THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLD CASTLE.

6

BY ONE OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

Not far from Ballina, on the eastern shore of Lough Conn, Ireland, stand the ruins of a once mighty castle. The lone and dismantled tower still stands there in solitary grandeur, the time-defying menento of a by-gone chivalrous age.

The erection of this castle dates back to an age when the bright light of history becomes obscured in the mists of antiquity, and the scholar has naught to guide him in his researches save the dim, uncertain sparks of legend and tradition. In the days of Ireland's glory and independence this old castle belonged to one of the family of O'Malley, who ruled with princely sway the surrounding district ; but during the troubles of the Cromwellian era, its possession passed away from the Irish chieftain; and in his stead a fanatical English trooper reigned, maintaining an iron rule worthy of his mean extraction, the strong right hand of iniquitous power in those halls where the princely O'Malleys had for ages lived amid the blessings and the love of their people.

Weird and ghastly legends are told about these ruins, and the place has a bad repute. Bold, indeed, would the peasant be accounted, who, at night, would approach its vicinity ; for the place is looked upon as accursed, as the blood of the brave and the good, the innocent and the true, the holy and the sanctified, has watered the grass of its lawn ! Oftentimes have I, by the winter's fire, listened to the tales which old men tell of the deeds that were enacted there ; and, as the turf blazed upon the hearth leaving the farthest corners of the room still shrouded in darkness, we would involunterily shiver, snd draw closer together as we listened to tales replete with crime and horror. According to local tradition the castle had been destroyed and left in its present ruinous condition by Satan, who, upon one stormy night, carried away, body and soul, the last Cromwellian owner of the place-a story not too good to be true. Many a time have I heard this tale, some repeating it one way, and others another ; but all agreeing in the main facts that Satan had personally figured in the transaction. When I first heard the story it took a great hold on my young imagination; and though it-the story-is undoubtedly corrupted by tradition, as all stories and legends of the kind are, yet I will endeavor, as well as my memory serves, to give it in my own words as I first heard it, and as it then took my fancy, as an act of strict retributive justice.

The date of the story is in the commencement of The date of the story is in the commencement of the eighteenth century, that darkest night in Ire-land's history, when the penal laws were in full swing, and when the misdirected ingenuity of man was exerted to banish all learning and religion from the land. In that unhappy time, when Ireland was ruled by the strong arm of tyranny, there lived in that old castle by Lough Conn, a lord of dark and that old castle by Lough Conn, a lord of dark and tempestuous passions, one of those petty, base-bred tyrants whose evil mind, exercising power over a limited space, ground to the dust all who came within the sphere of its influence. Surrounded and supported by a band of daring cut-throats, the scum of English cutters, sufficiently numerous to even of English gutters, sufficiently numerous to overawe the whole district, Sir Gilbert Massey was the terror of the surrounding country; and of him night be said that he spared neither man nor women. The scaffold which he erected as a cogenial, ghastly ornament, on the lawn, in front of his castle gate, by way of permanent structure, was not in those "good old days" idle; for woe betide the person-be it man or be it maid-who ventured io oppose the torrent of his passion.

There was one class against whom this evil lord of the manor had an implacable hatred, a hatred too common in those unhappy days, and in which he was supported by the laws of the land, laws based on an supported by the laws of the land, laws based on an antipathy which the framers shared with the devil.

manner which he expected to intimidate, addressed manner which he expected to infinitiate, second sec

will give you a chance. Do you love life ?" "Life is sweet," answered the priest; but "Life is sweet," answered the priest; but his eye had a far-off look, as if the "life" of which he was thinking was not of this world. "Yes," echoed the captor. "Life is sweet. You will have it on one condition—will you renounce

your religion and turn Protestant?" "No! ten thousand deaths would not make m

Take care, take care! We have instrument here not very pleasant to those upon whom they operate. And Shawn Dhu," here his lips parted in grim smile. as he looked approvingly on a hideous, broad-shouldered dwarf who stood by the rack, "is a good and clever operator."

