My Own Galtees.

Written for the Pilot.

My own Galtees!* My own Galtees!

Not stather hill on earth than these, sublime in storm, in sunshine bright, Bathed in streams of purest light Radiant gleams of every nue.

Purple and gold, soft green and blue;
Forever in my dreams they rise,
Like glimpses of lost paradise.

My own Galtees! where'er I roam
Tueg give my earlier welcome home.
Their graceful curves in these of light,
Or shadowy waves burst on my sight
Long, long, before the little town.
O'er which they daily smile, or frown.
The breez thus plays o'er cheek and trees
Seems like a dear old friend's caress.

My own Galtees: to the far pest,
What wistful, lingering looks I cast,
A dark-haired, gray-yest child I see,
Just budding forth from infancy,
who gazes on the mountains' crest,
Her hands close clasped upon her breast;
The say to her is Hesven's door,
And Gud's great throne grey Galtymore.

My own Galtees! from them I drew Each nigh, pure thought which in me grew For like a prayer at my mother's knee Was the sight of my glorious hills to me; No earthly feeling, base or low, But meited 'neath the mountains' glow; As twilight softly o'er them stole What solemn gladness filled my soul.

The shadows fall, the night is nigh, Oh! grant, dear Lord, before I die, Whea my soul goes forth on its ionely quest On the nills I love that my last looks rest, Peaceful and calm may I lie there. My hands of se clasped in voiceless prayer And with the old child love and faith Close my tired eyes and welcome death.

July, 1888. FLLER OF LERY. ELLEN O'LEARY.

*The Galtees are a very beautiful, picture-sque range of nills near the town of Tipper-ary. They give a wonderful charm to the landscape on every side of the town, and stretch along at great length between the Counties of Tipperary and Cork, each peak of a different snape, towering, graceful un-dulating.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XIX.

WILL SIR GARRETT RENEW THE LEASE? Grace was taking her place at the Grace was taking her place at the piane, when Mary whispered to her that she herself would play for the dancer—an arrangement which Grace liked very well. But she locked quite offended when she saw that Mr. Lowe and the doctor had already engaged the two Miss Hanlys; and Hugh was compelled by the exgencies of the case to offer his arm to the formidable Miss Lloyd.

"Stand up, sir," said Rose Hanly to her brother. And Lory and Grace completed the set.

pleted the set.
"Are you long here?" Lory asked.

"Some weeks," she replied, after in-voluntarily moving half a yard away

"Will you stay much lenger ?"

"I can't say."
"Come with me," said Lory confidentially "and I'll show you places you never saw before."

She stared at him with unfeigned astonishment.

"I'll show you a cave," he continued,

"that very few know about."

"that very few conty reply. And the

"Oh!" was her only reply. And the idea of a cave, taken in connection with her partner's voice, gave her a vague cort of impression that he lived under ground, and only visited his friends during the holidays. She looked at him more curiously than she had yet done, and thought his custome rather strengthened this notion. His coat, for instance, was evidently made for him when he was about half his present size. It was much too narrow in the shoulday, they

too narrow in the shoulders; the sleeves did not reach far below the elbows; the buttons behind were half way up his back; and the skirts fell considerably short of the extremity of the spine. On the other hand, his trousers, of gray cot the other hand, his trousers, of gray cot ton tweed, was distressingly new and shipy, and very much too large; the tailor, warned no doubt by the example of the coat, seeming to have left hum "ample room and verge enough" to ex-pand into a colossus, if he were so minded—particularly about that portion of his nerson which the coatskirts served of his person which the coatskirts seemed to be straining every thread to cover, but only partially succeeded. So that Grace fancied she saw in her partner the upper half of a small boy joined to the lower half of a stout man.

Sue was soon struck by another peculiarity, which both surprised and distressed her. When it came near their turn to begin the figure, Lory's leg began bending and straightening at the knees.

staring wildly at the opposite wall, he worked up and down spasmodically to the time of the music Grace thought at first that the soles of his boots had, by some unaccountable means, been glued to the floor, and that he was exerting all his strength to get them free. In fact, it seemed absolutely necessary that Lory should pump him-self for a minute or two before he could

set off And this getting up of steam was more frequent than usual in consequence of Hugh's ignorance of quadrilles—and Miss Lloyd was not the sort of partner to set him right. The doctor, who was opposite to his brother and Miss Lloyd, was greatly an-noyed by these blunders; and as he om thought of consulting other

people's wishes when his own were to be gratified, he coolly took Grace by the hand and transferred her to Hugh, handing back Miss L'oyd to Lory, who, by merely asking "did she like quadrilles?" almost precipitated her into Maurice

This exchange of partners so bewildered Miss Lloyd that the dance was over before she could fully realize her Grace hung upon Hugh's arm, glad to

age was very welcome to Hugh too. He drew her out about Davis and other kindred subjects; but she never lost sight of the business in hand, and piloted him so deftly that there were no more mistakes till the dance was concluded. "Wonders will never cease," said she to Mary, as she fanned herself with her "Fionn Macool can make

himself agreeable." "It would be strange if he could not."

