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#### THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. March 8, 1882 人名英瓦尔尔 网络无法的纪念

[Continued from Second Page.] spot agreed upon, goes back once more in the going out. They upset one's whole calcula-direction of the house. He has hardly, how-ever, gone two hundred yards, when the voice of forgetting that such things be." of his uncle, Lord Sartoris, calling to him through the gloom stays his steps, and rouses him from the painful reverie into

8p, which he is fast falling. "Who were you parting with at the gate ?" asks Lord Bartoris, in so unusual a tone that | the bye, how lovely she looked last night !" be Dorian looks at him in some surprise. He is himsolf, that the question, should have been side har." a little sorry, for reasons that do not touch I thought; they looked right down cheap beiha to :bə

"Buth Annersley," he answers, without hesitation, feeling that any prevarication at this moment will only make matters worse for the unhappy girl. May not Arthur have seen, and known her ?

"Yes. ,You will, of course, say nothing about it. She was foolish enough to wish to see a few people dancing, so came here, and standing among the shrubs, obtained her wish-which no doubt; proved as satisfactory

as most of our desires, when gained." "At this hour of the night to be here, aloné.

"Yes. Very imprudent of ber, of course, and all that."

"There must have been some strong inducement to make a girl of her gentle nature undertake so bold, so daring, a step. It was a strictly improper action," 'says the old man, in his most stilted style.

"I dare say. Imprudent, however, was the word I used. I am rather glad I was the one to meet her, as she knew me; and, as a rule, people talk so much about nothing, and make such mountains out of mole-hills."

"It was fortunate, indeed, your meeting her. It might, in fact, almost be termed a curious coincidence, your managing to be on this deserted walk just at the required moment."

There is something so unpleasant, so sneering, about his tone that Dorian colors hotly. "I confess I hardly see it in the light you do, he says, easily enough, but very coldly. "And I think, I should term the coincidence

a lucky,' rather than ourlous. I see no differance between this walk and half a dozen others. People don't seem to affect any of them much.

"No," says Lord Sartoris.

"Any other fellow might have been here as well as me. You, for example." "Just so!" says Lord Sartoris.

"Then why bring in the word curious ?"

" It merely occurred to me at the moment." mys his lordship, dryly. "Been dancing

"Yes-no-pretty well. Are you coming

They are again in front of the house, and near the steps that lead to the conservatory.

"Not just yet, I think." "Then I fear I must leave you. I am en-

gaged for this dance."

So, for the first time, these two part coldly. The old man goes slowly, moodily, up and down the graveled path beneath the brilliant moon, that .---

"From her clouded vell soft gliding Lifes her silvery lamp on high

and thinks of many things in a humor more and than bitter, while the young man, with angry brow and lips compressed, goes swiitly onward to the house.

As he regains the ball-room, the remembrance of the little partner he has come to claim rushes back upon him pleasantly, and serves to dissipate the gloomy and somewhat indiguant thoughts that have been oppressing him. But where is she? He looks anxiously around; and, after five minutes' fruitless search, lo! there are her eyes smiling out at him from the arms of a gay and doubtless gallant plunger.

The next instant she is gone; but he follows her slight form with an eager glance, and at length crosses the room to where she is now standing with her soldier. As he does to he flings from him all tormenting thoughts. 

Continued from Second Page] "" One goes out when one ought to be turning ber it perfectly," says Dorian, haughtly, LATEST IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

"And Clarissa ?" asks: Dorian, dryly ; "I dan't may about the dancing part of it, -you; may, I suppose, abjure that if you like,-but I think you will see a ball or two more before you die. She likes that sort of thing. By "Very. She cut out all the other women,

gowned in black and orowned with yellow it as an honest remedy. hair, whose dark-blue eyes look out at him with a smile and a touch of wistfulness that

adds to their beauty as your and the . " That little girl at the vicarage isn't bad to look at," says Horace, idly, beating a tattoo on the window-pane.

"Miss Broughton? I should call her very good to look at " says Dorian, for the first time making the discovery that there may be moments when it would be a sure and certain joy to kick even one's own brother.

"Here is Arthur," says Horace, presently drawing himself up briskly from his lounging position. "A little of him goes a long way; and I should say, judging from the expression of his lips, that he is in his moodlest mood to-day. You may interview him, Dorian; 1 feel myself unequal to the task. Give nim my love and a kiss, and say I have gone for a ramble in the innocent woods."

