

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Oh Rose! I never despised you. On the contrary, I loved you better than my life."

"Her whole face lighted up. I gazed at her with wonder. There was something startling in the transfiguration I beheld. Everything about her—her eyes, her lips, her blushes, her attitude—everything about her was 'pure womanly.'"

"And I have come here I continued, 'for no other purpose but to save you.'"

"These words reminded her of what she really was, and the poor girl turned deadly pale. I thought she was fainting, and hastened to prevent her from falling."

"Don't touch me," she cried, holding out her arms to keep me off, "oh! do not touch a thing like me."

"There was something appalling in the change that had come over her. She appeared to have withered in an instant. I actually saw the wrinkles creeping over her face and forehead. She sank into a chair which I had placed near her. After considering a moment, I decided upon the course I should pursue."

"Rose," said I, "here is my address. You know now you have a friend. And may God give you strength to turn back before it is too late." I laid my card on a table near her, and withdrew.

"It was a moonlight night, and I spent an hour or two looking out on the waters of the great lake. I thought of Ireland, and of the sufferings of her children; and in my desolation I thanked God that there was still something left me,—that my heart could yet thrill with mingled love and pride and grief for that dear old land. Then I thought of the peaceful valley and my own home. That same moon looked mildly down upon them! I flung myself down by the shore of the great lake, far, far away, and for the first time since my great sorrow fell upon me, I burst into tears. Since that moment I have been an altered man. Life is no longer a burden to me. There is, to be sure, a shadow upon my path; but it is not the black one that rested on it so long. I dislike crowds, and hence I have exchanged the busy city for the lonesome prairie. But since Connor Shea's arrival, I begin to think that I could enjoy the society of my old friends; and I am already longing to see my hermitage lighted up by poor Sally Cavanagh's bright looks. Connor and I are in deep plans for the future."

"But before I come to the end of my paper, let me tell you the result of my interview with Rose Mulvany. I got a note from her, which I shall copy here:—"

"Never ask to see me again. I am not worthy. I could not bear it. But send some one else to take me away from this place. May God forever bless you. Something tells me that I am saved."

"I hastened to a good Irish priest, and told him the whole story. The result is that poor Rose Mulvany has been for the last twelve months an inmate of an industrial institution under the superintendence of the Sisters of Charity. I am slow to believe in complete reformation in cases of this kind; but my reverend friend assures me that it would be harder now to tempt Rose Mulvany from the path of virtue than if she had never left it. I wonder—but shall not trouble you with my speculations, at least not now. How well I remember the night I gave you that hurriedly-written chapter of my history! I expected to hear of your marriage from Connor. My dear friend, whatever disappointment you may have met with, whatever sorrow you may have to endure, be assured that the bitterest drop has not been poured into the cup so long as there is no stain upon the fair fame of the woman you loved."

"I believe him," exclaimed Brian, and he started up as if the thought stung him. "Even now that the struggle is over, and an impassable gulf between us, even now that thought would be the bitterest drop in the cup. How this poor fellow has suffered! And my poor friend Connor Shea! What a pang those few words about him would strike to the heart of his brave wife, Good God," exclaimed Brian Purcell, as he put out one of the candles, "what selfish beings we are!

How much we think of our own griefs, and how little of the griefs of others!"

The clock at the head of the stairs struck twelve, and Brian Purcell retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Now, Corney," said Sally Cavanagh, "till I come back. Mind your two little brothers, and don't let 'em down to the road. But ye can go up the hill a start if ye like. Don't stay too long away, though, for fear poor Norah'd be lonesome."

Norah had the youngest little boy in her arms, and her mild blue eyes beamed with pleasure as she looked up at her mother. Sally Cavanagh had on her "new cloak" for the first time since Connor left them. While she spoke she was turning back the hood before a piece of looking-glass fixed in the wall, for the purpose of displaying the black silk lining in the most becoming manner. She turned now one cheek and then the other to the glass, looking somewhat sad as she thought how thin she had grown. Possibly it never occurred to her that, so far as beauty was concerned, the change was a decided improvement; but such was the fact. Notwithstanding her splendid eyes, there was perhaps too little of the spiritual about her when she was in the full flush of health. But now she looked as if she had undergone some purifying process. There was a sweetness in her smile, as she stooped to kiss the youngest little boy, that was far more captivating than the more radiant look which was wont to light up her face before her "bright heart" had learned what sorrow and want were.