The evening passed very pleasantly. Everyone who could sing, did sing-in-Everyone who could sing and sing—in— Norry to give it to 10m Maner, and let cluding Maurice Kearney himself, who gave them the "Cruiskeen Lawn," in exception of the should be so cellent style. Other dances followed the awkward," continued Mrs. Kearney, re. I can see nothing unusual in his look."

first; and a polka with Sir Garrett But-ler's nephew made even Miss Lloyd supremely happy.

When they reached home the Miss Hanleys and their visitor—according to universal custom—discussed the merits

of the people with whom they had spent Kathleen was outspoken in praise of the doctor; and Miss Lloyd agreed in all she said in his praise. And Kathleen as fully shared Miss Lloyd's ecstacies on the

fully shared Miss Lloyd's ecstacies on the subject of Mr Lowe.

"Even if you separate his features," said Miss Lloyd, "he is a singularly hand some man. And what lovely hair he has!"

"Yes," replied Kathleen, "his hair is very nice."

"And," exclaimed Miss Lloyd, clasping her hands together and turning up

"And," exclaimed Miss Lloyd, clasping her hands together and turning upher eyes fervently, "did you ever see such feet with mortal?"

"Ye may talk," said Rose, who leant on the table with her hand pressed against her forehead, as if she were suffering from headache—"ye may talk, but I'd rather have one honest smile from Hugh Kearney than all the blaudishments of your elegant young man."

"You my word," replied Kathleen, opening her eyes very wide, "whatever may be thought of your taste, I cannot

opening ner eyes very wide, "whatever may be thought of your taste, I cannot help admiring your candour." "Yes, I am candid," Rise replied, rather crossly; "and that's more than other people are." The bewitching Kathleen got very red,

The bewitching Kathleen got very red, and an angry light flashed from her eyes; but she only stooped down, and, snatch ing up her lap dog from the hearth rug, began to fondle it assiduously.

"It really surprised me," said Miss L'oyd, "how some ladies will openly express their preferences for young men."

"I always do," retorted Rose, "Don't wan?"

"Well, Miss Hanly, I never forget that "Well, Miss Hanly, I never forget that I am a gentlewoman." And Miss Lloyd laid great stress on the word gentlewoman; which was not very ladylike, however gentlewomanly, seeing that she meant to remind her friends that their claims to gentility—in her sense of the word—were not quite as strong as her

"Well," rejoined Rese, who did not want pluck, "I can't boast of much of your acquaintance. But from all I have heard of you, I sm under the impression that you are in the habit of coming out really alrong with regard to your preferance." pretty strong with regard to your prefer-ences for young men—and old ones too," added Rose—we fear in allusion to the

Miss Lloyd turned away in disdain, and resumed her conversation with Kathleen, who became quite tender and sentimental about "Poor Richard," as she affectionately called the doctor.

And Miss L'oyd certainly did not practice whether the practice with the practice of the control of the

ice what she preached, for she did

man, looking rather blank. It flashed upon him that he had alrealy spent—he could not, at the moment, remember how many days—on his uncle's Tipperary estate, and knew as much about it as the man in the moon. "I wonder," continued Maurice Kear

ney, "did he say anything about the "I really cannot imagine," replied his

With his neck stretched forward, and like to stop and throw the men out of

But he was as gentle as a child, and when he began to get ease from the pain he desired me to write for my Uncle Dan; and sure so I did, and he brought his violin, and Mr. Butler sent for his flute; and 'twas beautiful to listen to them. 'Twas the year after he was ship were ked constant. the year after he was ship wrecked coming from abroad. And when the poor dear gentleman went away the house was quite lonesome after him. Richard was born in Richard was born in the month of March after. And sure, I suppose," added Mrs. Kearney, contem-platively, "that's the reason he has such a taste for music. Hugh had left the room unobserved

and now appeared with his ledger, and, laying it on the table, he began turning over the leaves.
"For God's sake shut that book.—I hate

the sight of it," exclaimed his father, with a gesture of impatience.
"I thought you wanted to know what

the drainage cest, said Hugh. "I don't want to know it.
would it do me to know it?
man couldn't do anything if he was to escape from her late partner; and her quick eye did not fail to observe that the

way."
Hugh smiled, and put the obnoxious book out of sight, "Good night, Mr. Lowe!" exclaimed "Good night, Mr. Lowe!" exclaimed Maurics Kearney, jumping suddenly from his chair in quite a lively manner. "I'm going to the fair to morrow, and must be half way to C——before daybreak."