'You can do no more than kill." "You can do no more than kill." "No more than kill! And is it nothing to expire in a slow and lingering agony, to have your every joint drawn out of its proper place; and to endure the most exeruciating agony it is possible for a man to feel? Is it nothing to be deprived of burial, and left upon a gibbet to feed the raven and the crow—your bones bleaching in the wind, to serve as a warning to all who pass the way ?" "It is sweet to suffer for Jesus."

'It is sweet to suffer for Jesus. "Away with him," roared Sir Gilbert. "And

you, Shawn Due, to your duty !" Instantly the poor priest was seized, and placed upon the cruel instrument of torture. His limbs and arms were painfully distended, whilst the tyrant stood by. In the badness of his heart, gloating over the tortures inflicted, and watching each spasm of agony that crossed the sufferer's face, with demoniac measure. But no sound of computing the summer form ou, Shawn Due, to your duty !" agony that crossed the sufferer's face, with demonac pleasure. But no sound of agony was wrung from Father O'Rourke's parched lips as they moved in ceaseless prever to God to persevere in His cause to the end. At length, enraged by his patient suffer-ing, and anxious to wring from him some sound of agony, he asked, "Well, now, is it sweet to die?" "Yes," was the calm answer, "it is sweet to die in for Christ."

for Christ." Another sign to the torturers, another furn of the rack, and Father O, Rourke's face lit up with an expression of exceeding joy. His eyes, looking, as it were, beyond all earthly things, saw opening to his vision the gates of that celestial abode where his performance of the second second second second Its vision the gates of that celestial abode where in Redeemer was waiting to receive him, and his coun tenance already bore the impress of heaven. What then, to him, was torture and pain? What then, were earthly affections or love? What What What then, were honors and dignities ? A convulsive efthen, were honors and dignities? A convulsive ef-fort to burst his flonds, a fervent committal of his soul to his Creator, and he was beyond all the ills of life. Exhausted nature had given way beneath his sufferings, and his pure soul had taken wing to the footstool of his Redeemer, there to reap the reward of its constancy here upon earth, and to wear for-ever the glorious crown of martyrdom. For some moments the crowd in the hall gazed on in wonder and stupefaction. There was something in the scene which had occurred before their eyes that they were unable to comprehend—a something

that they were unable to comprehend—a something far beyond the compass of their ignorant and em-bruted souls. They felt that, throughout the trybruted souls. They left that, throughout the up ing ordeal, there had been some unseen power standing by the priest's side, and supporting him under the torture; but they could not know that it was the spirit of God Himself who had opened it is a standard to be up to his vision the glorious beauties of His heaven ly rewards. At length the chief broke the silence

"Release him," he said, "he has fainted." "He is worse, my lord," replied Shawn Dhu, a he let the rack return to its former position. "H s dead.'

"Dead !" exclaimed the chief, as he gazed down in the calm, quiet face, so beautiful in its repose "Impossible !" But so it was, and when the truth was made fully

known to him, he staggered from the hall like a drunken man. He appeared no more that day and, whi ist the loud wall of grief for their beloved pastor ascended from the people outside, their old and inveterate enemy was seeking to drown in drink the accusing voice of his conscience, and to

level, noticing the roof at several points. It was found to be filled with various forms of yegetable

found to be filled with various forms of vegetable life. Many large ironstone nodules were also seen, and very peculiar species of delicate white fungas was observed covering the timber work in several parts of the level. Proceeding along for nearly a mile the edge of the fault was reached, and the line of fracture could be traced striking upwards and downwards at an angle of about 75 degrees, the re-ot being the uptage of the coal for fifty. five feet.

downwards at an angle of about 75 degrees, the re-sult being the upthrow of the coal for fifty-five feet. Here, then, was one of those peculiar difficulties in-cident to mining engineering, the problem was to prove the fault and again strike coal, and the next difficulty was the strike to be the strike peculiar difficulty was the strike to be a strike to be the strike to be a lifficulty was the method by which it could be difficulty was the method by which it could be best got when found. To prove the fault a road had to be driven to the top, and up this the students pro-ceeded, having first divested themselves of their coats, ond headed by Mr. G. W. Todd, the com-pany's surveyor, who had originally planned the road, they now ascended the incline of about 50 de-grees with all the agility of a cat. When the road was driven it was found necessary to protect the

