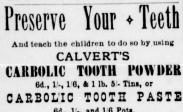
### THE CATHOLIG RECORD

Let go or die. That's the alternative e shipwrecked man with the money If there was only some one to him a life preserver, he might both life and money. Without bags. throw save both life and money. Without help it is let go or die. A great many people have a like alternative before them. Business men come to a point where the doctor tells them that they "let go or die." Probably he ad must "let go or die." Probably ne alt-vised a sea voyage or mountain air. There's an obstinate cough that won't be shaken off. The lungs are weak and per-haps bleeding. There is emaciation and other symptoms of disease, which if un-skillfully or improperly treated terminate in concounting. in consumption

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poisonous matter. It gives the infected organs the strength to throw off disease. "I was taken sick and felt so stupid I could hardly go about." writes Miss Mary Eskew of Given, Jackson Co., W. Ya. "I had smothering spells. I went to our best physicians and they doctored me all one summer. I kept growing worse and got so weak I could hardly go about. The two doctors I had said I had lung trouble. I had an avful cough and one day my aut told me of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I sent and got a bottle of both kinds-the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription When I had taken that it helped me so mu sent and got more. I have taken of both neines allogether, ten bottles. Now my lung not hurt me, and I don't have any cough. I stout now and as well as ever in my line.

stont now and as well as ever in my life." Given away. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on re-ceipt of stamps to pay customs and mailcert of stamps to pay customs and main main non-1 and non-1 and non-1 and non-1 and non-1 stamps for the paper bound edition, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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### Irish! to be always wanting to place our GLENCOONOGE. children in positions superior to their birth; and when, after all the strivings birth; and when, alter an the setting, they are made lawyers and doctors and the rest of it, not being, as one may say, to the manner born, they haven't the heads to bear it, but launch outinto ex-travagance, and recklessness, and infamy of all kinds." "I don't know." said I, thinking of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES CHAPTER XVIII.-CONTINUED.

"He should be like a fencer, sir, alert, prompt, ready for every twist and turn, prepared to parry, and quick to see his opportunity to longe. Adroitness with us is of more importance than learning; though the more learning a man possesses in addition to the qualities I have already named," added the little man, glancing et his well-filled hook-shelves. pressing "I don't know," said I. thinking of instances within my knowledge, "that that tendency is peculiar to young Irish-men educated above their original station, nor indeed am I certain that the question of social position has much to with it. Given youth, and the inclina-tions of youth unbridled by strong prin-ciple, and unhindered by want of means to gratify them, and excess in many shapes is sure to follow. Have you never heard of the scions of old families sowing wild oats, getting into debt, falling into the hands of sharpers, forming illicit connections, making mesalliances?" In amed," added the little man, glancing at his well-filled book-shelves, pressing the points of his collar together, measur-ing a finger's-length from their tips, and pushing up his chin by that attitude, "the better. But then," he continued, almost immediately, forzetting his dig-nity and relapsing into ease again, "what knowledge a man has, he should have at his fingers' ends. It should not be packed and stowed away so that he cannot get at it without time and trouble; nor should it lie so heavily as to produce a torpid brooding habit of mind; but it should pervade him, like food well-digest-ed, moving him without effort to accom-plish his task with easy and unconscious strength. Such a man will be able to things." "Aye, and seen them too, if you have been in the way of it. But does Mrs. Ennis know the extent to which her

Ennis know the extent to which nephew is invclved?" "No, I think not. And there is no reason why she should know. The young man is not a blood-relation; but her association with him dates from his childhood, and of course it would be very painful for ber to know that her death had been discounted. No, I don't think plash his task with easy and unconscious strength. Such a man will be able to shift his ground with facility and to pass lightly from subject to another. I re-member once, before I had been long practising—" practising-" And then Mr. Jardine launched into she can know."

