

The Infant Burial.

By LORD LYTTON.
To and fro the bells are swinging,
Heavily heaving to and fro;

QUEER DOINGS IN QUALITY ROW.

By JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

[From the Dublin Shanrock.]

I live in a quiet life, and I live in a quiet neighborhood of southwestern London.

There was no traffic in Quality Row. The policeman receives a gratuity for warming of the organ grinders, and the nigger minstrel wearily keep up a staid body from the point of death there, and that the slightest disturbance would be fatal to the sufferer; and, thanks to this pious fraud, the milkman sulders his cry to a watery whisper, the milkman tinkles a muffled bell, and the newspaper-boy drops his daily paper abruptly to a snow-flake into the street.

With my predilection for the tranquil, you can easily understand how lucky I thought myself in securing a residence in Quality Row. I could not get a house on a lease—they were too much in request for that; for not the least one was vacant; it was snapped up at a premium. Fortunately I met a University chum at my club, an army man, who had taken up his abode in a street on agreement, two years and a quarter of which had yet to run, and he received a staff appointment in Malta, and had just instructed his agent to sell his furniture by auction.

"As elegant a residence as ever George Robins advertised. There is a jolly bathroom, a conservatory where you can grow ferns, a billiard room and such a nice little library."

the upholstering of sofas and chairs; and there was not a nook in the entire building that was not embellished with some exquisite trifle in the shape of terra-cotta statuette, rare print, or artistic timepiece.

"The house is a model," he said, "or rather it would be for one fault." "What's that?" I asked.

"You have no table in that billiard room."

"Nonsense. You can always get accommodation for a table. Slaty & Balls will hire you out one at £5 a month, and will let the payments go towards its ultimate purchase."

"Not that, my dear fellow," I objected; "but a billiard table implies the constant visits of friends and acquaintances, and that implies, at the very least, more bitter beer than my pocket will permit."

"Idiotic!" said John Spot. "To hear you speak one would think you were not master under your own roof, or that you had no firmness of mind. D'ye think comrades would impose on your generosity in that manner?"

from Covent Garden market because they had tossed for a drink on the previous Sunday afternoon; an impressive moral was pointed by the fate of a duke who spent his patrimony playing "naps," and is now reduced to carrying round the washing for a suburban laundry; and there was a cheering promise of the peace that awaits all by repentance in the history of a blackleg who was rescued from darkness through the instrumentality of an abbot, and now preaches beauty and compromise in the Great Arthur street Mission Hall.

"I never read them, not I," but "Perky" the page boy, took an extreme pleasure in getting them off by rote and retailing them to the company, subsequently turning some of them into spills, and ingeniously gunning others on the backs of unconscious policemen.

"At last the nuisance became so intolerable that I consulted my visitors as to what measures should be adopted to put an end to it."

"I, S. D.," hissed the general. "I wish I had her at Fackerepore; I'd soon know what to do there."

"Our honest laugher grates on her sour temper," said John Spot sardoniously.

"His!" said the general. "An idea. As we are denominated as gamblers, we may as well let the harridan by having an odd bet on."

to have a chat with me by way of recovering his spirits before dinner.

The clock was almost on the stroke of six, and the general, who had few edges on his appetite by the fire use of my kitchen to the Antediluvian Buffaloes for the initiation of their Worthy Primoes. I seem to resort to those measures. I calmed my indignation when I replaced the billiard table by a mangle. But, prithree, if you know anybody who desires an eligible residence in an eminently decorous and reputable district, send him to me. He can have the furniture at a moderate valuation, and the good will for nothing, with my benevolent boot.

"The Irish outrage manufacturer to the Times newspaper has fallen in love with the undivided Emergency men. Of course he should therefore endeavor to screen them in their little faults, and he does so with a vengeance. Whether this same newspaper willingly misrepresents the facts in favor of the Emergency men, let the following from an English daily newspaper witness."

"The Daily Telegraph of yesterday says: 'On Wednesday night an Emergency officer, who was in a public house at Fermoy, shot the landlady's son, David Howe, a lad, wounding him dangerously, and immediately afterwards attempted to shoot some young men who were drinking in the house. They, however, disarmed him and took him to the police station.'"

"A young lad named David Howe was accidentally shot last night in his mother's public house at Fermoy, under the following circumstances: William Turpin, an Emergency man, who had been engaged in protection duty in the neighborhood, but had been discharged, was drinking in Mrs. Howe's public house. He produced a revolver and it went off accidentally, the bullet lodging in the side of young Howe, who happened to be sitting in the room. Great indignation was felt against Turpin, and he was roughly handled by two men, who assaulted him and forcibly took possession of his revolver. The boy is in a critical state, and Turpin has been detained pending an inquiry."

"We presume to attempt to shoot several other young men would also have been accidental had the fellow succeeded in his alleged murderous design. Had the Emergency man been a member of the Land League, how different would be the wording of the Times report!"

ON THE ADVANTAGE OF HEARING MASS.

A devout man, now deceased, used to say that Mass was his harbor of refuge, and that during that brief half-hour he fitted himself to meet the excessive labors, anxieties and contentions in which he was professionally engaged all day. He would far rather have missed his breakfast than have missed Mass.

THE "TIMES" AND THE EMERGENCY MAN.

