## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Summer is Dead, CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

Summer is dead ! All the stutble fields knell Summer is dead, who was blithesome and gay. Blience and sound have united to tell it ; Summer is dead ; and alack a day !

Sweet was her smile when, with shy, gentle

Bweet was not similar when the hedge rows of greethat. She led back the rose to the hedge rows of June Bindiy the heart that no longer is beating Throbbed 'neath the light of the tender young moon.

Where is the life of her, sweet-hearted summer! We all so loved her, was she not content? Ab, itke each child of time, time hath o'er

still she lies, cold she lies, roses all spent. Ah. like the rest of us, when she was bidden. Meekly she folded her brown hands to

Why was it? Who can tell? All that is hidden-Why does the sunlight fade out in the West?

Only we know when the stubble field knells

it, Echoing the cricket's small, shrill roun-delay. Silence and sound have united to tell it ; summer is dead, and lack a day !

-Chicago Herald.

KNOCKNAGOW OR,

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

#### CHAPTER LXIII. -CONTINUED.

"Oh," raid she, covering her face with hands, "It will kill her. If Ellio were at home, or even if I had Judy—but I know they have purposely contrived come plan to get the poor old woman out of the way —I might he able to do something." She was on the point of giving way to despair, when her eye rested on Norah Laby's other. Southout it up hetween her hands chair. Spatching it up between her hands she hurried to her mother.

" The broth is not ready, mamma," said

"The broth is not ready, mamma," said she, "and Judy is gone somewhere. You'd be tired ritting on that hard tree, so I brought you this chair." "Oh, 'tien't strong enough for me," said her mother, "I'm too heavy for it." "Oh, 'tis quite strong. It was Mat Donovan made it, and there is a wooden frame inside the straw. You'll find it very comfortable; I was often thinking of bringing it to your room."

very comfortable; I was often tunking of bringing it to your room." "Well, bring it down to the hedge. I saw a wasp going into a hole at the root of this tree, and I suppose there is a nest there. I'm always sfraid of wasps since my uncile Dan got the sting in the eye-brow, and it swelled up till you'd think he had u't an eye in his head. That's why I was always against keeping bees; though Mrs. Donovan tells me not one in her Mrs. Donovan tells me not one in her house ever got a sling, but one Mat got when he grabbed at a bee that got en-tangled in Bessy Morris' hair. Oh, I declare 'tis a very nice chair. I think 1'll deciars is a very nice chair. I think I it stay out till your father comes home, and hall be surprised. He said he only wanted to see Wat Murphy about some sheep he bought, so I suppose he won't

say 'tis thrue, for I met Darby Ruadh with his coat off, runnin' to hire a car; an The allusion to Mrs. Donovan suggested which his cost off, function to hive scar; and he wouldn't tell me where he was goin' if they wor makin' off. But there's some-thin' up." This rumour created great excitement; and the few of old isaac's victims who still to Mary that the best thing she could do was to got Nelly to assist her. Mat, she knew, was with her father fitting up the house in town.

Nelly and her mother were quite startled when Miss Kearney told them what had happened. Nelly's first sugger-tion was to "choke" old Issac without a moment's loss of time. But, remember. moment's loss of time. But, remember ing that this summary proceeding was not practicable just then, old Isaac not being in the way, she let down her apron—which she had tucked up as if the choking business were to be done on the spot - and became more calm. "Sare I can break in the doore, miss,"

"Sare I can break in the doore, miss," said Neily. "Oh, no," returned Mary, and she could not help smiling, "that would not do. Darby Ruadh and the rest of them are in the house, I am sure. I think the best thing we could do is to get mamma ever here, until my father comes with the car. And if she can bear the shock, Mrs. Don-man explicitly the her shout old times ovan could talk to her about old times, and that would cheer her. But she is not