"There's a drop o' milk in the saucepan for him," she said, speaking to Norah; "an' warm it for him about dinner time, as I can't be home early enough, as I'll wait for the two Masses."

Giving a look round the bare house, Sally Cavanagh walked quickly out, brushing some dust—which an old hen had shaken from the roost over the door—from the new cloak with a "turkey-red" pocket-handkerchief.

A stranger meeting Sally Cavanagh as she tripped along the mountain road, would consider her a contented and a happy young matron, and might be inclined to set her down as a proud one; for Sally Cavanagh held her head rather high, and occasionally elevated it still higher with a toss which had something decidedly haughty about it.

She turned up a short borgen for the purpose of calling upon the gruff blacksmith's wife, who had been very useful to poor Sally for some time before. The smith's habits were so irregular that his wife was often obliged to visit the pawn-office in the next town, and poor Sally Cavanagh availed herself of Nancy Ryan's experience in pledging almost everything pledgeable she possessed. The new cloak, of which even a rich farmer's wife might feel proud, was the last thing left. It was a present from Connor, and was only worn on rare occasions, and to part with it was a sore trial.

Loud screams and cries for help made Sally Cavanagh start. She stopped for a moment, and then ran forward and rushed breathless into the smith's house. The first sight that met her eyes was our friend Shawn Gow choking his wife. A heavy three-legged stool came down with such force upon the part of Shawn Gow's person which happened to be the most elevated as he bent over the prostrate woman, that, uttering an exclamation between a grunt and a growl, he bounded into the air, and striking his shins against a chair, tumbled head over heels into the corner. When Shawn found that he was more frightened than hurt, and saw Sally with the three-legged stool in her hand, a sense of the ludicrous overcame him, and, turned his face to the wall, he relieved his feelings by a fit of laughter. It was of the silent, inward sort, however, and neither his wife nor Sally Cavanagh had any notion of the pleasant mood he was in. The bright idea of pretending to be "kilt" occurred to the overthrown son of Vulcan, and with a fearful groan hestretched out his huge limbs and remained motionless on the broad of his back. Sally's sympathy for the ill-used woman prevented her from giving a thought to her husband. Great was her astonishment then, when Nancy flew at her like a wild-cat.

"You kilt my husband," she screamed. Sally retreated backwards, defending herself as best she could with the stool.

"For God's sake, Nancy, be quiet."

Wouldn't he have destroyed you on'y for me?"

But Nancy followed up the attack like a fury.

"There's nothin' at all the matter with him," Sally cried out, on finding herself literally driven to the wall. "What harm could a little touch of a stool on the back do the big brute?"

Nancy's feelings appeared to rush into another channel, for she turned round quickly, and kneeling down by her husband, lifted up his head.

"Och! Shawn avourneen machree," she exclaimed, "won't you spake to me?"

Shawn condescended to open his eyes.

"Sally," she continued, "he's comin' to,—glory be to God! Hurry over and bould up his head, while I'm runnin' for somethin' to revive him. Or stay, bring me the bolster."

The bolster was brought, and Nancy placed it under the patient's head; then, snatching her shawl from the place where it hung, she disappeared. She was back again in five minutes, without the shame, but with some whiskey in a bottle.

To be Continued.

BORDERING ON CONSUMPTION.

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ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from Different Sources.)

There is a question of the elevation to the purple of the Rev. Father Steinhuber, of the Society of Jesus, at present attached to the German College at Rome.

The reports reaching Rome of the pilgrimages coming there for the jubilee from all parts of Europe, and from Ireland, are most consoling to His Holiness.

On Saturday last, as customary, the Holy Father celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in his private chapel and administered the Blessed Sacrament to the Papal household.

Cardinal Place, Archbishop of Rennes, is in a precarious condition of health. The prayers of the faithful are requested for his recovery. In consequence of his illness there were no receptions at his palace on New Year's Day.

Prince Aloys von Leichtenstein, chief of the United Christian party in Austria, has declared that he will oppose the Taaffe Ministry unless it will support social reform and engage to respect both the rights of the Tcheque people and the German minority in Bohemia and Moravia.

Professor Edward Persiani, who holds the chair of mathematics in two establishments in the Eternal City, has been named Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword to His Holiness. When erudition is united to worth, it never fails to be appreciated by the Power which the late Lord Russell considered as the nurse of ignorance.

