## KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XII -CONTINUED.

"Maybe," said Maurice Kearney, "th marriage money has something to do with keeping people from getting married. Ned Brophy tells me the priest will charge twenty pounds for marrying bim." "Well," replied Father M Mahon with

a laugh, "that is not so much, bearing in mind that old saucepan you told us of. But another perishioner of mine tells me his match is broken off altogether on account of the exorbitant demand of the priest. The fither of the girl had only fifteen acres of land, and the priest wanted fifteen wanted for exorption but danger than the fifteen acres of land, and the priest wanted fifteen wanted for exorption but danger than the fifteen acres of land, and the priest wanted fifteen wanted for exorption but danger than the fifteen acres of land, and the priest wanted for exorption but danger than the fifteen acres of land, and the priest wanted for exorption but danger than the fifteen acres of land acres of land acres of the fifteen acres of land acres o fiteen pounds for marrying his daughter."

'I know all about that case," said Father
Hannigan. "He went against the priest
at the election."

"That makes the matter worse," re-"That makes the matter worse," rejoined Father M'Mahon. "Such practices
will have the effect of making the people
look upon the priest as a tyrant. But in
the partit to which I refer, I am assured,
as a rule, the farmer must pay half-a year's
rent to the priest for marrying his daugh-

"What do you think of the old system
of public weddings?" asked Father Hannigan; "when friends and neighbors were
invited, and the priest went round with a
blate for his callection."

plate for his collection."

"I liked it," replied Father M'Mahon.
"Indeed I was looked upon as singular because I did my best to encourage the people to keep up the old system. It made them more social and neighborly. The priest, too, felt that what he got was given cheerfully. And besides," added Father M'Mahon laughing, "he went home with a heavier purse."

with a heavier purse."
"I remember what you said at the last public wedding we had in this parish," said Mr. Kearney. "Twas at Tom Donnelly's The collection was larger than nelly's The collection was larger than you expected, and when you were thanking them, you said no matter how small the sum might be, they could say, 'Go home now, sir, you are paid;' but that if it was a priva e wedding you could charge what you liked."
"I dare say some of the bridegroom's friends have often thought of my words since. But I fear we are becoming more genteel and more selfish every day; so perhaps it is as well to make people pay for their gentility."

for their gentility."

"I'm told," Maurice Kearney observed,
"T, n Brien got the job done in Liverpool, or two and sixpence, You were in
Liverp. ol, Father O'Neill. How do they there ?"

manage 1 there?"

"What you say of Tom Brien is quite true, sir," the young priest replied. "It happened it a "s I myself performed the caremony; for Tom said he'd like to have the knot tied by "Tipperary man."

"Ab, then, Fath or O'Neill," sa'd Mrs. Kearney, "did you ever meet any of the poor Skehans while you were in Liverpool?"

"I did" he replied to One of the chil-

"I did," he replied. One of the chil-

dren knew me in the stree the came of the came of the stree that was I grapared the old woman for "I knew she would not live to knew she was broken at leaving the 'ould soe 'as she said heart'."

"Indeed," Father O'Neill rejoined, love of the 'old sod' evinced itself in what some might consider a ludicrous man. at her last moment."

'How was that ?' Father Hannigan

"How was that ?" Father Hannigan asked, seeing the young priest had relapsed into silences.
"Well," he revisied, "when I had administered the Searament to her, and remained some time by her bedside, I thought I notice at that she wished to say something to me, but hesitated to speak Whenever I mented, as if to go away, I saw her eyes were fixed auxiously on me; but still she said nothing. So when I was going I asked her was there anything on her mind that was troubling her.
"There is then, sir,' said she; 'but may, be 'tien't much, an' I oughtn't to be bothering you with it."
"I assured her it was no trouble, and de-

othering you with it."

"I assured her it was no trouble, and desired her to tell me what it was she wished

to say.
Well, sir,' she said, looking anxiously

deal of her attention, uttered an exclama-tion and laughed. But all the rest were

Mary stole a look at her brother Hugh, who covered his face with his brown hand and seemed greatly moved. She knew he had special reason to be troubled, and regretted that her mother had introduced a subject which always pained him.

