

**Kildare.**—Conlan, Patrick and Jane, of Drimsnee, Bathagan, County Kildare; Patrick was last heard of in Beaforth, Lower Burkedis, Queensland, eight years ago; Jane was last heard of in Townsville, four years ago; sought for by their brother. Reply to the *Dublin Freeman* office.

**Leitrim.**—McDonald, Kate and Jane, of Castledawson, County Leitrim; last heard of in Oamaru, Otago, New Zealand; sought for by their mother. Reply to the *Dublin Freeman* office.

**Mayo.**—The jurors in Group XIV. have awarded to the Sisters of Charity, Convent of Divine Providence, Foxford, a first prize for the exhibits sent by them from the Foxford Woollen Mills to the National Working Men's and Women's Exhibition, London.

**Queen's County.**—Broderick, William, of Queen's County, left Ireland 28 years ago; last heard of in Darlington, Queensland, Australia; sought for by his sister. Reply to the *Dublin Freeman* office.

**Cary, Mary** (marriage name English), left Bunker's Hill, Roscrea, 38 years ago for Australia; last heard of in Melbourne, 25 years ago; sought for by her brother. Reply to the *Dublin Freeman* office.

**Sligo.**—Mullen, Bernard (joiner), also his wife Jane, left Sligo in 1880; last heard of from Fiji in 1884; supposed to be near Wagga Wagga; sought for by their daughter. Reply to the *Dublin Freeman* office.

**Wexford.**—Ennis, Myles (sailor), left Wexford, Ireland, 20 years ago; last heard of in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia; sought for by his brother. Reply to the *Dublin Freeman* office.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

"You do not know me?"

The speaker was a man in the very prime of life, his weather-beaten face bronzed and furrowed by exposure under the fierce heat of a tropical sun, and as he stood with easy grace before the president of the great railway company into whose presence he had been admitted, he represented the very type of those men in whom physical courage blends with personal beauty, and to whose unflinching spirit there is no obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose. The distinguished man whom he addressed paused for a moment to look with deep scrutiny into the face of the stranger, and then, thoughtfully leaning back in his chair, he replied briefly:—

"No, sir, I must say that I fail to recognise you."

"You do not remember," replied his visitor, "the beardless youth of ten years ago, the poor and obscure clerk, who, guided by the purest and deepest love that ever found its passionate utterance in the breast of man, sought your daughter's hand, and whom, sir, you rudely repulsed and drove in scorn from your house, without one ray of hope, and with all the light gone out of his life? Little did you dream, sir, when you sent me forth alone on that dark and rainy night of the fierce spirit you had aroused, for I come of a race where the indomitable pluck of the Puritan still lives, and which has never yet acknowledged its master. Humiliated, but not utterly crushed, I set out to gain the fortune you coolly informed me was the price I must pay for my love. I left the humble roof that had sheltered me, I bid good-by to home and friends, and in distant climes I sought for the gold I had sworn to gain. With tireless energy I trod the unbeaten paths of far countries. In the jungles of the East I have tracked the deadly tiger, and, stricken with disease, I have lain for months tossing upon an obscure cot in India. Never once my undaunted courage flagged, until finally in the mines of Brazil I found the thing that I had so long sought. I laboured as no man ever laboured before, and now, sir, I stand before you rich beyond the dreams of avarice; not as the humbled and abashed suitor of a decade ago, but as the proud representative of millions."

The look of recognition that came into the aged face of the elder man had suddenly given place to a deadly pallor, and as the speaker ceased he sank back in his chair utterly overwhelmed.

"Alas, sir," he murmured, as with a despairing gesture he seized the hand of the youthful millionaire, "alas, Mr Caxton—I believe that is the name—I fear it is too late!"

"Too late!" repeated the other. "Too late! Why—"

"Yes," interposed the old man. "Weary and worn with hope deferred, my poor daughter, whose loving heart stood the test of so many years of waiting for your return, has succumbed. Last week she was married."

A look of intense relief came into the travel-stained face of his listener.

"You mistake me, sir," he said, kindly laying his hand on the shoulder of the other man. "I am sincerely glad that your daughter has married, and I trust she has done well. That, sir, was not the object of my visit."

"Not the object of your visit!" repeated the venerable railroad man, his hand trembling slightly as he passed it over his forehead. Then, recovering his composure, and resuming the business-like air habitual with him, he said:—

"Then, may I ask, sir, what you came for?"

"Certainly," replied the hardy traveller and representative of millions. "I wanted to ask you, sir, if, in view of our former relations, you couldn't waive a point in my case and accommodate myself and family with passes through to Chicago."—*TOM MASSON, in Truth.*

"Any letters here for Alsalom Jacobson?" asked the tall, loose-jointed man with yellow hair and a tuft of faded whiskers on the extreme southern frontier of his pointed chin.

The village postmaster got up from his chair and looked through the J box.

"None," he replied.

"Any papers?"

The postmaster examined the contents of another pigeon-hole.

"No papers for Jacobson."

"Letters 'r papers for Alabena, Dulceena Beeta Haycraft?"

"I don't think there are."

"Wisht ye'd look an' see."

The postmaster looked through the H boxes.

"None."

"Anything for Barker Eals?"

"No."

"Guess ye'd better look."

The official inspected the boxes again.

"Just as I told you. Nothing for Eals."

"Sime Polhemus?"

Another weary search through stuffed pigeon-holes.

"Nothing for Polhemus."

The persistent man at the window kept it up till the postmaster had ascertained by personal investigation that there was neither letter nor paper in the office for Gilles Ruggles, Emery Wheelhouse, Barney Stedman, Hickory Twyman, Nelson McPelt, Jarvis King-bury, or Homer Beaton, and then male way reluctantly for an impatient agriculturist from the Bainbridge neighbourhood who had been waiting five minutes and was becoming threatening and dangerous.

"What made you ask for all those folks' mail?" inquired an acquaintance as the man with the faded chin whiskers stepped outside the building. "Do they live out in your section?"

"No. They don't live anywher's I know of."

"Then what did you mean by making the postmaster go to all that trouble for nothing?"

"I've been askin' fur mail at this awfus fur mighty near seven months an' never got a blamed thing," replied the other, with a vindictive chuckle, "an' I'm getting even with the gov'ment, b'gosh? That's all?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

She lived in the country, and he from town for the summer fell desperately in love with her.

But her heart was in the keeping of a neighbouring farmer's son, and she could not return his metropolitan affection.

She had told him so that night on her father's porch, where the honeysuckles hung low in the moonlight and filled the air with their luxurious fragrance.

"If you do not marry me," he whispered hoarsely, "I will drown myself."

"Oh, don't," she pleaded, for her heart was tender though another's.

"But I will, I tell you; I will," he almost shouted.

"You mustn't she begged, laying her soft, white hand on his arm, "there's no place wet enough except our well; and oh, Mr Sam, what will we do for drinking-water?" and there was that in her tone which convinced him that he was not amphibious.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### CATARRH, HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

#### A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured by a few simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet, explaining this new treatment, is sent on receipt of a 2½d stamp by A. HUTTON DIXON, 43 and 45 East Bloor street, TORONTO Canada.—*Scientific American.*

At the military manoeuvres in Spain, Mass is regularly used in the camp in presence of all the authorities. At the Italian manoeuvres no order is taken for the celebration of Mass at all; and the spectacle is actively almost invariably arranged for Sundays and festivals. The obligation makes religious service altogether impossible.—*Week Register.*