ever had a 'lovely companion' was utterly preposterous. We may as well stop here, for Josh Reddy's white hat was, and is to this day, a thing impossible to be described.

Mrs. Croak produced a small bottle. 'As luck 'd have id,' says she, 'I have a couple.' This was in reply to her husband's question as to whether she had 'e'er a little rouser.'

'Would I doubt you, Betty?' says Tim, taking a small bottle from her hand. Tim filled a glass and emptied it with marvelous celerity. Then handing the empty glass to Josh, he filled it again.

'Tight enough,' says Tim Croak, as he turned the bottle upside down and let the last drop drain out of it into the glass.

'Here's luck,' says Josh Reddy; and the little rouser disappears in a manner suggestive of the man at the fair who says 'presto,' and swallows a half-penny. 'And now Tim,' he continued, in his quiet, solemn way, 'have you everything ready?'

'All right,' Tim replies.

'Mrs. Croak, are you sure about the place?'

'Sure an' certain,' Mrs. Croak replies.

'Three nights in succession?'

'What?' says Mrs. Croak.

'Three nights running,' says Josh Reddy.

'Yes; three nights runnin',' she replies.

'And, Tim, have you the black-handle knife?'

'Shawn Gow is to bring id. He's to be wud us.'

'I apprehend—that is, I'm afeard that's a bad job, Tim,' says Josh Reddy, shaking his head sorrowfully.

'Why so?' inquires Tim.

'His propensity to swearing. The cursing, I mean.'

'Be gob, I forgot that,' says Tim, quite taken aback.

'And wan curse,' Tim Croak's wife remarked, ''d spoil all.'

'Well, there's no help for id now,' says Tim. 'We'll warn him. And Josh, as he won't be here sooner than another half hour, give us the 'Fox's Sleep.'

Josh Reddy was the parish musician. We say the musician. There was Dinny Maloughney, 'the piper,' and Billy Devine, 'the fiddler.' But Josh Reddy was the 'musicianer.' The two irregular practitioners were content with what they could do in the way of business among the poorest and most humble, or a chance job of a better sort when Josh Reddy was not to be had. When all three happened to be employed on great occasions like Tom Burke's wedding—for Tom had taken unto himself a wife since we met him the morning he brought Brian Purcell the ring—there was then sure to be discord of the most excruciating sort. For Josh Reddy would perform only such pieces as were beyond the powers of his humble rivals, whose epileptic attempts to accompany him were painful to behold. Billy Devine, stopping to screw up his fiddle, would confidentially own to some sympathizing bystander, that he couldn't 'compare with him.' But, anon—driven out of his wits by some wonderful effort of fingering on the part of Josh—Billy Devine would rush into the midst of the dancers, and with a screech and a flourish of his bow, inform all whom it might concern that 'he played by *air*, and didn't care for any man.' Josh Reddy's contemptuous indifference to these little irregularities was positively sublime.

Josh took his fiddle—he always called it 'the instrument'—from its green bag, and laying his white hat beside his chair, took a pinch of powdered resin from a tin box, and resined his bow. The instrument was soon tuned, and Tim Croak and his wife Betty were transported beyond all sublunary cares and hopes by the 'Fox's Sleep,' when the door opened and Shawn Gow presented himself.

'God save all here,' says Shawn Gow, in a voice which broke in upon the dulcet melody like the first growl of a thunderstorm on the song of the linnet. Betty placed a chair for him without interrupting the music. Shawn sat down and listened, with bent brows, for a few minutes. *He* was evidently one of those not-to-be-trusted individuals who are not to be moved by 'concord of sweet sounds.'

'What are we delayin' for?' he asked turning to Tim.

Josh Reddy let down the first string, and returned the instrument to its green bag.

'Now Shawn Gow,' says he is in an impressive manner, 'do you understand the business we are about to embark in?' Josh Reddy had the reputation of being the best spoken man in the parish.

Shawn Gow only replied with a scowl.

'Because,' Josh continued, 'an imprecation, an oath in fact, a curse of any kind, must prove fatal to the success of our project.'

Shawn Gow was evidently bewildered by the fine language addressed to him, but the word 'curse' gave him a clue to the rest.

'Do you think I'm a fool?' he growled.

'Very well, Shawn,' says Josh; 'I only wish to warn you. I hope your presence won't prove unpropitious. But I have my misgivings—I have my misgivings,' he repeated in his low, plaintive voice.

Tim Croak handed a lantern to Shawn Gow, and, taking a spade and shovel on his shoulder, all three left for the house.

'Have you the black-handle knife?' Betty called after him.

A reply in the affirmative came back like the growl of a bear.

When they reached the bank of the river near the ruined house, Shawn laid lantern upon the ground, and cut a circle around it about four yards in diameter. This was to keep off the Devil, or any number of devils that might appear with hostile intent upon the scene. For Old Nick is supposed to watch and ward over buried treasures, and to guard them jealously from mortal hands. This, if true, is a very unreasonable proceeding on the part of Old Nick, seeing that the gold above the ground the more grist to his mill. However, a buried 'crock of gold' is sure to be guarded by a foolish devil; and to guard against danger it is absolutely necessary for the treasure-seeker to draw a ring round him with a black-handle knife, inside which ring no evil spirit can enter. He must also take care not to let a single 'curse' pass his lips, or his labor will be in vain.

