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complaints and kidney troubles and I have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparlila and I began to use it, together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparlila to be a most complete blood purifier." Mrs. C. CROMPTON, 71 Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario. during that time, but have received little

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII. - CONTINUED.

"Ah," said the chaplain, "I see that Mr. Houghton made a wise choice in selecting you for our counsellor in this business; that is just the point on which no mere architect could be trusted. I look on the chapel as a sort of sublime hymn in honor of the Holy Angels, written in characters half effaced by time; if restored by one who cannot read those characters, something more precious than a speci men of thirteenth century architecture will be lost sight of forever.
"Exactly so," replied Julian, "and

for that reason I want to know all that is to be known on the subject. 'The Seven Spirits'-the expression is famil iar to me; and there, I fear, my knowledge begins and ends."
"It occurs several times in Holy

Scripture," said Father Adrian, "once in the Old Testament, and several times in the New. St. John, in the Apocalypse, names them four times, and always with very special tokens of reverence; they are 'the seven spirits before the throne, and are elsewhere called 'the seven lamps,' and 'the seven eyes', expressions which all indicate a great nearness to God; like officers, as it were, who hold a position in the court of a great king. Then as to their names, we are certain, of one, at least, of the number, for he has told it himself: 'I am Raphael, one of the Seven who stand before the Lord. Only two others, Michael and Gabriel, are names in Scripture; for the other four we are indebted to rabbinical tradition, they are Uriel, Sealthiel, Barachiel and Jehudiel.

"I seem to know one of those names," said Paxton, "does not Milton tell us something about

"'Uriel, gliding thro' the even on a su

"He does, indeed," said the chap lain, taking a volume from a bookshelf near him, as he spoke. "Milton was learned in all the literature of the angels, whether Scriptural or rabbini Nothing escaped him; and out of the bare interpretation of a name he has given us the magnificent portrait of this glorious angel as

The same whom John saw also in the sun. For the name is held to signify 'the light, or fire of God,' and so the great poet has worked up his picture of

Th' Archangel Uriel, one of the seven Who in God's presence, nearest to His Who in God's presence, beauthrone
throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heavens, and
down to earth,'

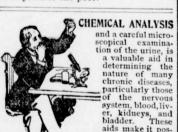
and describes the

Golden tiar of beaming sunny rays, Circling His head.

He read the lines and laid down the book, with a kind of sigh. Then turning to Julian, he added, somewhat abruptly: "You will find all you want in a volume of Cornelius a Lapide somewhat too cumbrous for you to carry off, but you shall have it in the course of the afternoon.

"And the other, too, if you please, said Julian, "I must have those lines It is a picture one can never forget."

For which, "said Paxton, "you are indebted to me ; don't forget that. Mr. Segrave may furnish you with as many volumes of Cornelius a Lapide as he pleases, but the theologian, in this matter of the angels, you will allow, must yield to the poet



scopical examina-tion of the urine, is a valuable aid in determining the nature of many chronic diseases, nature of many chronic diseases, particularly those of the nervous system, blood, liv-er, kidneys, and bladder. These aids make it pos-sible to treat such diseases success-

aids make it possible to treat such diseases successfully at a distance, without personal examination of the patient. Thus Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Organs, "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Dropsy and many other maladies are successfully treated and cured without personal consultation with the physician.

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Dr. D., of Chatham, writes: "It is a most valuable aid and stimutant to the digestive processes."

URIEL: "Pardon me," said the chaplain, "but I admit nothing of the kind.
All that the poet found to say, he had first gathered out of the theologian. Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels

Milton's lines, beautiful as they are, are scarcely more than a versifi of Holy Scripture. Angels, Mr. Paxton, are beings of fact, not of imagination. "Beings of, fact!" said Paxton.

"I see that is your way of regarding them. I don't deny it, you know; but, if you don't mind my saying s it is this way of reducing beautiful ideas to the category of plain facts, something to be classified and ticketed like so many shells or minerals in a cabinet, that puzzles me so in persons of your persuasion.'

But you don't surely deny that the angels are facts?" said Aurelia.
"I don't take on me to deny any

thing about them," said Paxton, "knowing so absolutely nothing on the subject. But I have been more used to regard them as ideas-sym bols, perhaps-beautiful and spiritual symbols of an order of things that is above us, and beyond our grasp, so long as we are detained in the bonds of mortality."

"But that would be very unsatis factory to me," said Aurelia, "one could not pray or talk to an idea; one could not think of a symbol as a Yet what friends are as near and dear to us as the angels?" "Yes, that is what is so extraordin-

ary," said Paxton, "that is what I cannot understand; that realistic view which Catholics seem to take of everything.

