

that's what brought me here to-day. There's roots that does be growin in devil's places like this; an' if ye can catch them, an' keep them, ye may do anything ye like."

"Roots! said Katherine. And what do you do with them?"

"Some needs wan doin', and some another," said Tibbie. "The best of all is a mandrake, for that's a devil in itself. It looks like a little man, and ye hang it up in a corner where it can see ye walkin' about. So long as ye threat it well, it'll bring ye the luck o' the world. I go sarcbing through every bad place in the woods, and on mountains, turnin' up the stones, and glowerin' under the bushes, bopin' to find a mandrake that'll do my will. If I can find him, oh, honey! won't I make my own o' the miser! I'll make the keys dance out o' his pockets, and the money bags dance out o' the holes he has hid them in, an' the goold jump out o' the bags into Tibbie's pockets. I'll make him burn the will that has Paul in it, an' write out another that'll put Con in his place. I'll have all my own way; an' the ould villian may break his heart and die widout me needin' to lift a hand against him."

"Capital!" cried Katherine; but where will you find the mandrake? Are you sure that it grows in this country at all? And suppose it does, don't you know that to suit your purpose it must spring from a murderer's grave? Then, even when it is found, there is danger in getting possession of it. It screams when its root is torn from the earth, and its shriek kills the person who plucks it."

Tibbie's face fell as she listened. "You're larnder nor me," she said. "An' are ye tellin' me the truth?"

"Certainly, the truth," said Katherine.

Tibbie lifted up her voice, and howled with disappointment. "Everythin's agin me," she said, rocking herself dismally; "but I'm not goin' to be baffled. I'll cross the says if ye'll tell me the country where it'll be found. I'll get somebody to pluck it for me that'll not know the harm; for I tell ye that I am bound to get my will."

Katherine stood looking on, while the creature thus bemoaned herself.

"There, now," she said presently, "don't cry any more. I have a mandrake myself, and I will give it to you. It will be no loss to me, for I have everything I want. I like meeting with difficulties, for I have power within myself to break them down. If you like to have the mandrake, I will give it to you."

"Like it!" cried Tibbie. "Is it would I like it, she says? Oh, wirra, wirra! isn't her ladyship gone mad! Like to have the mandrake! Like to get my will! An' they said ye were hard-hearted. Then it's soft-hearted ye are, an' I was a fool to be talkin' to ye. Give away yer luck to wan like to me! If I had it I'd see ye die afore I'd give it to ye."

"Oh, very well!" said Katherine, turning away. "Of course, if you don't want it, I can give it to someone else."

Tibbie uttered a cry. She fell on the ground, and laid hold of Katherine's gown.

"Ladyship, ladyship!" she said, "I meant no harm. It's on'y amazed I was, an' I ax yer honour's pardon. Give me up the mandrake, an' ye may put yer foot on me, an' walk on me. I'll do anything in the world for ye when I have a devil to do my will. Ladyship, ladyship, give me the mandrake!"

"There, then," said Katherine, "I promise that you shall have it; and if ever I should want anything of you I expect you to be friendly. Stay, there is one thing I should like—to see the house of Tobereevil. Bring me there now, and you shall have the mandrake to-morrow. I don't want to see the miser, only his den."

"Well," said Tibbie, who had now got on her feet, and recovered her self-possession, "if ye can creep, an' hould yer tongue, an' if yer shoes don't squeak, I'll take yer through the place. There's little worth seein' for a lady like yerself, but come wid me if you like it. Only don't blame Tibbie if Simon finds ye out."

"Leave that to me," said Katherine; "I'm not afraid of Simon."

Tibbie clasped her hands, and rocked herself with delight. "That's the mandrake," she muttered. "There's nobody can gain-say her wid the mandrake under her thumb; an' to-morrow it'll be Tibbie's."

So these new friends set to work to extricate themselves from the prison of trees in which they had taken pains to amuse themselves. They groped, and pushed, and fought, until they made their way out into the more open woods, where air and moisture were found plentiful enough, and where the young vegetation was varied and magnificent, the delicate and wholesome growing mingled with the rank and poisonous. Ivy trailed from high branches of trees, making beautiful traps for unwary feet. Grass was long and coarse, being nourished with the giant ferns by creeping sources of the evil well of the legend. Streaks of fiery scarlet shined out here and there from the gloom of greenery, and blackish atmosphere of rotten thickets, announced the brazen beauty of the nightshade. Upon this Katherine pounced, making herself a deathly and brilliant nosegay as she went along; a poisonous sheaf of burning berries for a centre, some stalks of hemlock, some little brown half-rotted nut leaves with blots of yellow and crimson, some black slender twigs, the whole surrounded by a lacework of skeleton oak-leaves. She would have nothing fresh, nothing of the spring; her whim being to make a nosegay out of deadliness and decay.

(To be Continued.)

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with American Hop Bitters."—Ed. *Oswego Sun*. See.

The fact that Carter and Co., of George street, are the only Drapers in Dunedin doing a strictly Cash Trade who import their own Goods direct from Home Markets, is the one cause of their being able to sell cheaper than any other firm. Carter and Co. have just opened, ex s.s. Coptic and Kaikoura, 16 cases Men's and Boys' Clothing, and in consequence of the desperate scarcity of ready money, they have decided to offer the whole lot, for a few weeks, at landed cost. Therefore, call, inspect, and judge for yourselves. Carter and Co., 60 and 62 George street, Dunedin.