"Ab, then," said his wife, "will you try and get a match for that can that Miss.

and get a match for that cup that Miss L'oyd broke? And I'm afraid you can't. would'nt wish it for anything."
"I will-I will," he replied. "Tell

Norry to give it to Tom Maher, and let

turning to her grievance. "But it was all that young Hanly's fault, I declare he frightened the life out of me."

Mrs. Kearney remained buried in thought for a minute, and then added, salemnle.

solemnly:
"Dun't be talking but he has a terrible throat!"
This allusion to Lory elicited so loud a laugh from Hugh, that the doctor, who had been asleep in an arm-chair, started up and rubbed his syes.
"There's eleven striking, Richard," said his mother," and you are tired, and ought to go to bed."

'It is time for us all to go," Hugh remarked.

And he and Mr. Lowe and the doctor

And he and Mr. Live and the doctor, retired each to his own room.

But Hogh hurried on before the doctor, and thrust he second hand clavionet under the bed, lest the idea of the fair Kathleen. operating upon that taste for music which his mother had so satisfactorily accounted for, should interfere with the slumbers of

And the clarionet not being in the doc tor's way, every soul under Maurice Kearney's roof was resting in peace and quietness when the clock struck twelve,

CHAPTER XX.

MR LOWE GETS A LETTER OF WARNING Next day, as the doct r was proposing another walk to the Castle, Barney Brod

Next day, as the doct r was proposing another walk to the Cestle, Barney Brod herick was seen cantering from the avenue; gate, mounted upon the little black donkey, Bobby, which he regarded as his own peculiar property.

"Let us walt," said Hugh, "he may have some letters."

Barney rode up to the window, and handed in the letters and newspapers he had brought from the cross roads, where, as usual, he had met the mail-car.

There was a letter for Mr. Lowe.

"I think," Hugh suggested, as he tore off the cover of a newspaper, "you had better read your letter before going out. You may want to reply to it."

Toe letter was from Mr. Lowe's mother, and as the contents may help us on with our story, we give a few extracts:

"I am very nneasy, my dearest Henry," the lady began, "since I have received a letter from young Mr. Pender, in which he speaks of the dreadful state of the country in that locality. He has been fired at three times during the last fort night, and would have captured one of the assassias on the last occasion only that his horse took fright and ran away with him. The horse, unfortunately, was a borrowed one, and not accustomed to stand fire. But if he had had his own horse there can scarcely be a doubt but that he would have made prisoners of at least two of the gang. He scale for the laye to work had been fired, gravely, "two bry honest aud industrious men. I be contents my help us on which he speaks of the dreadful state of the country in that locality. He has been fired at it know of. There is an unusually large number of ejectments had brose took fright and ran away with him. The horse, unfortunately, was a borrowed one, and not accustomed to standiffer. But if he had had his own horse there can scarcely be a doubt but that he would have made prisoners of at least two of the gang. He scale for the country is the gravely of the gang and the scale for the country in the first had had his own horse there can scarcely be a doubt but that he would have made prisoners of at least two of the gang. He sc horse there can scarcely be a doubt but that he would have made prisoners of at least two of the gang. He could not use his pistols, they set upon him so suddenly, but he felled one of the miscreauts to the tice what she preached, for she did come out very strong indeed in praise of Mr. Lowe.

The next day, when her sisters inquired how she liked her new acquaint ance, Miss Lloyd put her handkerchief to her eyes, and bursting into a flood of tears, declared that she was "as fond of him as she was of her life."

Before going to bed, Maurice Kearney instead upon having a comfortable glass by the fire with his guest.

"Pender is to come again to see you to morrow," said he. "He had a letter from your uncle."

"Ind ed!" exclaimed the young gentle man, looking rather blank. It flashed upon him that he had already spent—be could not, at the moment, remember how many days—on his uncle's Tipperary estate, and knew as much about it as the stal, when the assassins are arrested, which I think they will be, as Mr. Pender the same reason he has only given a very guarded account of it to the local papers. But of ures the whole truth must come out at the trial, when the assassins are arrested, which I think they will be, as Mr. Pender the same reason he has only given a very guarded account of the declaration of the deal papers.