CONSPIRACY-THE COULIN-MISS LLOYD strong enough to walk." I'll run over for Billy and the mule,' exclaimed Nelly, flinging her cloak on her shoulders. "He's at the blg dhrain to day\_an' sure 'is at the same dhrain he is every day almost for the last twelve-month." As Nelly was starting off to the bog for Billy Heffernan, the old housekeeper came in, vowing vergeance against that "limb in, vowing vengeance against that gone down," Father av the divil," Darby Ruadh, who had told her that Honor Lahy wanted her in all haste, and off she ran, and never "cried crack" till she reached the "barrack,' and found Honor did not want her at all "Never mind, Judy," asid Mary sooth-ingly. "Anything such people would do need not surprise you. Come with me now, as I may want you." Mary was quite alarmed to see Mr. Bereaford Pender standing in front of her mother's chair, while his father shuffled up and down behind him, rubbing his face. But, to her surprise, instead of bullying and insulting her mother, the worther lowed Edmund towards the and insulting her mother, the worth pair were bowing to her with every sign of the most profound respect, and assuring her how much they regretted that she had s gloomy. "I have not yet got rid of the feeling that we are destined to be rivals." been put to even the slightest inconvenience, while poor Mrs. Kearney looked ing so ?" "No reason ; it is only a feeling." from one to the other quite bewildered. Twas all a mistake, Miss Kearney," Their eyes met, and in both there was a look of suspicion. "A very foolish feeling," Arthur obhaid Beresford, turning to Mary. "The rescals acted without my orders. But I am after telling them to leave the house, "A very foolish feeling," Arthur ob-served, after a pause. They passed beyond the Priest's Walk, and into the pleasure grounds near the castle; and Arthur stopped short as a and the furniture will be put back again at wance. "What is it, Mary ?" Mrs. Kearney "Something the bailiffs have been doing, I believe," she replied. "But it sppears it was a mistake." "Making another seizure?" returned strain of low, sweet music fell upon his ear. "I thought these people were away on the Continent," said he. Edmund did not reply. He was watch-ing the play of his friend's features, which changed from indifference to surprise, and then softened into melancholy. "(That the remuch a round is a compathing ")

Billy Heffernan's services were not required. But Nelly Donovan's appear-ance in his lonely house that day, be afterance in his lonely house that day, heatter wards confessed, first put the thought into his mind that it would be pleasant, after all, to have some one to welcome him home on summer evenings and winter nights. And that same night, as Kit ast winking at the moon, after a luxurious tamble on a heap of dry turf dust, the minded you." "Well, suppose that is the fact," rewicking at the moon, after a luxurious tumble on a heap of dry turf dust, the remains of last year's rick, certain sounds reached her ears to which she had been so long unaccustomed, that she wakkened up and switched her tail three several times. And though, except the tail, not a muscle moved, it was quite evident that Kit was going through a series of very wid gam-bols in her own mind. Her master, for the first time since Norah Laby's death, took down his flute from the elk's horns upon which it hung, and played "Auld Lang Syne." Then, putting back the flute, he went out and paced up and down through the rushes, feeling uneasy and excited. Was he going to forget her, he asked himself. And if she knew his thooghts would she not reproach him with her dark eyes ? Bat then he recalled her words the evening he ran to tell her that Mat Donovan was not killed by the fall-ing of a hay rick, and remembered how fond she always was of Nelly. He felt he could not sleep in the state of mind he was in ; and, instead of going to bed at over, be thought he might as well walk over to Honor Laby's for his usual supply of meal. "God acce all here !" said Billy Hefferturned Arthur, reddening sgain, then ?" "The a most extraordinary fatallty,"

eaid Eimund, quite distressed. "Though you only saw her that one time." "You are most certainly taking leave of your wits," returned Arthur. "Of course I saw her often since." "You never told me that," exclaimed Edmund, looking up in surprise. "And she never gave me the least hint of it." "Why, you saw me the rest intro or he operated by yourself," Arthur replied, look-ing as if he were really anxious on the score of his friend's sanity. "Perhaps Father Carroll's whisky is too much for

you ?" "My dear Arthur," cried Edmund "My dear Arthur," cried Edmund Kiely, springing to his feet, "I have been making a fool of myself. It is not of the same person we are thinking at all. Let us go back. It is getting late, and Father Carroll may think we have been spirited away by some one of the numerous super-natural visitants who haunt the Priest's Walk after nightfall, if Mrs. Hayes is to be believed." be believed. The candles were lighted in the priest's

of meal. "God save all here !" said Billy Heffer-The candles were lighted in the priest's parlour when they resched the cottage. A:thur O'Connor stood still, looking quite bewildered, when he opened the parlour door, and saw the most gloriously beauti-ful girl he had ever beheld standing be-fore him and smiling through her tears. She advanced as if she found it impossible to restrain herself, and clasped his hand in hers while the high series that surgang "God save all here !" said Billy Heffer-nan; "'tis a fine night." "God save you knoly, Billy !" re-turned Honor and Phil togother, "sit down." They were sitting near the win-dow, watching the moon as it peeped over the beech-tree. Billy sat down in his old place on the bench. And as the moon rose higher and higher above the tree, the light fillon the place where North used in hers, while the big tears that sprang into her eyes when she first looked at him rolled down her cheeks. He looked light fell on the place where Norah used to sit, and the thought occurred to each of them that she was looking at them now. to Edmund for an explanation, but that gentleman only rubbed his gleefally, evi-