He leaves the room, and, crossing the hall, makes his way into the open air through the concervatory; while Lord Sartoris, entering by the hall door, and being directed by a servant, goes on to Dorian's den.

He is looking fagged and careworn, and has about him that look of extreme lassitude that belongs to those to whom sleep overnight has been a stranger. Strong and painful doubts of Dorian's honesty of purpose had kept him wakeful, and driven him now down from his own home to Sartoria.

.A strange longing to see his favorite nephew again, to lock upon the face he had always deemed so true, to hear the voice he neck." loves best on earth, had taken possession of him; yet now he finds himself confronting Dorian with scarcely a word to say to him. "I hardly hoped to find you at home." he

says with an effort. "What a very flattering speech? Was that why you came? Sit here, Arthur; you will

find it much more comfortable." He pushes toward him the cozily-cushioned

chair in which Horace had been sitting a minute ago. " Do I look tired enough to require this?"

says Sartoris, sinking however, very willingly into the obair's embrace. As he does so, something lying on the ground (that has escaped Dorlan's notice) attracts him.

"What is this ?" he asks, stooping to pick it up It is a lace handkerchief, of delicate and ex-

guisite workmanship, with some letters embroidered in one corner. "You have been receiving gentle visitors

very early," says Lord Sartoris, turning the pretty thing round and round curiously. " Not unless you can count Horace as one,"

says Dorian, with a light laugh. "How on earth did that come here?" Stooping, he, too, examines minutely the frygile piece of lace and cambric his uncle is still holding. Sartoris turning it again, the initials in the corner make themselves known, and stand out, legibly and carefully worked, as "R. A." bope I may be shot it she didn't marry a man. Dorian's face changes. He knows the Hit's a fact, and Fill swear to it."-Galveston handkerchief only too well now. He himself News. had given it to Buth at Christmas ; but how had It come here? No one had entered the

room to-day except himself and—Horace! Notwithstanding the scene with Ruth the night before, when she had so unmistakably betrayed her love for Horace, Dorian had and finally the entire gang lay down and went never for one moment suspected that things to sleep. This alarmed Joe a little, and for a had gone further than a mere foolish girlish | while he was in doubt whether to administer ing for a man rather handsomer than

"I am sorry, my lord, you should think it necessary to remind me of it.

He bows and opens the door as he finishes his speech. Lord Sartoris, though sorely troubled, makes no sign; and, without as much as a pressure of the hand, they part. To be continued.

Akron, Ohio, May 7th, 1880 .- Some three years ago I had a horse becoming very lame from a spavin. I treated it with Kendall's Spavin Cure with marked success. Since 5 g - 1 1

Yours truly,

1.1.1.1.1

A. M. ABMSTRONG.

# WIT AND HUMOR.

logue which frequently takes place in police at Monaghan, and one at Cork. courts :-- Magistrate (to vagrant) : " You say you have nowhere to sleep. Did you find any money on him, officer?" Officer : "Not penny." Magistrate (to vagrant) : " 1 hen I fine you 40s."

Quilp, having spoken rather disparagingly of the opposite sex in the , hearing of a lady friend, was rebuked for his impertinence "What," she asked, "would be the effect upon the men if all the little 'dears' should perish ?" "The result," replied Quilp, "would be a universal stag-nation !'

Charles Bannister, that inverse punster coming into a coffee-room one stormy night, said, "He never saw such a wind in his life." "Saw a wind," replied a friend. "I never heard of such a thing as seeing a wind ; pray, what was it like?" " Like ?" answered Charles-" like to have blown my hat off."

In a trial where it was attempted to get a murderer off on a pies of insanity, an old physician, who was a witness, was asked-Where shall the line be drawn between mental and moral insanity ?" "Well," deliberately answered the old doctor \_ " well, I think the line should usually be drawn around the

" These rooms are not en suite," said the guest of a summer hotel. " Can you show me some that are?" 'The "room clerk," recently promoted to that position from the village store, responded : " Fact, marm, them rooms hain't very sweet, bein' as they look out on the stable ; but I can show you some on the other side sweet as a nut," and the rooms on the other side were engaged.