road, they now ascended the incline of about 50 de-grees with all the agility of a cat. When the road was driven it was found necessary to protect the sides, and in many places the roof, and upon reach-ing the top of the fault a large quantity of water was set free, which at once rushed in a strong stream towards the lower level, but in the face of these difficulties, the party proceeded, and climbing hand over hand, and in places literally creeping under the roof in astrong flow of water, small coal and clay, pulling themselves up by the jotting portions of rock, and, to use a seaman's expression, "holding on by the cyclorows," the top of the fault was reached. There were not wanting elements of dan-ger in this difficult ascent, as had one of the party slipped he must have fallen for nearly 100 yards, and in his descent have knocked down those following him. The road was narrow, and the party were obliged to proceed Indian file. Several slips did ac-tually occur, and one dropped his lamp, which was extinguished by falling in the water, but was fortun-ately stopped by the one following him. On reach-ing the top of the fault abundant evidence was given of the violence of the upheaval, the rock being polished and as smooth as a mirror to the depth of half an inch by the colliding of one surface on the olished and as smooth as a mirror to the depth of half an inch by the colliding of one surface on th other. The descent was now commenced, and this proved even more difficult than the ascent, owing to the insecurity of foot and hand hold of descending feet foremost. The sprags at two sides and in places across the road were all extremely slippery with the water and clay, but the level was reached in safety, and the party had more the appearance of excavators, but they had provided for this by wear-ing old clothing and heavy boots. Many were the hearty laughs raised deep down in the heart of the mine as each recounted his individual adventures. It was now determined to explore the stone drift It was now determined to explore the stone drift being driven to reach the coal. This is a most ex-pensive enterprise, a road large enough to allow the passage of tubs to pass and repass, and of sufficient height to walk has to be cut out from the sumerent height to wate a solution of the inner of the solution of the solutio used, and the method of charging was shown, por-tions of the rock were examined and faund to be composed of silica mica and felspar, cemented by some solution of iron. Here resting awhile, Mr. Todd produced a plan of the workings drawn to nd the students could at once see the difficul scale, and the students could at once see the dimen-ties that have to be surmounted in cases where a throw occurs. On the return journey some of the party expressed a wish to visit the "face," and with the utmost courtesy Mr. Todd complied with the desire, although it necessitated a journey of nearly half a mile extra. Turning up board gate No. 15, the "face" was reached, and the coal was seen en situ. The Parkgate coal is well known; it is a hard coal, about four feet four thick, and unlike the Silkstone, is remarkably free from dirt partings. The whole mass is compared chiefly of vegetable matter, and is well adapted for household and steam purposes. One block, nearly half a ton in weight, was seen in the benk. The first trier had been round seen in the benk. The first ther had been found just previously, and his mark signifying "All right" was pointed out. It was now determined to as-cend, as the party had been engaged in exploring three hours, and were well tired out, but they had

acquired information of a mining and geological character, which months of study of manuals could not have given.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER. PUZZLER'S CORNER

Some people have softening of the brain, but the world suffers more from those who have hardening of the heart.

At a Somersetshire agricultural meeting lately one of the toasts was, "The medical profession-and less need of them."

A celebrated philosopher used to say, "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

A driver, in a discussion as to speed, said he ran his train so fast that the telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a fine tooth comb.

"No" replied Mrs. Malaprop, slowly, "I cannot say that I ever was in Dublin, but my mother has a second cousin called Irish who deals in cork; so there !"

An old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but he abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like vou.'

"Yes," said an old man at Long Branch, "that lady is very disagreeable at table. If I lived in the same house with her she would be the only one in it. I can tell you."

Sunday school teacher to astonished child-" My dear, every hair of gour head is numbered Scholar (hesitating) to astonished teacher—' Pull out No. 6 for me, then, please !"

A Newark girl hastened the departure of a gen tleman caller the other evening by remarking, as she looked out of the window, "1 think we shall have a beautiful sunrise."