"God save ye," said another voice, in a low, subducd tone; "'tis a beautiful night." It was Nelly Donovan, who sat down exactly where Norah used to sit, and, resting her chin on her hand, gazed dently enjoying his friend's bewilder "She is gloriously beautiful," thought Arthur, as he surveyed her splendid figure, and then looked inquiringly into her dark up at the moon, with a softness in her eyes that Billy Heffernan had never "You don't remember me," she said in

noticed in them before. The dreamy sadness of their looks changed suddenly to astonishment. The old linnet began a clear, musical voice. "I must have seen you before," he te-plied; "but I can't recollect when or where." to sing that low sweet song of his; though his voice had never before been heard ex-

Au old man, with long white hair and Peet in the day-time. Honor Laby made the sign of the cross, evidently viewing the incident in a superslightly bent figure, advanced from be-hind Father Cleary's high-backed arm-chair, where he had been standing unobnatural light. "There's somethin' goin' to happen that served by Arthur, and stood beside the lovely girl, holding an ebony flute in the hollow of his left arm, and looking at

Norah'd be glad uv," said she. And as Billy Herffernan continued to Arthur with a plaintive smlie. "I remember now," esld Arthur, ap-pearing more bewildered than ever, as the oid gentleman shock him by the hand. look into Nelly Donovan's eyes, he re-membered more distinctly what Norah had said about his leading so lonely a life,

without one to care for him. "There is Mat," said Phil. "I'll run out and ask him is there any news." old gentleman shook nim by the batter At this the tears eprang into the young lady's eyes again, and then she and Ed-mund exchanged looks and laughed. But all the laughing was not to be on E imund's side, such he looked almost as aston'shed as Arthur, when Father Carroll bed forward arother looging the of the "Somethin' is up," was Mat's reply "Tis reported the Penders forged Sir Gar

led forward another lovely gitl, of the mild and statuceque, and not of the glow-ing sort, like the first, who now caught her by the hand; though it was plain they

had met that evening before. It was the first time that ehe and Arthur had meet for years; but each read in the eyes of the remained in the country indulged in wild hopes that the day of retribution had other what the reader must have guessed by this time. "My dear Miss Kearney," exclaimed come. Among these, we need scarcely say, was Maurice Kearney; who hoped that if the agent were proved to be a knave, the landlord would not only give him back the

"My dear Miss Kearney," excisined the dark beauty, "how much I regret I did not know who you were that day at the sea-side. And to think that the young abbe, as I have always called him, was my own coustnel I to slike a romance. I never heard the 'Ooulin' since that I did not think of both of you." "It how now" south E towned. "of landlord would not only give him back the possession of his farms, but compensate him for the injury he had suffered. And, though by no means so sanguine as her father, even Mary felt a presentiment that "I know now," estd Eimund, "of whom the 'Coulin' reminded you." morning, and missed the sow and the

"Yes, and I have some faint notion of what you were driving at," returned Arthur. "But who is she ?" Before he could answer, Edmund felt a

little hand glide into his, and turning round, he caught his elster Grace in his Father Carroll locked on, rubbing his

until we learned how it was an' that you hands in silence, and congratulating himrefused him." Mr. Pender, don't equeeze success of his plot, when Mrs. Hayes came in and whis-And please take care of my so hard. "Can't you talk?" uttered Darby. "Wan'd think you hadn't a word in your pered some words to him. He went to the white-haired old gentleman, who

the driver to drive on.

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sofs," he answered, "and will have to say "Yes, he and my friend, the abbe, were my only dangerous rivals," said Edmund. sofa," he answered, "and will nove to say Mass at seven in the morning." "Well, don't forget to close the shut-ters," said Grace. "There is a pane broken in the window."

Edmund. "And to think the abbe was my coucin!" added Miss Butler, with a beam-icg look at Arthur; "and that he knew my beloved mother. And that we should my beloved mother. And that we should Mary did not eleep much that night. She was too much spitated to be happy. Grace, too, was restless enough ; but she is a mystery ;" and we must leave hereelf to meet in this old cottage, where should meet in this old cottage, where she was married. Did you ever read of anything more romantic in a book ?" "Really Edmund," Grace observed, "you ought to make it the subject of a drama or a proval. It has are recutated upravel herself.

unravel herself. "We are all quite alarmed about Miss Lloyd. She can't be found anywhere," eaid Miss Butler, who met Mary and Grace on their way home next morning. "They are afraid she followed us to Father Car-Irama or a novel. It has every requisit "Except the sensational," said Ed

are afraid she followed us to Father Car-roll's and fell into the river." "No, miss," answered Barney Brod-herick, who was driving the car, "she went home be the road." "How do you know ?" Mary asked. "Sure I see her, miss," Barney an-swered, "cuttin' away as fast as her legs

could carry her. She kem into the kitchen to put cobwebs to her nose." Cobwebs to her nose ?"