THE LAST SLAVE AUCTION IN ST. LOUIS.

(“Moro” in the *Cleveland Leader*.)

THE last public sale of slaves in St. Louis, Mo., was in January, 1857 or 1858. A Cleveland gentleman who was present recently described the scene to me. The auctioneer was named Lynch, and the sale took place on the courthouse steps. A crowd of 50 or 75 men had collected to bid on the blacks they wanted, and to pick up bargains if any were offered. Well in front, clad in overalls and cowhide boots and ornamented with short black pipes were four Irishmen. They talked among themselves and giped the deep-mouthed auctioneer, Americans and Germans stood about in silence as if the sale of human beings was proper enough. The Irishmen, however, were in for fun as well as mischief. Directly a woman was brought out. She was old and thinly clad.

“How much do I hear for this woman?” screamed the auctioneer.

“Be jabers, he's sellin' his wife,” exclaimed one of the Irishmen loud enough to be heard in the next block.

“That's not his wife, Pat,” said the second Irishman. “She's his mother. Did ye ever see the like?” he continued, turning to his companions. “Just think of a man who'll offer his ould mother to the highest bidder. I suppose ye'll be fur sellin' yer father next,” he screamed to the auctioneer. The crowd yelled with delight and Lynch ordered the slave back to his pen. No one would bid a cent. The good-humoured sarcasm of the merry sons of Ireland was too much for the auctioneer. He coloured up, bit his lips, but wisely held his peace.

A mother and her child were brought out next. The child clung to its mother's neck and hid its innocent face in the folds of a faded red kerchief. The woman evidently was no stranger to the block, for she looked the crowd over with a defiant eye and smiled scornfully when she had taken in the scene.

“A healthy mother and her young one—who will start the bidding?” cried the auctioneer glancing suspiciously at the Irish contingent.

“Well, did ye ever?” said Pat, removing his pipe and drawing his wristband across a wide expanse of mouth. “The bloody thief wants to sell his own sister.”

“It's his wife, sure,” exclaimed a red-haired companion of Pat, “an' the young one she's got is his daughter. See the noses. If his nose isn't like the young one's may St. Peter shut the dure in me face.”

The crowd roared afresh. Lynch glared at the row of Irishmen and vainly asked for an offer. No one would respond, and Pat and his friends continued their jeers.

“Kiss the ould woman before she goes,” said one.

“Bring out yer grandfather and the rest of the family,” cried the second.

“The young one has hair like its lovin' father,” screamed the third.

“Hooray for free America,” screamed the fourth, waving a dilapidated hat above his head.

The spectators laughed immoderately, while Lynch became so furious that he declared the sale at an end, and immediately slunk out of sight, and there were no more auctions of that kind in St. Louis.

Old men, tottering round from rheumatism, kidney trouble, or any weakness, will be made almost new by using American Co.'s Hop Bitters freely. Read.

A late pamphlet published in Montreal and entitled “Biel Patriotism versus Loyalty” says:—“The Province of Quebec is ours. It is our property, and let us say to the English that we intend to keep it. No concession; absolute power for us, French rulers everywhere. No more English Mayors in Montreal, and the French flag must float over the city hall. No more English members of Parliament when our nationality is the most numerous. Let us speak French when we pay and English only when we receive money. Let us try have nothing to do with the English. Let us not lose an opportunity to show them that we are stronger than they are; that we will pay back to them their impertinence, their pomposity, their insults, their display of fanaticism. Let us show ourselves French in the fullest details. We will no longer have men in the city council who oppose the annexation of French municipalities, when the point is to assume forever the domination of our race in Montreal. We have had enough of that enforced loyalty and of those remembrances of a union between two nations, whom an abyss of blood separates. And let our leaders no longer misrepresent the public spirit by joining the English in singing ‘God Save the Queen,’ and protesting their unspeakable loyalty to a country they have never seen.”

Some of the English newspapers are still engaged in the effort to clear the wretched Errington of the disgrace brought upon him by the discovery and publication of his famous letter to Lord Granville. The latest story is that Cardinal Jacobini has stated to a diplomatist who is not named that Errington never spoke to him on the subject of the archbishopric of Dublin. We doubt very much whether the Cardinal ever stated anything of the kind; but, if he did and if the implication is true—viz., that Lord Granville's emissary had no communication with the authorities at the Vatican on the subject of the See of Dublin—the inference is that Errington, with a view of getting his baronetcy, has been fooling Lord Granville to his eyes—has, in plain words, been telling falsehoods about his doings in Rome, and has successfully led the old man to believe they were truths. He has either been playing with the Pope or with the British Government; that is what his letter already referred to establishes. If his friends will have it that the party he really imposed upon was the English Government, we, for our part, do not see how that fact mends his case. He has been a double-dealer and a playactor in any case; and that, apparently, for motives which no one can respect, much less admire. He has acquired a fame which will never die, but which no Irishman, no Catholic, no man of honour would ambition for all he was worth.—*Nation*.