

DEATH OF THE DRUNKARD.

There, standing in the snow and sleet,
All night a wanderer in the street,
And rags and filth from head to feet,
And almost frozen dead—
A victim of vile rum is he,
A wretch as wretched as can be,
To hopeless misery wed!
A Pariah of society,
Whose curse is on his head.

He stands upon the corner there,
Like some doomed phantom of despair,
Seen through the morning's slaty air,
And waits the door to open—
The rumshop door, that porch of hell,
Where he and many millions fell
Down into ready sloth,
And went with headlong speed to swell
The throng without a hope!

He waits to beg a poison drink!
No manhood left—no mind to think—
No self-respect—[er] the last link
That bound him to the past—
That far-off past of golden glow
And youthful spirits' generous flow!—
Even that, of late, has fled,
Was snatched a while ago
And in the chasm cast!

In that abyss that lies between
Him now and what he once had been,
He hates this world, yet fears the unseen,
And crawls to nameless death,
With degradation and disgrace,
As plain as Nature's hand can trace—
As true as Gospel truth—
Engraven on his altered face
And poison in his breath!

A shivering, shambling, shapeless man,
With both hands clutched at the glass,
He lets the fiery poison pass,
To quench the hell within!
But hark! he hears demonic calls:
Foul fiends as with him from the walls,
And devils at him grin!
He staggers to the street—he falls!
May heaven forgive his sin!

Come, drag him off and out of sight!
This only a drunkard, and what right
Has his foul, bloated corpse to blight
The fairness of the morn?
A few pine boards and Potter's Field
Are all to him the world can yield—
To wreck and ruin born!
But hold! enough! He has appealed
To God from human scorn!

P. S. CASSIDY

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

And Phil placed a chair for his unexpected visitor.

"No, thank you, Phil," said the doctor, "I'm not at present. Where is the young woman?"

"What young woman, doctor?"

"Tom Burke's wife." And Doctor Forbis had his finger on the table, and threw his thick gloves into it.

"There she is, there, at the end of the table. An' in bad humor enough, I can tell you, to have Tom delayin' so long."

Doctor Forbis walked up to Mrs. Burke, an' gravely held out his hand; she gave him hers, and to her surprise, and slightly to her alarm, he placed his finger on her wrist, and, pulling out his watch, began to count her pulse.

"I think," said the doctor, "you ought to be in bed."

"Bravo, doctor," shouted Tim Croak. "So she ought." And what was considered a capital joke of the doctor's, elicited a roar of laughter from the company.

Mrs. Burke leaped up, and bounded amidst a group of young women who were lamenting the absence of a musician, at the end of the room.

"Pray, what does all this mean?" said the doctor, bending a severe look on Phil Shunney.

"M-an!" Phil repeated.

"Tom Burke told me that his wife was—was 'coming home,'" said the doctor, using Tim's own phrase, which, it may be necessary for us to explain, is used in a figurative sense in Ireland.

"An' so she is," says her father.

"Explain yourself, sir, if you please," said the doctor severely.

"The devil an explanation I have, barrin' that Tom hadn't his new house ready when they wor married, and we kep her wud us till 'twould be finished off. An' sure 'tisn't to let her go we wud wudout givin' the neighbors a bit of diversion on the head of id."

Doctor Forbis was beginning to admit the possibility of his having partaken too freely of Father O'Gorman's old malt, when Tom Burke appeared upon the scene with Josh Reddy's fiddle in one hand, and holding Josh himself by the collar with the other.

"Come, you rascal," he shouted, "play up, and don't think you can humbug m."

Josh, who was evidently half-frightened out of his wits, seized his fiddle, and the first twang acted like magic upon the younger portion of the party, who were "on the flure" in an instant.

Tom Burke seized the doctor by the hand, and assured him he felt proud of his presence. He called to his wife and bade her "get something ready" for so distinguished a guest. And when the doctor saw a snow-white cloth spread upon a little table by the fireside, and a cold turkey and other inviting viands placed upon it, he thought he could not do better than make himself comfortable. And between the good fare and the merriment, and the respectful attention of the people of the house, Doctor Forbis made a night of it.

Next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Forbis asked him sharply how he got the key of the stable.

"I got it of course, behind the hall door," he replied.

"An' who let you in?"

"Kitty Magrath," said the doctor.

"Kitty Magrath, didn't you tell me you didn't let the doctor in last night?"

"No more I didn't, ma'am," said Kitty.