"Yes, miss, her nose was bleedin'. "Twas gettin' the cobwebs that delayed me from goin' to help Tom to pull out Pendher.

"Why, Mary, it was she was at the win-

dow." exclaimed Grace. "I must go tell them," said Miss Butler. "They are searching the deep pools in the river; and a messenger has been sent to ier brother's.

Neither Mary nor Grace was disposed for talking on the way. "Ah, that 'Good bye' came from his

heart," thought Grace as they passed the turn of the road that brought the em in view "Not the first time, I think," returned

of the cottage. "Mary," she said, "do you remember the day I came away from Ballinaclash with paps and Eva, and Richard end Mr. Lows 2. It was the day old Mr. Samer-Grace, seriously. "You must keep them on the rack. You should dive at least three times before you bring her up. Then, with one arm endreling her wals, you buffed the mad wares with the other, Lowe? It was the day old Mr. Somer-field died." "Indeed I do," replied Mary. "I felt and, after a desperate struggle, reach the

and, after a desperate struggle, reach the dark, beetling rock that towers above you —as high as you please—and as you cling to it, a huge fragment gives way and falls with a crash like thunder into the whill billows. You are lost! But no; again you are seen buffeting the waves, but, in-stead of struggling sgainst the receding very lonely after you all. And you never came after, till mamma got ill. I used to think of that day as the last of the old "happy days."" "The old happy days will come again,"

esil Grace. "I hope so," returned Mary. "Things

look so bright now, I am almost frightened by the visions of happiness I have."

Maurice Kearney's voice was heard shouting to his workmen in his old style ; which so delighted Barney that he grinned from ear to ear, and made up his mind to earn a "ballyragging" as soon as possible

for himself. "My poor father !" said Mary. "It is dreadful to think how near he was to being driven forever from those fields. And there is mamma superintending the feeding of the young turkeys. I really begin to hope she will be as strong as ever again."

"Why did he go at all ?" Grace asked.

what a sacrifice he has made. He is too

CHURCH.

The Aurora 111. Daily Express, says :

"Ye will be as happy as ever," said Grace. "I hope so. And yet there is one great drawback. I don't think I can ever be happy while Hugh is far away, and among

that Grace was sorry for what she had said.

was stopped by Tom Doherty. "Never mind him, Barney," said Tom, "come an' finish your supper, "an' tell us about that letther from Misther Hugh.

"m glad he's doin' well." "Dear Mr. Pender," exclaimed a voice of your novel ?" "Ob, not at all," replied Grace ; "he

would not make even a respectable villian.'

"do teil me what it was all about." "Blast your cycs," Darby Ruadh whis-pered into his master's ear, "now is your time; you'll never have a betther chance. Tell you all about id?" he continued, make an excellent brigand," said her brother.

Grace ; all eager to know the contents of returned Grace, looking grave. ad a severe attack of illness, but recover

manently in Australia," said Mary. "He wishes to have Willie brought home, but

where to have while brought home, but he says he would rather be a merchant than a farmer." "I hoped to have Hugh for a neigh-bour," Edmund remarked, "and if he does not come home it will be a sore distowld me Miss Isabella an' the captain wor well an' doin' well, in Ingy, an' that they wor shortly expected home.

While three bundred preachers of the Rock River Conference have been for appointment to me. But, after the turn the past week legislating for the con-version of the heathen, Catholic and all things have taken now, I am sure you can prevail on him to come home." other sects of heathenism and Christian ity to the sect founded by John Wesley,

Hogan that first opened my eyes," said St. Mary's Catholic church, in this city Were

NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

#### The Priest.

# A babe on the breast of his mother Reciines in the valley of love, And smiles like a besutiful fily Caressed by the rays above.

A child at the knee of his mother, Who is counting her decades of prayer, Discovers the cross of her chaplet, And kisses the isufferer there.

A boy with a rosary knesling Alone in the temple of God, And begging the wonderful favor To wark where the trucified trod.

A student alone in his study, With pallid and innocent face ; With pailid and innocent face He raises his head from the pag And lists to the murmur of gr

A cleric with mortified features, In every motion a meaning, In every action a will.

A man at the foot of an altar— A Christ at the foot of the cross, Where every loss is a profit, And every gain is a loss.

A Deified Man on a mountain, His arms uplified and spread -With one He is raising the living, With one He is loosing the dead. -Irish Monthly

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR HOME RULE.