A Philadelphia philanthropist brought a Chines washerman to Sunday-school and gave him a Bible. Meeting him during the "hot wave," he asked him how he liked the weather. The reply from the new Sunday-school scholar was not very encouraging : "Every dayee allee samee; hot as hellee."

The Rev. Miss Oliver says that every time a young man spends five cents for a glass of beer he takes ten bricks from the pile of a snug little home. Now we know why men who indulge in beer carry bricks in their hats."

A fop took a seat in a railroad car behind a young lady, but on perceiving she had a dog moved off with an air of trepidation. "Don't be afraid," she said, with a reassuring tone; "Jip won't bite you; be down't like wead." he doesn't like veal."

An indolent booby .- An indolent booby left An indicient boody.—An indicate boody Satur-Southern college because he had to study on Satur-days. He ought to get on a newspaper, when he would have to work from fourteen to eighteen hours day, with only time to eat his meals through the of fice telegastograph.

One of those Sunday-school teachers who are al One of those Sunday-school teachers who are al-ways desirous of drawing out the ideas of children, asked her class what they supposed Daniel said when he was placed in the lion's den. One of her scholars, who has a practical turn of mind, ans-wered, "Good-bye, I'm a goner !',

A farmer sent an Irishman, who was working fo him, to a cow-yard to hang a gate. Poor Pat worked at the gate for half an hour, but could not hang it properly. So going to a neighboring pond, and throwing it in he said : "Be jabers, if you don't hang, then drown !"

Men who are lighter than air or cork .--- Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen, or Eng-lishmen ? In Ireland there are men of Cork, in Scotland men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames there are lightermen.

"Are you fond of astronomy ?" said a schoolmaster to a young lady who sat beside him at the dinner table. "Oh, yes !" she replied; "but my health is so delicate that the doctor forbids me ever eating any.'

"If it were not for the years couched upon his head," wrote the obituary writer; and then he got right up and howled when the type setter rendered it, "If it were not for his ears he could have stood

"Say, Bill, do you know what an angel is?" Scasely : I never see one ginywine." "Well, do upon his head.

29.

MITRE

ONTARIO

LADIES' D

PARIS AND A Mrs. J. J. Ske

FRIDAY, NOVEN

WINT continue to be varied i to the taste and cou wearer, which is, in o being becomingly attin most in favor : these a silk or satin. Some n scuttle," under which mothers managed to 1 from the period of th Gainsborough is still wear it at all places of lined with satin, and and creamy-white, I are forourite shades in small clusters upo shades.

A new kind of felt supple, and makes one of the pretties

Louise-blue satin, border, trimmed wi ribbon, put on in a c and ends at the back

Another is of sea satin of the same co put on in a semi-cor The *capote* matche the most fashionable are of black or grey and can be worn with For town wear th winter—the small-simple toilets, and Gainsborough style. There are several fashionable this win

The Louise, and very little trimming The Modjeska is season, can be wor

W In dresses the ba

vailing fashion jupleated, according The visite, or 1 sleeves seem the winter. It is mad faced with velvet ementerie and fr Carriage wraps with fringe, and f Plaid for dresse for travelling cost Bright steel, nie these costumes, a

Short skirts are street wear ; semi indoor morning of all evening-dresse I find in the N of the most fashie or carriage purper called milleflems fabric, composed

surface. There were ne are shown this se winter—that is garments. Muf a few years ago, showing a little have cold finger TOL

Chicken Pie. Chickens, cut in and salt and si pan with water add flour and

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dish covered

half an hour.

four large app

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quantities

Sauces and

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Baked An

" Aye ! be as merry as you can." We cordially invite contributions to this corner, ith the name and address of each contributor. Answers will appear two weeks after each set of problems. Solutions must reach us by the "Monday" previous to publication.

