

TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY. CHAPTER VII. Hall was sent to Ireland by the secret societies merely for the purpose of promoting the interests of the Irish Revolution. He was, indeed, one of those large pockets filled with the money collected from the generous and hard-working sons and daughters of Erin in the United States. Like some of those who went with him on his mission of blood and disorder, he cared little for Ireland or the order, he cared little for the "Almighty Dollar," on the altar of money he was prepared to sacrifice liberty, peace, and order. We are happy to be able to state here that Hall was not a specimen of the true American. He was of that miserable class, rather, who thought much more of content upon the justly proud title of American citizen.

benefit of your friendship. It is a sad, sad thing to be far away from home, from all we love, and all that loves us. But I must not cry as a sick girl. If I could only give my secret to others, my poor heart would find relief. A secret is a terrible lodger in one's heart—it is enough to kill a man. Danger, alas, makes us very suspicious; we are afraid to trust our dearest and most tried friends. Last night, as I lay on my sleepless bed, I made a resolution to lay a part of the burden of my secret upon you, gentlemen. You will be able to assist me in many ways, I know. As I am confident that you are both gentlemen of honor I will now put my resolution into execution. This is a brief statement of my case. You must know, my dear friends, that for years I have been an active member of the Brotherhood. In my native city of Limerick I am well known as a despot of England's rule, and an ardent lover of holy Ireland. I taught my countrymen, with Mitchell, that for Ireland's grievances, her families, her party-spirit, her packed juries, her extortions, there is but one and all-sufficient remedy, the edge of the sword. As God is above me, this is true. On the truth of it I have staked body and soul, and will abide the issue. It is now well known to all Ireland that this is a dangerous doctrine. So I became a doomed man. The prison-cell yawned to receive me. Happily I came to know this, and endeavoring to make my escape, I had scarcely left home when a large police force—the traitorous rascals—came to arrest me. The nest was there, but the bird had flown. They have been seeking me out ever since I came here. I must impart another secret—my real name is O'Brien. You may wish to know why I assumed the name of Kelley rather than any other one, I will tell you, gentlemen; a friend of mine—a good old magistrate—had obtained for a servant of his named Kelley the position of water-bailiff on the Suir, between Carrick and Clonmel. Now, when he found that I was forced to fly he gave me his servant's appointment and told me to change my name to Kelly, as he had written to Carrick saying that a person of that name was made water-bailiff. So O'Brien is now Kelley, the water-bailiff. I feel that I am safe, at least for the present. Still, I am somewhat uneasy about that man who goes around by night and mingles with the boys, yet always keeps himself masked. Can I trust myself in his hands, Mr. O'Connell? "Do not fear him, Mr. Kelley," said Richard, in an assuring tone, "I know him well; he has a heart as true as steel. I cannot help asking, why he is always so mysterious in his movements? He haunts dark woods and lonely moors like an evil spirit. At night he glides by you like a shadow or a ghost. There is, I fear, some thing wrong about him. He moves about as if there were a price set upon his head. He must have been subjected to great wrongs, to black injustice, or disappointed in some wild love affair. Many a dark shadow fell upon his heart. Who is he, Mr. O'Connell? What is he?" "I am not, at present, at liberty to divulge his secret. You may be fully persuaded that there is nothing to fear from him. There is no truer or braver man in Ireland than he is."

"I admire your reticence, Mr. O'Connell," said the bailiff. "I have no fear for my secret in your loyal breast." "Have either of you gentlemen ever been to Dublin?" asked Mr. Hall, who seemed anxious to allow his tongue the blessing of liberty. "I was there once, when a child," answered O'Connell, "but I do not remember anything about it." "For my part," said Mr. Kelley, "I was never more than ten miles from my dear old Limerick here, and I was haunted from my home and friends. Haunted from my home and friends, what sad words! I sometimes feel as if my heart would break. What an unhappy clime I was born in. It were better for me to be born amid the wilds of Arabia or in the jungles of India, than to see the light in this fair, but persecuted land. Last night I stood upon the bridge and watched the bright waters flowing on to the sea. When the moon went behind a cloud, for a few seconds my brain ran wild with strange ideas, and I felt that life was but a— and then, oh then, Faith and Hope shone near me, and my Angel Guardian drew near me and stood by my side, and led me far, far away from the bright, sweet river. It must have been but a dream, and yet I could not have been asleep. Our sufferings are enough almost to throw us into despair. Poor Ireland, poor Ireland!" "Well, this is really wonderful," said Mr. Hall, who was too much occupied with his own thoughts to pay any attention to the bailiff's sad reflections, "you have a little bit of a country over there, and you have not walked over the whole of it, I must certainly take note of this. A strange fact is this. No one will believe it in the States. But to come to the point, I rather guess that neither of you knows much about Colonel Gore, of Dublin. I took special note of his face—it is a remarkable fact in itself. It is, gentlemen; that face of Gore is a wonderful fact in itself. Well, he, Gore, seems to be remarkable in many particulars; his arms are like the shafts of a cart, and his legs remind me of a tongue. They do, indeed. 'Tis a fact. Well, Gore tells me that all the misery in this country comes from the influence of the priests. He tells me that it is not English swords, but priestly words, that keep Ireland in slavery and make her eat potatoes and fish out of a tub. In fact, a fact, he told that England sent a cargo of gold to your Irish priests."

"This is cruelly, ungratefully, shamefully false," exclaimed O'Connell; the generous youth felt his noble blood rush wildly through his every vein as he thought of the vilness of the imputation. "Of a World of Good. One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-setter, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—Nunda News.

A SERMON NOT SOON FORGOTTEN. How Father Martin Converted His Congregation.