and been descented. Poly a data termination of the set of And then Mr. Jardine launched into a long story of his own professional skill, rather prosy in the telling and not worth repeating. This he followed up with a familiar anecdote about O'Connell. I liked him better when he got away from the secure ground of his profession, and displayed himself as he sometimes ap-peared in circumstances outside the nar-row groove of his everyday life. Don't you find that there are certain people who touch the sympathies of others more effectually by appearing at a disadvant-age? I saw a rough soldier once who didn't know a note of music, bestride a piano stool and blunder terribly in trying to pick out the notes of a very simple you must have seen it all." "Do you mean to say those were the people who have got young Ennis in their toils?"

to pick out the notes of a very simple tune on the piano. The girlhe afterwards married was looking on, and she fell in love with him there and then and there-fore. On the same principle I can't help thinking that Mr. Jardine's bitterest enemy hearing him recount one or other enemy hearing him recount one or other of his adventures abroad, would have felt his hard opinion of the lawyer gradually

"Were you ever in London ?" asked

Mr. Jardine, during a pause. I had been there several times. "Now, isn't a terrible place? Wait till I tell you what happened to myself. Do

you know St. Giles's ?" I had heard of it. "I had heard of it, too," continued the attorney, " and I was curious to see the place; and down I strolled among it one afternoon like a fool, all alone by myself. Oh ! the villanous faces you'd see there ! Not a man that you'd meet but had the

the better of him; but tis the unfortunate way with us Irish." "Conn's bravery won him his wife," I said definantly. Mr. Jardine shrugged his shoulders. "That may be; but don't forget that a man with a wife is an easier mark to hit than one without, and easier still if he happens to have children, But come, what's this? We are getting zerious. Ah, young gentlemaal a man of my age and of my experience, living the quiet life I lead, is apt sometimes to forecast gloomily. Never mind me. Fill your look of murder on him. As for the women! and the children! Sure tis no wonder that London is the wickedest city in the world. But wait till I tell you. There was one villan, if possible, more repulsive in his appearance than the rest. He was standing at the corner of a narrow street, and he had his eye fixed on me as I came along. Will you believe me when I came along. Will you believe me when I say that though I perceived that man ooking at me with an unmistakeable exlooking at me with an unmistakeable ex-pression in his eye, I had the stout heart —for I can call it by no other name—not to stop; but on I walked till I passed him. Then, sir, what do you think he did? Why with all the impuence in the world he turns quietly round, first to look at me, and then walk after me. I had my watch on, and all the money I had in the

country about me at the time, and so you may imagine I mended my pace. What did he do but begin to walk quicker too. Seeing that, I set to to run; so did he. I ran faster, he did the same; and I give you my word of honor, I was nearly out of breath when in tunning a corner, whom should I run into but a policeman. Sure I was out of breath, but for all that I ne Liquid Extract of behind me, but divil a bit of him was to his monologue by the next. He was ex

they must he nearing the end of their teens. And could those two stupid-look-ing gawky hoydens, who were shyly eye-ing me uskance, be really and truly Flossie and Fluffy, who only yesterday were noisy romping little girls? I was looking thus in blank amazement from one to the other, when I heard my own name uttered, and met Alicia's eyes bright with recognition. It was she who "I don't know," said I, thinking of

one of the robust, and met Alicia's eyes bright with recognition. It was she who had spoken. Her livelier sister catching her words, stopped in what she was say-ing, and looking at mesteadily, cried out: "So it is! Mr. Shipley, I declare! Mr. Jardine, why didn't you tell us?" "Why, sir!" said Mr. Jardine, turning round and addressing me with mock in-dignation, "do you mean to tell me you have been standing there all this time without making yourself known to the young ladies? But, my dear children, you have just come from England, and know how bashful the young men are in that contry. Let me introduce Mr. Ship-ley, a shy young gentleman from Eng-"To be sure. There is some truth in what you say. I have heard of such ley, a shy young gentleman from Eng-land, sadly in want of a little Irish im-

pudence." "Can't you spare him some, sir?" asked Bell.