A house painter who is at work on a scalfolding three storeys from the ground falls from it upon the sidewalk, where he lies limp and apparently lifeless. A crowd of benevolent folks surround him and labor with him till his pulse returns and eyellds begin to flutter, when a good Samaritan places a glass of water to his lips. The sufferer (feably)-"How many storeys has a fellow got to fall in this ward before he gets brandy, durn ye?"-Paris Paper.

Jim Webster and Gabe Snodgrass met on Galveston avenue. Jim was dressed in the height of the style, and upon cross-examination explained that he had just been attending his brother's wedding. "Who did he marry?" asked Gabe. "A 'ooman," respond-Jim. "Well, I reckon I knowed dat ar, as a matter of course." " Dar ain't no matter of course about it in our family," replied Jim, "for when my sister Matildy got married I

When Joe Roger was making symp he left a barrel of the skimmings near the mill, A day or two after a drove of 35 fine hogs went for the skimmings, and the whole crowd got drunk. They cut up all manner of didoes, lk or strong

(From the Cork Herald, 18th Feb.)

The report that the Government intend to take fresh action respecting Mr. Parnell is declared to be devoid of foundation.

Messra, Corbett, Thompson and Labouchere were among the few English Liberal members who voted in favor of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's amendment on the Address.

An extraordinary meeting under the auspices of the Ladies' Land League was held in Dorian; yet, even as he speaks; there rises have heard of cures resulting from its use. I. to obtain the names of the ladies present, but before, him the vision of a little lithe figure am frank to say I can cheerfully recommend, failed, and where for the ladies present, but room. the attends -

> The Parliamentary return issued on Saturday shows that on the 1st instant there were 512 suspects confined in Irish prisone, of whom 93 are at Clonmel, 89 at Naas, 82 at Kilmainham, 73 at Galway, 48 at Limerick, The following is a fair specimen of a dis- 43 at Dundalk, 39 at Armah, 23 at Omagb, 21

> > The Liverpool Ladies' Land League have sent Mr. Parnell a valentine in the shape of a one hundred pounds cheque to be devoted to the maintenance of Mr. Parnell and his fellow suspects in prison. According to a report from London considerable anxiety exists among the Irish Parliamentary party respecting the possible intentions of the Go vernment concerning Mr. Parnell.

The Times commenting on Mr. Sexton's speech says that after what Mr. Sexton has declared to be the objects and the methods of a strong, daring and unscrupulous party, irreconcilably hostile to the British connec tion, it is manifest that any incautious words holding out to Irish nationalism the prospect of obtaining a leverage for subverting the Union in the form of a separate legislation in Ireland to be promptly and clearly disavowed. At the same time it admits that it would be useless to deny the ability and power displayed in Mr. Sexton's speech, or the impression which it produced in the House.

The first case under the Land Act on the property of Mr. Bence Jones came before the Land Sub-Commission at Clonskilly on Tuesday. The tenant, whe claimed to have a fair ront fixed, was an Englishman named Nicholson, who, in the year 1860, came to this country with a fair amount of capital to farm under Mr. Bence Jones. The holding consisted of 223 acres, and the rent exceeded the valuation by over 150 per cent. Some characteristic letters were read from Mr. Bence Jones, in one of which he called Mr. Nicholson a coward for being afraid of threatening letters with crossbones and coffins.

MR. BENCE JONES .- Mr. Bence Jones accompanied by his son arrived at Lisselane on Friday night. The following 12 cases of his son, Richard Holland, Samuel Helen, Daniel the giants, a sitting room and a parlor. The Welsh, Thos. Hurley, Mary O Sullivan, couch upon which the big couple sleep was Timothy Donovan, Ellen Brien, John Sulli- made especially for them, and is a curiosity van, John Crowley, Jeremiah Brien and John Holland. Sub-constable William Robinson of Clonakilty, who has been promoted to the rank and pay of Acting-constable, left Clonakilty on Saturday in charge of a party of will remain there during that gentleman's sojourn in the country. -- Correspondent.