It was they set upon him so guitenly, after decharging their bluxderbasses at him, but fortunately without effect, expet that a slug from one of them bodged in his nose. It has been extracted, and the dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But why do I go on telling you those things when, of course, you know all the particulars of the dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not think the wound dangerous. But when dectors do not which I think they will be, as Mt. Pender has described them minutely to the police. He thinks it a duty he owes to

society to prosecute them to conviction.

"Oh, my dear Henry, I have quite changed my mind about the agency. Bad as India is, it is not so bad as a place where such directly." as Lodia is, it is not so bad as a place where such dreadful occurrences could take place in the middle of the noon day—or what is all the same, for it was not long after samest in the evening. I will never consent to your exposing your life in such

"I really can guest, abently. And, a. Mr. Lowe could imagine nothing each that Mary Kearney was the most angelic being in creation.

"Times are changed," added the host, thoughtfully. "I expect he will allow me for the drainage. I wish he'd cometo see the place himself. I could show him forty acres of nice land where I found the lim the day he sprained his knee, with his horse sunk up to the girths in a shaky beg. Host a hatful of money by it."

"You have lost more than the fee sim let worth," said Hage.

"You have lost more than the fee sim let worth," said Hage.

"I d'n't know how much I lost by it," replied his father, rubbing his head unearly; "but when I began, I didn't most have allowed the most favorable light. Have you noticed with the most favorable light. Have you noticed and have here are educated above that a began in the day in the let worth, and have did it, with the pistols in his window.

"It is ho," replied Hugb, coming to the his window.

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"It is ho," the his day, be a significant things in his a significant the provisio

a warning to you. But I ought to beg your pardon for supposing you so simple as to require any warning.

Your coustn has not yet returned—I trust you have written to her from the country. I have discovered that there is nothing she admires so much as daring. So, if you admires so much as daring. So, if you want to interest her, give her an acco of the perils by which you are surrounded. She is most anxious that her father should settle in that part of the country, and as ne humours her in everything, it will not surprise me if he gets possession of Wood-lands again, after old Mr. Somerfield's death, as his is the last life in the lease. You ought to call and see if the place is in good repair. It was a lovely place when I was a girl, and it was there that I spent the happies' days of my life. And if those outrages could be put down—a Coercion Act is talked of—it would be a reat pleasure to me to revisit the scenes of my youth. Let me know if Mrs. Lloyd, of Mount Tempe, be alive."

The young gentleman was considerably bewildered by this production. He did not know what to think of it. He seldom gave himself the trouble of thinking about nything. But the allusion to his host's daughter made his cheek flush; and between Mr. Beresford Pender's nose and Mary Kearney's eyes, things were becoming "mixed" in the mind of Mr. Henry

Lowe, 'Unpleasant news," said Grace in a whisper to Mary.
"What is it?" Mary asked, looking at her anxiously.

"I'm sure I can't tell; but look at him." 'Oh, is it Mr. Lowe you mean? Well,

"It is Mount Tempe," said Mary. "She is mother of the lady you saw here last I ought to have remembered ; we were

at Mount Temps yesterday."
"And did you meet Mr. Lloyd?" "And did you meet Mr. Libyd?"

"Yes, we spent some time with him, and he joined us at the sulpe shooting?"

"Oh, I said you must have been reinforced," said Grace, "the volleys increased so must toward; evening."

He was a little affaild of Grace's ridicule, and though it miss to have the content.

and though it wise to turn the conversa-tion from the shooting as quickly as pos-

'My mother also wants to know," he observed, again glancing at the letter, "whether Woodlands is kep; in good repair, and she says something about old Mr. Somerfield." "The old fellow is alive," said Hugh,

"and wonderfully strong and active for his age. He cannot be far abort of n'nety, and set he is never missed from the

"And bow does he keep the place?

"Are any of my uncies tenants served with ejectments?"

"Yes," Hugh replied, gravely, "two very honest and industrious men. I believe they owe some arrears. There is a good deal of anxiety among the other tenants. But," he added, as if he wished to change the splicet, "I don't know all

tensuts. But," he added, as if he wished to chauge the subject, "I don't know all the particulars. Perhaps it would be well if you inquired into them. Indeed, I think, the laudlord ought to come and see for himself how things are going on here."

"I believe he places great confidence in the agent," said Mr. Lowe.
"It would appear so," replied Hugh. "But as he has come to Ireland, it might be no harm for him to see personally how his estate is managed. Things have gone on smoothly enough up to this; but since the leases given by Sir Thomas have begun to drop, there is considerable uneasiness My father will tell you that before now leases were renewed as a matter of course; but letterly there is considerable unessines. leases were renewed as a matter of course; but latterly there is a remarkable reluctance on the part of landlords to give leases; and your uncle's touants are uneasy lest he should follow the example set by others in this respect."