The intelligent reader will have divined from the foregoing, that Tim Croak's wife, Betty, dreamt three nights running of a crock of gold hidden in a particular spot near the bank of the river, and that Tim and Shawn Gow, and Jose Reddy resolved to 'rise' it. Shawn came provided with a bottle of 'mountain dew,' which made Josh despair of success from the sutset. The mountain dew would be sure to draw out Shawn's talent for swearing, and so all would be lost, Josh said. Everything went on well, however, for a time; and success appeared certain, when Tim announced that he had a cave.' But then came the hollow noise from the river, which surprised Shawn Gow into letting fly the fatal 'curse.'

Tim Croak continued to implore his companions to say the 'Daprofundish,' or the 'Prayers for a soul departing,' or the 'Litany for the dying,' and insisted that he was a dead man from hips down. Just then there was a crash through the bushes on the bank of the river (from behind which the hollow noise had come), and immediately a frightful bellow caused Josh Reddy and Shawn Gow to roar 'murder' simultaneously; and running forward both fell into the hole where the unfortunate Tim Croak was moaning helplessly. This unexpected descent caused themselves and Tim to roar in chorus, and Brian Purcell, not well knowing what to think of the affair, hastened to their assistance.

'What's the matter?' he cried out, trying to make his voice heard above the din. A series of groans and moans, and growls, was the only reply he could get. He seized Josh by the shoulders, and pulled him out of the hole, where he had been wedged in between the other two. He flung him upon the grass at full length, and getting his hands under Tim's arms, he hauled him up, too. The big blacksmith, having room enough now, was able to scramble up without assistance. Shawn sat upon the grass, and took a swig from the black bottle. But Josh and Tim remained stretched at full length, apparently incapable of motion.

'Take a pull,' says Shawn Gow, presenting the black bottle to Brian.

'No, thank you.' The ludicrousness of the scene made Brian laugh outright. He knocked off Josh Reddy's white hat with a tap of his stick, and gave Tim Croak a poke in the ribs. Tim and Josh rose to a sitting posture. Shawn handed Tim the black bottle, and Tim took a swig. Tim handed Josh the bottle, and took a swig. And Shawn, and Tim, and Josh, began to look comfortable, considering. Tim looked down at his lower extremities, and finding them soaked with wet, he dragged himself to the brink of hole and put his hand into it.

'Begob,' he exclaimed, ''twasn't dead I was at all, but drowned!' There was at least four feet of water in the hole. The fact was, the river had worn away its bank near the bottom where Tim expected to find the gold. What he thought was a cave, was the bed of the river. Of course the water rushed through the opening he had made till it found its level. And so Tim, feeling numbed with the cold, thought he was a dead man from the hips down. The hollow noise, and the bellow proceeded from a cow of Brian Purcell's which had been attracted by the light of the lantern to the place.

'May the Devil fly wud me in airnest,' growled Shawn Gow, 'if ever I go digging for gold again.'

'Here's the same,' responded Tim Croak, rising to his feet with a groan.

But Josh Reddy put on his white hat, and said nothing. He was thoroughly convinced that it was Shawn's cursing spoiled all.

As Brian returned home, a horseman rode furiously by him, like the ghost of some unhappy fox hunter, who could not rest in his grave. He was able to recognize *Mr.* Mooney. This brought Knockclough Hill into his head again; and by the time he had got home, that thought, which he attempted to banish with a puff of tobacco smoke a while ago, was hovering round and round him.

CHAPTER XV.

Brian Purcell sat alone by the fire in the old-fashioned parlor. He thought of many things; but that peculiar look with which she regarded him, while her hand rested on his shoulder, haunted him still. He was far from being a cox-comb; but he could not help thinking that her look had that dreamy fondness in it which is never seen in a woman's eyes except when they are bent upon the man she loves. Yet, when he reflected upon her conduct since the first moment of her becoming an heiress, he pronounced the notion that she loved him still an utter delusion.

'Perhaps,' he thought, 'the hill and the scene all around us carried her back to the past; and for a moment she may have been the Jane Evans whom I knew and loved.'

He saw the fair young face softened into loveliness, too perfect for earth, by the grief and pity which made her bosom heave, and her beautiful eyes swim in tears, as he read of the poor school-master's sorrow. In imagination he saw her so; and who will blame Brian Purcell for sighing a regretful sigh? He naturally thought of the letter he read in the evening on the rock of Knockclough. He took the letter from his pocket, and read it a second time.