This (Saturday) evening four members of the Royal Irish Constabulary arrived here at Coachford with bag and baggage. They are to be located in the Courthouse for some time. It will be remembered that the Coachford Petty Sessions Court has been boycotted for the past five months. In spite of the efforts to have the business transacted through the regular channel, the non-commissioned magistrates settled all the local cases out of court. In order that parties wishing to bring cases into court would not be intimidated from "doing what they had a

## Naturalists' Portfolio.

ANIMAL LORE .--- When pigs carry straw to their styes bad weather may be expected; and in an old book, entitled the "Carlosities of Nature" (1637, 262), we find the following : Why is a storm said to follow presently when a company of hogs run orying home ?" to which the answer is given : " Some say that a hog is most dull and of a melancholy na-

ture; and so by reason doth forsee the rain that cometh"-a notion that prevails in some parts of Scotland. Cows also have their weather-lore. and many a husbandman draws his prognostications from their movements. Thus when they turn, up their nostrils and sniff the air, it is a sign of rain. If, too, they lick their fore feet, or lie on their right side,

a change in the weather is at hand. In reference to the superstitions an amusing question is asked in the " British Appollo :"

> A learned case 1 now propound, Pray give me an answer as profound : Tis why a cow, about half an hour Before there comes a hasty shower,

Does clap her tail against the hedge. ABOUT EATING .--- It is a mistake to eat quickly, remarks a medical contemporary. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining of that organ which greatly impedes if it does not altogether prevent the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual, that digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper function. Either a a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly were either gifted with the power of rumination or provided with giz-

zards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to cat slowly. THE HOME OF GIANTS .- Capt. Martin Van Buren Bates, who lives on a farm near Seville, Ohio, is 7 feet 114 inches high and weighs 478 pounds. Mrs. Bates is 7 feet 11 inches high, and weighs 413 pounds. It is a difficult matter to convey an adequate idea of the proportions of such a dwelling as the one occupied by the Ohio giants. A door that is six feet six inches high is a larged sized openin the side of the house-that is a dwelling house, not a cathedral. But the doors in the domicile of the Bates giants are ten feet high, and the knobs are nearly as high as the reporter's head. The house was built by Capt. Bates in 1876, and is elegantly furnised. In tenants are listed for hearing to be tried be- the main building on the ground floor are, fore the Sub-commissioners-Joseph Nichol- | besides the spacious hall, the bed chamber of

to look at. It is extensive enough to give the great people room to stretch in, and i looks as big as an ordinary sized floor. It is really ten feet long, wide in proportion, and about twice as high as a common bed. The police, on protection duty, for Lisselane manificent dressing case is also a huge House, the residence of Mr. Bence Jones, and affair, with a glass upon it nearly as big as the side of a house. In the sitting room is a piano of ordinary size itself, but it is mounted on blocks two feet high, so that the instrument is away up in the air, out of the reach of common folks. There are two rocking chairs in this room that are so big that the reporter had to climb up into one of them the samo as an infant would clamber up into a "high chair." It is very expensive for the giants to live, as they have to pay an exorbitant price for everything they wear. For instance, it costs the Captain \$30 a pair for boots .- Cincinnati Enquirer.

A BAT IN A BEER BOTTLE.-A rat was recontly caught by a youthful hunter of North legal right to do," the present force is to be Becond streat who earns many an honest stationed here through the district has other- | penny by selling his prizes to Mr. Cills, the serpent charmer. The latter fixed a large box in such a way that the animal could not escape, and putting Mrs. Rat inside, he carried her new abode down stairs. The next to-day by the receipt of an official telegram morning five little rodents were huddled at the side of their mother. A couple of weeks stating that last night, as an officer of 1st passed, and the captive family were all in a flourishing condition, but one evening their owner noticed that the mother had gnawed a hele in the side of her prison, and on counting about four miles distant, they were fired on of the infants had escaped. "I nailed a piece by an armed party, who lay in ambush on of tin over the hole," said Mr. Cills, "and was bottles in a corner of the cellar, and saw in one my young rat. The little fellow had jumped down the neck of the bottle, and couldn't climb out again, the sides being too slippery, I suppose. Carious to see what the mother would do, I placed the bottle containing the young 'un in the cage, in such a way, however, that it conla not be knocked over. Later in the evening I went to see how things were getting on, and I found that several pieces of food had been dropped down the neck of the bottle by the mother. After an-other week had passed the young rat had so increased in size that all chance of its leaving its crystal dungeon was precluded, and so l placed the bottle on one side so that the mother could feed her little one more comfortably. She has evidently taken the best of care it, for it is so fat that it can no. longer turn round. I was puzzled some time as to how he got his drink, but one day I approached more cautiously and found the tracked to his lair, surprised, set upon and old rat busily engaged in dipping her tail in the saucer of water, and then snoving it down the neck of the bottle for the young 'un to suck. Of course the other little rats have

### THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

BY RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

- Of the mission church Sub Carlos, Builded by Carmelo's Bay, There remains an ivied ruin That is crumbling fast away. In its tower the owi finds shelter, In its sanctus, y grow Rankest weeds above the earth-mounds, And the dead find rest below.
- Still, by peasants at Carmelo, Tales are told and songs are sung Of good Jubipero Serra, In the sweet Castilian tongue: In the sweet Castillan longue: How each year the padre rises From his grave the Mass to say— In the midnight, mid the ruing— On the eve of Carlos' day.

