

Father Mulcahy, an' just thin we kem t' th' doore.

There was poor ould Tim Sullivan lyin' an' th' bed in th' room, jist as th' boys carried him up. Shure any wan cud see it was death wox on his face. Father Mulcahy wint over an' tuk hould av his hand for a minnit, an' looked very sharp into his face, an' thin he turned away, an' sez he t' me mother quite nice an' solemn-like: 'Biddy Rooney, call in some av th' nabours, an' we'll say a mass for th' repose av his soul.'

Thin we all kness for sartin that poor ould Tim Sullivan was dead. He was th' awfulest sight, sir, yeh ivir seen. Shure his head was reglar battered in wid stones.

'Now, me good people,' sez Father Mulcahy afther mass, an' me mother an' me was sayin' our bades, 'this is a very serious an' dhreadful affair, an' some wan av yer ought to go an' tell the polis at wanst.'

'I'm goin', yer rivivence,' sez Pat, 'as soon as I see yer rivivence home across the mountain.'

So all Pat set, sir, an' in a few hours who comes but a whole lot av polis, an' a docther; an' some av th' polis stayed all night, an' nivir lost sight av poor ould Tim, an' thin, as I suppose yeh know, there was th' inquist t' next day.

Well, sir, at th' inquist they cud only find out that poor ould Tim was battered t' death wid stones on the head, but th' cud say no more; so then Mither Reilly, the crowner, sed that 'Timothy Sullivan met wid his death although his head bein' battered wid stones, an' want av further evidence.'

### CHAPTER III.

But, sir dear, shure th' quarest part av the whole thing was that afther poor ould Tim Sullivan was dead, what d'ye think but in his poor withered hand, that for th' many's th' day cudn't hould a rush—it was that wake—well, in his hand was tight grasped a good big bit av some quare sort av gray cloth!

'It's wonderfulest think about,' sez Father Mulcahy, when the docther an' the crowner war talkin' about it.

'It was jist th' terror an' th' strength av the death-struggle that did it,' sez Docther Crean, 'he was in such a desperate way that it even put life into th' withered hand.'

Well, sir, poor ould Tim Sullivan was waked in me mother's cabin, an' he had a grand time. All the nabours from far an' near kem t' th' an' Pat an' me thought it was very nice an' respectful av thim too. So when we war countin' home me mother axed Pat t' come wid us an' t' have his say. Th' poor boy was very down in himself. It wasn't bad enough to lose his uncle that was always good to him, as quare as he was; but, sir dear, it was terrible bad t' lose th' bit av money too, for nayther sight nor light av it cud we git.

'Never mind, Pat,' sez I, thyrin' t' comfort the poor boy; 'never mind, anusha! Shure wouldn't it be worse nor th' dirty money av we lost wan another? An' me face turned as red as a turkey-cock when I sed such a bawdy thing t' th' boy that was countin' me; but it was jist me heart said it, I cudn't help meself.'

'Yer right, Mary, av course, yer right, anusha!' he sez. 'But this I'm determined on, Mary: I'll nivir rest until I fix me poor uncle's Tim's justice on some wan.'

Well, jist as Pat sed that, we heard some thrumpin', an' in walked some av th' polis. The sergeant walked over t' Pat, an' sez he,

'Patrick Denissey Cassidy, in the Queen's name I arrest you for being concerned in the murder of Timothy Sullivan.'

Pat jumped up; but before he end any wan word, th' policeman had th' handcuffs on him.

I thought I'd have died wid th' shame an' th' fright, sir. I felt ivry drop av blood goin' back t' me heart, an' me head wint intirely whin th' sergeant kem over t' me an' sed,

'May Josephine Rooney, in the Queen's name I arrest you for being concerned in the murder of Timothy Sullivan.'

Me poor mother nearly wint mad, sir. But off we war tuk, an' that night we war lodged in Clonmel jail.

Och, wethasthr! but it was th' cruel day for us both. I cudn't hear anythin' about poor Pat, an' he cudn't hear anythin' about me. An' thin, sir, as I suppose yeh know, we war brought up for thral one day, an' th' foolish things yeh ivir heard was sed about th' two av us. Shure th' sed, sir, that becase me hand was all bleedin'—an' shure yeh know it was from the fall I got—that it was becase I helped Pat—an' he as innocent as a baby, sir—t' murder poor ould Tim Sullivan that we night get th' money he had hid in th' sack av rags!

I don't deny, sir, but that what all thim lawyer gentlemen sed was very like jist as av it cud all have happened. For shure enough there was blood on both Pat's clothes an' mine; but that was from his thyrin' t' rise his uncle whin he found him lyin' kilt in th' snow at th' Creevagh Pass; an' an my clothes too from th' cuts on me hand. An' thin Mither Bradley sed I was wid poor ould Tim, an' kness all about th' money in th' pitees, an' ivry wan kness me an' Pat was goin' t' be married; so all th' lawyers an' gentlemen put wan thing an' another together, an'—och! v'! shure I thought I'd ha' died whin I heard it—me an' me poor Pat was aich give twenty year penal servitude.

