

James Bradley. Latin (Mr. Callan's): M. Hickey, James Bradley. French (Mr. Callan's): M. Hickey, James Bradley. Writing (Mr. Perrin's): A. Murphy, James Bradley. Singing (Mr. N. Smith's): Joe Macedo, A. Murphy. Mapping (Mr. Petre's): A. Murphy, F. Murphy. Good Conduct (Mrs. Haydon's): G. Haydon.

Junior Scholarship Certificate.—This is given to those who in the examination for the Junior Scholarship gain not less than 60 per cent. of marks in at least three subjects, of which Arithmetic must be one.—M. Hickey, J. Bradley, A. Murphy, J. Farrell, A. Cousins, W. Morkane, J. Macedo, E. Knott.

Junior Scholarship.—This was awarded to M. Hickey, who received 86.4 per cent out of the possible number of marks. J. Bradley made 85.6; A. Murphy, 82.2; J. Farrell, 75.6; A. Cousins, 73.2; G. Haydon, 69.8; W. Morkane, 67.6; J. Macedo, 64.6.

Silver Medal for winner of Junior Scholarship—the gift of Mr. W. H. McKeay: M. Hickey.

Preparatory Class.—For highest aggregate number of marks at examination in the following subjects: Christian Doctrine, English, Latin, French, Arithmetic, Geometry, Book-keeping.—Mr. Conway's prize, M. Dundon, 1; Mr. Gourley's prize, Thomas White, 2; Mr. Wood's prize, James Delaney, 3.

Regular Attendance (Mr. Caldwell's prize)—James Farrell, D. Hartnett, D. Falkner, W. Woods. T. Lynch, W. Morkane, James Bradley, E. Philip.

MIDDLE ROOM.

Good Conduct (Mrs. Haydon's Prize): P. O'Rourke. Regular Attendance (Mr. Kelleher's): M. Morrissey, J. Delahunty. Home Lessons (Christian Doctrine, Spelling, Grammar, Geography)—First Division, First (highest) Class (Mr. Bunbury's)—1, T. Conway; 2, M. Francis. Second Class (Mr. Callan's): T. Connellan, H. O'Beilly. Third Class (Mr. D. O'Connor's): H. Mullins, A. Hessian, M. Morrissey. Second Class: C. Wilkins, M. Dillon. Home Exercises—First Division, First Class (Mr. Roche's): T. Conway, M. Francis. Second Class (Mr. Caldwell's): H. O'Reilly, E. O'Neill. Third Class (Mr. Kelleher's): J. Drumm, A. Hall. Second Division, First Class: P. Hessian, M. Morrissey. Second Class: C. Wilkins, J. McDonald. Reading—First Division: James Kennedy, J. Buckley. Second Division: J. M'Namara, T. Butler. Writing—First Division (Mr. Kelleher's): M. Francis, T. Conway. Second Division: M. Morrissey, J. Bryant. Arithmetic—First Division (Mr. Fagan's): J. Dillon, P. Glen and M. Francis. Second Division: P. Delahunty, J. Delahunty: Recitation, W. Corbett.

JUNIOR ROOM.

Christian Doctrine.—First division: Thomas Hussey (Mr. Fagan's prize), Louis Klee. Second division: Stephen Bernach, George Harper. Reading.—First division: (Mr. Roche's): John Sheedy, Edward Wilkins. Second division: Mark Comer. Spelling.—First division: Daniel Walsh, Thomas Jones. Second division: John Drumm. Arithmetic.—First division: Patrick Whitty (Mr. Caldwell's), Patrick O'Neill. Second division: Richard Wilson. Home Lessons.—First division (Mr. Bunbury's): Daniel Walsh, Thomas Hussey, Gabriel East, John Liston. Home Exercise.—First division (Mr. Petre's): John Fitzpatrick (Mr. Smith's), Willy Kaye. Second division: Charles Brennan, John Morrell. Writing.—First division (Mr. Power's): John Sullivan, Willy Cahill (Mr. D. O'Connor's). Second division: Daniel Daly, Johnny Black. Regular Attendance.—John M'Nab.

THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MAY IS BIDDEN TO AN ENTERTAINMENT.

When morning dawned, Bid went into her own little house, and stripped the walls of the pictures which had lent them such splendour, carrying with these her chair, table, stool, and basket all to the cave which held the possessions of her cherished friends. "Sell them widd the rest," she said; "for Bid will be the Thavelier to the end o' her days." It was not without a sigh that the old creature thus put out of mind her last earthly dream; but so many earthly dreams had faded from her, that one more seemed easy to forget. Having emptied the cabin, she left the door standing open, so that Simon, or the wind, or the foxes might take possession when they pleased.

Early in the day Simon arrived with some stout ruffians ready for any mischief. It was a very great labour for the old man to climb the hills; but his duty was before him, and he accomplished it. He did not find much trouble in doing the work after all; and he perceived, with bitter regret, that he could have easily done it alone, without the expense of assistants. The people walked out quietly with their bundles in their hands, having already suffered the worst of the evil that had been thrust upon them.

They had wept out the blaze of their hearthstone; they had broken their household gods with their own hands; there was only now to pass for the last time across the familiar threshold. In one house, indeed, there was found a little difficulty; for Simon on pushing into it, came face to face with a corpse, the body of the poor consumptive girl who had died of fear in her mother's arms. Simon retreated in horror before the sight of death; and this house was left in peace.