The fact was the Skehans had been

under-tenants of his father's, and, though not exactly ejected were induced to give up their little holding on receiving a trifi-ing sum for the good will and being forgiven the arrears of rent. The mere suspicion that the landiord wished to get rid of them has driven many an Irish family far away from the "old sod," who loved that old sod even as did the widow Skehan, whose last earthly wish was that "her soul might pass through Ireland" on its way to heaven.
"My God!" exclaimed Father M'Mahon,

"how they must suffer !" d up and strode across the room

to a window, where he stood gazing at the white hills, with his hands clasped behind his back, for some minutes, and then left the room without taking notice Father M'Mahon," sald Mary, is pon

dering over some serious subject now. "How can you tell that?" her brother Richard asked. "Is it because he has

forgotten his politeness?" Oh, we can all tell that," Grace exelaimed; "didn't you see the positive that his walk?" That's proof positive that his

brains are wool-gathering."

But though Father M'Mahon forgot his diteness, he did not forget poor Norsh

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOCTOR IN . A FIX "Come," said Richard to Mr. Lowe, "let us prepare for the shooting."

As they passed the lobby window, Mr Lowe glanced out into the yard, and was astonished to see Barney Brodherick in the act of rushing at Father M'Mahon's

servant, evidently with the intention of doing him grevious bodily injury; for doing him grevious bodily injury; for Barney was as pugnacious as the cele-brated tailor who was "blue moulded for the want of a batin."

Tom Maher, however, caught the wrath-

Top Maher, however, caught the wrathful Barney in his arms and held him fast.
"Let me at him!" exclaimed Barney
imploringly, after struggling and kicking
too free himself. "Let me at him, an' be
the livin', I'll put his two eyes in to wan!"
The tall servant regarded him with
a scowl, in which scorn was largely
mingled.
"Tom for the love us heaven, take off

"Tom, for the love uv heaven, take off uv me, an' I'll brake every tooth in his head."

heed."
Here Phil Laby appeared with his prayer book still in his left hand; and, laying his right on Barney's shoulder, he addressed some words to him in a low

wolce.

"D—n well he knows that," replied Barney, almost tearfully. "D—n well the blagard knows I'm in the state of grace to-day. But," he continued, through his clenched teeth, and shaking his first at the chief of the state object of his enmity, "but, please God, I won't be in the state of grace always. You

won't be in the state of grace always. You Kerry t——d," he muttered, as he walked away, "from the County Limerick!"

This characteristic bull was received with a shout of laughter from the bystanders, But Mr. Lowe's acquaintance with the geography of Ireland was too limited to enable him to see at once anything ludicrous in calling a man a Kerry anything from the County Limerick.

Owing to the frost the snipe were not

Owing to the frost the snipe were not as plenty in the bog as usual, except where there were springs.

At one of these places half a dezen rose together, but so far off that Hugh didn't fire. Richard, however, whose practice was—to use his own words—"to bleze away at everything," let fir, and down came a snipe. The successful marksman looked from one to the other of his companions with a stare of amazement, as if the result of his blezing away on this panions with a stare of annexament, as in the result of his blazing away on this occasion were something altogether beyond his comprehension.

"You really have winged him," said

Hugh. "Yes, I think so," returned the doctor

faintly.

"But," said Hugh, laughing, "you were just pulling the trigger when that one got up ten yards never to you than those you fired at."

But the doctor by this time had realized the fact that he had shot a snipe, and the trifling drawback alluded to by his brother did not abate his elation in the

least.

He rushed forward, bounding over He rushed forward, bounding over several bog-holes, reckless of consequences. But just as he reached the stream from which the snipe had risen, the wounded bird sprang several times a few fert from the ground; and, finding these efforts to get upon the wing vain, it ran quickly, with a look of steelthy cunning, its long bill and neck stretched out horizontally, towards a clumn of rushes some vards towards a clump of rushes some yards from the bank where it had fallen.

In his eagerness to prevent the prize from escaping, the doctor, instead of leaping the stream as he had leaped the bogholes, rushed through it, sinking to the hips in the black mud. He managed to drag himself through the weeds and cresses to the opposite sids. But when he attempted to climb up the bank, he found one of his legs caught in a bog stump at the bottom of the stream. He pulled and pulled, keeping his eyes fixed on the snipe as it made for the rushes, till he had freed

his leg, and then jumped upon the firm round. And now, being sure of his quarry, the doctor waltzed several times road dithe wounded suipe in a very grace ful a namer, brandisting the long duck gun or or his head. He was rather pleased than otherwise at the loud roar of laughter by which his friends, as he thought, meant to a opland his performance.

ter by which his friends, as he thought, meant to a oplaud his performance.

He took up the bird and carefully examined the broken wing, as if he found in it an interesting study from a professional point of view. Then, throwing off the professional air and assuming that of the sportsman, he knocked the bird's head against his gun and put it into his pocket with a look of superhuman calmness, as if bagging snipe by dozens of braces were an everyday proceeding with him. everyday proceeding with him.