Mrs. Forbis reddened with suppressed anger on noticing the evident confusion of both Kitty and the doctor, as she darted suspicious looks from one to the other.

"Who is this coming up the avenue?" the doctor asked, glad of an excuse to escape Mrs. Forbis' eyes.

"'Tis the priest's boy, sir," said Kitty, glad of an excuse too.

"Go out and try what is his business."

Kitty returned immediately with the doctor's hat in her hand.

"You forgot your hat at Father O'Gorman's, sir," said Kitty.

The doctor looked up at the crook over the door.

"I see it all, now," he remarked gravely, shaking his head.

Mrs. Forbis and Kitty followed the direction of his eyes.

"My dear," said the doctor "it was all owing to that last rose of summer. This explains why I was called Josh. I see it all now."

Josh Reddy's white hat hung upon the crook over the door. Kitty Magrath pounced upon it immediately, and hurried in breathless haste to the little house opposite the doctor's gate.

Josh Reddy was sitting by his fire in a most melancholy frame of mind.

"Good morrow, Josh."

"Good morning, Kitt," Josh replied with a sigh. "I hope you are well."

"'Tis little you care which, Josh," says Kitty reproachfully.

"Kitty, my dear, I'm in no mood for amatory dialogue this morning; so be pleased to inform me of the circumstance to which I am indebted for this visit."

"I brought this home to you," said Kitty, with a deep sigh.

Josh looked around, and, springing to his feet, "exclaimed:

"Kitty, you're an angel! I apprehended it was irretrievably lost. Sit down, Kitty, and let me play 'Bonny Kate, for you."

"I must be going, Josh."

"Don't talk of going, Kitty," said Josh, hanging his beloved white hat on his poll. "I never knew your worth till now. So say you'll be mine—come to the bower I have shaded for you, and I'll talk to Father Paul this blessed day."

Kitty became hysterical immediately. And that day week Kitty Magrath was Mrs. Josh Reddy. So much for Father O'Gorman's evening party.

* * * * *

Shawn Gow found a pleasant fire blazing before him when he went home, after seeing Doctor Forbis past the Clodagh. But the moment he sat down, Nancy said anxiously:—

"Shawn, achora, is anything afther happenin' to you? you're as white as the wall."

"Nancy," says Shawn, "Sally Cavanagh is dead."

"Oh Shawn! Shawn! when did she die, and who told you?"

"No one told me," he replied, but I knowid."

Nancy looked at him for an explanation.

"She's afther appearin' to me be and near the churchyard."

"The Lord betune us an' all harm," exclaimed Nancy, making the sign of the cross. "Did you spake to her?"

"No," he replied, "I hadn't the presence of mind. She looked into my face, and thin turned into the church."

"You had a right to ask her what she wanted three times, in the name of the

Father, Son and Holy Ghost; an' thin she'd tell you what was troublin' her."

"I know that, but I didn't think uv id in time. I'm a'most sure, though, 'tis to bring her home to bury her."

"An' sure you will, Shawn."

"I will, an' God knows I'd do more than that for her. For where could you get the like uv her?"

"Thru for you," said Nancy, bursting into tears. "Go take a stretch on the bed, an' go round for a few of the neighbors in the mornin'; an' lave me here to say a few prayers for her poor soul. O Lord! look down on her poor childher."

Shawn Gow retired to rest, leaving his wife to offer up "the full of her beads" for Sally Cavanagh.

CHAPTER XXV.

There is an old church-yard a little below the wood, from the corner of which Connor Shea took a last look at his home. One day, not many weeks after his poor wife's flight from the workhouse, a voice might be heard speaking in low, but earnest tones, within the mouldering walls of the ruined temple, where the Mass had not been offered since the day Father Kenrehan was hewn to pieces by a few Cromwellian troopers who happened to ride that way. The voice was that of Brian Purcell.

"When she escaped from the poor-house," said he in continuation, "she found her way to the church-yard. Her reason was entirely gone,—she remembered nobody. Though I came to her nearly every day, I never noticed the least sign that she recognized me. But nothing would induce her to leave the church-yard. I even tried to force her away, but she clung to the headstone, and shrieked so wildly, I thought it cruelly to attempt removing her. So we supply her with a little food, and there she sits all day, apparently happy. At night, when the weather is inclement, we induce her to lie upon the heath in that shed in the corner. But what is most extraordinary—and I don't wonder the country people view it in a supernatural light—there you see the five little mounds, with their brown slabs for headstones, exactly like the other graves, beneath which she is persuaded her children are buried. No one, as far as I can learn, saw her constructing them."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the listener.