asked Bell. "Egad, no," said the lawver; "I find it too useful to part with. What is it?" to a waiter who entered. "Would the ladies be after having any

refreshment while the fresh horses is being put to," says the waiter, a sletternly fellow not at all up to the mark of ours at

fellow not at an up to the mana Bell, "and be Glencoonoge. "Tes," cried the ready Bell, "and be quick, or we shall go without it." The waiter was gone like a shot. Mr. Jardine looked round in smiling admiration. "Egad, I never heard an order more promptly given, or more wickly charad."

uickly obeyed." I sat down by Alicia. "And so you remember me, Miss O'Doherty. I have not changed for the better then so much

not changed for the better then so much as to be beyond recognition?" "You have not changed a bit, Mr. Ship-ley," said Alicia, brightly. "I should have known you anywhere. Didn't you know us? Oh. Bell! listen to that! Mr. Shipley thinks we are so much altered. Well, you know, we have been to Harro-gate, and Leamington, and London, and Paris, and so we have seen a great deal of the world lately." All the time she was speaking I was thinking, what a pretty quiet grace of "I do indeed. Goble & Lend - the

"I do indeed. Goble & Lend — the firm of solicitors against whom I myself put Mrs. Ennis on her guard months ago. I tell you they were at that very time taking stock—judging of the value of 'The Harp' and of how long Mrs. Ennis was likely to live." "Good God! what a secundrel young Ennis must be to send such vipers into our paraduse; and as for them, they got off too easily; they deserved all Conn gave them, and more." But the lawyer shook his head "These people, my dear sir, may have Thinking, what a preity quiet grace of manner! neither too fast nor too slow; not sharply alert, yet ready enough in an effortless way. Oh! what clear brown not smarply alert, yet leady should in an effortless way. Oh! what clear brown eyes! large, soft, and deep; and she has black hair, wavy black hair! and her face—how creamy white! Oh, shame! Oh, gross stupidity! How could I ever have said she was a fright! Alas, say it I did, mea culpa! and what was worse, I thought it mea maxima culpa! "These people, my dear sir, may have the powers to be revenged on Conn some day. It was a pity he let his heat get the better of him; but 'tis the unfortunate way mit was have." thought it, mea maxima culpa! Already it seemed to me that Alicia had faroutstripped Bell in the race for beauty— Bell, who with her blue eyes and black hair and florid complexion was always onsidered to have the advantage. Som night think so still. Some might even prefer her manner, which was more animated. An honest out spoken girl! She did most of the talking, and answered Mr. Jardine's greetings and compliments for the rest with aplomb. Weil after all for the rest with aplomb. Weil after all she was only the complement of the saucy, high-spirited, ready-tongued Bell, regarding whom my ordinary condition of mind had always been one of uncer-tainty as to what she would be likely to do or say next. But Alicia! What a revelation! What a vision! "Are you staying here, Mr. Shipley?" she asked. "No, at Glencoonoge, where I have been some months expecting every day you would all come home"—that was a compliment if Alicia had only known. "I am riding back to-night, and shall be

I am riding back to-night, and shall be

"How nice!" cried Bell from the other side of the room, where she was talking with Mr. Jardine. "Then if any one tries to shoot us we shall be all right."

"But how is it you are travelling lone?" inquired Mr. Jardine. "Where alone? is your father and your-a-and his-awhere is your father?" "He has gone to the south of France with-a-" and Alicia turned away with

"With Madame O'Doheriy,' said Bell, "With Madame O'Doheriy,' said Bell, addressing Mr. Jardine. "You know papa is married, of course. They wouldn't take us with them-at least papa wouldn't have minded, but Madame O'Doherty-well, I suppose she thinks she'll have enough of us when she comes home. I am sure we shall have mo than we want of her. They need'that have more than we want of her. They need'that hurry themselves on our account—at least she need't. I hate artful people." "But, my dear!" said Mr. Jardine, in a shocked tone of reproof, "remember she is now your mother. "She isn't mine "She isn't mine!" flashed out the usually quiet Alicia. "She is not mine, I'm sure," said Bell,

