

The Sun that comes at evening,
There's a calm that comes at evening,
When the weary day is o'er,

The Melody of Moore.
By James Whitcomb Riley.
The harp of the minstrel has never a tone
As sad as the song of his lovelorn to-night,

SALLY CAVANAGH,
OR—
The Untenanted Graves.
A TALE OF TIPPERARY

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED).
'I'll bring Captain Dawson round to the garden,' said he, 'and you can easily rejoice Mrs. Hazzitt, whom you are waiting for you will be waiting long.'

CHAPTER XX.
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'And now, Brian continued, 'what I want to know is, could you induce him to deal fairly, or anything like it, with my father? His heart is set on keeping the farm, and he is ready to pay even more than it is worth.'

'Well, doctor, how is your patient?' the captain asked.
'Well, he's all right, but he's a little out of sorts, particularly as Miss Grinden is gone to work at it again.'

'I trust I have recovered the lost ground by that last move. How dumfounded the captain was. Poor George! his pity he hasn't brains. How Malapropos his appearance was. Brian has been in Dublin. Of course he met that foolish little creature. Ye', added Miss Evans, softening as she recalled Fanny's tearful eyes and shrinking timidity 'yet the poor child loves him.'

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'If I had my little bit to eat,' said the boy, 'I'd be able to go on.'
The woman hesitated no longer. She walked through the yard behind her face in a tanned cloak, and opened the door.

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Kate told her what just occurred. 'Did he shoot Gassie?' exclaimed Fanny, horrified.
'Mamma, a man named Fanny had looked upon Gassie.'

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she saw the doctor turning away, despair appeared to give her strength, and with an effort she cried—'The children!'

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ENNAS A. MACDONALD,
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