Address : "PUZZLER," "Catholic Record " Office,

388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS, To be awarded on St. Patrick's Day, 1879. 1st. Prize, a handsome Bible; value \$10. 2nd. The Life of the Blessed Virgin; value, \$5. 3rd. The CATHOLIC RECORD for one year, and any book from Sadiler's list of value \$2. Total value \$4. 4th. The CATHOLIC RECORD for one year, value \$4. If preferred, any book of the same value from Sad-Her's list will be sent instead of prizes, 1, 2 and 4. To encourage our young friends, we allow them to compete for all the prizes, while not more than two will be awarded to competitors over 18 years of age. We hope our youthful renders will, for their own im-provement, take a special interest in the "Corner." LOOK OUT for the CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the PRIZES TO PUZZLERS,

LOOK OUT for the CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the RECORD. There will be a special PUZLER'S COR-NER, with puzzles of peculiar interest, and additions to the prize list. Owing to an error in the numbering, we restore the correct numbering to-day.

42. GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARE WORD. An important European capital. A fortified city on the Black Sea.

A fortified city on the Black Sea.
A city of China.
A Belgian town, remarkable for many sieges.
A river in Georgia.
An important city in France.
These 6 words form a square, and the initials spell the first, and the finals the last.

43. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters. My 7, 3, 4, 6, is a flower. My 5, 2, 3, 1, a support. My 1, 2, 8, 6, 4, 9, a clergyman. My 4, 1, 8, 7, 6 may be seen

on churches. My ', 2, 6, 9, 9, 10, is hand-some. My 7, 3, 5, 6, is a cord. My whole is what we all unite in wishing the CATH-

44. ANAGRAM. What geographical name, famous in history, can be obtained from the letters, RED NAIL? CORA.

45. TRANSPOSITION.

45. TRANSPOSITION. I'm highly prized by king and queen As the emblem of their rank: On every human head I'm seen, And an valued in the bank. Birds have their tails; but if you take My tail away from me, This strange to tell a bird yon'll make Of what would no bird be! Cut offmy tail again : yon'll see, If you transpose me right, That fabled Arab bird I'll be That gave Sinbad a fright: In an other way apply the knife, Behead me and curtail, My total thus is changed to strife : Now name me without fail.

45. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

If the product of three numbers be multiplied by ch of the numbers separately, the results will be 1800, 9, 3240; required the numbers. 46.

The right angle of a right angled triangle is bisected a line cutting the hypotheneuse into two parts, which e respectively 65 and 166 feet feet in length. Deter-ine the base and perpendicular. SOLUTIONS, 29 TO 33 (of Nov.15.)

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FARMS OIL 30. Many happy returns of November tenth to our es-

 $5 25 450000 - \frac{1}{25} M^2 = (x - \frac{2}{5} M)^2 .$ Now, since $450000 - \frac{1}{25} M^2 = \Box, \text{ it must be positive, } \therefore \text{ the}$

antipathy which the randers shalled with the dothing To catch one of those daring priests who, in spite of all the terrors pronounced against them by the law, still kept alive the light of faith in Ireland, who, by mountain and by wood, offered up, in secrecy and in hiding, the adorable Sacrafice of the Mass for their flocks, who still joined in sacramental marraige the betrothed hands of youth, who went through untold dangers to baptize the new-born in-fant, and to administer the last sacraments to the dying, he would give any reward. He hated them with that bitter and uncomprising hatred natural to his demoniac nature, a hatred all the greater because of the contrast which their holy lives afforded to his own. He could not, whilst he himself knew no pleasure save the gratification of his evil passions, comprehend how these holy men were content to risk all in the service of their Maker-to live lives of poverty and hardship, and

Maker—to live lives of poverty and hardship, and joyfully die deaths of ignominy and shame. There was one priest in particular, a Father John O'Rourke, against whom he had mortal hatred. This Father John was a young and very zealous man, who, contemning dangers, was constantly, in all sorts of disguises, amongst his flock; and as he was a man of rare tact and eleverness, he contrived, on several occasions, to defeat some of the most cunning schemes of the evil lord. In vain large re-wards were offered for Father O'Rourke's apprewards were offered for Father O'Rourke's appre-hension; in vain the whole tribe of "Shawn & Sog garth" were placed upon his track. He for a long time contrived to escape them, and evaded their most carefully laid plans. But

"The fox must sleep sometimes, the red deer mus And treachery prey on the blood of the blest."

