

A Mask of Gold.

Rich sat on decked her form with charms...

KNOCKNAGOW.

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER I.

TOM CADDY FEELS "SOMEWAY QUARE."

Tom Caddy took down his hurly from the hurdle over the chimney corner...

That accidental meeting with his old sweetheart the day before had awakened a curious feeling in his breast...

Lory's voice was sufficiently startling in itself, and he started up, his eyes wide added considerably to the effect...

"What is it?" Tom asked at last. "Miss Loughlan desired me to tell you..."

"Down, venom!" said Tom Caddy, who got very red in the face at the mention of Miss Loughlan's name...

But here we must leave Lory to deliver his message, and Tom Caddy to act upon it or not, as he thought fit...

captain's victory, and offering to lay a gallon of beer thereon...

A young man in the garb of an ecclesiastical student was peeping up and down in front of a long, thatched house...

Edmund Kely looked the very opposite of the pale, slightly-built student, whose thin hand he grasped in his warm palm...

"I like the look of your house," he said, as she shook hands with the priest at the door of his thatched domicile...

Father Carroll was lying on a very stiff-looking straight-backed sofa, after a long ride to the farthest-west part of his parish...

A hearty laugh from the priest prevented his finishing the sentence, and he turned to his book without attempting any further explanation...

meogany desk and its brass handles. "But there's nothing like independence," said Father Carroll to himself...

"I certainly think you ought," returned the priest. "You may have a vacation, though you fancy you have not..."

"Here is Edmund," exclaimed the student, his sad face lighting up with pleasure as he hurried out to welcome his friend...

"I like the look of your house," he said, as she shook hands with the priest at the door of his thatched domicile...

"I suppose you have some thing to do to-night, but I can spare an hour along the Grand Stand..."

"Do you know any them, Arthur?" Father Carroll asked. "No, I never met any of them," he replied...

they were alive. But he was always present. "Tast an playin' the flute was all that troubled him..."

"I never heard Mr. Kearney say anything like that," returned Edmund. "Though he is by no means sparing of cenure..."

"Of course, if he succeeds to the property, she will return to Ireland. 'It is I think not," Arthur replied. "It is said he is a complete Frenchman in his tastes and habits..."

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in a place there in a grove of large fir-trees called the Priest's Walk. Poor Father Cleary was accustomed to read his Office there for more than forty years...

"Oh, let us go to the place at once," exclaimed Edmund, testing his white hat carefully on his brown curls...

"The London Univers, commenting on this declaration, says: 'When the difference about the British and Portuguese spheres of influence in Central Africa broke out last Christmas, it will be remembered that the papers published outside Portugal, which most roundly abused England for her high-handed attitude and her oppression of the weak...'

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NO FASTING FOR HIM.

Buffalo Union and Times.

Archdeacon Farrar of the Anglican establishment is evidently no advocate of fasting or any other means of mortifying the body to keep it in subjection to the spirit...

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE JESUIT SPOOK.

The Jesuit bogey is one of the most terrible specks in the Protestant dark closet...

The London Univers, commenting on this declaration, says: 'When the difference about the British and Portuguese spheres of influence in Central Africa broke out last Christmas, it will be remembered that the papers published outside Portugal, which most roundly abused England for her high-handed attitude and her oppression of the weak...'

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WORD TO COWARDLY CATHOLICS.

Earnestness will make us aggressive. There will be among us a prudent but mainly assertion of faith whenever circumstances suggest it, and a determination to secure to Catholicism rightful recognition, whether in private or public life...

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF THE CHURCH.

In a sermon preached on his jubilee day, Cardinal Manning gave a beautiful explanation of the exclusiveness of the Catholic Church...

TO BE CONTINUED.

To a Friend.

True friendship, dear friend, is a tree of affection. That always, when planted in genial clime, should flourish and blossom, bear fruit to the joy of all...

TO BE CONTINUED.

FRANCE IS A CATHOLIC COUNTRY.

THE MAGNIFICENT "CHURCH OF THE NATIONAL VOW" AT PARIS.

Despite the strange circumstance that the Government of France is in the hands of infidels—a fact due to the blamable indifference of the Catholics to politics, and the foolish clinging of the old nobility to the dream of a restored monarchy—religion flourishes...

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S DAY.

Why is Saturday dedicated to the Blessed Virgin? The celebrated Darand in his Rational assigns four reasons for this choice of Saturday made by Mary herself for her day of predilection...

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