Julian laughed. "Just what I have often said," he exclaimed; "the listinguishing feature of Protestant ism is unreality, and the strong point of Catholics is their matter of fact. You can tolerate angels patiently enough, in a poem, but are amazed at our business-like way of invoking them as close at hand. Just ask Geofthem as close at hand. frey there what he thinks of the mat ter! I'll answer for it, he will tell you he never goes to bed without saying the "Angele Dei."

Geoffrey, to say the truth, had not een assisting at the conversation with all attention. The disagreeable emo tions which had disturbed him at the beginning of their visit had not yet peen laid to rest, and whilst the other members of the party had been busy over the discussion he had sought for distraction in a newspaper. At the sound of his name, however, he looked up, and Paxton could not suppress a smile, as he gazed at the honest, simple with its look of interrogation.

"I don't exactly know what the 'Angele Dei' may be," he said, "but if it is included in Mr. Houghton's daily devotions, the cause is decided. "The 'Angele Dei?'" said Geof-

frey, with but a dim comprehension of the point in question, "why, of course, it's in 'The Garden of the Soul;" and he resumed his news-

paper.
From that authority there is no appeal," said Julian; and now, it eems to me, we have taken up enough of Father Segrave's time. As to the chapel, Miss Pendragon, don't suppose that our talk has put it out of my head but you must give me time to think it I am only clear on one point, and that is, that what we have to fear s the too much not the too little. Bluemantle would give you a splendid concern, I make no doubt; but when ne had finished, not a vestige of your venerable antiquity would be left disernible; it would all be hidden away in his bran-new decorations. We must think of something better than that, and you shall hear in a day or two.

"Thanks," said Aurelia: "and I see that Father Adrian is preparing to send you a cartload of books; so there is no fear that you will forget the angels.

No fear, indeed; and as they left the castle, and once more took their way through the pine woods, the bell from the chapel belfry toiled out the Angelus. At the sound Julian and Geoffrey stood still, and uncovered their heads, and Paxton observed them in wonder. He was too well-bred to utter his comments; but, perhaps, he was thinking that for men to stay their conversation at the sound of a bell and pray in silence was another example of realism. And perhaps it was.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was somewhat of a silent walk nome, for each member of the little party found matter in his own reflec tions to absorb him, agreeable or the reverse. Paxton had received some new ideas, and was working them out in his own fashion. Geoffrey's cogitations may be imagined by any who can draw from their own experience a remembrance of the anguish, the false good, the injustice, and the bitter selfreproach which accompanies a fit of that passion which of all the passions to which our poor nature is subject, most surely carries its own punish-ment with it. Julian guessed nothing of his companions' feelings. He was in a fairyland of enchantment. The castle, the chapel, the beautiful Aurelia, visions of angels, and legends of the old British kings, were jumbled together in his imagination like some strange arabesque design; and as they took their way through the woods, the very bleakness and desolation of the wintry landscape only harmonized with his frame of mind. It was a new "Idyll of the King."

On reaching home Geoffrey escaped to his own study, on pretence of business, whilst the other two found their way to the drawing-room.

Julian wanted some one to whom he could pour out his impressions, and found a willing listener in Mary.

"And how about the chapel?" she

"Oh, nothing decided - but I have

on, nothing decided — but I have
a plan in my mind. I haven't dared
propose it yet, but—"
"But what?" said Mary, with surprise, as she saw by the flash of his eye
that something a little out of the common was in contemplation.

I must do it myself," he said : " could not leave that old man and his daughter in the hands of Bluemantle. I'll make the plans, and Gules shall work them out. I can nail him to what I want done, and no more. And then the paintings—they must be care fully restored. I see it all," he continued, thrusting his hands through his hair in the intensity of his excitement, "and seven angels - it will be glorious.

Mary said there were books which described what the paintings had been a century or two ago, and the afternoon was spent in consulting a dozen or two of volumes, scattered about the tables and sofas in delightful confu-Paxton threw himself with a sion. good humor into the interests of his companions, and had a happy way of opening the books at just the right places, and finding the right passages to read aloud. St. Uriel was not for gotten; and Milton's lines were read over again to the two sisters, who sat in a kind of rapture, listening to tone which once heard were not easily forgotten. But when he came to the

"Golden tiar of beaming sunny rays Circling his head."