And now it occurred to the doctor that

into my face, 'I'd like to know will my soul
pass through Ireland?''

Mr. Lowe looked surprised and amused;
Mr. Lowe looked surprised and amused; bling"—It is to feathered blpeds we apply the word—every bird he pointed his gran at during the rest of his life. But, on

at during the reat of his life. But, on glancing at his comparitons, he paured, with his thumb on the spring of his powder horn, in real surprise, for he saw them still convulsed with laughter.

"What the devil do they mean?" he thought, putting his hand in his pocket to make sure that he had a snipe.

His stare of inquiry had such an effect on Hugh that he was obliged to have recourse to his pocket handkerchief to wipe the tears from his eyes.

"Hang it," exclaimed the doctor, "what are ye laughing at? Is there anything wrong?"

wrong ?"

They pointed towards himself; but after looking all around him he could see nothing unusual. At last he glanced at his feet : and to his

utter bewilderment discovered that one of his limbs was as bare as a Highlander's. The fact was, when extricating himself from the bog-stump he left one of the legs of his trousers behind him.

"I'd recommend you," Hugh called out, "to find the missing article, and draw it on as fast as you can. I see a car coming this way."

"Do you want me to dive for it?" he asked, looking ruefully down among the weeds and creeses.

"'Tis Hanly's phæton," said Hugh.
The doctor looked towards the road well nigh petrified with horror.

Yes, there was the pt aton coming nearer and nearer. A bend in the road would bring it within forty yards of where he stood—

and not as much as a bush to obstruct the He turned his back to the road; but

the thought that the view thus presented would be, if possible, more ridiculous than any other, made him quickly "about face" again. He tried to hide the undraped limb with the single berrel duck gun; but the futility of the attempt became instantly apparent. Equally hopeless was the idea of wheeling slowly round so as to keep the presentable leg towards the carriage as it turned the bend of

the road. The sun, too, at that moment burst through its covering of clouds, which had the effect of bringing him out in bolder relitf before the eyes of the wondering spectators. He would have sworn he could see the bewitching Kathleen's dark orbs open till the white was visible all round. And then, what was still worse, the pearly teeth fisahed from between the rosy lips, and the fair Kathleen's head was thrown back in a manner which placed it beyond all doubt that she was laughing at him.

He thought of flinging himself upon his face or his back; but the bank on which he stood was just sufficiently elevated to render such a proceeding useless. The wild notion of divesting himself of what remained of the unlucky garment crossed his mind; it would be less excruciatingly ridiculous if his legs were matches. But there was no time for even this. There was the piwion, there were the ladies, passing at the nearest point; and that mis chief loving Rose—"infernal," we regret to say was the epithet he coupled with her name—bowing to him with fiendish politeness. And there was Docter Richard Kearney with the nude limb stretched backwards as far and raised as high as pos alble—like a gander with the cramp—re-turning the salute with the grace for which turning the salute with the grace for which
he was famous among the young ladies of
his acquaintance. He actually forgot to
drop his hat upon his head, or change his
position till the phaeton was out of sight.
And then he cursed his stupidity for
never having thought of taking a "header"
into a bog-hole, and remaining there with
only his nose above water till they had
nessed

He might have escaped in that way if he

He wiped the perspiration from his brow, and, as he glanced fiercely at his companions, he formed the dreadful wish that his gun were a double instead of a single barrel, that he might share the contents between them. They were still laughing at him.

Becoming more calm, the doctor made his way back to them, and Hugh, in the most unfeeling manner, suggested the advisability of getting home as fast as he

"Home !" exclaimed the doctor, "and way. No, I'll run over to Bob Lloyd's and borrow a trousers. Come with me," he continued, turning to Mr. Lowe, "and

we'll have pleasanter shooting than here"
"Pleasanter shooting," remarked Hugh,
drily. "I hope so."
"Will you come?" the doctor asked.
"No, I'll follow the stream," said Hugh,
who was a keen sportsman, and was glad
to get rid of them for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOUNT TEMPE AND ITS MASTER. Bob Lloyd's domicie was close to the bog, and rej.iced in the name of Mount Tempe. Why Mount, it would be hard to tell, for it was in the middle of a flat, tell, for it was in the middle of a list, dreary tract of country; and why Tempe, was a still greater puzzle. Either taken slogly might be accounted for on the "locus a non" principle; but, joined together, they are too much for us. We must content ourselves with the fact that Bob