oach slackend and began to crawl uphill, put their heads out of the window to ask all sorts of questions about home, and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Ennis, and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Ennis, and f others, concerning whom they seemed to prow more curious the nearer they ap proached the Castle. Imagine Mrs. Mac-i kenzie's surprise at seeing them! for with f a thoughtlessness which was to be ex-pected from a pack of children, they had t sent no word that they were coming. Still the housekeeper was delighted as well as surprised, and while she bewailed her unpreparedness, hugged her dear young mistresses and received with joy their embraces. I rode away, leaving a them thus occupied, and promising to call some time on the morrow. What was it that had put ennui to flight

Why was I so elated at this prospect? What was it that had put ennui to flight as by a magic touch? that made the data road esem iuminous, and familiar sur-roundings interesting once more? Its wonted quiet rested on the inn, yet I thought is lights most hospitable. There was a group of loungers on the road as on most evenings, but tonight the pipes glowed warmly out of the darkness, and the voices sounded as cheerily as of old. As I dismounted, Jeremiah Hoolahan darted forward, and taking my horse, led it away towards the stables. Within the inn everything seemed renewed and fresh, as yet everything seemed renewed and fresh, and wearisome no longer. The door of the distant kitchen came the faint wail of conn's violin, that coy mistress from whose to nee all the inconstant fellew's efforts would never now win new favors. I stood and listened, touched once more as I had been formerly at those sounds; glad, too, to think that, discordant and nalting se What was it that had put ennui to flight they were, they had not lost for him their power to please and soothe and color happily his vacant moments. Some in-stinct never failed to draw Conn in the stinct never failed to draw Conn in the direction in which news was to be had. I had given up waiting for him to begin again, and was just about to go upstairs, when he appeared at the end of the pass-age stretching his lanky form, and yawn-ing with a heartiness which told that the day's work was over and bed-time near. He brightened as he approached and as I

day's work was over and bedruine hear. He brightened as he approached, and as I told him what a jolly day I'd had, and of the arrival of the young people at the Castle. A minute later he had preceded me into Mrs. Ennis's parlor, which was presently all alive with the news. Mrs. Ennis roused herself and was very eager to be reverthing: acclaimed, wondered. to hear everything; exclaimed, wondered, speculatel, and enlarged on every fact supplied her to such an extent, that after she had retired I congratulated the bookkeeper on the success which had re-warded her care, for Mrs. Ennis seemed more like her old self than she had been

more like her old self than she had been for many a day. "It was only just now that she became so," returned the book-keeper. "She has been very lethargic all day." " Want of little change and excitement, nothing more," said I. "You see how she brightened up. The fact is, at her age it becomes all the more difficult to throw off even the slightest allment, when existence is so monotonous so entirely throw off even the signlest atiment, when existence is so monotonous, so entirely uneventful as it is, necessarily, in a quiet out-of-the-way place like Giencoonoge. We must try and enliven her somehow." "Monotoous?" inquired the book-keep-er, a little surprised. "Uneventful!" cried Conn. "Gad, I more a heave a winter like this for heave

never knew a winter like this for being full of excitement. The days fly away so fast I don't know where they go to at all

All very well for Conn and the book-keep-All very well for Conn and the book keep -er to tak like that, I thought. But before very long I began to know how right, from their point of view, they were. The days were now lengthening; but to me they be-came shorter than any I had known that winter. Naturally hours pass more slowly when you are drifting alone in a boat on an inland sea, watching the light changing on the mountains, or the clouds flitting across the blue waters, or killing time in such-like ways with all the effort it had cost me lately, than if your boat happens to be full of

iowed us, struggling and scrambling for the peace thrown to them. Sometimes when the days were too wet or cold for outdoor pastimes, I would walk across to the Castle. The girls had unpacked their trunks and were renewing tdeir delight over their pur-chases in England; or we hold and I knew he would only be too glad to chases in England; or we looked over old volumes of photographs which recalled for this and more of a similar nature Alicia volumes of protographs which recalled for this and more of a similar nature Alicia us old times, half-remembered faces, and gone-out fashions; or we wandered loiter-ingly over the house. The painted birds in the cages had never been thought much fit load the advantages of wealth to be the cage had never been thought much the tax when these the set of the set o tain that my father was the dearest and of till now, when I described Conn's com-