Mary started. "Surely you are putting something in, are you not? she said; "you do not mean to say those words are Milton's ? "They certainly are," said Paxton

where is the wonder?" "Only," replied Mary, "that it sounds like the portrait of another Uriel—the last of the 'Golden-haired'

brothers. "Now, fancy my not having thought of that !" said Julian. "I understand

now why Father Segrave stopped so suddenly when he came to those lines, and why Miss Pendragon looked as though she would rather not listen. "But it is all Greek to me," said axton. "Who is the 'other Uriel' of Paxton.

whom you speak? And why should not Miss Pendragon listen? In brief words Mary gave him the outline of the same sad tale she had already related to Julian.

Paxton listened with interest. "Ah," he said, "here, then, we have the second line of the old prophecy fulfilled.

"Till fall'n it's heir by fell disgrace."

As he spoke, he took out his pocketbook to refer to the lines which he had cribbled down at Swineburne from Lindesay's lips, and it was his turn to start as he read them. "Are we really living in enchantment?" he said "Just listen to this — I declare I had not noticed till now that there was an allusion to the angels," and he read aloud the words already quoted:

Fortune shall fail the Dragon's race Till, fall'n its heir by fell disgrace, Angel by name, with angel face, A peasant born shall fill his place."

They all agreed that the coincidence was extraordinary. Only one point seemed obscure: was he who was to bear the angel's name and the angel's face to be the heir, or the peasant who should fill the place of the heir?

"Like all prophecies," said Paxton, it will be clear only when accomp-

"Probably," said Julian; "and now, I don't know whether you will think me fanciful or 'realistic,' if I say how strongly it is borne in upon me, that if the 'fortune of the dragon's race 'is ever restored, the angels will have something to do with it. Who knows even if the restoration of their chapel, which we are now busy over, may not be the first step?

And so the hours of that winter's after noon wore away. They were pleasan hours to all the party, and to one, perhaps, more than to the rest. A French writer has declared that there is a period in every life when "The beans are in blossom," and the atmosphere of our existence is perfumed by a new and charming exhilaration. The beans of Mary Houghton's life were beginning so to bloom. She was tasting the new and unspeakable delight of converse with companions whose intel-ligence, if vastly superior to, was yet sympathetic with her own. That win-ter's afternoon was marked in her calendar with a very bright red letter; and for the first time in her whole life

perhaps, she forgot to ask herself, "Where is Geoffrey?" Geoffrey was sitting in his study over a bleak, cheerless fire, trying to analyse his own feelings in his own way. Our readers must not think the worse of him on account of this wholly unexpected fit of rebellious nature The son of Adam has not yet been found, we presume, in whom there does not lurk a poisonous root of selfove, which only comes to light under the assaults of temptation. And to do Geoffrey justice, he battled bravely with his unknown foe. "What is it to me," he asked himself, "how many bows Mr. Julian Wyvern makes to Miss Aurelia Pendragon? What is it to me if the descendant of King Arthur thinks the presumptive heir to the Earldom of Snowdon a pleasanter companion than plain Geoffrey Houghton Did I ever go in for being pleasant and graceful? Have I not served them out of love and pity, and compassion; and shall I cease to do it now because I saw my own reflection in a mirror, and was ashamed of it? It's just vanity-that's what it is, and jeal. ousy-a fit of cursed jealousy." having reached this final and just

more of this," he said; "I am a simpleton, that everyone knows; but I will not be a contemptible one. What a base lie it all is! Jealous, and jealous base lie it all is: Jealous, and Jealous of Julian Wyvern, because, forsooth, he is a handsomer fellow than I am! No, by the soul of my grandfather, there shall be no more of it. It's noth-

ing but cursed jealousy."

He re appeared at dinner, and during the repast was more than usually silent, and carved vindictively.

"What can be the matter with Geof frey?" said Mrs. Houghton, to her daughters, when they were alone to-gether; "he seems out of sorts."

"Only out of temper, dear mamma, said Gertrude; "something has hap-pened to ruffle him, I suppose—distemper among the pigs, or the turnip

"How can you, Gertrude?" said her mother, "you know he is never out of temper. I'm afraid he must have got a chill in that dreadful chapel if he had only had something warm when he came in!" Then as the object of her motherly solicitude happened to enter the room, with brows still clouded, and discomfort in every line of his countenance, she carried on her attack. "My dear boy, I'm convinced you've taken a chill; you look all colors-and no wonder, after standing about in that damp chapel. You should have taken something warm when you came home, you really should. It's a rheumatic cold, I am certain."

"Rheumatic fiddlesticks," growled Geoffrey ; "I'm right enough.