And they tell when aged and teeble. Feeling that his end was nigh. To the mission of San Carlos Juniperocame to die; And he lay upon a litter That Franciscan fetters bore, And he bade them rest a moment At the cloister's open door.

Then he gazed upon the landscape That in beauty iny unrolled, And he bleased the land as Francis Bleased Asisi's town of old; And he spoke: "A hundred Masses I will say, if still life's guest, That the ble-stag I have given On the land muy ever rest."

Ere a Mass he celebrated Life a Mass he colevrated Junipero Serra died, And they laid him in the chancel, On the alta's gospel side. But each year the padre rises From his grave the Mass to say-In the midnight, 'mid the runs-On the eve of Oarlos' day.

Then the sad souls, long years buried. Then the sad souils, long years puried. From their lowly graves arise, And, if as doom's trump had sounded, Each assumes his mortal guise, And they come from Junn's Mission, From St. Francis by the bay, From the Mission San Diego, And the Mission San Jose.

With their gaudy mainted banners. And their flambanx burning bright, in a long procession come liney Through the darkness and the night. Singing hymns and swinging concers-Dead folks' ghosts-they onward pass? To the ivy-covered rules, To be present at the Mass.

And the grandsire and the grandsme, And their childran march along, And they know not one another In that weird, unearthily throng. And the youth and gentle maiden, They who loved in days of yore, Walk together new as strangers— For the dead love nevermore.

In the church now all are gathered, And not long have they to wait; From his grave the padre rises, Midnight Muss to selebrate. First he blesses all assembled... Soldiers, Indians, acolytes; Then he bows before the altar, And begins the mystle rises.

When the padre sings the Sanctus, And the Host is raised on high, Then the bells up in the belfry Swung by spirits, make reply : And the drumeroll, and the soldiers In the air a volley fire, While the Salutaris rises Grandity from the phonon choic Grandly from the phantom choir.

" Mr. Missa est," the padre Loudly sings at dawn of day; Loudly sings at dawn of day; And that pageant strangely passes From the rains sere and gray; And good Junipero Serra, Lying down, resumed his sleep, And the 'ar weeds, rank and noisome, O'er his grave luxuriant croep.

And the lights upon the altar And the torches cease to hurn; And the vestments and the hanners Into dust and ashes turn; And the ghastly congregation Oross themselves, and, one by one, Into this air swiftly vanish, And the Midnight Mass is done.

THE TOMB OF LORD EDWARD FITZ-GERALD.

Turning up Cork Hill, Dublin, we enter the street on our right, which is Castle Street. Between Nos. 8 and 9 is a narrow passage. Entor. It leads to the sexton's house, in the rear of St. Werburgh's Ohurch. Admission to the churchyard is not denied. Slabs and tombs are thick around, and the grass and weeds, rank and matted, thrive luxriantly in the human soil. Many are the lines here that tell of worth departed, of blighted hopes and affections savered ; many a stone to mark the spot where the mourner's tears may fall. And where is ours, Irishmen? Whose grave seek you among the tomb? Is it a father or a brother dear that sleeps, with rost unbroken by the conseless din of busy life in the street outside? Why darken your brow before that curlous old slat, built into the southern wall of the church, with its strangely chiselled efligten of a mail-clad knight and his good lady? Why grow you saddor as the sexton opens the grating that leads to the vault beneath? That slab is part of the tomb of "Silken Thomas," and down in the dark charnel vaults below sleeps the brave Lord Edward. Descending by some ten or a dozen steps, by lantern light, you wend your way to the chamber of the dead, and are led to the "Kildare Vanit," as It is called. You enter it. On the left hand are two coffins, so old that even the lead has corroded away in part, and reveals the ashes of the brave Geraldine knights. But our eye dwells not on these-it seeks another object. Many a valiant knight is here, but he, "the chieftain of them all," where is he laid? A lone coffin lies upon the floor, apart from all the others-plain and unornamented, damp and mildew cover it all over. View it, bend over it, weep over it; it holds all that now remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. There mouldering into dust lies the pride of a noble house, the leader of a noble cause, struck down in the flower of nis youth, hunted like a beast of prey slain. Drop by drop trickles down the water upon the coffin from the roof above-dark and silent is the chamber where his narrow bed is made. As silently flowed a nation's tears above his bier, and darker was the night that settled on its hopes, the hour that saw him laid within this gloomy cell. No tun-eral array, no ordered line of mourners followed to the grave this scion of the Geraldines. In silence, if not in stealth, he was laid in the vault of his ancestors. In that dark hour to speak of him was dangerous, to ween for him a crime. On the coffin is a brass plate with the following inscription : "LOBD RDWARD FITZGERALD. Flith son of the First Duke of Leinster, Born. October 15, 1763.