The following story—and it is "only a story"—translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, contains a good deal of caustic humor which will be appreciated by our readers. Like all French stories, it is a little "far fetched," but there is enough of sentiment in it to warrant its insertion. The plot is evidently appropriated from one of Father Prout's famous stories. Father Martin was the cure of Cucuignan. There was no better man, and he cherished for his Cucuignean flock a paternal affection—in fine Cucuignean dialect had only its people a little more solicitude about their souls. But, alas, the spider spins its web in the unfrequented confessional, and the worthy priest's heart was almost broken. Nightly, however, he prayed to heaven that he might be removed from earth until he had brought his strayed sheep back to the fold. You will see that his prayer was heard. One Sunday after reading the Gospel, Father Martin entered the pulpit and thus addressed his parishioners: "Dear beloved brethren: the other night I found myself, sinner though I am, at the gates of heaven. I knocked and Peter opened the gates at once, 'Hailoo!' he said, 'is that you, my good Father Martin? To what am I indebted? What can I do for you?' 'Good St. Peter, you who keep the books and the keys, could you tell me, if it's not an imposition, how many Cucuignean you have up here?'" "Can refuse you nothing, Father Martin. Sit down and we will run over the book together." So the saint took down his big register and put on his spectacles. "Let us see, Cucuignan I think you said—'Cucuignan—Cucuignan—ah, here we are! My dear sir, the page is blank! Not one single solitary soul! There are just as many Cucuignean in Heaven as there are teeth in a hen's comb. There must be some mistake about it. Perhaps you haven't posted your books up to date. Look again, I beg of you.' 'No mistake at all, worthy man,' replied Peter, 'look for yourself if you think I am joking.'"

STILLED IN DEATH. The Silver-Tongued Dominican Orator, Father Thomas Burke, dies in Dublin.

Dublin, July 2.—Rev. Thomas N. Burke, the well-known priest and lecturer, died yesterday at the Tallaght Convent of the Dominican Order, this city. This distinguished divine was born in the city of Galway, Ireland, in 1839. It was in that city that young Burke received his early education, in the schools of Erasmus Smith. The first language which he spoke was the Irish, and among the poems which he first committed to memory were the most popular of Archbishop MacHale's Irish translations of the "Meditations" of St. Bernard, full of wit and humor, and fond of playing the pranks characteristic of school-boys, characteristic of joyous and light-hearted youth, he was a very industrious student, and made such progress in his studies as gave promise of future celebrity. He became a member of the Dominican Fathers, for whom he frequently served Mass in the Dominican church in his native city. Father Burke's sympathy with the great national movement inaugurated by the Irish people, and strengthened by those bright spirits whose poetry and eloquence have fresh lustre upon their country, was strong and enthusiastic. He was an ardent admirer of Davis, and, though young, he appreciated the services which the poets, orators, historians, antiquarians and essayists of the Nation rendered to Irish literature. In 1847, when Ireland was suffering from famine and fever, and when political excitement was at its height, he abandoned the world and its temptations, and set out for Rome, with the firm resolution of completing his ecclesiastical studies for no resident of Cucuignan in purgatory. I cried, then, for the love of Heaven, where are they all? 'Up in Paradise, my good man! Where else would you wish to be? But I have just come from Paradise and they are not there. At least St. Peter told me so, and I don't think he would lie to me. No! No, he can't have lied, for the cock did not crow. Mother of Heaven, where is my congregation, then? Well, sir, if your friends are not in Heaven, yet here, there is only one place where they can be."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED. Got the Original. Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By Druggists. Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St. DROPS, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, the irregularities and weakening diseases of Females are all remedied by the regulating toning power of Burdock Blood Bitters. FLEES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, fleas, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c. Joseph Sheffelt, Amour, says that he considers Burdock Blood Bitters a life-saving friend to him. It cured him of debility when doctors failed.

ment to a dying man, walked past with bat on his head and his pipe in his jaw as proud as Artaxerxes and paying no more attention to me than if I had been a dog. And Conleu, with his wife, Zette and Jacques and his brothers Pierre and Toni. Shuddering with fear sat the congregation, each recognizing his father, his grandmother, his cousin, his sister in the memorable roll. "Dear beloved brethren," said the cure more mildly, as he took off his glasses and mopped his face, "you understand as well as I do that this thing cannot be any longer. I have charge of your souls and I wish to save you from the abyss into which you are plunging headlong. To-morrow I will set about the business and do it systematically. To-morrow, Monday, I will hear the confessions of the old people. On Tuesday the children. On Wednesday the young folks—it may be late before I get through, but never mind! On Thursday the married women, and on Friday their husbands. On Saturday the village miller—I will devote the whole day to him. And by next Sunday, if all goes well, we shall have entered upon a new order of things. "Dear beloved brethren, when the corn is ripe we must put in the sickle. When the wine has been poured out we must try to do a distance of ten leagues, and be washed and washed thoroughly, and I am going to do it." From that memorable moment ever afterwards the sweet savor of the virtue of Cucuignan pervaded the surrounding country to a distance of ten leagues, and the good pastor, happy and light-hearted, dreamed every night when he went to sleep that in the midst of a halo of lighted tapers and a cloud of incense, with the choir chanting the Te Deum, he led the flock in resplendent and put on his spectacles. "Let us see, Cucuignan I think you said—'Cucuignan—Cucuignan—ah, here we are! My dear sir, the page is blank! Not one single solitary soul! There are just as many Cucuignean in Heaven as there are teeth in a hen's comb. There must be some mistake about it. Perhaps you haven't posted your books up to date. Look again, I beg of you.' 'No mistake at all, worthy man,' replied Peter, 'look for yourself if you think I am joking.'"