'For the last year, scarcely a day has passed that I have not determined to write to you the next day. But I always saw, or fancied I saw, some good reason for delaying the fulfilment of my promise yet another day. The monotony of my life, however, has just been varied a little by meeting accidentally with an old friend; and this has roused me to do what I have been so long thinking of doing. I am writing in my own little wooden house far away on the lonesome prairie. On last Sunday, as I was returning home after having heard Mass at a little village thirty miles from where I live, I saw a man lying on the ground by the side of the road. His arms were resting upon a box, and his face buried between his hands. A fine little boy lay near him asleep, with the man's coated folded under his head. I at once saw they were immigrants, and from Ireland, who had left the railway, and were proceeding on foot to some village or farm-house in this neighborhood.

'God save you,' I called out, pulling up my horse at the same time.

'God save you kindly,' he replied, raising his head and looking at me.

'Connor Shea!' I exclaimed; 'surely you are Connor Shea?'

'That's my name sure enough,' said he. 'But you have advantage of me.'

'I must be indeed altered,' I remarked, 'when my old friend Connor Shea does not know me.'

'When I told him my name, he started to his feet, and was hastening towards me. But as he advanced I saw him reel and stagger; and before I could dismount and come to his assistance, he fell heavily to the ground. The boy told me that for several days back his father had eaten nothing but a few grapes which a lady had given him; and I at once concluded that Connor Shea had the fever. Fortunately my house was not far off, and after bathing his temples and getting him to swallow a cooling draught, he was able to mount my horse, and half an hour's slow walking brought us to the door. The poor fellow is now free from fever, but it will be some days before he will be strong enough to go to work. He begs that you will not let his wife know of his illness. Neddy is a fine fellow, and father has consented to leave him under my care. This is a great boon to me, particularly during the winter, when all outdoor work is suspended here. I hope to have Neddy sufficiently advanced to have him bound to some respectable business in the course of next year. Connor has given me a full account of the neighbors, since I left home. Alas for poor Ireland! And now, in as few words as possible, let me tell you what has happened to myself since my arrival in this country.

'First of all, I found out the person through whom I had learned Rose Mulvany's fate. He accompanied me to the house where she had lived. With what mingled feelings of rage, and grief, and loathing I passed the threshold? It was one of those places where vice is decked out in tawdry finery. But I shall not disgust you with a description of it. The poor lost creature whom I sought had left the place in ill health some months before. A dissipated looking woman remarked with a laugh, that the place was too fast for the young 'greeny,' and she broke down. This account excited my pity for the lost one, against whom I was beginning to feel something like resentment as I looked round on her brazen companions in shame. I was informed that Rose had gone to a city in the far west, and thither I started in search of her on the following day.

'I got employment in the great western city. My days were devoted to work, and from midnight till dawn I spent amid scenes the remembrance of which makes me shudder. Well, I found her at last—found Rose Mulvany in one of the very lowest haunts of crime and debauchery. The scene has left but a confused impression on my mind: music and dancing, the fumes of alcohol and tobacco, oaths and laughter and shrill screams of anger. And in the midst of this pandemonium I saw the once innocent Irish maiden with * * *.

'I was quite calm. Do you not wonder that I was so? I even felt a sort of satisfaction, and at having found her, but at seeing her degradation with my own eyes. I felt as if the spell were broken, and my sufferings at an end. The thought that she was what I now saw her had made me miserable for years; yet I felt for a moment an impulse to laugh outright at my folly. I saw before me a creature too low for contempt, too debased for pity, too loathsome to be hated. Turning away, not with disgust, but with utter indifference, I was hurrying out of the polluted atmosphere into the open air, when a thought struck me that made me pause.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cottolene

A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way
A lady passed on marketing day.
Who, pausing at a grocery store,
Stepped quickly in at the open door.
With bated breath and anxious mien
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work,
Interrogated every clerk;
But none up to that time had seen
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,
"That answers to this curious name.
What is it made of? What's its use?
My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dimes,
I see you're quite behind the times.
For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know,
Is now the thing that's all the go,
An article of high regard;
A healthful substitute for lard.
Its composition pure and clean;
For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled,
The grocer gently scratched his head—
On his next order, first was seen,
"*One dozen cases COTTOLENE.*"

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STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Ac'mn
	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
Emerald Junction..dp			P M 5 15
Cape Traverse....ar			6 05

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish ....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield	1 20	7 44	
O'Leary	1 46	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. 8 15
Kensington	4 29		6 48
Freetown	4 45		7 10
Emerald Junction	4 55		7 20
Bradalbane	5 01		7 30
Hunter River	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction	6 00		9 10
Charlottetown....ar	6 20		9 40
Cape Traverse....dp			A. M. 6 25
Emerald Junc....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Expr'ss	Accom.
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown ....dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction	3 15	6 50
Bedford	3 40	7 20
Mount Stewart Junc. ar	4 05	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 16
Souris ....ar	6 05	10 55
Mount Stewart Junc....dp	P. M. 4 10	A. M. 8 25
Cardigan	5 03	9 38
Georgetown ....ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Expr'ss	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris ....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River	6 42	1 42
St. Peter's	7 20	2 45
Morell	7 43	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc. ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc. dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford	8 40	4 40
Royalty Junction	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown ....ar	9 20	5 35
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.—tf

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