"Stand near the slit in the wall," said Brian, "and you can see and hear while I am speaking to her. And then, as you say you would rather not have a witness to your interview, I'll walk up as far as the cromlech, and be back with you in an hour."

"Well, Sally," said Brian, "so they're all dead." For he knew there was only one subject she could be induced to speak about.

"All dead," she repeated, with a vacant smile. Then noticing a little of the turf turned up upon one of the mounds, she patted it smooth with her hand.

"All dead! But I'll tell you something if you won't tell any one."

"I won't tell any one, Sally."

"Well every night when the stars do be shinin'—but you won't tell, or they might take him from me?"

"No, Sally, I will not tell."

She placed her hand upon his shoulder, and with her mouth close to his ear, while a childlike smile lighted up her face, whispered, "He comes down when the stars do be shinin', and I have him in my arms all the night."

"Who, Sally! Who comes down?"

"Ah, you wouldn't guess! Well, I'll tell you, the youngest of all,—poor Willie with the blue eyes. An' I have him here all night,—here," she repeated, pressing both her hands against her bosom.

Brian was almost affected to tears.

"Here is Norah outside," said she, kneeling down and laying her hands on one of the mounds. "An' shure you'd asy know Corney, for he was nearly as tall as Norah. An' any one'd know the little one entirely. But who only myself could guess these two?" She looked up at Brian as if expecting a reply. "No," she continued, "you'd never be able to guess; but I'll tell you. This is Tom,—the little fat bruckish; and this is Nicky. But will nobody tell me where is Neddy, poor Connor's own brave boy?"

Here a heavy groan from within the ruin interrupted her wanderings, and Brian moved away, and up the hill toward the cromlech.

He opened a letter which Connor Shea had given him, and read it as he

walked slowly up the hill. It was from the school-master:

"For some days back I have been thinking of writing a long letter to you. But as I find my old habit of procrastination has still a hold on me, I think it better to send you a hurried line by Connor Shea, who leaves for Ireland tomorrow. I have done my best to persuade him that there was no necessity for his going, and that it would do just as well to send you the money to bring them out. He would not listen to me; and I feel quite uneasy at the thought of his meeting his scoundrel landlord. Try by all means and prevent this meeting. He was almost frantic when he read your letter."

"Connor," said I to him, 'why, after all, should you feel it so deeply? Don't you know that thousands of honest and respectable families are obliged to go into the poor-house in unfortunate Ireland?'

"Oh, it's not that," he replied; 'it is not the disgrace I'm thinking of. But I'm thinking of all Sally Cavanagh went through before it came to that. Well I know how long she suffered before she consented to see herself and her children paupers. The robber!' he exclaimed, striking the table with his clenched hand, 'after promising me that he'd lave 'em the oats.'

"Rage and grief almost choked him, and tearing his shirt collar open, he rushed out of the house."

"I hope you will try and keep him from meeting this man. It is scarcely in human nature to let such cold-blooded cruelty pass unavenged, if the victim found him-self face to face with his persecutor. I need say no more on this head."

(To be continued.)

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanations a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions. 34-G

L. J. A. Surveyer,

Hardware, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Tools, Builders' and House Finishing Hardware, Curtain Stretchers, Refrigerators, Carpet Sweepers, Wringers and Washers, etc.,

6 St. Lawrence Street.

MONTREAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, { SUPERIOR COURT,
District of Montreal. } No. 2119.

Dame Emma Fletcher Reed, of Montreal, authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas A. Bishop, of Montreal, Contractor, Defendant. An action for separation of property has been instituted.

Montreal, 6th March, 1893.

HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,

34-5

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CANADA, {
Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT,
District of Montreal. } No. 1939.

Dame Delia Vlau, wife of Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the parish of St. Constant, District of Montreal, duly authorized to *ester en justice*, Plaintiff, vs. the said Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the same place, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been returned into Court, in this case, on the 13th February last.

Montreal, 2nd March, 1893.

F. LANCOT,

33 5

Plaintiff's Attorney.



\$3 a Day Sure.

Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

Address A. W. KNOWLES,

WINDSOR, Ont.

17-34-Mar15

TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL BELTS
ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c.

P. McCORMACK & CO.,
Druggists.

COR. MCGILL and NOTRE DAME STS.