tent ourselves with the fact that Bob Lloyd's residence was known by the style and title of Mount Tempe. Bob Lloyd was a bachelor—we cannot add, "by no choice of his own." For if ever mortal man had the envisible privilege to pick and choose among the fair ladies of the neighborhood, that man was Bob Lloyd, of Mount Tempe. Many and in genious were the snares laid to catch him, and many and miraculous were his hairbreadth escapes. Mammas mano tyred for him; papas palavered him; daughters exhausted all their arts and their patience to capture him. But there he was asfe and sound, and free as the wind that seemed to recognize in him a congental spirit, and took a peculiar delight in rushing down the chimneys of Mount Tempe House, or flugling the slates off the roof into the yard behind, and upon the gravel plot, and out on the green lawn in front-and particularly and especially through the roof of what was once a conservatory at the south side, to the terror and misery of an unhappy for that dragged out a life of wretchedness chained among the empty flower pots. It was in keeping with the genius of incongruity which presided over Rob Lloyd's establishment that the fox should be domictiled, of all places in the world, among the flower-pots. And the odom that asselled the nostrill on proaching the conservatory was, to speak mildly, of a kind for which strangers were unprepared, and was usually greeted with an exclamation indicative of a surprise

the reverse of agreeable.

Mr. Lowe, on passing this delectable concern, stopped short and clapped his hand to his nose, as if he had received a violent blow on that feature; but Richard, being prepared for the assault, passed on to the hall door without winching.

He knocked loudly, and while waiting for the door to be opened, occupied the time in rubbing his leg, which was fast ing numbed.

No one answered to his knock; and, No one answered to his knock; and, knowing the ways of the place, instead of theocking a second time, he raised one of the windows and put in his head.

"Morrow, Dick," said the gentleman of the house. "Come in."

Richard laid his hand on the window—

sill and vaulted into the parlor. "I have Mr. Lowe with me," he re

marked, as he walked out to the hall to dmit that gentleman by the door.

Mr. Lowe looked at the owner of the then turned to his friend as if seeking in ctions as to how he ought to act, or what was the custom of the country under Mr. Lloyd was stretched on a sofa play-

ing two jews harps.
Richard walked deliberately to a cup-

board, and taking a tall square bottle and a couple of glasses from it, laid them on the table—having first swept a shot belt, a bridle, a pair of horse girthe, and two pair of boxing gloves off the table on the

Having filled the glasses, he tossed off one, and beckoned to Mr. Lowe to do like-wise; which he did. The gentlemen of the house at length

wheeled slowly round, let his feet drop to the floor, and, sitting upright, contem plated his friend with a look of compla-"'Pon my soul, Dick," he said, very seriously, "you look well." He put the jews harp in his left hand

to his mouth, and twanged it with the little finger of the same hand. Then putting the jews harp in his right hand to his mouth, he twanged that too. Mr. Lloyd then put both jews harps to his mouth, and played a tune, always keeping his eyes fixed on Richard's leg, as if there were some extraordinary fascination about the cap of the knee.

""Tisn't the latest fashion? The newest style from the city, you know? Eh.

style from the city, you know? Eh, "No. I sank in a bog hole and tore it off with a stump or something. I want to borrow one from you. Of source, I can Ay, faith," said Mr. Lloyd.

"And dry stockings?"
"Call Jer."

Richard desired Mr. Lowe to sit near the fire, and went in search of the last-named individual. The musician on the sofa applied him-self to his instruments, and the listener began to wonder at the sweetness of the melody.

elody. "Know the name of that tune?" he asked No ; I can't say I ever heard it before,"

was the reply.

"Listen again." And he repeated the tune. "Know it now?"
"Well, I don't. But it seems a pleasing

little air. Mr. Lloyd extended one hand, and swinging it gracefully in time to the air,

"Oh, my breeches full of stitches, On, my breeches buckled on, Oh, my breeches full of stitches, Oh, my breeches buckled on." This is a character," thought Mr. Lowe "I suppose," he said aloud," "our friend's mishap has suggested it to you?" "Dick is a bloody clever fellow," was the not very relevant reply. "He has words at will."

The subject of this firstering remay to the door and called to Me.

here came to the door and called to Mr.
Lowe to come with him upstairs.