# DECEMBER 9, 1899

But when she told me, in all their details, her annoyances during many months caused by the prospect of her father's matriage, I was both touched by her confidence, and saw and sympathized with the magnitude of the misfortune, as with the magnitude of the misfortune, as it seemed in her eves, of being deposed from her position of mistress of her fath-er's house. That catastrophe was clearly the cause of the subdued quietness which was part of her charm, and which yet, I thought, it would be delightful to put to flight. flight. It seldom rained for long together after

that. Next day we met at the same spot; and again the next. Presently Alicia said she must find out some new place said she must find out some new place where she could take exercise alone, and would not let me stay with her. But I grew less and less content unless we sat and talked for a long stretch. And every time I knew more surely that the recent days had become transformed be-cause I loved Alicia. An interval of tor-turing doubt lest my confession should be

to sanction his daughter's marriage with the son of a parvenu, however rich? I had heard Irish gentlemen have often so much pride of race, they sometimes do not think money a sufficient counter-poise to low birth, however much ven-eered by education. That was my bogus. But Alicia lightly set it at nought, and almost persuaded me by her reasoning when she spoke of her father's impover-ishment during the bad seasons and the aritation, and when she said that it agitation, and when she said that it would surely be her step-mother's de-sire to clear the house of daughters, that her reign as mistress of the Castle might

be undisputed. But if Alicia proved my fears to be unsubstantial, here were not worth arguing with, being only fit to make anybody laugh. How loveable was her alarm : How childlike her forebodings! Was I quite sure, she said, that my people would be pleased that I should marry a country girl with little or no money—an Irish girl, above all. When they all went to Leamington she felt how countrified her manners were. But they were bet-ter already, didn't I think so, and a very

short time in Liverpool-I put my hand before her mouth ; told her now she was raising nightmares that were horrible indeed; assured her that if I could imagine the manners of Liver-I could imagine the manners of Liver-pool would ever be hers, or that she would cease to have the wavs and speech of Irish girls, the thought would make me miserable. As for money, I imparted to Alicia the conclusions my experience had led me to about that; namely, that it was wonderful everybody should be so easer to be rich because should be so eager to be rich; because rich people were either very discontented, or owed their cheerfalness to the prac-tice of working hard. I told Alicia what a dreary place my home was, where money was plentiful enough; and all about my sister Clementina and her fine match which was such a wretched affair and of her grand house which everything was so stiff; and about her ceremonious-ness and cheerless grandeur. And that it was because I was so miserable at It was because I was so miserable at home, though we knew none but rich people, that I constantly took refuge in Glencoonoge, where nearly every one was poor, and where I seemed to become in-fected with the prevailing cheerfulness; that even here tedium had at last over-taken me—me who had never known the taken me-me who had never known the want of money, me alone of all the people about—and had oppressed me almost beyond bearing until her coming. merry children, or you ride along the road beside the a wagonette fall of the same I said that on the whole I was satisfied company made buoyant by their own that wealth was a carea and had been my youthfaunese, fresh as the signs of coming bane. But for it I might have done some

### DECEMBER 9, 189).

# BLESSED THADDEUS.

#### From the Irish Messenger. I.

I. In the month of September, 1896, the Pied-montese city of lyres, at the foot of the Alps, was a scene of unusual rejoicings and festiv-ity. The representatives of distant nations and peoples gathered within its ancient walls to share in a celebration seldom vouch-sated to any city outside Rome, the great centre of Christender. It was not the investiture of an earthly robust with the diadem of state, neither was it the blessing of trophied standards about to be borne aloft at the head of invad-ing armies, nor again, was it the unveiling of some memorial recording blood stained victories—tor, none of these the jubilant crowds had come to witness. No! Widely different was the pageant of which we write, for, in it once again the vicas of earth and the alleluias of heaven seemed to blend in joyous harmony in acclaiming the blessed-ness of a servant of God, a soldier of Christ, the latest victor inscribed on the beasd roll of ireland's saints—Thaddeus of Ross, Cork, and Choyne.