### London October 21-Mr. Gladetone addressed five thousand persons in the Corn Exchange at Edinburgh this evening

Ireland, he said, continued to cellpse all other subjects. The country now fully recognized that the Irish questions must be settled before others. The opponents of Home Rale had hood winked and deluded their constituencies by pledging themselves against coexcion, promising local government and expressing themlocal government and capreesing term-selves egainst granting large advances of Bittish money to buy out landlords. Yet their first favorite measure after gaining power was coercion. Local government was vanishing in thin air, and there was a proposal before Parliament granting £40 000,000 to buy cut the landlords. The The Conservatives took credit for setting Ire land right by firm and resolute govern-ment. Their administration of the law ment. Their commission of the law was worse than the law itself. The state of things itself was such that the Irish ought to hate the law, though he would not say they ought to break it. The Government itself was a perfect pattern of illegality. Its methods tend to provoke the people. Mr. Gladstone then referred to the Tipperary affair. It was grossly illegal, he said to close the doors of the court house against the people. The appointment of Magis trate Shannon to try the case was a gross scandal, not merely because he was an executive officer, but also he had been in volved in a serious personal altercation with Mr. Dillon. If such tricks were played in England by wantonness of power, a very short way would be found to remedy such abuse. After the ex-amples of the police misconduct at Michelstown and Tipperary, it was im possible to scored the police of the set possible to respect the police or the ad ministration of law by the police. Their brutality and harshness constituted the crowned insult of absenteeism-th grossest that could be inflicted on the people at such a time. Mr. Balfour ap-peared to feel that it was not a part of the business of the Minister for Ireland the obsides of the Minister for Ireland to reside there. Besides, how many of those present knew whether there was a Lord Lieutenant or not? (Laughter.) Nobody heard of him. Absenteeism, which was among the lowest signs of degradation in the last century, seemed now a constant habit, the Irish Minister flaunting his absence in the force of the flaunting his absence in the face of the people. The Government vaunted itself on peace in Ireland, yet kept six times on peace in iteratio, yet kept six times more policemen there than in England and Scotland. British tax payers paid  $\pounds 1600,000$  yearly to the Irish police simply to assist in collecting rents for the landlords. English and Scotch landlords met their tenants fairly and had not found it necessary to appeal for the belp of policemen to collect their repts. Yet English landlords had lost more on rents than Irish landlords had. If the Government would grant a general election the state of general opinion would prove that the country was won over to Home Rule. On this great question of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone concluded, the last of the fortresses of bigotry and oppression would go down before the Liberals' attack. Justice to Ireland would rid the Empire of an intelerable nuisance and a deep disgrace, and would gild with a glow brighter than that of any former period the closing years of a glorious reign. The speech was received with enthusias London, Oct. 22.-Mr. Balfour has written a letter to the Times in reply to Mr. Morley's Newcastle speech. It consists mainly of quibbles with reference to the Tipperary affair, concluding with a protest against Mr. Morley's misrepresentation of his opponent's words.

tide, you are borne out to sea, and raising your arm aloft, while you rise and sink upon the heaving billows, and the lighting at Barney as both tumbled to the ning fishes through the frowning sky above you, you shout for help. The "D-n your sowl, let me go," muttered above you, you shout for help. The hardy fishermen hear your cry. A boat is haunched. They pull rigorously through the fosming surf-and so on. Nothing is easier than the sensations, to my mind. You might bring in a shark or two if you liked, and be met by a mad bull on the way home, or something of that sort." "an' I'll smash every eye in his "Can't you tell me what it is all about ?" she gasped, panting for breath, and fasten-ing her hands in Barney's shirt front like the claws of a kite. "Where's his hat ?" Darby Ruadh asked, "And then, I suppose, it would all end Mrs. Hayes flung out the hat from the nall. "Come away out uv this," Darby con-tinued. "Didu't I tell you there was no use comin' here? An' you know you have no time to lose." in half a dozen happy marriages ?" said Father Carroll, laughing. "As it is likely to do in reality," re turned Grace, "at least with a couple of happy marriages." Barney forced open the claws that held Mary blushed, and looked so distressed him in a spasmodic clutch, and was rush-ing headlong to take instant vergeance for the insult he had received, when he "Ab, you don't know him, or you would not ask. He went for our sake. He has all the old debts paid off. It is I that know

"We'll send for Mr. Lowe, who of course, will be a rich nabob, and give Grace to him," said Edmund.

generous, too noble." The tears rushed into her eyes; and "And I suppose," Arthur remarked, "Mr. Beresford Pender well be the villaln Grace clasped her by the hand, and held it so tight that Mary looked at her in sur-

so tight that Mary looked at her in sur-prise. Bat Grace took no notice. "Oh, ye're home very early," said Mrs. Kearney. "There'ss letter for you, Mary, from Australia. I was so impatient, I'd open it, only for you are home so soon." Mary jumped from the car, and ran into the house, followed by her mother and Carace. all earger to know the contents of just as Beresford had got into the covered car that was waiting for him on the road, "You used to say Hugh Kearney would