The first hing that struck Mr. Lowe on entering Bob Lloyd's bedroom was, that a farled horse-rug did duty for a counterpane on the bed.

pane on the bed,
Jer appeared with the dry stockings,
with a half-dozen dogs of various kinds
at his heels. Over the yellow striped
waist-coat u-ually worn by servants, he
wore a cast-off green coat of his master's,
which was sadly out of keeping with his
tattered corduroy small clothes and heavy

porques. Jer was a person of importance, particularly in his own estimation, and looked upon himself as a sort of senior partner in the establishment. His influence over his master was such that his good word was deemed indispensable never it was sought to make Bot whenever it was sought to make buy Lloyd a party to any transaction, whether it might be the buying or selling of a horse, the granting of a lease, the paying of a bill, or the bringing about of a matrimonial alliance between the owner of Mount Temple and any one of the many fatt damages who studed to make blue fatt damages who studed to make blue fatt damages who studed to make blue fair damsels who sighed to make him happy. For it was well known—this in reference to the fair dameels—that, though Bob Lloyd had a genius for never allow-Bob Lloyd had a gentus for never allowing both ends to meet by any chance, his rent-roll showed the receipt of good eight hundred pounds a year; and it was remarked that there "wasn't a better lot of tenants in Ireland" than his.

"Well Jer," said Richard, "any chance of a wedding this time?"

"We're goin' on wud a couple sir," re-plied Jer, "but I don't say they'll come to enything. Everything was settled wad Miss of the fortune they wor givin' her. She was tryin' on her weddin' dress on Satur day, when I went to tell her he couldn't narry her; an' she tuck on terrible in-

tirely."
Richard laughed, but evinced no surprise, "The ould misthress an' the young

adies is tryin' to bring it on egain. But,"
added Jer, solemnly, and as if he himself
were the principal party concerned,
"'twon't do."

"Yeon't do."

Richard explained to his friend that
Mrs Lloyd and her daughters lived in
Kilthubber. "Divilish nice girls they are,"
he added; "particularly the second."

"They're anxious to have him settled,"

"They 're anxious to have him settled,"
Jer continued with a sigh, as if the settling were a great weight on his mind.
"An' sure God knows so is myself.
But 'tis so hard to meet a shootable
woman. I'm after promisin' Tom Otway,"
he continued, "that we'll run down to the County Carlow in the course of the week to see his cousin. Himself is for goin' by the coach; but I'm thinkin' 'twould look better to drive tandem. What do you think?" he asked, as if he found it hard to decide.

"Oh, the tandem, by all means," said

"Oh, the tandem, by all means," said Richard.

"That's what I think myself," rejoined Jer, as he left the room, followed by his dogs, except two that had got into the bed for a nap.

"It this all a joke?" Mr. Lowe acked.

"No. Bob's wooings are always carried on in this way; and Miss Jane can hardly have been taken by surprise, for she had examples enough to warn her."

"And how does he escape the consequences?"

"And how does he escape the consequences?"

"Do you mean why is he not called out?
The idea of such a good natured fellow as Bob Lloyd shooting anybody or being shot at! But he will tell you 'the heaviest clouttn' match'—to use his own phrase—he ever had, was with young Allcock for refusing to marry his sister, who declared that he had popped the question and been accepted in the most formal manner."

"But the law," said Mr. Lowe. "Have

"But the law," said Mr. Lowe. "Have you no such thing as breaches of promise

in Ireland?" "They are not quite unknown, though very rare, down here. But the immunity which Bob enjoys may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that the busness is all done through Jer. Bob neve writes letters; and, perhaps, as he would say himself, that saves his bacon."

It must not be inferred that writing was not among Mr. Lloyd's accomplishments. He wrote a fair, round hand, and was fond of displaying his caligraphic skill whenever pen, ink, and paper chanced to come in his way—particularly, and almost exclusively, in the execution of the words:

"Command you may your mind from play," which he was wont to finish off with a flourish, and seemed to derive great pleasure from the performance.
"Can we get a shot without going into

that infernal bog sgain f" Richard asked when they had returned to the parlour.

"Ay, faith," Mr. Lloyd replied. "If I went out to that well beyond ten times a day I'd be sure to meet a snipe there."

"Get your gun end come with us."

Mr. Lloyd strapped a shot belt over his shoulder, and was taking up his gun, when the door opened and a stout, middle sized man, with a round face, unceremoniously walked in.

"Morrow, Wat," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Morrow, kindly" Wat replied, off-ring him a slip of paper.

"How much is it?"

