

Summer is Dead.

CHARLES NORMAN GREGORY. Summer is dead! All the stubble fields kneel...

KNOCKNAGOW

OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LXIII.—CONTINUED.

"Oh," said she, covering her face with hands...

"Well, bring it down to the hedge. I saw a wasp going into a hole at the root of this tree...

"Nelly and her mother were quite startled when Miss Kearney told them what had happened...

"I'll run over for Billy and the mule," exclaimed Nelly...

"As Nelly was starting off to the bog for Billy Heffernan...

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Billy Heffernan's services were not required.

Mat Donovan's appearance in his lonely home that day, he afterwards confessed...

CHAPTER LXIV.

A CONSPIRACY—THE COULIN—MISS LLOYD WANTS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT—VISIONS OF HAPPY DAYS.

"Come, Arthur, let us have a walk," said Edmund Kely...

"Where shall we go?" Arthur O'Connor asked...

"To the Priest's Walk," replied Edmund...

"That is the best place to see the sun setting behind the castle," said Edmund...

"If you don't hurry, the sun will be gone down," Father Carroll observed...

"I was looking not towards the setting sun, but in quite an opposite direction..."

"It was evident that his reverence and Edmund were deep in some conspiracy..."

"But, quite unsuspecting of the plotting of his friends, he saw on his gloves and followed Edmund towards the river..."

"He looked stronger and happier now than when last he stepped over those moss-covered stones..."

"But, though his face lights up now and then, its prevailing expression is gloomy..."

"Strange to say," Edmund remarked, "I have not yet got rid of the feeling that we are destined to be rivals..."

"And what reason have you for thinking so?"

"No reason; it is only a feeling."

"Their eyes met, and in both there was a look of suspicion."

"A very foolish feeling," Arthur observed, after a pause.

"They passed beyond the Priest's Walk, and into the pleasure grounds near the castle; and there stopped short as a strain of low, sweet music fell upon his ears..."

"I thought these people were away on the Continent," said he.

Edmund did not reply. He was watching the play of his friend's features, which changed from indifference to surprise, and then softened into melancholy.

"That air reminds you of something," said Edmund.

"Well, it does," returned Arthur O'Connor, and his pale cheek became crimson for an instant.

"Of the day you heard it in Tramore?"

"Yes."

Edmund dropped into a rustic seat near him, looking quite miserable.

"I suppose it can't be helped," he exclaimed at last. "And the sooner it's over the better. But it is a bitter drop in the cup which I thought would be un-mixed bile."

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"Is it raining you are?" Arthur asked. "Now, Arthur, you know you are thinking of her?"

CHAPTER LXV.

A CONSPIRACY—THE COULIN—MISS LLOYD WANTS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT—VISIONS OF HAPPY DAYS.

"I remember now," said Arthur, appearing more bewildered than ever, as the old gentleman shook him by the hand...

"But all the laughing was not to be on Edmund's side, and he looked almost as astonished as Arthur, when Father Carroll led forward another lovely girl..."

"My dear Miss Kearney," exclaimed the dark beauty, "how much I regret I did not know why you were that day at the sea-side..."

"Tell me what it was all about?"

"Dear Mr. Pender, don't squeeze me so hard. And please take care of my nose or 'twill begin to bleed again."

"Can't you talk?" uttered Darby.

"Wouldn't think you hadn't a word in your gob?"

"No, please do," said Beresford.

"I never mind. We'll let you down at the gate. Sure I knew you were at the major's. I'm glad I was with the butler to see you well on your way, in Ingey, and that you were shortly expected home."

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father's fault," he whined, dragging himself back again to where the baronet sat.

"I'm innocent, I'm innocent, Sir Garrett. Ooh! hoo! hoo!"

CHAPTER LXVI.

A CONSPIRACY—THE COULIN—MISS LLOYD WANTS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT—VISIONS OF HAPPY DAYS.

"I'm innocent, I'm innocent, Sir Garrett. Ooh! hoo! hoo!"

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"Yes, he and my friend, the abbe, were my only dangerous rivals," said Edmund.

"And to think the abbe was my cousin!" added Miss Butler, with a besu-ling look at Arthur...

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sons," he answered, "and will have to say Miss at seven in the morning."

"Well, don't forget to close the shutters," said Grace. "There is a pane broken in the window."

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The Priest.

A babe on the breast of his mother declines in the valley of love, and smiles like a beautiful girl. Cared by the rays above.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR HOME RULE.

London, Oct. 21.—Mr. Gladstone addressed five thousand persons in the Corn Exchange at Edinburgh this evening. Ireland, he said, continued to eclipse all other subjects. The country now fully recognized that the Irish question must be settled before others.

CONVERTS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Aurora Ill., Daily Express, says: White three hundred preachers of the Rock River Conference have been for the past week legislating for the conversion of the heathen, Catholic and all other sects of heathenism and Christianity to the sect founded by John Wesley.

FREQUENT CONFESSION.

Once upon a time there was a monk who had a great dislike 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 grow no better.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

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