"Paps had a letter from him lately." Tell you all about id?" he continued, turning to the lady. "Av coorse. An' why not? Here, come in here, an' I'm the b'y that can tell you all about id." And he lifted her into the car and told

the letter from Australia. TO BE CONTINUED. "I fear he means to settle down per

CONVERTS TO THE CATHOLIC

"Oh, don't drive on..." "Nover mind. We'll let you down at the gate. Sure I knew you wor at the major's. An' glad I was whin the butler

TWAS the wordher uv the world whin the cap-tain married Miss Isabella instead uv you, "It was the case of that poor man Tom

2

father's fault." he whined, dragging him-self back again to where the baronet sat ; "I'm innocent, I'm innocent, Sir Garrett. cup which which I thought would be un-

mixed bites." "I a it raving you are?" Arthur asked. "Now, Arthur, you know you are thinking of her?" "Thinking of whom?" "Do you see the face at the window?" "Do you see the face at the window?" Grace asked in a whisper. "Who can it "The person of whom that air has re-

"Perhaps some one who has been at. tracted by all this roaring," returned Mary. "'Tis a woman's face " "Yes ; and she has contrived to convert

her nose into a badly baked pancake against the glass-oh, my goodness, the window is broken !" Grace exclaimed, as the face vanished, and the broken glass fell upon the floor. But Mr. Pender'

mund "Oh, thet could be easily managed. Suppose you have her fall from the cliffs, when you were in pursuit of her along the shore, into the angry, roaring waters. fell upon the floor. But Mr. Pender's howls for mercy prevented anyoue else from noticing the accident. "I think you had better withdraw," Father Carroll suggested, "or stand up at least." But it was no use. Beresford howled and blubbered, till there was noth-ing for it but to eject him by force. Ed-mund and Arthur advanced for that pur-pose, but both shrank in disgust from touching the grovelling creature, and Tom Doherty was called in. Tom quietly flung Mr. Pender on the broad of his back, and was pulling him away, when an assistant appeared upon the scene in the person of Her shicks bring her father to the spot. He gazes down into the deep, dark whil-pool, with a gesture and a cry of anguish and despair. She is seen to rise for a moment to the surface, and is again engulfed in the remorseless waves. He is about flinging himself afther her, in the about hinging nimeet afther her, in the madness and sgony of the moment, when you appear. You plungs boldly into the roaring, raging, seathing surges, and, div-ing to the bottom, you are not seen for— say a minute and a half—which will be an age, of course, to the agonized spec-tators." appeared upon the scene in the person of our friend, Barney Brodherick, who jumped between Beresford's legs, and, catching a sbin in each hand, like the shafts of a wheelbarrow, started off round "You have given me only one spectathe table—that being easier than a short turn—and swept out through the door with such speed that Tom Doberty was tor," Edmund interrupted. "Oh, I am thicking of the readers — or the pit, boxes, and gallery." "Well, I bring her up, of course," said left standing on the spot where his prisoner was snatched from him, staring Edmund. in utter bewilderment, till Beresford re sumed his roaring-which the celerity o

his exit had silenced-outside the hall-door. Then Tom Doherty walked out, scratching his head as if even still he thought the effair rather puzzling. "Begob, Barney," said he, "you made short work uv him."

short work uv him." "The divil a thing I'd rather be doin' thin whalin' him," returned Barney. "But I'll never sthrike a man down." "Don't lay a hand on him," muttered a

gruff voice; and Barney was pushed rudely aside, coming violently into col-lision with a female, who at the moment

an round the corner of the house. "Oh, my gracious ! she screamed, grasp

after pulling his master to his feet.

"do tell me what it was all about."

Barney,

head.

hall

her mother, with a frightened look. And Mary thinking she was going to swoon, put her arms round her, assuring her again it was all a mistake. "All a mistake, Mrs. Kearney," said

said Eimund. Beresford. "All a mistake, Mrs. Kearney," old nor, and his pale cheek became crimson for

Isaac repeated. "Good morning, Mrs. Kearney," said an instant.

Beresford, with a low bow. Good morning, Mrs. Kearney," eaid old Isaac with another low bow. Though somewhat reassured by their

obsequiousness, Mrs. Kearney was alarmed, and said she feared they were alarmed, and said she fe "bent on some villainy."

TAPPY DAYS. "Come, Arthur, let us have a walk."

brighter and happier days were at hand, when she looked from her window next

calves from the little garden, and saw that all Mr. Beresford Pender's flocks and

CHAPTER LXIV.

WANTS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT-VIS

herds had dleappeared from the fields.

rett's name to a bill in the bank. I don't

said Edmund Ktely. "Where shall we go?" Arthur O'Con-"Oh, to the Priest's Walk," replied Edmund, "That is the best place to see the sun setting behind the castle." buried in the high-backed arm-chair

Strange to say," Edmund remarked,

"And what reason have you for think

"That air reminds you of something,"

"Weil, it does," returned Arthur O'Con.