Tad

Est to

"Fifteen pounds eleven and seven

pence."
"I'll see about it," said Mr. Lloyd.
"That'll never do for me," replied Wat.
"There's not a penny under the roof of
the house," said Mr. Lloyd.
"The devil a foot I'll stir out of this till

I get it," Wat rejoined.
"Have a drop of this," Mr. Lloyd remarked, filling a glass from the square "No objection," replied Wat, sententi

Mr. Lloyd went to the elde board, and returned, holding a large dish in one hand with as much ease as if it were a small plate, and grasping a losf of bread with the ther.
"Come, Dick," said he, placing them or

wat, drawing an old arm-chair towards the window, thereby disturbing the repose of an old setter that had possession of it, deliberately sat down, and crossed his legs with the air of a man who was bent upon taking his ease, and had nothing on earth to trouble him. Mr. Lloyd advanced in silence, and presented a carving knife at him with a substantial silce of cold meat

on the top of it. Wat took the meat between his finger and thum, and acknowledged the civility
by uncrossing his legs and sitting upright.
Mr. Lloyd then presented a carving
fork with the other hand, upon which was
a chunk of bread. This Wat also accepted, if not graciously, at least without any show of reluctance. Having smulated his host in the biting line—with the differ-ence that, the bread and meat being each in a different hand, he had to take two

in a different hand, he had to take two bites instead of one—Wat remarked ora-cularly:

"A pig's head ates very handsome, cowld."

"Kitty," he called out to a servant girl

who was flinging her cloak over her shoulders as she passed the window. The girl stopped and looked at him.
Whereupon Wat raised the window and

asked was she going to town.
"I am," replied Kitty. "Why so?"
"Tell my mother to send me out an ounce of tobaccy," said Wat, in the calmest and most self satisfied manner "Now, Wat, what are you up to?" Mr.
Lloyd asked. 'Don't you know if the
money was in the housethere wouldn't be

a second word about it?"
"Well, to do you nothin' but justice,"
Wat replied, "I do know that. But you

see two quarters of that cow are bespoke, and I can't disappoint my customers Moreover, when wan quarter is for a wed

"Come to-morrow." "Twon't do."
"Well, what do you want?"

"D-n well you know what I want," replied Wat. "An order on Tom Ryan. Phat's money any day." "There's not a pen or a bit of clean paper in the bouse," said Mr. Lloyd. "Ketch me!" was Wat's comment upon

this objection, "I'm provided against accidents." And he produced an ink neck, and unfolded half a sheet of paper which was rolled round a well-worn quill pen.
Mr. Lloyd, seeing no way of escape, sa

down and wrote the letters I and C. The latter turned out such a model of a capital letter that Mr. Lloyd held it up for the inspection of his friends. He then slowly and carefully wrote out the order, which

"I Command you to pay Wat Murphy fifteen pounds sterling Money, which I will allow you out of your rent.
"ROBERT ORMSBY LLOYD." "To Me. Thomas Ryan."

"All right," said Wat, as he held the document to the fire to dry. After putting it in his pocket, he pointed to the quare bottle.

"Would you have any objection?" he Bob Lloyd held up the square bottle, and, laying his hand along it, carefully measured the depth of liquor remaining. Seeming satisfied that he could afford to

act the very broad hint which Wat's ques tion implied, he filled a glass.

"Healths aplece to ye," said Wat, tossing off the whicky as he passed the table, without stopping. He was immediately heard whistling to his buil dog, who, with his back against the wall outside the hall-door, was keeping at hey guite a pack of door, was keeping at bay quite a pack of hounds of various descriptions—but among which there was not a single "monor "cur of low degree"-by the mere glare of his eye.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions. constitutions.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure It has no equal for removing these trouble-some excrescenses, as many have testified who have tried it.

shelter sc' went often with his facuer when important business called Mr Lincoln to camp or field, and nothing escaped the boy's sharp eyes.

Tad received Christmas gifts from the

Tad received Christmas gifts from the Est and the West. Among the most dear and precious was a large, elegant book of travel, full of illustrations new and rare, sent him by a Boston firm. Leaning on his father's knee, with the big book spread out before them by the glowing fire of the pretty red room, one hundred enthusiastic questions asked, and so tenderly answered by the devoted father; Tad sprang to his fect suddenly and said, "Father! don't you remember how lonesome and homestick those soldier boys looked over incamp the other day? I'm going to send them this bea u tiful book!" 'But, my son, you enjoy it very much yourself," answered his father. Tad looked at them this bea u tiful book!" But, my son, you enjoy it very much yourself," answered his father. Tad looked at the book, stroked caressingly the big dark hand as it rested on his young shoulder, hesitated a moment, and then tossing back his hair, said, "Father—we have such good times here, and—they—don't." The great sad-eyed man held his little son closely, and with tears said, "My boy, send all the books you can find; and to morrow have the steward pack you come, Dick," said he, placing them on the table, "let's have a bite."

He cut some slices of bread and meat, which Richard converted into sand wiches for himself and Mr. Lowe.

"Wat," said Bob Lloyd, with his mouth full, "I'll see about that."

"Pay me the money, and let me go for the cow; that's the seein' about I want."

"What cow?" Mr. Lloyd seked.