"I don't know much about the matter," said Mr. Lowe; "but I should think it very unlikely that my uncle would act

"That's just what I ssy," replied Hugh; and was about shaking hands with his new acquaintance when the latter said:
"Nice girl!"

Mr. Pender faced round, and with folded arms glared up at the tall trees on either side of the cottage, and then looked scowlingly at the top of the mountain in

"This is a nice place Kearney has here," muttered Mr. Beresford Pender to him-self. "A nice thing it is to see fellows of this kind in a place like this, and gentlemen in thatched houses without as much as a tree to shelter them. He has a good deal of planting done here. Nice work for farmers. By —," exclaimed Mr.
Pender, swearing almost loud enough to
be heard within, "if I had to deal with them they'd have something else to mind besides plantations."

"Yes, sir," said the servant girl, open ing the drawing room door; and Mr. Pender strole in, glancing round him with a look in which sheepishness and something like timidity were curiously blended.

In fact, Mr. Pender looked as if thought it possible that he might be kicked out. But finding there was no one in the room, he got up his fierce look, and brought it to bear on the mountain-

Mr. Lowe came in, and, as he closed the door behind him, the runaway look came back into Mr. Pauder's eyes. assured, however, by the polite bow of the gentleman, Mr. Pender said:

"I called to see you because I wanted to spake to you." "Yes," replied Mr. Lows. "I was told "Yes," replied air. Lows, "I was told you called yesterday."
"I suppose you know my father is agent over the property for the last thirty years?" said Mr. Pender.
"I'm aware he is the agent, and I intended allies on him, but have put it off.

tended calling on him, but have put it off men day to day."

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use
Mr. Bereefold Penler commenced pat.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Renedy. Of druggists.

"Well," Hugh asked, "does your letter require an immediate answer?"

"No, no," he repited, with affected careleseness.

"Tis from my mother, and she wants to know," he added, glaucing through the letter to hid his embarrassment, "if Mrs.—Mrs. Lloyd, of Mount Temple, is alive."

"It is Mount Temple, and Mars. "She his great the market of the fixed to the market of the market of

be tweaked; or it may be that it was tweaking made it floxible. "D) you think," he asked, dropping his big voice to a sepulchral whisper, "that you are safe here?"

"Why? What danger do you suppose I have to apprehend?"
"I don't like to say much," said Mr. Bereeford Pender. "But, as a friend, I came to see you."

There was something so mysterious in his look, that, between it and the sepul chral whisper, Mr. Lowe began to feel impressed with the notion that Mr. Beresford Pender was a person of consequence.
"You'll see my father," continued Mr

"You'll see my father," continued Mr. Pender, resuming his blg voice, which still further impressed Mr. Lowe with the idea that he was talking to a great man, "and spend a few days with him."

"It is my intention to see him."

"There's to be a meeting one of those days," said Mr. Pender.

"What sort of meeting?"

Mr. Boresford Pender hesitated, as if in doubt whether Mr. Lowe was a proper person to communicate with on the sub ject of the meeting.

ject of the meeting.

"I'll tell you about it another time;

I'll be spaking to some of the gentlemen at the road sessions to day."

Mr. Lowe looked at him, and really be

Mr. Lowe looked at him, and really or gan to feel uneasy.

"They're quare times," said Mr. Beres-ford Pender. "Good morning. I'll tell my father you'll call to see him" Mr. Beresford Pender walked out; and it was not till he had watched him for some time as he carefully examined his pistols and buckled the belt around him, that Mr. Lowe discovered that Mr. Beres ford Pender was not a very large stout man. In fact, he was under the middle

in the render was not a very large atout a men. In fact, he was under the middle height, and rather lank than otherwise. But, between the big voice and the big look, he really often impressed people with the idea that he was a big men. "Good gracious, Mary!" exclaimed Grace, who was observing Mr. Pender's movements from behind the window curtain, "he is like an alderman in front. But look at him behind, and he's like a pump. He'd want to wear a bustle." "Oh, fis," said Mary, "what would Mr. Lowe say if he heard you make such a remark?"
"I suppose it would be quite unpardon able if I remarked also that the servant's coat, with the distressingly large and

coat, with the distressingly large and bright livery buttons, is an old frock-coat of his master's."

"Nothing can escape you," said Mary, laughing; "I'd never have noticed it if you had not pointed it out."