And Father John, long as he escaped them, was at length in the clutches of his enemies. Whilst ad-ministering the last sacraments to a dying woman, and, as he held the crucific before her eyes, the house was surrounded by the tyrant and his truculent band. Inattentive to all around, he told the dying soul of the infinite love and countless mercies of Him the Crucified; and when all was over, when the soul had winged her flight from the tenement of clay, the soggarth aroon, uttering a prayer for its repose, turned to depart. The danger of his posi-tion was at once apparent, but escape was hopeless; so, resignedly, crossing his arms upon his breast, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, he fervently eyes towards heaven, he fervently ejaculated, "The time has come, O Lord !"

Expressive words these were—words that told of of the inward yearnings of the soul for immortality, for that bliss which hath no end, and for those eternal rewards in contemplation of which all ther sense-even of natural terror at the bloody path, martyrdom-is lost in admiration and love of

4

he all-requiting God. Quickly the priest was hurried away, and stood fused and resigned to his fate, beside the instruments of torture in the great hall of the castle ments of torture in the great half of the castle, whilst, grim and fierce, his captor sat on a raised chair, prepared, Nero-like, to gloat over his agonies. As the wicked Lord sat there, his countenance ex-pressing the fierce passions that raged within his breast, gazing upon the mild and composed fea-tures of the poor priest whom the dread of death conduct friction, a chance came over his counten. coudnot frighten, a change came over his counten-A sign and the priest was led before him;

drink the accusing shut out the sight of the calm, still face which secured to menace him with destruction. He gave no order as to the disposal of the body; but that night it disappeared from the hall, and was buried in consecrated ground, whilst a brother in the cause of night it disappeared how the brother in the cause of consecrated ground, whilst a brother in the cause of Jesus read the burial service over his grave, which was plentifully watered by the tears of the sorrow-ing people who stood around, and who felt that they had indeed lost in the martyred priest a father and a friend "And his murderer," you will ask, " did he live on

to continue his career of crime ? Did he still go or to continue his career of crime is but he still go and as before, torturing and slaying, and hanging and oppressing, as his evil passion dictated ?" No! judgment, quick and speedy, overtook him. From the moment of Father O'Rourke's death a demon the moment of Father O'Rourke's death a demon seemed to have taken possession of him, that would neither let him rest or sleep. He was continually drinking, and ever he was talking of a shadowy hand that from beyond the grave seemed to beekon him on into the shades of eternity. The strangest rumors began to circulate concern-ing him; and even his servitors began to be afraid and to desert him. It was asserted that he held accommission with the Evil One: for that, in the

and to desert him. It was asserted that he held communication with the Evil One; for that, in the dead hour of the night, voices were heard in his chamber which were not of this earth, as they warned him that the consummation was at hand. At length, on one awful night of storm, when the winds blew a hurricane, and when the thunder roared as if it would shake the heavens, piercing axis of thereor was heard coming from his room. eries of terror were heard coming from his room. As his terrified servants rushed towards the cries, the castle shook to and fro beneath them, a blue ight shone for an instant, rendering all around a bright as day; then walls and all crumbled to the earth, burying all living things in its ruins. The bodies of the servants were afterwards recov

red; but Sir Gilbert's was never found. But the ered; but Sir Gilbert's was never found. But the terrified and trembling peasants whispered of a sight that had that night been seen on the tower of the castle, when, by that awful flash of lightning, the form of the evil lord had for an instant been visible. But he was not alone, for by his side was another and a darker form—a sinister form that all know right well, but that all feared to name; whilst above in she clouds was seen a bright and radiant proces-sion, as the form of their loved nastor. Father sion, as the form of their loved pastor, Father O'Rourke, escorted by a brilliant company of angels, oared aloft to heaven. Such, reader, is the legend of the ruined castle, as

it was told to me; and, though tradition may un-doubtedly be corrupted, yet it is often a surer guide o history than mere state records—enabling judge of what our forefathers endured.

DOWN IN A SHEFFIELD COAL PIT.

By the kind permission of Mr. Emerson Bain-By the kind permission of Mr. Emerson fam-bridge a party of geologists belonging to the Uni-versity Students' Association, nearly all of them holding certificates from the University of Cam-bridge, have visited the Parkgate scam, worked by the Nunnery Colliery Company, their object being the investigation of a great fault found in the searth layed. After descending the shaft and in-

NO CONUNDRUMS.