Ireland's samts—Inaddeus of Ross, Cork, and Clopne. As we look in fancy towards that sunny southern land, and picture to ourselves the splendor of the ecclestastical ceremony which had its scene on that autumn day within the walls of lyrea's cathedral, years and years of darkness and sorrow seem to fade and vanish from the pages of Ireland's story.

Story. Six centuries have come and gone since the voice of the Church proclaimed the sanc-tity and glories of the last canonised Saint of Holy Ireland. Since that iar-off evening, when the bells of Normandy's tair cathedral chined their last peal of gladness for the canonsation of St. Lawrence of Dublin, no holy one of our nation had been raised to the attars of the Church. Grateful then should we be that for our generation has been reserved the Joy and cososiation of being privileged to lift up our eyes and hearts in praise and petition to an other of our countrymen, whom the voice o Christ's Vicar on Earth proclaims to be a Saint in the Charch of God. Blending with this thought come other bright and cherisheer hopes, that some of us may live to see the names of many others whose sanctity, pur ity, and sufferings are written on the annal of our country, inscribed on the glorious rol of canonized saints in Paradis. The present time, when the Suprem Puided power, and in his further evidence of its paternal affection for the suffering an order to realize the circumstance. The order to realize the circumstance ing tour readers at home and abroat. The order to realize the divents to the his grave as a lonely pilgrin, friendless at the close of which he lived. The destined the Blessed Thaddeus to the his grave as a lonely pilgrin, friendless at the close of which he lived. The destined the Blessed Thaddeus to the sith a close of which he lived. The destined the Blessed Thaddeus to the his grave as a lonely pilgrin, friendless at the close of which he lived. The destined the Blessed Thaddeus to the storage of the soft of the Norman or stratighed portion of Munser was con-ferred on two of the first band of Normana a venturers, Robert Flizztephens and Miles Cogan. Both were connected by thes of r storage the kingdom of the royal sept MacCarthy. Within it lay the three eccles atical divisions or diocests Ross, Cork, at the appointment of prelates of the all race. The

played by the chieffaltinges of the Norman and the representatives of the Norman The history of the country at this tim but a dreary record of discontent and st Leaders of the contending parties were tring and uncessing in provoking w fighting, plundering, and betraying-fo-sake of gain. Among the native Irish elder families had many branches and connections, but, as the aggressive sw the English settlers extended, they i themselves excluded from office in church, as well as in the administrati public affairs. With a natural desire tain some semblance, with the strang their loby alliance, with the strang they which led to a further perplex Irish affairs, and added fresh fury i flames of civil war. This hapless state of affairs was not oru its effects on the fortunes of the Church. The pages of our history, in centuries over which we glance, leave i pression scarcely less lamentable the dreary recital of Ireland's civil discord At a time when one Faith alone pre throughout Christendom, and when licks which bound most of the See, a cankering sorrow had already mark on our Island Church. The firs and woe, which son growing brinf to be her bitter portion for three lon-taries. From the day when Henry Plants to be her bitter portion for three lon-taries. From the day when Henry Plants it the Council of Cashel, ordered the H of Ireland to conform to the rules a cipline of the English Church, ther two parties in the Irish Church separs-racial rather than ecclesizatical diff The old Celtic Church and the Ang man Constitution never coalesced. Al professing the same doctrines, practia same rites, acknowledging the same Si-Ht ad, the followers of each party distinct from one another, and as dir mutual sympathy, almost, as if th been worshippers at rival altars.

gloomily. Never mind me. Fill your glass. Not another? Sure the daylight's all gone, the night won't be darker than it is; you needn't start for half an hour yet. Wel, if you will. I'll walk with you to the stables, see you mounted, and send you out of Lisheen with a God-speed, anyhow." CHAPTER XIX. A BURST OF SPRING.