sible misery of the future in the certain happinces of the present

"The next is ours, is it not?" he says ; and she smiles at him, and-can it be ?--willingy transfers her hand from the heavy's arm 10 takes her down to the Peytons' carriage and puts her carefully into it, and presses her hand, I think, over so slightly, and then frives home, beneath the silent stars, with an odd sensation at his heart-half pain, half pleasure-he has never felt before.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Known mischiefs have their care, but doubts

have none; Aud better is despair than friendless hope Mixed with a killing fenr.', MAY. It is two o'clock on the following day.

Horace-who came down from town for the ball, and is staying with Dorian-sauntering leisurely into the smoking-room at Sartoris, finds Branscombe there, overlooking some fishing tackle.

This room is a mingled and hopelessly entangled mass of gune, pipes, whips, spurs, fishing-rode, and sporting-pictures ; there are, too, a few other pictures that might not cxactly come under this head, and a varions and most remarkable collection of loungingchairs.

There is a patriarchal sofa, born to create slumber; and an ancient arm-chair, stuffed with feathers and dreams of many sleepers. Over the door stand out the skeleton remains of a horse's head, bleached, and ghastly, and altogether hideons, that; even now, reminds its master of a former favorite hunter that had some to a giorious but untimely end upon the hunting-field. A stuffed setter, with very glassy eyes, sits staring, in an uncarthly fashion, in one corner. Upon a window-sill a cat all, Horace may not be in the wrong; the sits, blicking lazily at the merry spring sunshine outside.

"Are you really going back to town this evening, Horace ?" asks the owner of all these gems, in a somewhat gloomy fashion, bending over a fishing-line as he speaks.

"Yes. I feel 1 am bound to be back there again as soon as possible." . 1 " Business ?"

"Woll'I can hardly say it is exactly press of business," says the candid Horace ; " but if a man wants to gain any, he must be on the spot, I take it ?"

"Quite so. Where have you deen all the morning? Sleeping?" ""Nothing half so agreeable." By this time

Horace is looking at him curiously, and with a gleam in his eyes, that is half amusement, half contempt ; Dorian, whose head is bent walked down to the farms to try to get some fresh air to carry back with me to the stifling olty."

"Ah 1 past the mill ? I mean in that direction ?--- toward the upper farms ?"

"No ; I went past Biddulph's," says Horace, easily, half closing his eyes, and Dorian benot so hilly. Did you put in a good time last man who has been to him as his own son. hight ", use a solution of the solution

" Of all abominations, surely balls are the Let me bring it to your memory." Tores. 

ordinary run of men. His brother's honor he | tor. They got over their spree alter a while had not doubted, nor did he deem him cap- and went around for a day or two with red able of any act calculated to bring misery upon one who had trusted him. Argus.

Now, in spite of himself, a terrible doubt is; and then they dance; and presently he arises that will not be suppressed; like a blow conviction falls; and many past actions and past words crowd to his mind that, at the time of their occurrence, seemed as mere nothings, but now are " confirmations strong ' of the truth that has just flashed upon him. Had he lied to Lim when he told him a faw

minutes since he had been to Biddulph's farm and not anywhere in the direction of the Old Mill? Doubt, having once asserted itself, makes him now distrustful of his brother's every look and every tone. And the handkerchief! He must have had it from Buth herself, and dropped it here inadvertently bcfore leaving the room. To him the idea that Horace should have chosen a timid, fragile. gentle girl, like Rath Annorsley, upon whom to play off the fascinations and wiles taught him by a fashionable world, is nothing less than despicable. A deep sense of contempt for the man who, to pass away pleasantly a few dull hours in the country, would make a is frowning heavily, and his face has grown refuse sour milk and will eat only when veryewhite. Looking up, he becomes aware hungry. Water is the great indispensable that his uncle is watching him narrowly.