It occurred to Mr. Lowe that Mr. It occurred to Mr. Lowe that Mr. Pender had made no allusion to the several attempts upon his life; and he stepped outside the door to satisfy his curiosity before Mr. Pender had got into

"You wrote to my mother lately,"

"Taey were bired," replied Mr. Beres-ford Pender. "But I don't like to trans-And as he spoke he looked at the parlour-window, from which hiary quickly retreated, a little vexed at being seen by

him.
"Fil tell you all about it another time,"
he added, "out keep what I'm after telling you to yourself"
Mr. Lowe did not keow what to think,

in themselves; but there was something in Mr. Berestord Pender's manner of

in Mr. Berestord Pender's manner of uttering them, as he g'anced at the parlour window, that made Mr. Henry Lowe feel an almost uncontrollable im-pulse to kick Mr. Beresford Pender then and there.

"Good morning," said he, turning upon his heel and drawing back his hand before Mr. Baresford Pender had touched

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONVERTED BY THE ANGELUS.

A touching incident bearing upon the sentiment of the "Angelua" picture has not found its way into print, though it is more than a quarter of a century old. Two naval surgeons, friends, were once walking in the streets of Lima, when they came upon two men engaged in a furious fight. Suddenly the Angelus bell rang; custom prevailed over passion and the combatants fell upon their knees. The prayer conquered. When they rose each turned and went his way; they could not fiulsh their fight.

One of the witnesses was so impressed by this proof of the power that his thoughts took a serious and devout turn; thoughts took a serious and devout turn; he ended by embracing the Catholic faith—the religion of the Argelus. These friends were soon separated; and after long years had passed one of them, entereng a cathedral in a European city, saw his old comrade partaking of the Communion. His mind at one a rayeried to the munion. His mind at once reverted to the scene in the streets of Lima and the Angelus. The thrall of the past, the influence of the present hour, was alike mighty, and he, too, became a convert to the Catholic faith

Now, both of these naval surgeons are with the dead, and when Millet's "Ange lus" became world-renowned, the son of one of them bought an engraving of it as a sacred relic of a beloved parent; through it, he, "being dead, yet speaketh." -Boston Transcript.

Hark! to the sound of humanity's walls! Millions of people with aches and with ails. Headaches and humors, a mercless flood. Weakens the lungs and disorders of blood. Yet there's a helper that certainly saves, Thousands of people from premature graves.

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medi-The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures coughs, relieves asthma, checks bronchitis, purifies the blood, heals sores, eruptions and unsightly pimples and is without a rival for all the ills that spring from a disordered liver. All druggists.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN DOMINICK STREET.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY MISS E. OWENS BLACKBURNE. The house has been given over for many years past to the sacriligious and Philistine hands of the modern decorator, but on this bright May day when we entered the lawyer's office, then located in the once stately dining room; the interior was substantially in the same condition as it had been at the close of the

elghteenth century.

The house is situated nearly opposite to the splended modern chapel, midway in the street. No more precise indication of As for its exterior, it was, and, indeed, yet is, a gloomy looking house, which once had a ponderous hall door studded with iron naits, like the door of a cathedral. No one fives there now after office nours, save a deaf old pensioner and his equally deaf and antiquated wife, who

equally deaf and antiquated wife, who act as caretakers.

For some years before it had been converted into cifics the house had fallen into decay. But Messra. Grabbem and Swampen, solicitors, cast envious eyes upon it, as being the very house suited for their professional business. What cared they for the ghosts said to haunt it! At the same time they interviewed every one connected with the dwelling, and succeeded in eliciting certain information, the pith of which we have embalmed in

succeeded in eliciting certain information, the pith of which we have embalmed in the following pages.

We must go back to somewhere about the close of the eighteenth century, when the fashionable life was in its zenith; when the Ranelagh Gardens were the resort of the beaux and belies of the hour; when the Parliament was held in the College Green, and the members there had lege Green, and the members thereof had their town residences in Dublin, and lived in the metropolis for a certain portion of the year; and when the "Town" boys, and the "Gown" boys held their periodical riots around the statue of him of the "grorious nigus and legently. of the "glorious, pleus, and immortal memory!"

An illustrious member of the Irish Par-liament was an Irish nobleman of refine ment and cultured taste, who had spent a considerable portion of his youth and early manhood in Italy and Greece. Upon his return to his own country to take up the social position to which he was entitled upon his coming of age, he conceived the idea of inviting over some Italian artists to decorate the walls and ceilings of his residence after the Floren-tine manner. He carried out his ideas, and Marino's Temple, which can be seen from the Donnycarney road, and the ornamentations of Charlemont house, in Rutland square, bear witness to the taste and skill of both employer and workmen.