Here is a "poser" to which a correspondent asks in immediate and explicit answer : "What do Episopalians mean by the "Communion of Saints, ?" This reminds Causcur of a story which an old-time minister used to tell. A revival was in progress in his church, and during the service one evening, a sailor, seeing no other place vacant, "came to an anchor" in the "anxious seats," not knowing the special purpose for which they were set apart. At the close of the service the good pastor, supposing the close of the service the good pastor, supposing him anxions for spiritual comfort, took a seat by him anxions for spiritual comfort, took a seat by the sailor's side, and asked him how he felt. "Pretty well, thankee," said Jack, evidently pleased with the attention. "But how is it with your soul ?" persisted the kindly old man. "None of that," said Jack, hitching himself away; "none of your con-undrums here."—Boston Transcript.

HIS CONTINUOUS JOURNEY.

Last evening a man with red mud on his boots and weariness all over him entered a car of an in-coming train at a station a dozen miles or so from New York. When the conductor came along weary man drew from his vest pocket the last half of an excursion ticket between New York and a station some half dozen miles beyond where he entered the train, and on another branch of the road over which the train had not passed. The condutor quietly returned the ticket and remarked, "not good," at the same time pointing to a stipulation on the ticket which said that, in consideration of the reduced rate, the company would only accept the

ticket for "one continuous journey." The weary man looked inquiringly into the glare of the conductor's lantern and said "Waal."

"You stopped over at the last station," exclaimed the conductor, "and so you are not making 'one continuous journey.""

"How do you know I ain't ?" wearily asked the

ussenger. "Because this train hasn't been on the other branch at all," said the conductor, showing signs of

impatience. As though propounding a question that would put a stop to further talk, the conductor asked : "Well, how could you make a continuous journey on this train from a place this train does't go to at all " adding that the rules of the company were percemptary and must be enforced. "I ain't said nothing about this train," replied "I ain't said nothing about this train," replied

the weary man, evidently much disgusted. "I footed it all the way to the Junction, after I found

the last train had gone, and got here just in time to hang on to this train as it was starting; and if that an't a continuous journey I'd like to know what

The hilarity of the other persons in the car seemed to annoy their weary fellow passenger, and he ex-plained, as the conductor passed on, that he would like to know "if the rules of the company pre-A sign and the priest was led before him; nt n Sir Gilbert, gazing darkly upon him in a

ou reckon they hang on till forever !" " Not much, 31. Part-ridge 32. Let one side of rectangle=x, the other side I don't. Why dad stiys the old woman was an angel when he married her, but she's got over it. I guess

32. Let one side of rectangle=x, the other side =2300-x, and $x^2 + (2300-x)^2 = 1700^2$: Simplify $\therefore x^2 - 2300x = -1200000$ To complete the square, add to each side $1150^2 = 1322500$ $\therefore x^2 - 2300x + 1150^2 = 122500$: extract square root and transpose. $\therefore x = 800$ or 1500, the 2 sides of the rectangle. angels don't keep in this climate, anyway. No, indeed, Ethel. Oh, no. We wouldn't trust young woman who spells it "Feemail Kollige," to sweep down our back stairs, let alone editing our poetical department. Besides we have no such de-33. The diagonal of the rectangle is a diameter as, the diagonal of the rectangle is a diameter =1500 ... if x = 1 side, $\sqrt{(1500^2 - x^2)} =$ the other side. $2x + \sqrt{(1500^2 - x^2)} = a$ maximum, say=M. Transpose and square both sides ∴ 150024 $-x^2 = M^2 - 4Mx + 4x^2$. Collect coefficients and It stayed out late one night and hasn't partment. It stayed out late one night and hasn't been able to pay its fine yet.—Keokuk Constitution. What is an editor ?- An editor's bizness is to write $-x^2 = M^2 - 4Mx + 4x^2$. Convert coencients and complete the square : $x^2 - \frac{4}{-}Mx + \frac{4}{-}M^2 =$

editorials, grind out poetry, sort out manuscrips, keep a mighty big waste basket, steal matter, fite other people's battles, take white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, work nineteen hours out of twenty-four, and be damned by everybody. -Billings.