There was jist wan thing I always feel glad about, sir, an' that is, that I got th' same punishment as me poor Pat. I cudn't bear t' think that he'd be sufferin' an' me free. But we both had wan thing that mod us look for-

ward t' th' long time whin we'd get out av prison, an' that was, that both me an' Pat kness it was all a mistake, an' that he cud thrust me, an' me him, jist th' same at th' ind av th' time.

So th' sorry weary months wint on, an' it seems that wan day Mither Barron av Barrons-town was in th' polis-station. Mither Barron was a magistrate in th' country, an' a nice free-spoken gentleman. An' it's he was th' quare funny gentleman too! Whin he was young he used t' be away in furrin parts until he kem into th' property whin his father died.

An' wan day he was in the polis-station, an' he was lookin' at some things that th' polis had hung up in their barrack-room; an' what d'ye think, but there was th' bit av curious gray cloth that was found tight in poor ould Tim Sullivan's hand th' very night he was murdered. Mither Barron felt it, an' he looked at it very ainst.

'Will yeh tell me,' sez he, 'where yeh got that?'

So thin th' sergeant tould him all about poor Tim, an' about Pat an' me; an', bedad, tould him th' whole story av th' thral from beginnin' t' end.

'But, sir,' sez th' sergeant, 'we nivir cud get any clue about that bit av cloth.'

'I can give you a clue,' sez Mither Barron. 'It's a piece tore av a mornin' coat I had made from some stuff I brought wid me from th' aist.'

'Go on, sir,' sez th' sergeant; 'for, sir, we're not quite sure that we hit on th' right people whin we tuk up Mary Rooney an' Pat Cassidy; but yeh see, sir, we had t' do somethin' for th' credit av the force, an' we were able t' make out a very good case agin thim.'

'Stop!' sez Mither Barron; 'shure I rimimber it now. That coat, whin it was wore out, I gave to an old sarvint av mine.'

'Who was he, sir?'

'His name was Michael Neale,' sez Mither Barron. 'He left me whin I wint abroad two years ago, an' I got him a situation wid Mither Bradley in th' alk did wid poor Pat an' me, th' alk began puttin' two and two t'gether about Michael Neale; an' wan day th' tuk him up, an' tuk all his clothes—an' not a lie I'm tellin' yeh, sir, whin I say that it was found out that th' piece av cloth that was found in the grasp av poor ould Tim Sullivan's withered hand fitted in exact t' where it was tore from a coat med av the same kind av cloth that was found among Michael Neale's clothes.'

Shurely, sir, it was a wonderful time, an' a wonderful thing altogether. An' thin, shure I rimimbered that I tould Michael Neale on th' bank-steps all about poor ould Tim havin' th' severins in th' pitees. An' wan thyrin' another kem out; an' how Michael had got a friend av his t' buy a small farm for him; an' so, wid wan thing an' another, Michael Neale, t' make a long story short, saw there was no use in denyin' it any longer, an' he confessed that it was him that murdered poor ould Tim Sullivan.

Och, sir, shure it was worth bein' in prison, an' goin' athrough all th' trouble for t' see how glad th' nabours war t' see me an' Pat, as soon as we war let out. Throth, our hearts comes up in our mouths whin we think av all the kind words was sed about us. An' it's all the gentlemen that was kind—Mither Barron an' Mither Bradley an' all av thim. Shure bechune thim all th' bought this little farm for us, where we're as happy as th' day's long.

Yes, sir, it was a terrible day th' day that Michael Neale was hanged. Nayther me nor Pat 'ud go to Clonmel that mornin', though there was plenty that asked us t' go; an' ivry night me an' Pat sez a prayer for th' repose av Michael Neale's misfortunate soul.

An' now, sir, that's th' whole story. But I hear Pat's voice, sir, an' here he is! He's as good as he's good-lookin', sir; an' av yeh ask him anythin' about it, he'll jist say:

'The good God always defends th' right. He kness Mary an' me was innocent; an' t' show that He has the power t' do ivrythin' He put power even into the Grasp av a Withered Hand.'