"A fat cow I'm afther buyin' from your father," said Wat, turning to Richard; "and he won't let me take her wudout the money. So, shell out," he added, turning to Mr. Lloyd, with a sort of humorous sulkiness of voice and look.

Mr. Lloyd, appearing to pay no attention to this speech, bit a semicircle out of his sandwich, and holding it between him and the light, seemed to admire its regularity.

Wat, drawing an old arm-chair towards the window, thereby disturbing the repose of an old setter that had possession of it, deliberately sat down, and crossed his legs there, and "Father—we have such good times here, and—they don't." The great sad-eyed man held his little son closely, and with tears said, "My boy, send all the books you can find: and to-morrow have the steward pack you abox of all the good things to est in the house. It's a little late, but no matter; say it's from Tad." The nex "I guess they won't be lonesome now, father, and I'm glad we did it."—M. S. in December Wide Awake.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Earl of Luchfield, speaking at a The Earl of Litchfield, speaking at a recent conference of the Church Association at Leicester, declared that he was perfectly persuaded, from a very careful study of the history of England, that there had never been a moment, since the country freed herself from "the tyranny and the Church (do not be country freed herself from "the tyranny"). ountry freed herself from "the tyranny of Rome," when the Church (i. 3, of England) was so corrupted by strange doctrines, so divided, and, to his mind, in such imminent danger of disruption, as now. Sad utterance this -sad and signifi-

Sarah Mytton Maury, in "The Statesmen of America," a recently published work, pays the following tribute to the Church, with the remark that her words cannot be applied to the same extent to any other whatever: "I am an Epi-copalian, or Protestant of the Church of England; but I am not, can not, be blinded to the many excellences of the Catbolic Church; and especially as to its institutions reparding America: they are, beyond comparison, the best adapted to curb the passions of a young, impetuous, intelligent, generous, and high minded democracy; to protect the religion of tae Republic from annihilation; to subdue the struggling and dis-cordant interests of an immense territory into harmony, and to enchain the sym-pathies of a whole poeple in one msgnifipathles of a whole poeple in one magnifi-cent scheme of morality and devotion.

'They shall be one fold undor one Shepherd.'
The institutions, besides, of this Church are themselves based upon that very equality which their discipline so effi-ciently modifies. There is one common law, and one alone, for all. In the words of the Oid Testament, so admirably adapted to the description of the Catholic faith: 'Here the wicked cease from troubling, and here the weary are at rest; here the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant small and great are there; and the servant is free from the master."

## NEW BOOKS

The following new books have been issued from the house of Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York:

The Golden Prayer. Short meditations on the Lord's Prayer for every day in the week. With meditations on prayer for every day in the month. From the French of the Abbs Duquesne, by Anne Stuart Bailey. Paper, 10 cts; maroquette, 20 cts; cloth, gilt, 50 cts.

The Miraculous Power of the Memorare, illlustrated by examples. From the French of a Marist Father, by Ella McMahon. Paper, 10 cts; maroquette, 20 cts.

The Holy Infancy. Short meditations for Christmas. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Price 15c.

St. Terees's Own Words; or, Instructions

St. Teresa's Own Words; or, Instructions St. Terees's Own Work; or, Instructions on the prayer of recollection, arranged from her work, "The Way of Perfection," by the Right Rev. James Chadwick, to which is added a Novenato St. Teresa, revised by the Very Rev. Felix Varilla, D. D. Price 50a,

The Spanish Inquisition. By the Right Rev. Joseph Dwenger, DD., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Price 20a,

Kissed Another Man's Wife. You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob

Green,
At his good neighbor, Brown
"You kissed my wife upon the street,
I ought to knock you down."
"That's where you're wrong," good Brown
replied.
In accounts mild and meek;
"I kissed her, that I've not denied,
But kissed her on the cheek—

and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and
health. What is the secret of it?"
"Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I
will tell you: she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription. I accept your apology. Good
night." "Favorite Prescription" is the
only remedy for the delicate de angements
and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists under a rostrive GUARANTEE of giving
satisfaction in every case, or money paid for satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indiges tion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce Pellets.

CHRISTMAS IN CATHOLIC PORTE

The custom of halling the nativity of the custom of halling the nativity of the Saviour with music and celebrating the festivities by the singing of carols drawn from the very first ages of the Church and appears to have mingled with the religious observances. It had to origin, no doubt, in the Gloria in Excels — the song with which the angels hails the birth of the Redeemer in the fields of Bethlehem:—that celestial music which is the same of the same in th Bethlehem :—that celestial music which Milton describes in his "Hymn to the Nativity:"

"Such music (as 'iis said)
Betore was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set."