Yes! there was polished Charlemont, who

brought
Italia's art to fair Estana's shrine.
His foreign workmen cunning fancies
wrought;
'That they designed that monument
sublime,
Marino's Temple! That no shade nor
spins

"You wrote to my mother lately, observed Mr. Lowe.
"Yes," replied Mr Pender. "You know she has a rent charge an Cahirdeheen, and I see to it myself. "Tisn't aisy to manage them fellows."
"But you spoke of being attacked by five men?"

"But you spoke of being attacked by five men?"

Can mar its beauty. Lone and grand to stands.

As if 'twere stolen fiesh from Gracia's lands,"

Other noblemen employed these artists; the Royal Irish Academy house—once a noble private residence—is similarly decorated, as are also other city musions. decorated, as are also other city mansions in many of the leading streets and equares. When Dablin decreased in social solendor and importance after the Act of Usion in 1801, and was no longer the centre of fashion for the Irish nobility, its splendid private residences oradually decayed.

four-window, from which Mary quickly retreated, a little vexed at being seen by him.

"I'll tell you all about it another time," he added, "out keep what I'm after tell mg you to yourself"

Mr. Liwe did not know what to think, and was about shaking hands with his new acquaintance when the latter said:

"Nice girl!"

Very inoffensive and harmless words in themselves; but there was something in Mr. Beresford Pender's manner of attering them, as he glanced at the parlour window, that made Mr. Henry Lows feel an almost uncontrollable impulse to kick Mr. Beresford Pender then and there. push would hard them into the moulder

push would nutr them into the moulaer-ing vault-like areas.

Eatering the hall, a damp earthly odor greeted the intruder, for intruder any one must have been considered who ventured into that region of ghostliness. The wide, agged, echoing hall, the broad, dark, oak panelled stairsase led to chambers awful in their oppressive sense of loneliness and utter desolation. Cobwabs festooned the painted walls; queer, crawling creatures held holiday on the once polished floors; not even the squeak of a rat or a mouse broke the solemp, death-like stillness which prevaded this old, deserted mansion.

"Over all there hung a cloud of fear; A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper to the ear, 'The nouse is haunted.'"

So everyone said, and here is the legend.

So everyone said, and here is the legend, which has the merit of being as true, in the main, as any other ghost story.

Years ago this house was tenented by a Miss Dyas, an eccentric maiden hady, who, dying at the advanced age of eighty six, left her property—including this house and furniture—to a married grandnices then living in the County Meath. The then living in the County Meath. The social season in Dublin was just commencing about the time that all the preliminary law matters connected with the property were being settled, and the heiress, Mrs. O'Callaghan, resolved to let the house furnished. The furniture, though antique, was handsome and substantial. The wails and ceiling of the drawing room, in parand ceiting of the drawing room, in par-ticular, were superbly ornamented in the florid Florentine style. Arabesques, on a pale blue ground, adorned the ceitings; the panels of the walls were painted with groups of figures of rare places of still life; whilst from the mouldings which separated white from the mountings which separated those panels sprang figures which, bending downwards, held the candelabra which lighted the apartment. The furniture was in keeping with the architecture, of inland woods, heavy with gilding, and upholstered in amber satin—it was of that stately and old world type which suggested the days of minutes, apple blossom hued sacques, cherry colored satin petticoats and highcherry colored satin petticoats and high-heeled shoes. A spindle legged spinet stood near the fireplace, wherein was no grate—but great brass dogs. The fireplace was tiled with the queer little Dutch tiles that came over with the tullps in the days of William and Mary. These tiles have of William and Mary. These tiles a succession of Adams and Eves, of Cains and Abels, and other scriptural character,

who looked badly out of place among the nymphs and says and similar profatitles which surrounded the chamber.

The house was no sooner advertised that it was immediately taken by an efficient then quarted in Dublin. Being a man of taste. Colonel Bruston would not permit the house to be remodelled in any way Mrs. Brunton, too, was a woman whilked novelty, and she triumphantly pictured to herself what a delignful sense tion her autique moyen age looking drawing room would create when well lighted up and filled with a fashionable mob.

pretty, piquart little woman, she was cathulastically character. pretty, piquart little woman, she was enthusiasucally charmed and enchanted with her Irish residence. One day, about the beginning of October, she moved inti-it, with her two infant children and he

it, with her two infant children and her two English servants.