On our way to the stables where I had on our way to the states where I had put up my horse. Mr. Jardine discoursed upon a variety of topics started in every instance by this or that which happened to meet his eye on the way. Now it was a member of the constabulary force who saluted him as he passed, now some chil-dren squabbling over an upset barrow, cr now a shop with a thriving appearance. As matters of this kind met us at every

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and he said : 'Your may think yourself lucky,' said he, 'you ran into me just in the nick of time. You don't know these people,' says he, 'I do. Now listen to me,' said he, ' and take a word of advice. Don't stay another twenty-four hours in this town. If you do, I wouldn't give a fig for your life,' said he. 'There's a plot agin you,' said he. 'You're watched. And if you let twenty-four hours go by and you in London, you're a dead man.' But you don't mean to tell me, police-man,' says I.-'Oh very well,' says he, turning to walk away, 'if you don't like to believe me I can't help it. But if any-thing happens to you, don't say I didn't give you fair warning.' Ezal took the night mail for Dablin that same evening, and so I'm here to tell the tale. But wasn't that an adventure now.'' son for three generations, though during each period it had been a source of con-siderable revenue to its proprietor; and he was proceeding to explain that in other hands the business would have been inevitably sold long ago, in which case the Carews would by this time have case the Carews would by this time have gone to swell the class of decaying gen-tilities, when he pulled up sharply, cocked his ears, and opened his eyes at the sight of a coach laden with luggage which was drawing up at that moment in front of the hold

the hotel. "That," said he, "is a coach from the

"That," said he, "he down from the station at Dunmagee. I know that vehicle and the horses right well. But who can be traveling in this style at this time of year? It isn't Murphy, a car is always good enough for him; and it isn't Carew, for I saw him in his shop only this afermoon." wasn't that an adventure now." And then, without leaving me time to give him an answer, he caught up, in quite a different tone, the thread of a topic he had started and dropped an hour before this afternoon. Some one in the hotel had by this time

run out and opened the door of the coach, from which alighted a young lady of before. "And so I hear Mrs. Ennis is not slight appearance, then another of about the same age, then a third and a fourth, the last two being a pair of hoydenish girls in short dresses. As they descended, they one after the other disappeared into the hotel. "As I'm alive," cried Mr. Jardine, "is the O Dahetty children come home! I said she had been ailing for some

"'tis the O Doherty children come home And alone, too!"

I said she had been ailing for some time past, and was being daily visited by the doctor. "O'Leary told me as much," he re-turned. "Between ourselves, I don't think he's altogether easy about her. She's not getting young, you see. A for-tunate woman! and an excellent woman," continued Mr. Jardine, musingly. "With that little inn of hers, she has done won-ders for the place. She will be a great loss whenever she goes." "What a pity she has no child to leave her money to !" And alone, too!" The carriage was empty as we hurried past into the hotel. "Welcome, welcome home, my dear young ladies!" said Mr. Jardine, follow-ing them into the parlor with both hands outstretched. "This the first blush of spring returning" he continued shaking ders for the place. She will be a great loss whenever she goes." "What a pity she has no child to leave her money to !" "Humph! I'm not so sure that she has much money to leave. That nephew of hers, or rather of her husband's, has drained her pretty effectually, I'm atraid. A hopeless young blackgard! He has the toring the violets, and opening their wint mough her savings and mortgaged his own reversion. Egad, the best thing borther. What a sell it would be for the money-lene entangled him, the fool!"—and then it was I learned for the finished, "it was a mistake of has bright as vints a change was here — the slitt. "A hopeless young blackgard! He has un through her savings and mortgaged his own reversion. Egad, the best thing to coll do for all patties would be to this brother. What a sell it would be for the money-lene entangled him, the fool!"—and then it was I learned for the finished, "it was a mistake of has the facts with all accounts. But it's the way with us

