

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

BY F. N. CROUCH.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking. The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking.

Kathleen Mavourneen, what slumbering still? Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever!

Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it may be forever!

Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be forever!

Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!

The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light! Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers!

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night! Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling, To think that from Erin and thee I must part!

It may be for years and it may be forever! Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!

It may be for years, and it may be forever! Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

HOW PINK WENT HOME.

Pink was not called so because he was pretty. I have heard of people who were pretty as pinks, but Pink Dyer was not one of these. It was his hair, most likely. That and his eyebrows were of that peculiarly brilliant yet undecided shade of red which cannot be described by any other word (of sufficient brevity) than "pink"; so "Pink" he was called and so remained to the end of the chapter.

I first met him on a Union Pacific train going west. He was full of faith and hope and charity then.

The way I came to notice him first was through him asking me, at the Omaha station, a question concerning the time the train was due to leave. He was so homely, so dreadfully homely, and yet so "good" looking, that he attracted my attention as soon as he spoke; and, after I heard his voice it was a "good" voice Pink had, I took a fancy to study him.

When the train started I walked through to see if there was anyone on board I knew, and in the smoker, with only two or three fellow-passengers, I again found Pink. He smiled at me and said "Good-evening in a pleasant way: so I sat down by him and lit a cigar.

"Going West?" I asked, by way of opening the conversation. "Yes," he answered, promptly: "going to Colorado."

"Yes?" Ever been there before?" "No; I'm a tenderfoot, I reckon," he smiled. Then he added: "I s'pose it's a pretty tough country—have you been there?"

"Oh, yes; I live there." "Well, how is it—any chance for a feller t' git plenty work?" "Yes, if he wants it."

"That's good; that's what I want." Then, in his innocent, confiding way, he went on to tell me how it was he came to be going out West—the whole tale of an improvident father and a family of small children, of the death of the father and the efforts of the widow and the other children to get along, and their troubles in doing so.

Pink was the oldest—he was eighteen. Then there was Min, fifteen; Grace, eleven; Frank and Freddie, the twins, ten; Ted, eight; and Fan, the baby, five.

Pink (his name was George) and Min could help a little; but there was not much they could get to do in the little country town they lived in, and, besides, Min did not like to work. "Ye see," said Pink, deprecatingly, "she's a girl, an' hain't been brought up t' work, exactly, an'—well, ye can't expect girls t' hanker after much, now. An' the rest of 'em, ye see, 'they're pretty little yet." And Pink smiled in a paternal sort of fashion.

We talked on other subjects for a while. Then Pink, after a silence of some minutes, said earnestly, with a slap of his fist on his bony knee: "All I want—all I want is t' see all of 'em young uns fixed an' settled in good shape, an' well started, an' then—then I c'n go home an' settle down an' look after mother."

He left the train at Julesburg—he had some prospects of getting work near there, he told me—and I saw nothing of him for over two years. Then, one day, coming down Sixteenth street, in Denver, I met him. He had not changed a bit, and he remembered me at once when he saw me. I asked after his mother and the "young uns," in a little while; Pink's eyes lighted up and his face broadened into a smile.

"Fine!" he said; "fine! I git a letter every week, an' they're all gittin' on good."

I'm goin' home pretty soon; been hopin' I c'd go t' Min's wedding—she's goin' t' git married, next November—but I don't reckon I c'n make it. Ye see, these here women, they've got t' rag out a lot an' git heaps o' things t' git married in, so I got t' rustle t' keep Min staked in good shape; I want my sister t' have as good as they is—wouldn't you?"

Almost a year later, I met him again. Neither he nor his smile had changed. "Gosh! I'm glad t' see ye," he ejaculated. "D'ye know! it seem most as if you was an old neighbor of our'n, I feel t' know ye so well."

We took lunch together, and I asked him how he was getting along, and how the "folks" were.

"Oh, I'm still punchin' cows," he said, "an' joggin' along, same ol' gait. Oh, yes, I git a letter every week yet. Mother's doin' first-rate, an' th' young uns gittin' on fine. Min's got a darn good man, I guess. Gracie's a big girl, most growed, now, an' Frank an' Fred are growin' tremenjus, mother says. An' Ted an' Fan, they're gettin' big, too; so most all of 'em's gettin' t' help lots, what they can, out o' school-time. Grace, she's goin' t' learn sten-o-graphy—they say ye c'n git big wages doin' that."

"Have you been home to see them yet?" "Home?" he asked, with a tender emphasis on the word; "wish I could, an' I guess I will, Thanksgiving; but ye see, these here young uns all got t' have clo'es an' go t' school, an' they cost a sight, they do."

After this, Pink was often in my mind, but I neither saw nor heard anything of him for three years, until, one day, I drove out from Laramie to a ranch some miles distant, on business. Pink was there. He was saddling a horse by the door as we drove up, and turned as he heard us approach. He was the same old Pink, except that he wore a mustache of the same color as his hair and eyebrows, and there were incipient crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes, and lines about his mouth.