The day Mrs. Brunton arrived at her new house her husbend was obliged to spend the evening out. However, to pass the time she amused herself by wandering about the old manston, peeping into musty old cabinets and cupboards and looking with wondering and admiring eyes upon the rare old Venetian glass and exquiette china which seemed almost too fine and delicate for use. About 6:30 o'clock as she sat in the drawing room the nurse entered, saying it was necessary for her to go out and buy some thing which were urgently needed. The womat respectfully asked her mistress if she would go up to the nursery if she should hear the children cry.

would go up to the nursery if she should hear the children cry.
"Oertainly, nurse; I suppose you wil not be very long away?"
"I can't say for certain. madam; I do not know my way about Dubiln."
"Then you had better take the cook with you, she has been in Dublin before I dare say no one will call this evening."
"Thank you, ma'am," and the nurse left the room. Presently Mrs. Brunton heard the hall door being closed, and the two woman's footfalls echoing down the steps.

A quarter of an hour, perhaps twenty minutes or more, passed. The doors between the drawing room and the nursery, two flights higher up, were left open, so that Mr. Beunton could hear every sound. The evening was now fast closing sound. The evening was now fast closing sound. The evening was now fast closing in, and she experienced a strange feeling of loneliness and began to wish she had not allowed both servants to go out together. She laid down the book she had been vedding and historical strange. she needing, and listened nervously—she could not define for what, and presently one of the children gave a cry. The mother started from her sofa, and was about to go up to the nursery, when hurried footst-ps fell upon her ear.

*Ob. I need not go up?

"Oh, I need not go up," she said to herseif. "I suppose the cook has stayed at home after all;" and having, by this time, reached the door, she indeed saw, by the wanter just, the figure of the stayed at her said the same stayed as the said to her said the said the said to her said the said the said to her said the said to her said the said to her said the said to her s the waning light, the figure of an elderly weman turning the landing of the flight of stairs opposite to the drawing room door. She returned to her sofa; but the child's crying did not cesse; on the con trary, it seemed to increase from a whin ing to a wail of terror. In genuine alarn she started up and ran to the nursery. The eldest boy, a chi d of three years old, was sitting up in bed, shricking; but the

cook was nowhere to be seen.

In vain the mother tried to pacify the child. "Freddy," she asked, "did not the cook come up to you?'

But the child only sobbed the more but the child only sobbed the more convulsively; so much so, that his mother refrained from asking any further questions. Softly singing to him, he was soon asleep again, and she stole quietly from the room. It was almost dark, yet she distinctly saw, walking a few steps before her, the figure of the woman whom she yet believed to be the cook.

"Why, cook, I thought you had soon."

"Why, cook, I thought you had gone out with nurse." out with nurse."

The figure had just reached the bottom of the fight of stairs; it turned slowly round, revealir g the face of an old woman with a white cap border closely crimped around her puckered up, leering face. A gruesome, weird light seemed to surround her, so that Mrs. Brunton distinctly saw the shrivelled lips move, the bleared eyes gleam, and the shaky, skinny hand, which was reised and shaken menacingly at her. The figure then turned and ran swiftly

For a moment only, Mrs. Brunton was frightened; but girding up all her cour age, she blamed herself for giving way to nervous fancies-persuading herself event ually that it must be some person em ployed by cook. She went slowly down the stairs, her heart, nevertheless, beating violently, and said courageously

"My good woman, who are you, and hat is your business in this part of the For reply, a chuckling laugh resounded

through the echoing old house. The clatter of many feet seemed to be heard upon the stairs, yet the brave little woman hardly quailed. But what wes she to do She was too terrified to venture after the figure. Just then there was a ring at the answer it with a sense of relief. The two women servants entered.
"Cook," she asked, "did you leave any

woman in the house during your 'No, ma'am." "Well, you had better go and look in the kitchen, for some woman went down the stairs just now."

were speedily secured, and every inch of the basement story was unavail ingly searched. The doors were then secured, and as Mrs. Brunton saw her servants were rather frightened at these precautions, she wisely refrained from entering into any particulars concerning either the manner of the figure or of the

strange noises which she had heard

The next day she related the circum stances to her husband, who, man-like only laughed at her nervous fancies, and partically suggested that a close eye be kept upon the area gate. weeks flow by, and the affair seemed to be forgotten. Forgotten—until one evening, as the colonel and Mrs. Brunton sat slove in the dining room, the

sound of many footsteps was heard in the drawing room overhead, and a plaintive air was played upon the old spinet. They listened amazed, for a minute, and at length Mrs. Brunton said : Henry, I am sure it is that-that

You little goose!" he exclaimed. laughing. "Stay where you are, and I'll go and see!" He bounded up the stairs; there was a

hurried shuffling of feet ; the music ceased.

Mary replied, with a thoughtful smile.