Bannath Ladd! Sir, maybe we'll meet agin'

### HEARTH AND HOME.

NOT KNOWING EVERYBODY.—There is one satisfaction in not knowing everybody; we avoid the acquaintance of a great many disagreeable people. Judging from the proportion among those we meet in society, or fall in with through the course of business or the adventures of travel, whose conspicuous traits of character strike us unpleasantly, we ought, perhaps, to feel a lively sense of gratitude that we escape the acquaintance of so many persons it would not be pleasant to know. Here is a man, for instance, so hateful that even his own wife does not love him, but, if she were not the kind, patient soul she is, and conscientious about it, would like to be divorced from him. None of his neighbours can get on with him in peace, while his business transactions habitually end in lawsuits or quarrels. Now you do not happen to know him. The fates have never brought you in contact. Is it not a piece of good fortune? And even among women—next as they are, in the order of nature, to angels—there are said to be some the lack of whose acquaintance need not make a man feel poor. It is said that Cæsar knew every man in his army. Perhaps on this account he felt the less reluctance about exposing them to the fire of the enemy.

**GIVING A SUPPER.**—In giving a supper for any twenty-two persons, the length of the table should not be less than twenty-two feet. Care must be taken to allow the guests sufficient room to be seated; about eighteen to twenty inches are generally allowed for each person. Nothing is more uncomfortable than having to squeeze into too small a compass. If more guests are invited than can be seated at one time, it is necessary to have relays of viands to replace those which have been eaten, and the host or hostess will see that the second party have nearly the same dishes on the table as the first. It is the fashion now at supper-tables in England to have nearly all the dishes that require carving cut up beforehand; in doing so great economy is attained. The hostess will do well to superintend nearly all the preparations, and to arrange the flowers in the centre-piece and in the vases, also dish up the fruit in the epergnes, taking care to use fern and ivy leaves for the better display of the colours of the fruits, and adding a few cossages and bons-bons on the top of the fruits. Care must be taken to have enough plates, knives and forks, and dessert-spoons, allowing about three changes for each person; if the party-giver has not sufficient of these, take care to appoint some person to wash up some, and set them in the proper place ready for the waiter or maid-servants to use when required. If this is strictly enforced it will save great confusion when the guests are seated.

**A PRETTY WOMAN.**—Is she such an object of envy as she seems, all said? Beauty is a great gift; but its possessor has her trials. From mere girlhood the pretty woman is the object of attentions she has not tried to attract, attentions that often only annoy and embarrass her from the one sex, and render her the object of envy, and too often ill-natured suspicion and unkindness, to the other. Plain women or ordinary women are prone to look upon the brilliant and beautiful woman as their deadly enemy, and by tacit consent they combine to wound or crush the common foe. In consequence, she is always receiving small stabs that wound her keenly. Then it is impossible for a handsome woman to have any comfortable masculine friendships. No sooner does a man speak to her than he is at once supposed to be in love with her, while an ordinary civility is a proof of courtship. Married or single, old or young, all male creatures are presumed or feared to be her lovers, and she cannot receive the smallest amount of attention from a given individual without being accused of desperate flirtation. In this respect she has not half the liberty enjoyed by a plain woman. Again, a beautiful woman cannot go out without an escort, when it would be perfectly safe for a plain person to go, or enter a gentleman's office on any business whatever without being suspected. In the humble walks of life, indeed, remarkable personal loveliness is perhaps the greatest misfortune a girl can have, since many ladies will not employ a maid-servant or seamstress who is handsome, while a person so endowed is perpetually pursued by a dangerous or insulting admiration.

### FOOT NOTES.

ANGUS M. SMITH, one of Sir John Franklin's companions in the Arctic regions, lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

THE Princess of Wales, while out with the hounds the other day, had a very narrow escape from a serious accident. Her horse stumbled or shied, and she was thrown over the saddle, where she hung suspended until an attendant rushed forward and released her.

THERE has been a rumour that Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., author of *Ginx's Baby*, "The Battle of Dorking," and other political satires was going to Canada to edit a paper. It is stated that when asked what truth there was in the story, Mr. Jenkins exclaimed that he "would rather go to Botany Bay than edit a Canadian newspaper."

THE ice harvesters at Troy, N.Y., have already filled their storehouses. An experienced dealer says that ice has not been cut so early in fifteen years. The cakes that have been stored this season average a foot in thickness, and are of excellent quality. A full supply is anticipated, and a reduction next season of fifty per cent. from last summer's prices.

FOR Christmas decorations this year the citizens of Philadelphia used 14,000 trees, 500,000 yards of laurel and other wreaths, and 1,000 barrels of moss, costing in the aggregate about \$54,000, to say nothing of vast stores of holly and flowers. The trees came principally from Maine, and the laurel and moss from the swamps of New Jersey.

THE house of refuge on the top of Mount St. Gothard, founded in the fourteenth century, will be permanently closed two years hence. The opening of the tunnel will render it useless, as not even beggars will cross the mountain on foot. At present the Hospice affords shelter, food, and a bed to 20,000 people yearly.

CHARLES LAMB remarked of one of his critics: "The more I think of him, the less I think of him."

### ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

### SONNET.

After reading Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese.

