

approve of him; for the old man may live a long time, and is not very reputable. Still he must die; and the nephew will be quite a millionaire."

"Who is this gentleman?" asked May, suddenly. "What is his name?"

"Did I not mention his name? I thought you knew. He is Paul Finiston, handsome and proud; and they say he is a poet. One could see it in his eyes that night on board the ship. He had a way of folding his arms, and seeming to forget everything and everybody, and himself as well as the rest. This was, of course, when the danger was over, and there was nothing more to be done. It piqued my vanity at first; but I soon saw that, though a gentleman indeed, it was evident that he had not been accustomed to the ways of polite society. It is little things like this that made me say he might be inclined to be rebellious; but dear me, Miss Mourne, how white you are grown!"

"Am I?" said May; "never mind. Tell me something more about Paul Finiston."

"Do you know him?" asked Katherine, sharply.

"I cannot say that," said May, "for I left my Paul Finiston in Dublin a great many years ago. I have no acquaintance with your admirer, Miss Archbold."

"Your Paul Finiston?" said Katherine, with a sudden elevation of her handsome chin.

"Forgive me if I speak awkwardly," said May. "I mean the Paul Finiston with whom I had some acquaintance."

This was said with dignity, and Katherine was at a loss how fitly to express her displeasure; but fitly or unfitly, her sense of May's audacity must be made known to the offender.

"And with whom you hope to renew your acquaintance," she said, bluntly, and with a look and a tone that made May turn pale.

"Do not speak to me like that," said the young girl quickly. "I shall be glad if you will talk upon some other subject."

"But I will not drop the subject," said Katherine, stormily, her eyes beginning to burn, and her face to grow dark. "I will not quit it till we understand each other perfectly. You have drawn from me a confidence."

"Pardon!" said May. "You volunteered it."

"I repeat that you drew it from me," said Katherine, "with your sentimental looks and your sympathetic speeches about lovers. Now I may as well go farther; and I warn you not to meddle between me and Paul Finiston?"

"I?" exclaimed May, springing to her feet, and standing a little off from Katherine, straight and quivering as a very shaft of fire.

"Yes, you," said Katherine. "You have thought of him as a lover. I saw it in your face when I first mentioned his name."

"It is false," said May, in a low, thrilling voice. "How dare you accuse me?—you, who know nothing of me!"

But Katherine was not softened by the sight of May's honest indignation as she stood parting before her, her eyes like dark flames, her cheeks redder than the reddest roses round about.

"Your enthusiastic modesty is very pretty," sneered Katherine; "but I am not deceived by it. I see that you"—

But here May suddenly put her fingers in her ears with a childish impulse of impatience. Katherine stood speechless at finding herself treated with utter disrespect; and, before she could find words to express her sense of the indignity May had turned away, and fled through the window into the room.

"But I will not be treated so!" cried Katherine at the window. "Come out, Miss Mourne, for I have not done speaking to you. Or else I shall go in!"

But in the twinkling of an eye the window was hooked inside, the shutters closed and barred; and May, having thus ended the battle, sat down upon the floor in the dark and had a hearty cry.

(To be continued.)

A SCATHING REPLY.

PERHAPS the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult was that which Curran, the eloquent Irish lawyer, flung at Judge Robinson. The judge was a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least, it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favour of the government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility.

At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, the judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books, and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited."

Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retaliation:

"It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession, rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible." That settled the haughty judge.

We know that there is nothing on earth equal to American Co.'s Hop Bitters as a family medicine. Look for

Hoet's Corner.

ROBERT EMMET.

(BY PATRICK SANSFIELD OASSIDY.)

In the darkness of defeat,
In the midnight of despair,
Ireland staggers to her feet,
Gasps for freedom light and air.
Who will burst her dungeon's door?
Brutal tyrants hold the key.
Who will lift her from the floor?
Who will set the captive free,
Saviour be of land so fair,
Emmet answers "I will dare."

Conquest's flag beclouds her gate,
Streaked with blood and black with gloom.
Ghouls expectant grimly wait
To howl around a nation's tomb.
Patriots! who will lead the way?
Noblest mission 'neath the skies,
Rout the spectre, roll the stone away
And let the nation rise
Power most God-like given to man,
Freedom answers Emmet can.

Glorious Emmet! from thy soul
The God of justice strikes the spark
That lights a nation to the goal
Of freedom through Egyptian dark;
Gives thy brave arm, though young, the power
To lift a prostrate nation up,
Revive her in extremest hour,
Hold to her lips the strengthening cup.
Vice regent of the God of Right,
Let thy young arm the despot smite.

The beauty of thy youthful face,
The quenchless courage of thine eyes,
Are but the faint reflected grace
Of soul anointed from the skies,
Surcharged with bright celestial fire,
To give a dying nation life
To concentrate the grand desire,
To never cease the glorious strife
Till tyrants shrink from Freedom's sun,
And the martyr's mission's won.

'Tis lost! but only for a time;
'Tis but an armistice in the strife,
For, Emmet, see thy soul sublime
Electrifies thy land to life!
The sacrificial life was thine,
By heaven on special mission sent,
To teach that Freedom is divine
And thus has its accomplishment.
Thy light went out in gibbet's gloom,
But did a nation's heart illumine.

Thy monument ten million hearts,
All warm and pulsing like thine own,
To dolts and despots leave the arts,
Of marble—cold, insensate stone.
And branded is thy epitaph
Across thy country's mind and soul;
The sun illuminates but half,
Thy fame surrounds the whole,
And in our roll of martyrs prized,
Emmet, thou the canonized.

Emmet, let the minstrel's song
Whine no sad refrain for thee!
Like thy courage, be it strong;
Like thy fearless spirit, free,
Strong to lift a drooping land,
Thrill her with Promethean fire.
Scorn—thy scorn would blast the hand
That dared to scrape a dismal lyre.
No weak regrets for soul like thine:
Shall e'er be moaned by muse of mine.

England's flag is Ireland's pall,
Brothers! from the bending skies
Emmet watches for its fall,
In its place the harp to rise.
Patriots! give his spirit joy.
Swear we on his natal day
Fends, dissensions, to destroy—
Shade of Emmet, lead the way!
Here we swear to God and thee,
Ireland, Emmet, shall be free!

—New York Democrat, 1882.

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