To the old man, the altered countenance of his nephew, his pallor and hesitation, all betoken guilt. Dorian's eyes are still clear and calm, as usual, but his expression has strange-

ly altered. "R. A.,' remarks Lord Sartoris, slowly.

Why, that, might mean Ruth Annersley." "It might," returns Dorian, absently. He dares not speak his inmost thoughts. After girl's own vanity, or folly, may have led her to believe a few words spoken in jest to all events, no matter what comes of it he can-not betray his brother.

"How could it have come here?" asks Lord Sartoris, without raising his eyes from the luckless handkerchief. "Do you know anything of it?"

"Nothing; except that it belongs to Buth. I gave it to her last Christmas."

"You! A curious gift to a girl in her rank in life ?" "She wished for it," returns Branscombe

curtly. "Then she is no donbt heart-broken, imagining she has lost it. Beturn it to her, I advise you, without delay," says his uncle, contemptuously, throwing it from him to a table over his work, sees neither the amusement near. "I need not detain you any longer, nor the scorn. "I did not go to bed at all. now-rising, and moving toward the door.

"Going so so soon ?" says the younger man roused from his gallant reflections, by his uncle's abrupt, departure, to some sense of cordiality. "Why, you have hardly stayed a moment."

"I have stayed long enough-too long," says Lord Sartoris, gloomily, fixing his dark. lieves him, "It is lighter walking that way ; eyes (that ago have falled to dim) upon the

hight in the source of the sou "Lucky you!" yawns Horace, languidly | motto of our race ?- 'Leal friend, leal foe."

I Pray do not trouble yourself. I remem- a nervous dorangement.

ce, or send ior -Correspondent. oves and the headache. - Buena Vista (Ga)

Son.

GIVE THE BABY WATER.

A city physician attributes a large part of the excessive mortality of children in hot weather to the failure of nurses and mothers to give them water; indeed, more children are said to die (directly and indirectly) from deprivation of water than from any other cause. Infants, he says, are always too much wrapped up, and in any case would perspire very freely. The water lost by perspiration must be supplied. As Dr. Murdoch states in his paper on cholera infantum : and later accounts show that he is progress-"The child is thirsty, not apgry; but not getting the water, which it does want, it drinks the milk, which it does not want. The consequence is that the stomach is overloaded with food which it cannot digest, and which soon ferments and becomes a source of severe irritation. Then follow vomiting, purging, and cholera infantum. To prevent this, the principal scourge of infancy, the doctor says : "Have water-without icecart. target of a woman's heart, fills his mind. He lalways accessible to the child, who will then article for the preventive treatment of children in hot weather. It is important onough

to nursing children, but is life itself to those reared on the bottle."

A LA-DE-DAH YOUNG MAN.

A New York lettor says :- "A young exquisite, the son of a celebrated rope maker, is exciting much good-natured laughter by his exceeding daintiness and lavish display. He has lately attained his majority, and is anxions, evidently, to dispense the large income he finds at his command. He has forty coats, mean more than was ever intended. And, at an umbrells for each shade of dress, and canes and scarf-pins innumerable. He said he had to get a brougham, because he had to go to his lawyers so often, and he has besides a two-wheeler and a Russian sleigh with horses to match. He has flowers sent to his rooms twice a day, and when he walks with a young lady he always buys for her a most expensive bouquet, there being no other sort at this time of the year. He spent \$4,500 in fitting up two rooms in his mother's house. He wears three marvellous rings upon his hand, a cat's-eye set in hammered gold, a red cat'z-aye with two diamonds, and a sapphire set with two diamonds; his shirt buitons are two pearls set in diamonds, and also a cat's-sys set in the same precious stones. He has five dozen pairs silk hose with his monogram upon them, and he has a cane in which is concealed a cologne fountain. To a young lady who admired one of his rings the other day he kindly said he would send one round to her house the next day just like it. He was told the other, day by a reigning belle, whose good grace he wished to cultivate, that to succeed he must go down town and go to work."