An Irish party who was recently received in special audience by the Holy Father told how, in speaking of the Queen of England's visit to San Remo next spring, His Holiness said he was pleased to hear that Her Majesty would again visit Italy. "I was only sorry," she added, "that I had not the presence of mind to say 'she ought to come to Rome, most Holy Father.'"

Collective pastoral letters have been issued by the Bishops of Austria and Prussia urging the faithful to take an active part in the celebration of the Pontifical Jubilee. Importance is given to the great benefits derived to the world from the Pontificate of Leo XIII. The necessity of contributing generously to the St. Peter's Pence fund is insisted on with cogent reasons and remarkable eloquence.

Archbishops Thomas and Meignan will not go to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat before the Consistory in spring. The new Bishops of Clermont-Ferrand, Saint-Die, and Angers, will be preconized on the same occasion. A third French Cardinal—unless he is chosen in time for the next Consistory, which is not likely—will be created coincidentally. The French Ambassador to the Holy See remains at his post, notwithstanding rumours to the contrary.

We regret to announce that Mgr. Lecoq, Bishop of Nantes, expired on Christmas morn at four after having

piously assisted at midnight Mass celebrated in his sick chamber by his nephew, the Abbe Lecoq. He succumbed to a sudden attack of spasms, but was enabled to receive Extreme Unction before he breathed his last. The beloved prelate was in his seventy-second year. He was born at Vire in Calvados in 1821, consecrated Bishop of Lucon in 1873 and transferred to Nantes in 1877. R.I.P.

A Roman correspondent says Dr. Baccelli still persists in his project of a Roman exposition in 1865. He would like to see a new Via Sacra cut in the midst of the venerable ruins in the Eternal City and all the archaeological discoveries of late years ranged on either sides. But, we permit ourselves to wonder, what sort of a barbarous effect would be produced by the hideous modern zinc buildings, kiosks, tents, etc., in the midst of these grand monuments? It recalls the picture of a grand St. Bernard dog enduring the yelping of a tiny spaniel in silence and toleration.

The following Christmas benefactions have been made by order of the Pope through the Apostolic Eleemosynary: In aid of the poor of Rome, many of the gifts being in the form of private subsidies, 13,700 lire; in aid of distressed priests, 9,980 lire; and to the officials charged with the care of the orphans and pupils of civil and military employees of the Papacy, 21,086 lire. In addition, it is necessary to bear in mind that the same institution dispensed a considerable amount of alms last September, and also gave away funds for the succor of poor ecclesiastics. The pension list of the Holy See is large and judiciously bestowed.

The city of Wurtzburg, situated on the Main in Southern Germany has been selected by the Prince of Loewenstein for the sitting of the coming Catholic German Congress. Such Congresses have already been held here—the first in 1848 and the second in 1877. The choice is approved by all German Catholics. The population of Wurtzburg is almost entirely composed of Catholics, and they possess many churches, convents, and religious houses. SS. Kilian, Todnan, and Kolonat—three Irish apostles—have suffered martyrdom here, and the city is the see of one of the most ancient dioceses in Germany. The Cathedral (Dom) was founded in the eighth century, on the spot where St. Kilian suffered martyrdom. He was an Irish missionary who came there to preach Christianity; for centuries he has been regarded as the Apostle of Franconia.

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It is the Life that Counts.

Come, gentlemen, let us stop this gush about converts. "Little was a Catholic, General Sherman was a Catholic, Lafayette was a Catholic." And we go on making long lists of men who came into the Church at the last minute, or who were dragged in by their relatives.

General Sherman, it is true, always expressed unbounded respect for the Church. Little was an open unbeliever until death almost choked him. Lafayette was a secret society man, and only a practical Catholic when it was too late to do much practising.

If Renan had died, having nodded his head when the priest asked him whether he would have Extreme Unction, would we say, in our speeches, "The great Renan died a Catholic," and claim him for one of our own. Who knows? "Ouida," Miss de la Ramee, has become a Catholic, though her life was spent in making bad literature. While thanking God for her conversion, we see no reason why we should claim her as if her life had been infused with Christian principles. The life counts.—Michigan Catholic.

The praying desk before which Columbus knelt to ask the blessing of heaven before setting sail on his perilous voyage of discovery is in the Church of Huelva in Spain. The first thing that the Queen Regent of Spain did the other day, before inaugurating the Columbus celebration, was to enter the Church and kneel on Columbus' prie dieu. Her Majesty remained in silent prayer for a considerable time.

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