I have no power the hearts of men to move  
With verse, whose melody is clear and strong.  
As when the immortal queen of English song  
Sang to her poet husband of her love.  
Yet as the tender cooling of the dove  
In her mate's ears is sweeter than the rush  
Of song from lark, or nightingale, or thrush,  
So may'st thou prize my notes e'en hers above;  
Fain would I weave for thee as bright a wreath.  
But since bay, rose, and laurel hang too high,  
And I can only pluck what grows beneath,  
Take this poor knot of daisies; let it lie  
Near to thy heart! It seeks no higher lot  
Than to rest there by all but these forgot.

### LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

MUNKACSEY'S picture of Christ before Pilate, which is now nearly finished, has been sold for 150,000 francs.

THE monument to Bellini is near completion. It is being executed by Monteverde, the most renowned sculptor that Italy at present possesses.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has voted a credit of a million for the sculptures of the new Hôtel de Ville. The total amount that will be spent on sculpture in the building will be one million francs.

AN important discovery of Roman relics, consisting of vases more or less perfect, ornamented with finely executed human and animal figures in relief, and fragments of pottery has been made at Schleithelm Schaffhausen.

MESSRS. HAET & RAWLINSON, of Toronto, send us a copy of Baring Gould's favourite hymn with illustrations from the pencil of Mrs. Schreiber. The book is tastefully got up, and the paper and type work leave nothing to be desired, while Mrs. Schreiber's name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the illustrations, some of which are really charming.

LADY PUBLISHERS.—Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, the author of *My Intimate Friend*, etc., has become a publisher, one of the firm of Duncan & Hall, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Heygate-Hall, her partner, has been for ten years one of the managers of the largest publishing house in Philadelphia, and stands high among the publishers for her phenomenal business talent. She is an English lady resident in the Quaker city; was born at Althorp Hall, Northamptonshire, (being on her mother's side a Spencer), and on her father's side she is a granddaughter of Sir Richard Heygate of Boulogne et Cadix.

THE Paris Salon is being seriously reformed at last, and in addition to the decision not to admit more than 2,500 pictures it has been further determined to abolish the privileges of certain artists, whose works were exempt from examination, and entitled to a place on the walls, whatever their merits. Artists may now send any number of pictures; while works of industrial art—including porcelain, goldsmiths' productions, bronze-work, &c.—will also be admitted to the Exhibition. The plan of a triennial Salon has been abandoned in favour of a decennial exhibition, the first of which will take place in 1881. Portraiture will be particularly strong in the coming Salon, the likenesses of M. Gambetta, by Madrazo; of M. Henri Rochefort, by E. Manet; and of M. Coquelin, also by Madrazo, being amongst the most notable.

MR. WHISTLER'S VENETIAN ETCHINGS.—At the gallery of the Fine Art Society, in New Bond street, twelve etchings of large size recently executed by Mr. James Whistler are now on view. These are admirable examples of the art. Besides being very picturesque and true in local colour, they are full of tone, and display a complete mastery over the technical difficulties of the method. We have seen no works that so vividly recall the aspect of the quiet byways and smaller canals of Venice. They are, as etchings should be, above all things suggestive; in none of them is imitation pushed beyond the limits proper to the art. "The Piazzetta" and the "Venetian Mast" are striking examples of the artist's graphic powers of realisation; the figures as well as the architectural features of the scenes are indicated with an assured mastery of touch that could scarcely be surpassed. The other plates are, however, not less worthy of admiration; in none of them is there a superfluous line or a touch that could be eliminated without in some degree injuring the general unity of effect.

### FASHION NOTES.

MUSLIN hoods, finished with a ruffle in the neck, are worn with gowns of all colours and materials.

PUFFS of coloured satin are inserted into the outer seam of black dress sleeves when they are worn in the evening.

SMALL flat feather fans of a pale gray, with the border and centre in green, are the newest in London.

No orange blossoms on the skirts of bridal gowns, and no veil on the face, are the two new points in costume at London weddings.

THE newest thing in bonnets is a mechanical contrivance by which butterflies are suspended by invisible wires, and by means of clockwork caused to flutter amongst the floral garlands with which the structure is profusely decorated.

THE English skating costume of 1881 is a short skirt, with a pleated dounce; a tunic with a double point bordered with fur and lined with a soft woollen check, and a long fur bordered jacket, fastened with gold buttons, and fitted with a fur tuft about the neck.

THE new feature in evening toilet is the floral jabot, a pretty conceit enough. A broad double garniture of rich lace ornaments the bosom of the dress. Between the folds a wreath of natural violets pressed together as tightly as possible, reaches from the throat to the waist. Neither jewels nor ribbons are considered *de mise* with this new fashion, which is meant to attract the eye exclusively.

### A LADY'S WISH.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision; at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.