The practice is found in most of the untries of Europe—the noels of France countries of Europe—the nocks of France are of the same character as the Christme carols of Eugland and resemble the music of the pifferari, or calabria shepherds, who come down from the mountains, at this season, and wands through the Italian cities, saluting wither nill music the shrines of the Blesse Virgin and Infant Jesus which adorn the atreets. atreete.

Although gradually decaying the beau

universel. It was extinguished, alon with other Christmas practices, in Scotlan-by John Kuox and his Puritan compan ons, and does not appear to have eve been restored. been restored.

There are numerous hymns and carol for the Christmas season scattered through our old poets—some of which are very beautiful, but we will merely cull a few selections from some of our princips.

tiful custom of singing Caristmas carols is still preserved in Eugland and Wales. It Ireland too it exists; and in France it

Catholic posts.
The following is the beginning of poem on the Nativity by Gower, whillourished in the end. of the fourteent century :

"Rorate, Coeli desuper!
Heavens distil your balmy show'rs
For now its risen the bricht day star
For the Rose-May. flow'r of flow'rs.
The clear sun, whom no cloud devours,
Surmon.ting Pho-bus in the East,
Is coming of his heavenly tow'rs;
Et nowls puer natus est." The "Burning Babe," by the marty

Jesuit priest, Father Southwell, is said by a recent English writer to be the firs really fine child-poem in our literature: "As I in hoary wenter's night stood shiverling in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which
made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a faarful eye to view what fire
was near,
A pietty Babe all burning bright did in the
air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such
floods of tears oid shed.
As though His floods should quench His
flames which with His tears were fed:"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born, in flery
heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or
feel my fire but I!"
My fauitless breast the furnace is, the fuel,
woulding thores; "As I in hoary wenter's night stood shiver ing in the snow.

wounding thores;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the
ashes, spame and scorns;
The full Justice Layeth on, and Mercy blows
the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's
ceflied soul,

defined soul,

For which, as now on fire I am, to work
them to their good.

So will I melt into a bath to wash them in
my blood!

'th tule 's vanished out of sight, and And traight I called unto mind that it was The following i shymn, "In the activity of Or Park by Richard Nativity of Or Pu

y rest,
Young dawn of our y rest,
Young dawn of our d Dsy!
We saw Thrue eyes ... is from this East,
And chase the tremoling shades away
We saw Thee; and we blessed the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweetlight.

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou do To entertain this starry stranger? Is this the best thou canst bestow? A cold and not too cleanly manger? Contend, the powers of heaven and earth. To fit a bed for this huge birth! Proud world, said I. cesse your contest, And let the mighty Babe stone; The phentx builds the phentx' nest, Love's arcattecture is its own. The Babe whose birth embraves this more Made His own bed ere He was born.

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow, Come hovering o'er the prince's head; Offering Him whitest sneets of show To furnish the fair Infant's bed; Forbear, said I, be not too bold, Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece or fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wing
Since Heaven itself is here celow
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down so warm will pass for pure? No, no! your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;
See see! how soon His new bloomed cheek
'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed
Sweet choice! said we, no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.

Our next piece is from a poet of our own day, Aubry De Vere:

A Christmas Carol. Primeval night had repossess'd Her empire in the fle.ds of space; Calm lay the kine on earth's dark bresst, The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace

That hour where shepherds kept their flocks From God a glory sudden feli; The spendour smote the trees and rocks, And lay like dew along the dell. God's angel close beside them stood:
"Fear naught," that anget said, and then
"Behold, I bring you tidings good:
\_"The Saviour Christ is born to men."

And straightway round him myriads sang Loud song again, and yet again; Till all the hollow valley rang "Glory to God, and peace to men." The she herds went and wondering eyed, in Bethlebem born the heave aly Stranger; Mary and Joseph knelt beside: The Babe was cradled in the manger!

The following beautiful "Christmas Carol" is by Adelaide A. Procter: The moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepperds
Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth,
The szure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters law

The sheep in quiet clus Upon the grassy hill. When, lo! a white winged angel The watchers stood before, And told how Christ was born on earth For mortals to adore; He bade the trembling shepherds Listen, nor be afraid, And told how in a manger The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens When suddenly in the Heavens Appeared an angel band, (The while in reverent worder The Syrian shepherds stand,) And a l the bright host chanted Words that shall never cease—Glory to God in the highest, On earth good-will and peace!

The vision in the Heavens
Faded, and all was still,
And the wondering shepherds left their
flocks To teed upon the hill;