An art critic, going into a gallery in a state of mild inebriation to criticise some pictures, sees himself in a glass, and taking out his notebook, writes as fol-"First room : head of a drunkard, no signalows ture ; has a great deal of character ; red nose rem ably truthful. Must be a portrait from life ; th ably truthful. Must be a portrait from life; think I've seen that face somewhere."—Paris Figaro.

25 greatest value which $\frac{1}{25}$ M² can have = 450000 \therefore M² =11250000 \therefore M=1500 $\sqrt{5}$ =3354.10197 = length of rope : Then \therefore 450000 - $\frac{1}{25}$ M²

=0, $x = \frac{2}{-}$ M=600 $\sqrt{5} = 1341.64079 - =$ dis-

Transcript. tance of 2nd. post from 3rd.

We don't know that any man ever owned an umbrella for two years. That is, the same one. If there is any such man in this country, we should be pleased to receive his name and address, not neces for publication, but merely as a guarantee of faith. We think he would be a curiosity, and sarily good faith

would furthermore be quite an acquisition to some traveling show. Besides, we should like to borrow umbrella

SHE NEVER SLAMMED THE DOOR

sile NEVER SLAMADE THE HOME Four years ago-for weal or woe-Our fates had been united, To fight through life the varied strife That's fought for, unrequitted. We've sailed 'neath fortune's sternest frown, 'Mid breakers on life's shore; She bore misfortune's thorny crown-And never slammed the door.

She uever slammed the door, She never slammed the door, Is there in life one other wife That never slammed the door

When grief and woe would overflow When grief and wor would overhow The cup that fate presented. The suddened draught she fully quaffed, And smilled, and felt contentied; Twas fate's decree, she mildly thought, That heaven on us did pour; With angel hope her heart was fraught— She never slaamed the door !

But I repined, and felt inclined But replace, and terminates To rail gainst our condition in My angel-wife has sweeten'd life-And now, our changed position Makes me reflect on what we've pas And wonder, more and more, That while our sky \ge as overcast, She never slammed the door ! F. M. MACDONAGH.

tance of 1st from 2nd post, and 3rd from 4th. $\checkmark (1500^2 - x^2) = 300 \checkmark 5 = 670.82039 + = dis$ tance of 2nd. post from 3rd. All our puzzlers who attempted No. 33, assumed that the rectangle sought is a square. Our solution will show that it is a rectangle twice as long as it is broad. It is not safe to assume anything in geometry, without proof. Thus all gave too small gan answer for length of line, viz., 3181.98+. Kate O. and Maggie O. solve 29, 30, 31, 32, 4 points each. A very good attempt from our youngest puzzlers. Geometrician solves 29, 30, 31, 32, 4 points. Cora and Amice solve 29, 30, 31, 32, 10 points. Ella solves 31, 32, 31, 32, 4 points. Ella solves 31, 32, 32, 4 points. Ella solves 31, 32, 32, 10 points each. Ella solves 31, 32, 22 points. E. C. Solves 32, 1 point. Deadshot and Busy Bee join the puzzlers this week: but but the solutions are for next week's issue. We are sorry you did not try the puzzles for this week: but Magninz, where in the world are you? A Sphinz world : so tell us if yon are dead, and Grandpa, as Deadshot calls the P, will get all the puzzling family to wear mourning for you. Cora's square next week. Thanks.

25

-The fair recently held in the Exposition build-ing, Chicago, for the benefit of the House of the Good Shepherd in that eity, has been a great success. The attendance was very large, and all classes of persons sceneed to take a personal interest in it. The various Catholic societies of the city visited the fair in a body.

-We are informed by Dr. Kilroy, the estimable pastor of Stratford, Ont., that the mission lately given there by Rev. Fathers Cooney, O'Mahoney and Robinson, C. S. C., was a great success. At the close of the mission, which lasted two weeks, over 1,500 persons received Holy Communion. The a mission at St. Mary's, whence they will go to Windsor for another.