tossing her head. The two youngest girls put their heads

tossing ner nead. The two youngest girls put their heads together, whispered in each other's ears, and shook their heads. "What's that?" cried Mr. Jardine, turning sharp round on the little things. "No rebellion here, I hope?" "She's not ours," said Flossie boldly, pursing up her lips after she had said it and shaking her head violently, while Fluffy imitated her gesture, though she said nothing. Mr. Jardine, quite taken aback, was drawing himself up in order to deliver some remarks with a dignity appropriate to the solemn occasion, when the waiter's entrance with the tea-tray caused the oration to be postponed to that more fit-ting opportunity which, so far as I am aware, never arrived. The tea revived the travellers and caused what was happy in their recent experiences to come upper-ment.

in their recent experiences to come upper-most. The lowering cloud dispersed, and we became the brightest, cheeriest, merri-est, and, if the whole truth must be told, the noisiest party imaginable. Flossie

in the cages had hever been thought inten-ments on them; but I did not repeat my own, when called upon to say what I thought of the picture lately painted of Alicia and Bell. But it was not always wet. There came days, such as I have never know before, days which henceforth I shall always associate with the first balmy burst of spring when Hope is in the air, and sometimes visibly appears in the shape of a fine green mist brooding over sylvan scenery. I well remember the first time I became aware of their delic-ious peculiarity. It was in going to the fastle, and having somehow got out of the beaten track, I happened in the most unexpected way to come upon Alicia O'Doherty pacing the shady turf alore in a secluded spot. A bench was near, and a secluded spot. A bench was near, and

Alicia, thoughtfully.

TO BE CONTINUED.

unexpected way to come upon Alicia ( O'Dherty pacing the shady turf alone in a secInded spot. A bench was near, and after we had walked a little, we sat down and continued talking. It was delightful. An hour flew by like a minute. How grudgingly did I see the waning of the day! As we rose I asked Alicia whether she often came there of an afternoon. It was afavorite walk of hers, she said. The trees were so tall and old, the grass so thick and soft and mossy. It was quiet too, no one ever came that way, and could be assured of being quite undisturbed if one wanted to read or—or think or any-thing. Often as we walked back we stopped to listen to two answering black-birds who seemed to be before and behind us all the way, or to ad-mire the peeping forth of the young buds, declaring it was a shame to go home and leave them all alone. "A day like this," said Alicia, " is so inspiriting. There is a freshness some-how over everything. You fael the win. An hour flew by like a minute. How grudgingly did I see the waning of the day! As we rose I asked Alicia whether she often came there of an afternoon. It was a favorite walk of hers, she said. The trees were so tall and old, the grass so thick and soft and mossy. It was quiet too, no one ever came that way, and could be assured of being quite undisturbed if one wanted to read or—or think or any-thing. Often as we walked back we stopped to listen to two answering black-birds who seemed to be before and behind us all the way, or to ad-mire the peeping forth of the young buds, declaring it was a shame to go home and hay like this," said Alicia, " is so inspiriting. There is a freshness some-how over everything. You feel the win-ter is gone, and all the year before you. Vexation 19 I cried, looking on that fair young brow and face without a line in it ;" you do not know what the word means."

Catarrh.

mitual sympathy, almost, as it in been worshippers at rival altars. As the network of the Norman C spread, the heel of the conqueror more heavily, and drew more tightly ling chain which fettered the relig-well as the civil liberies of the natu Successive kings of England, as it on, became more and more imperious claims to interfere in the appoint Bishops, in the nominations of Abbots recommending lesser dignitaries for in the Church. Under such a syste eigh usurpation it was, indeed, du not impossible, to preserve a fervei voted ministry within the sanctuary Ecclesiastical functions and bene came gradually the spoil and traffic princes, and even the liberty of con was but too often violated. Prela chosen, not called by God, but for the Church by secular influence; i