The woman who could not move was lifted, bed and all, and placed on the bill. Later, friends came, took her on their shoulders, and carried her down the mountain to Miss Martha's barn, where a snug little chamber had been cleared for her in the straw. Her eldest daughter staid by to take care of her; and the other children were settled among the farmers in the neighbourhood by May, who was now moving about. So this family was disposed of till the father,

who was in England, could contrive to find money enough to bring them across the sea.

Miss Martha gave a lodging to many other tired souls that night. In the dusk of the summer evening the partings took place. There was a wild wringing of hands and weeping and embracing; for friends gathered from many parts to say good-by to the wanderers. The band of sad travellers passed away down the road, and disappeared like the shadows in a dream. They sang a wild "keen" in chorus as they went; and the shrill note of sorrow hung long, and vibrated in the still air. faintly and more faintly it echoed in the night, the mountains replying to it as long as they could hear; then silence and darkness settled down upon the moors, and Simon's work was done. The shepherds and the cattle might come to the mountains when they pleased.

News had come over the hills of great doings at Camlough. It was quite a year since there had been anything like an entertainment given at that place; but the whispers of debt and difficulty which had been multiplying like cobwebs over Sir John's fair fame for hospitality were now to be blown away upon the breath of much dissipation; and Camlough was to witness scenes such as the hills never dreamed of. Guests were coming from England, the castle was filling rapidly; and a series of entertainments had been devised. In this way were the Archbold's carrying out the doctor's prescription. They were providing amusement for the heir of Tobereevil, and they were bent upon doing it well.

The first piece of gaiety was to be a fancy ball, and guests were invited to it for a hundred miles around. It was a rare idea of Katherine's to send May an invitation. Miss Martha was not invited, nor was May asked to stay longer than just while the ball lasted. No carriage, no escort, no chaperone, no dress! Katherine smiled as she sealed the missive which was meant to make May weep.

It was a sultry evening towards the end of July; the sun had gone down; but the crests of the mountains were still at a red heat. Crimson and yellow were throbbing in the air, and the woods looked hot and dusty; for the dew had not as yet begun to fall. The garden paths were baked, the roses hung their heads, and May knelt on the ground, tying up the rose-trees, and gathering their fallen leaves. The sky made a wall of flame at the back of the Golden Mountain; and May's thoughts were beyond the mountain, and seemed to scorch themselves in the flame. A servant in livery rode up to the gate, and Bridget came down to the garden with a note for her young mistress.

May read the note, and as she did so the blood rushed to her cheeks and forehead till her eyes ached with the heat, and refused to read more. Then the flush ebbed away, and she walked into the house as white as a ghost.

"Aunty," she said, "look at this. I am going out for a walk"; and before Miss Martha's spectacles were fairly set on her nose, May was several perches across the heather.

Lines of shadow were tracking out the hollows of the moor, and there were brazen lines beside them. May seemed walking all the way through wreaths of fire; but she noticed nothing of that, having fire within her heart. Castles were burned to cinders in the sky, crags quivered in flames, and were left charred and spectral. The fires were vanquished at last; twilight came, and a veil crept over the brazen brow of the woods. Fevered nature drank the dew and slept. It was quite dark when May came in from her walk. The fires then were also quenched in her heart; but a daring thought had been moulded into purpose while they burned.

In the morning she had burned a note and written another before her aunt appeared.

"I thank you, Katherine Archbold, for giving me an idea," she said solemnly, as she tore the pretty letter, and burned it in little pieces.

"A wilful piece of impertinence," said Miss Martha, entering the room as May held the last fragment to her taper. "So plain that they did not want you when they never mentioned me. They might safely have paid the compliment, not fearing we should go. So plain that they did not want you."

"Very plain, indeed, aunty. I shall take them by surprise."

"My dear," said Miss Martha, faintly, "what did you intend to say?"

"That I have accepted the invitation," said May, "and I mean to go."

Miss Martha dropped her hand, which had been raised to grasp the teapot. She looked astonished, shocked; then pained and angry. For some moments she was speechless.

"My love," she said at last, "you are surely not yourself. You do not know what you are saying. You—"

"Do not say a word till you hear my plan," said May quickly.

"If I fail, you may talk to me in any way you please, or you may scold me if I succeed; but you must not hold me back, for, aunty, this is the enterprise of my life."

"Tell me what you mean," said Miss Martha, with the air of a person whose mind is made up to the worst. Then May unfolded her plan, and her aunt, with many misgivings, was obliged to put it in practice.

MAY having got her will began to follow it in curious fashion. She had first to consider about a costume in which she could appear at a fancy ball, and went about her duties with her mind set on queen's and heroine's, and especially on their wardrobe. She visited all Miss Martha's ancient stores, lumber-rooms and closets, deep drawers and seldom-opened chests, looking for possible treasures of colour and material, and hoping for an inspiration as she went along. There was little to be found that could suit her purpose till Miss Martha at last produced, a little reluctantly, some yards of carefully saved light tawny which had been part of her own mother's wedding finery, and upon this May seized at once with greedy hands.

"Give it to me," she said earnestly: "indeed, it could not be used for a more sacred purpose."

(To be Continued.)

Liver coughs, often taken for consumption are cured almost instantly with Hop Bitters if you use the genuine American Co.'s.