"Of the day you heard it in Tramore ?"

Edmand dropped into a rustic seat near

"Yes."

seemed to be quite unconscious of what was going on around him, and started as if from a dream when the priest addressed "If you don't harry, the sun will be one down," Father Carroli observed, him. "Tell the servant to come in," said

Father Carroll. looking, not towards the setting sun, but Father Carroll. Mrs. Hayes withdrew, and a liveried functionary immediately appeared, look-ing so solemn and dignified that Grace asked Mary in a whisper, was he the In quite an opposite direction, towards the turn of the road, where a car had just

elf upon i

come in view. It was evident that his reverence and Edmund were deep in some conspiracy, of which Arthur was to be kept in ignorance. But, quite unsuspicious of the plotting of bishop.

Mehop. "Did I not tell you that I could not see that person?" said the old gentleman. "Yes sir," returned the dignified perhis friends, he drew on his gloves and folconsge, with a slight bow, and turning his toes more out, "but when I saw he was wed Edmund towards the river. He looked stronger and happier now determined to come over after you I thought it right to come and tell you." than when last he stepped over those moss covered stones. But, though his face lights the dignified functionary said ip now and then, its prevailing expression But

othing of the half-crown in the pocket of his plush breeches. "You may as well see him," said Father

Carroll. "Very well," returned the old man, with a helpless sigb, as if he were quite incapable of thlaking for himself. Theservant retired ; and when the door was again opened, the ladles were startled to see Mr. Bereaford Pender rush in and

flug himself upon his knees. "Mercy, mercy, Sir Garrett !" he blub-bercd. "Don't transport me," "I have nothing to do with it; you

must see my lawyer," retured Sir Garrett Butler, trying to push back his chair, which was already against the wall.

"I'll be transported, I'll be transported —Och | whoo ! hoo !" And Mr. Beres-ford Pender burst into a hideous howl. "I can do nothing. I have allowed my-self to be deceived too long," said the baronet more firmly. "I fear I have baronet more firmly. "I fear I have much to answer for, for all the wrong that has been done in my name." "'Tis forgery, 'tis forgery," cried Beres-

ford, looking one after another into the faces around him. "Mercy, Miss Butler, mercy !" he blubbered, dragging himself nercy !" ne blubbered, dragging himseif ecross the room on his knees, causing the young lady to take refuge behind a chair, as he was about prostrating himself at her feet. "'Tis all my father's fault ; "'is all my

him, looking quite miserable. "I suppose it can't be helped !" he ex-claimed at last. "And the sooner 'tis over the better. But it is a bitter drop in the

"No surrender," said Beresford.

"Oh, please don't," she said faintly. "I hope we have not passed the gate." "An' you want to know all about Id,"

"An you new, continued Darby. "Oh, yes. What was it all about? continued Darby.
"Oh, yes. What was it all about ? And why was he shouting so dreadfully ?"
"Faith an' sure no blame for him to shout, whin that ould rescal wanted to make him marry his daughter in spite uv make him marry his daugner in spice uv him. 'No,' says Misther Bereford, 'I'll never marry a woman but the wan that I always had the love in my heart for,' says Misther Beresford : 'though 'tis little she suspects it,' says he. 'So, for God suspects it,' says he. 'So, for 'imighty sake, Sir Garrett Butler,' Wasn' Misther Beresford, 'don't ax me.' that enough to make any man roar?" "Ob, 'twas dreadful?"

"Ob, 'twas dreadful?" "I'll die like the mules, Darby,' says Misther Beresford to me, 'if I don't get the on'y wan I ever loved,' says he." "Don't hold me so tight, please," sald

"Don't blame him, miss," returned Darby. "Tis little you know all he's afther goln' through on your account." "On my account?" "Oh, bedad I'm efther lettln' the cat

out uv the bag," exclaimed Darby. "Afther he warnin' me never to tell a word uv id to man or mortal." "Oh, I'm sure we have passed the gate,"

eald the lady. "Never mind, my darling," returned Beresford. "Don't you know that I'd Bie for you. No surrender is my motto." die for you. arong on-whither the young and they drove on-whither the young lady did not inquire. "Only think, Miss Kearney, I ouce

almost worshipped that man as the most valiant of heroes," said Miss Butler, when

valiant of heroes," said hiss based. She Beresford's howling had ceased. She looked and spoke so pitcously that Ed-looked and spoke so pitcously that Edyes," she continued. "My aunt Lowe used to show me his letters. Cousta Consin

more wrong would have been done in my name. But I'm glad Mr. Kearney has escaped." "But how did you become acquainted

with Sir Garrett Butler ?" Arthur asked,

"On, when you hear it all, it will be an interesting story," he replied. "You know the beginning of it in the old flateplayer. The very day you left for Paris, Annie saw me, and sent a servant to learn my name in Kingstown ; but I didn't know who she was for a long time after. I'll tell you all another time. We must

see them home now. Will you venture to go back by the Priest's Walk ?" Oh, certainly," Miss Butler replied. "It will be delightful in the moonlight," "Was it Sir Garrett's flute we heard

in the evening ?" Arthur asked.