APHONIA CUBED. \_\_FELLOW'S COMPOUND STRUE OF HYPOPHOSPHITZS .- Aphonia or Loss load of 2,000 pounds, and made the trip in of Volce, is remedied in's short time, no mate four weeks. Please send me your " Treatise ter whether the cause be from inflammation on the Horse." of the lining membrane, from cold, or from 50 2 ws

wise settled down to the greatest quietness. Intense excitement was caused in Limerick from Mr. Smith, County Inspector, Clare, battalion 9th Ecgiment, a company of which is at present quartered at Scariff, and Mr. Wilfrid Lloyd, brother of Mr. Clifford, R. M., were driving from that place to Bodyke, the progeny he likewise perceived that one the roadside. A policeman who was seated about leaving the cellar when I heard a behind on the car in charge of the two gentle- squeaking noise in a lot of cmpty beer men, was shot in the chest, but not mortally,

ing favorably. Mr. Lloyd and the officer fired in the direction from whence the shots came, but owing to the darkness which prevailed they are unaware if any of the shots took effect. Mr. Clifford Lloyd, R.M., left Limerick to-day for the scene of the outrage, accompanied by a large escort of Constabulary. A Press Association telegram states that six shots were fired at the party on the -A HINT. Ask your Druggist, Grocor or Shopkeeper, for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER. If he passes it down without coremony ask him while extracting the quarter dollar from your wallet, if this is the genuine made by Perry Davis & 50 2 ws

The story going the rounds about the priest in Boston who became an actor on the public stage is true. The Rev. Dr. Leeming came to this country from Australia some two years ago. He presented his letters and credentials to the Archbishop of Boston, who been long ago swallowed by my snakes, but the mother rat and the little one in the beer found them in due form, and granted him. bottle I am preserving for a while as a curithe usual permission to say Mass. Dr. osity .- Philadelphia Press. seeming became a public lecturer, chiefly on! Irish subjects, though he is, we believe, an Englishman. His appearance was strikingly handsome, and his manner of delivery easy and florid. His lectures were well written, but superficially rhetorical. He continued them for two years; but they did not pay. We have not heard a word against his personal character as a priest until he was advertised to play Othello on Ash Wednesday, in the Gaiety

Theatre, Boston, under the name of Sydney Clifford. He did play, and very poorly. His failure as an actor was pitlable, according to the critics of the press. But he means to persevere, he says. He has been unfitted for Ohurch work, he explaine, by an accidental injury received in Australia.-Boston Pilet.

Republican City, Neb., March 31, 1880. I tried your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it had the desired effect. It oured the spavin which other treatments failed to do. I did not use quite one bottle of your liniment. After the spavin was removed I drove: the horse and his mate over 500 miles, from Linn

County, Iowa, to Harlin County, Neb., with a Yours traly, JAMME YELLERIO.

Holloway's Pills -The sudden changes, frequent foge, and pervading dampness sorely impede the vital functions and conduce to ill-health. The remedy for these disasters lies in some purifying medicine, like these Pills, which is competent to grapple with the mischief at its source, and stamp it out without fretting the nerves or weakening the system. Holloway's Pills extract from the blood all noxious matters, regulate the action of every disordered organ, stimulate the liver and kidneys, and relax the bowels. In curing chest complaints these Pills are remarkably effective, especially when aided by friction of the Ointment on its walls. This double treatment will ensure a certain, steady, and beneficient progress, and sound health for.

The popularity of the violin among the laboring classes of England was recently shown by the attendance of over 400 applicants for instructions at the recent opening of the "penny violin classes" at Birmingham. Only a penny a lesson is charged, the instruction being given in large classes.

A glutton died at Olinton, Ill., after winning a wager that he could eat a specified quantity of food in an hour.

Died, June 4, 1798.

Burled, June 7, 1798. To preserve the leaden coffin containing his

remains It is enclosed in this additional protection.

By his children, February 8, 1844." It was his daughter, Lady (Sir Guy) Campbell, who had the remains thus cared

TORONTO, March 2.-Archbishop Lynch has received from the executor and nephew of the late Archbishop McHale the chasuble worn by the late Roman Pontiff, Plus IX.

The religious revival in Louisville has taken an exciting hold on the negroes, twonty three of whom were immersed in one evening. An impatient convert, unable to restrain himself until his turn came, threw himself head foremost into the water.

will scon be re-established.