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"Although a professional scoffer at Christianity and everything connected with it," says the Chicago Tribune, "Mr. Ingersoll rarely fails to use it to his own and his client's advantage in the law practice. In closing his defence for Dorsey and Brady, in the star route trial, the other day, Mr. Ingersoll dwelt with special eloquence on the picture of Mary kneeling at the cross that many an eye was filled with tears, and the pathos of the scene was impressed on even the hardest heart. In the course of a few weeks this gifted orator in some other presence may be describing the same incident in an altogether different manner. And for a very different purpose. His audience may then be composed of unbelievers, like himself, and the part which he then may be playing may necessitate an appeal, not to the sympathies and sentiments of the hearers, but to their reverence and levity. The professional blasphemer should be consistent, or come openly to repentance. Mr. Ingersoll has no more right to use a touching spiritual incident, which he has passed his life in denying and ridiculing, to embellish one of his speeches, than a clergyman has to quote freely and approvingly from Tom Paine or Voltaire when he chances to be discussing some question not theological. The freedom with which the most eloquent of modern infidels uses the sublime sacrifice of the founder of Christianity to garnish his oratorical efforts, were he thinks it will pay, and the equal freedom with which, in other places, he jeers at and makes light of a tragedy the story of which has filled the earth with awe, suggests the possibility that Mr. Ingersoll is not only impious but insincere and mercenary. The best answer which Attorney-General Brewster could have made to the star route attorney's tearful reference to the scene on Calvary would have been a copious extract from one or more of his ribald lectures, delivered at 50 cents a head, on that event. In those choice literary productions, it may be recalled, the Son of God is represented as a charlatan and a malefactor, a child born out of lawful wedlock, the harsher name being used, and an ignorant braver who had broken the laws and deserved punishment. Instead of finding something touching in the devotion of the two Marys, the scoffer has no word for them in these effusions but contumely and revilement. Some of these choice remarks read in connection with his star-route oratory might have had an evaporating effect on the tears of the multitude, which are said in the newspaper reports to have been very profuse."

It has Entered the Capitol Buildings.

It has finally gained its point and no less a personage than the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Mr. D. W. McDonnell, Ottawa, thus indorses the Great German Remedy: "St. Jacobs Oil is a splendid remedy. I used it on my left hand and wrist for rheumatism, and found it all that it is claimed to be. Mrs. McDonnell used it for a most severely sprained ankle; by steady use of the article for a few days a complete cure was effected. St. Jacobs Oil does its work very satisfactorily and also rapidly; such at least is my opinion."

ROUGH ON RATS.

"ROUGH ON RATS," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, dip-worms. 15c.

A Legend of the Rosary.

In the bright land of fair Provence a lowly orphan dwelt. And day by day at Mary's shrine The little maiden knelt.

CONFESSION.

There is perhaps no word in the Catholic vocabulary which so fully disgusts our Protestant friends as the Confessional. We have the well-disposed Protestants—we have, more accurately designated, non-Catholics—who, as the result of their education, have some acquaintance with the meaning of the word, and who, by some strange and unaccountable process, have come to believe that the Catholic Confessional is a place where the souls of the dead are punished, and that the living are obliged to go there to be punished.

The Scene of Saint Paul's Conversion.

Hon. S. S. Cox in the "Sunday Star." If you are skeptical as to the story of Paul's conversion, go with me to the traditional places, and, although you may doubt the miracle, and call it, out of courtesy, a beautiful fable, you will not doubt that right here—somewhere in, about, or on these walls—the scene described in the tenth chapter of "Acts" actually occurred. The precise spot is shown where the slaughter-breathing Saul saw new light. It is near Damascus, and on the old Roman road. We know that it is the same road, and that it was at the eastern gate he entered "the city." Certainly this is a spot of wonders, ever speaking after the manner and methods of men. This remarkable scholar and lawyer, St. Paul, whose name is sounded from every pulpit in Christendom; in whose name temples of the Lord have arisen for 2,000 years from Damascus, in the very home of his conversion, to proud old Rome which imprisoned him; and from Rome to New York; from the little church we saw under the midnight sun in Arctic Norway, to the mighty minister of Christopher Wren, in London—the grand teacher of the Gentiles certainly had great agony of spirit and darkness of mind until the scales fell from his eyes on this very road to Damascus!

"Go," we say to our guide, Sawabeni, "to the house of Ananias." Would you expect it to be above ground? Not after so long a time, for time will cover with its mould all things sacred, even when the substructures remain. Winding among narrow streets and walls, whose heavy doors show significantly the precautions of those who have sought to keep the scene of the conversion of the Christian apostle, the canvass at length touches a knocker, and we are quietly ushered through some rooms occupied by poor people. We pass down into a vaulted chamber where there is a little Catholic chapel. Several prints, representing the martyrdom by the cross, of priests in China, and pictures of St. Jerome and St. Francis, are upon the plain walls. Over the simple altar is a good painting of St. Paul. His black beard and hair and intellectual courage are well represented. He is kneeling before a fair-haired man. This is the good and truthful Ananias, who baptizes him. In one corner of the room is a large bronze lamp, which is lit after night fall. Our Catholic dragon man grows cannot understand his English he breaks forth in praise of his own father, who fell in the massacre of 1850, "cut in two pieces," he says, "by the cimeter of the Moham-meds. His last words were, 'I die for my religion.' They asked me if I would not be a Muslim. I did not know then more than I do now. I did not follow my father, and so I said, 'No. I will die with father, and for the sake of his Saviour.' They wounded me here," as he pointed to his cheek, "and I am a living proof of that terrible time." A deaf and dumb boy makes his meek appeal to us, and we wait a while as he vender and flowers in the court as we leave the house of Ananias.

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