"You're all wrong, Geoffrey; I'm sure of it," persisted his mother. "Now, do take something to night—I should say ginger." There was something in the notion

of administering a dose of ginger to cure a fit of the spleen so intensely ludicrous that Geoffrey laughed in spite of himself, and the laugh did him good. He sat down by his mother's side, and felt a gleam of returning good humor as he did so. After all, to a heart with all its honest home affections still untarnished, what is there so medicinal as the look and word of a mother, even if she has nothing more exalted to propose than the administration of a homely restorative? Geoffrey felt it so, and though he was not so compliant as to accept her prescription, yet his angry spirit was "healed and harmonized" by the benignant influence of his mother's Whether he slept much that love. night is not on record, but he arose with a great light in his mind. The discovery that his malady of the previous day hadd only been "a fit of cursed jealousy" had brought the cursed jealousy" had brought the light with it. There is but one known panacea for that disease, which moralists would express by different terms, but which Geoffrey, in his unadorned style was pleased to call "flying in the face of it." And so, when he appeared at breakfast next morning, with his complexion still "all colors," and his hair on end (for there is no part of our outer man which so sympathizes with the inward mood as our hair), there was yet in his great, brave heart the strength of a firm resolve, which he

prepared to carry out unflinchingly. The first event of that morning was the departure of Paxton, and he his leave reluctantly. He found something pleasant to say to each one before he bade them adieu. Mary could not help telling him how sorry she was he was going. he was going. "Not more sorry than I am, Miss Houghton," he said, "only "only regrets of this sort are like snowballs they would increase in bulk by every additional day I spent here. But I am delighted I came—delighted to have known that good brother of yours; good care of him, young ladies, you'll not find another like him. I shall not easily forget my two days at Laventor, nor the Pendragous, nor the angels, nor our famous conference yesterday afternoon. If the foolish world did but know how little goes to make a winter's day captivating-and, by-thebye, if anything new turns up in 'the fortunes of Merylin,' you must be sure and let me know.

As soon as he had driven from the door, Julian took possession of his friend, to make known to him that he matured his plans about the chapel, and to ask his aid in carrying them out. He would offer his own services to Sir Michael, making out a rough plan of what was to be done, and employing Gules in carrying them out. But would this be acceptable?

Geoffrey listened, and as he did so the future seemed to unroll itself be-fore his eyes like some prophetic vision. If Julian undertook the work, he would remain here to do it. He would, probably, even take up his residence at the castle, and become as one of the family. And in the charm of his society, in the sunny influence of his conversation, his gifted mind, his graceful intercourse, the old man would find a new tie to life, and who could say how it might end with Aurelia? He saw it all: Julian would bring the healing sunshine to that desolate heart. Julian would do what he could never have done. could be useful, and faithful, and true, and devoted: "Ah, yes," thought Geofrey, "but I could never be charming." Just one moment of bit-terness, and it was over, and the resolution of the morning came back strong and vigorous. He listened and nodded, and said the idea was an excellent one. No one could do it so well as Julian; no one would understand it all as he did, no one had such taste, no one had such judgment. Of course he must go up to the castle again And without delay, and propose his plan just "And you'd best go alone this time, analysis, he rose from his chair and paced about the apartment. At last he stopped short: "There shall be no mill."

So to the mill he went; and if it were reverent to make such specula-tions, we should be disposed to guess that some of those strong, sweet angels, of whom they had been so lately conversing, went with him, and kept company with him that day, as he fought with the bitterness of his own heart, and conquered. They were surely there, helping him to drive the falsehoods which self-love away kept whispering, and to bear the dreary discomfort of his feelings; and when he came back at the close of the day, it was with a heart at peace with

himself, and with all the world beside. When Mary paid him her usual visit before dinner, she found him looking pale and tired, indeed, but the cloud was gone. "What has been the matter, with you, old fellow?" she said. "Mamma would have it it was a cold ; Gertrude said it was temper ; and it looked to me very like a fit

the dumps.' Geoffrey drew his sister to him, and kissed her. "Gertrude was right," he said; "something happened which put me out. The devil, I suppose, was seeking something to devour, and he tried to lay hold of my heart; but I think I've been even with him.

Mary looked at him affectionately His gray eyes were weary and faded, but there was, or she fancied there was, a look on his face she had never seen there before: the beauty of the soul was streaming through the clinks of its rough mortal covering. old Geff," she thought to herself, "to think of my having been enjoying myself while he was suffering! selfish I have been, and how generous

And Mary was not far wrong, for few things are more selfish than some kinds of happiness, and none more ennobling than a battle with one's own

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE BOGUS BANSHEE.

BY M. E. HENRY RUFFIN.