"Yes, that was a plan of mine," re ied Edmund. "I wanted to know plied Edmund. would it remind you of the incident in Tramore. By George, I little thought what good resson you had for remember ing it," he added, glancing at Mary. " was quite frightened as the thought that Was quite frightened as the thought that it was of Annie you were thinking. It is, as Grace says, really like a novel. And if I should think of founding a story on it, what ought it to be called ?" "I think 'The Coulin' would be a suit-

able title," returned Grace. "Is Flaherty the piper alive, and in the

country ?" Sir Garrett asked

"I am very glad," rejoined the baronet. I must have him at Woodlands. It was

native music "Cousin Henry told me about him," said Miss Butler. "He met him at a country wedding. Miss Lloyd reminded

She wants me to write me of it to.day. cleaving to it !" to cousin Henry and as much as say that she will go back with him to India if he comes for her, and that he will get twice

as much money as Captain French got with her sister." "Come, you must be off to bed," said Father Carroll. "Miss Butler will be sure to play the siren, and these gentlemen won't be back for two hours yet."

"And why are you in such a hurry ?" Mary asked. "Simply, because I must sleep on the

is quietly receiving the Methodist sheep into green fields and pastures new. It may not be a common occurrance, but it is nevertheless true that, while the Methodist preachers are pleasantly engaged denouncing Catholicism, Catholicism is just as pleasantly employed increasing her membership from the Methodist fold. Rev. Thomas F. Leydon, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, yesterday after-noon, baptized three of the Methodist sect-two ladies and one gentleman-and they are now in full communion with the Roman Oatholic Church,

FREQUENT CONFESSION.

Once upon a time there was a monk who had a great disilke to confession, and the devil put it into his head that it was no use of his going every week, because he always had the same sins to tell, and

row no better. He told St. Bernard, who was his abbot, of his temptation, and the saint desired him to take a large pitcher that stood in the refectory and fill it with water, and leave it at the gate of the monestery a week ; he make him repeat this process for several weeks, and then, one day, he bade him empty the pitcher and bring it to him.

The monk did as he was told, and St. Bernard desired him to look into the pitcher, and tell him what he saw there. "I see nothing, Father Abbot."

"Are there no slugs, or insects, or dirt of any kind?" asked St. Bernard. "No, it is perfectly clean; the water

has washed it and prevented anything striking to the bottom," said the monk. "That is just what your weekly confession does to you, my son," replied the abbot ; "it washes your soul and keeps it pure, and prevents sin and imperfections

Wheezing and snuffles in children can be instantly relieved by the use of Nasal Balm. Why let the little one suffer when such heap and sure cure can be had? Try it.

Timely Wisdom. Great and timely wisdom is shown by teeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Reeping Dr. rowers having of the second seco tery, colic, cramps, and all sumplaints or looseness of the bowels.

OPINIONS OF THE SPEECH.

Lordon, Oct. 22 - The Chronicle ranks Mr. Gladstone's speech of last night amone his finest oratorical efforts, and says his scathing exposure of the cion regime will tell upon the Ministerial positio

The Telegraph says even the hackneyed nature of the subject failed to render the speech dull.

The Times says : "We could not conceive of anything duller or more thread. bare.'

Probably some one will rise to suggest Probably some one will rise to suggest that the Piggot forgery business was a very dull undertaking. A GLADSTONIAN VICTORY. London, Oct. 22 — The Paritamentary

elections in the Eccles division of Lan Gladstonian. Mr. Roby, the Liberal can-didate, received 4,901 votes, and Mr. Egerton, Conservative, 4 696. In the preceding election the Liberal candidate received 3.985 and the Conservative 4 277.

London, Oct. 23 -The News says the result of the Eccles election will make the demand for a dissolution of Parliament

londer than ever. The Chronicle says the election was fought on the eight hour and not on the Irish question, and that the result is a great triumph for the new unionism.

The Post says that when the real moment for a national decision is reacted the double issue by which Eccles was won will be a very small item in the general

The Times admits that the result was due to the return of the Gladstonians to their allegiance, coupled with Mr. Roby's

"Oh, yes," replied Father Carroll. " met him lately at Father M'Mahon's."

he first inspired me with a love of our