"But, Miss Eily, acushla, its nothing at all ye know about the Banshee. Sure she's never crossed the sea to Ameriky yet; and your country is too new, so it is, for her. It's only in the old country and for the old, old families, she do be coming. when death is near. No, no, jewel, it's nothing at all,

at all, ye know about the Banshee. 'But, Katie," I pleaded, my childish curiosity aroused, "if we haven't any Banshee in America, how can I ever know about her unless you tell me? "See that, now!" Katie laughed the

low, sweet laugh of the Irish peasantry. 'It's a story ye do be wanting. jewel, bring up the creepystool, while l peel the praties and I'll tell you what I know of the Banshee."

Ah me! how that sweet spring day in the wide low kitchen of Lord Talbott's cottage in pretty sea-girt Malahide comes back to me now. I was a little Irish American, born in the South, and carried back to the old land, when my parents refugeed from the war. The village was a heavenly sort of place for an imaginative child-the rolling surf of blue Dublin Bay, the snow-white strand, the breezy, heathercovered hills that at times dipped down to the restless tide, it was all full of joy to me. Back of the cottage, was a garden of sweet marjories and mignon ette, with little holly-bushes marking out the paths. In one corner was cluster of lilacs, tall enough to form a summer house. In another, one of flowery elders, and still another of plum trees. No happier child ever played and dreamed in prettier palaces than I in my summer white, and purple and red. As I sat in the kitchen with Katie Molloy, the cook, I could reach out my hand, from the low-window and pick the mignon ette and cowslips. How sweet the kitchen always seemed, so cool and clean, too. Katie herself was good to look at ; and, child as I was, I had an eye for the beautiful; and found it gratified in the picture of this young peasant girl, with rose-clear face, her deep blue, jet-fringed eyes, her red lips just parted to show her white teeth and thick shining black hair.

I knew all about Katie's affairs—her invalid brother, her bustling mother and most of all about Teddy. How I would clap my hands and shout when I caught sight of Teddy O'Driscoll, down on the beach! I would whip up my donkey, and when Teddy would hear me coming he would run out of the water where he was drawing the seine and lead my donkey, away far into the bay. What a delightful fear it was, when the water would come up so far I would have to tuck my little feet under me; and sit like a Turk on the broad saddle. But I felt so safe with Teddy, the strong, brave fisher boy, with his merry blue eyes and curling black hair. I always knew that when he got away out in the water, Teddy would ask me, easy like, as if he didn't want the fishes to hear—"Miss Eily, jewel, and how is Katie the day?" Just as I knew that when I went home and went to the kitchen to ask Katie to untie my hood, she would take a long time to do it, and her eyes would look soft and bright while she said, "And did you ree Teddy, to day, my iewel?

I was Katie's pet, and the creepy

stool in the kitchen my favorite pla

"And ye never heard of the Ban-shee before? To be sure, to be sure. The country is too new entirely." was deeply mortified at my native land and ashamed of its youth. Miss Eily, when any of the quality is near to death or any of the real old stock, an old woman comes and cries and sings, it's the Banshee, and she follows all the good old stock, to let

them know w ing to die."
"What do you ever hear Not me, has heard her of a sing, lil put the baby druneen song I listened in any of the Ta the Banshee s

APRIL

but for othe window or w I liked this k she seemed the mystic la though I su position to st landlady of t "I wish I Katie. I wo hear her. "Would Katie looked Miss Eily, ye one will be a out to sea, w

in the big l

they would b

she, Katie?"

The roses Her blue eye I had touche the sea, the Teddy's sake and the peel "Teddy w God! after tiddy little b a penny or Easter and We'll get th road, and wi ies there wi ing, but this acushla. I Ask the Ho back safe. "Why Ea O. Katie! a

for some flo

shall have

garden. I have them. "It's the l Eily ; but prayer to th The next parlor wind ing street to the sails an ran to my n must take I Teddy good went with t hood blown in the Marc the parting not laughin more, and v been given street, I felt

that held K

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The days

the village full of Eas would go do and near I. treasure h hedge, whe cowslips a sat nearly a on my cre back and fe work a so sound from earnestly I almost to A "The jewel! W to America Sometime

look over Which si "Sorry darling. "If we Howth," I could see c Eye? Ne When we

sit in the

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little home

childhood,

Ah me! a

days gave

beach. Sh

dren, I ca little cottag she waited Wednesday Judas was had talked Saturday r to the alt would go Katie's bar be married As Katie trundle-bebit of a r

> "Hush. be scoldin But in does the Ba least peep

the Banshe

I sat up ing. I w