"Well, how are all the Dyers?" I asked, after we had greeted each other. "Oh, fine! Grace, she's married now—got married two months ago, to an operator. Min's got two kids now. Ha-ha-ha! Think o' me bein' a uncle! Th' boys! Why, they're big fellers now; Frank's learnin' th' operator's trade, with Gracie's husband, an' Fred, he's workin' in a newspaper-shop, learnin' t' be a editor; Ted's still goin' t' school, but he's goin' t' quit next year an' learn machine-makin'—he'llus a was a great case fr' foolin' round machinery. Fan! Oh, she's little yet she jes' stays t' home an' helps mother—mother says she's a big girl now, an' helps a lot."

"Are you working here?" I asked him. "Yep; I'm top man now an' gittin' my fifty a month; but, say—don't ye think it'd pay me t' git out o' this an' go down in th' mines? This here's lazy work, I believe. Mebbe ye c'd git me a job?"

I reflected a minute. "I can get you a job," I said; "but it may not be a pleasant one. You'll have to work two months for a dollar a day, or until you can show yourself able to do miner's work; then you'll get three and a half. It isn't a good country to go into, though—it's new and pretty wild."

Pink was silent a few minutes and seemed to be figuring. "I reckon," he finally said, slowly, "I c'n afford it, ef they's three an' a half a day on top o' the two months; but d'ye think I'll ketch on 'O.K.?"

I assured him I thought he would, and he added: "All right—I'm y'r boy. I c'n go next week, when my month's up."

So Pink left the ranch and went to work in the hills, in a new mining district. Every once in a while, after that, I used to hear from or of him. In one of the superintendent's first letters after Pink's arrival, he sent, by my request, a few lines about the new man.

"The new man you sent is a dandy—green, of course, but nobody's fool. He's eager to work, and flies at it like it was fun. Evenings now he takes a hammer and a set of drills, and goes over on the side-hill and drills rocks, to get his hand in. I wish there were a few more people like him."

It was no more than I expected, but, of course, I was gratified, nevertheless. It was not long until Pink was a miner, of course, and a good one, too; and as such he continued for the next couple of years, always in the same place.

One day the man who had been superintending the property dropped in on us at Denver; he was going to quit, as he had some property of his own to look after, he said. "And," he added, of course I have nothing to say, but if you want a man to look after the property, you'll hunt a long time before you find a match for that red-headed shift-boss, Pink Dyer; he knows every foot of the mine."

We went down to take a look at the property; we arrived in the evening, as

Pink was just coming off shift. He looked just as I expected he would, barring the deepening of the crow's-feet and the lines about the mouth; they were too prominent for so young a man. "Th' folks?" said Pink. "Oh, they're all fine. Got a new house, mother an' th' kids have, an' puttin' on heaps o' dog. Min's got three young uns now, an' Grace's got a couple—don't it seem funny though? Th' twils, they're gittin' on tip-top, an' Ted, too. An' Fan—why, I s'pose she's a young lady by this time. No, I hain't never been back; I'm goin' Christmas—sure, this time, an' no foolin'."

I did not tell him of his coming promotion; I wish I had, for he never knew. I ate that night—it must have been one o'clock in the morning or thereabouts—the whistle blew at the hoisting works, and we all hurried up to see what the trouble was, Pink, as temporary "boss," among the foremost.

One of the miners had been killed; he was a new man, and had been trying to make too good a showing—that is, he had failed to clean the roof and walls (he was drifting after each blast, and a loose chunk of rock had fallen and killed him.

Pink and another man went down to bring up the body, and, presently, when we expected the signal "hoist!" there was an alarm from below, which continued for some seconds—then came the "hoist" signal.

A single man stepped from the cage it was the man who had gone down with Pink to bring up the dead miner. In a few words he told us the cause of his first signal.

As they were bringing the dead man out of the drift, there had been another fall of loose rock, and Pink had gone down beneath it—he and the dead man.

It was not long before we had them out, but it was too late to save Pink. His back was broken, and we knew he could only live a few hours. We put him to bed, tenderly, and watched by him. Once in a while he would come out of his unconscious state and talk queerly. At last, about daybreak, as I sat looking at him, his eyes opened suddenly.

"What day is this?" he asked. "December eighth." "December eighth?" "Hm—little over two weeks; I don't believe I'll get well enough by then. Darn it all, seems 's if I'd never git t' go home—an' sometimes I think I never will. Somethin' allus turns up last few years."

All this he said slowly and painfully; but his next words were spoken more naturally. Just as the morning sun sent a stray beam into the little window of the dingy room, Pink's eyes opened suddenly again.

"Le's see," he said, "le's see—eight, twenty-fifth—mor'n two weeks—hm! Le's see—le's see—ten, seven, seventeen. I c'n git home. I'm goin' home—they's no use talkin'." He shut his eyes a little while, then added, forcefully: "I'm goin' home!"

"Yes, my boy, I know it," I said.

Going to Sleep.

It is said by scientists to be a fact that all our senses do not slumber simultaneously; but that they fall into a happy state of insensibility one after another. The eyelids take the lead and obscure sight, the sense of taste is the next to lose its susceptibility, then follow smelling, hearing and touch; the last named being the lightest sleeper and most easily aroused.

It is curious that, although the sense of smell is one of the first to slumber, it is the last to work. Hearing, after touch, soonest regains consciousness. Certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Commencing with the feet, the slumberous influence works its way gradually upward to the centre of nervous action. This will explain the necessity of having the feet comfortably warm before sound sleep is possible.

A Cork Resolution.

CORK, Dec. 2.—A meeting of the citizens of Cork was held last evening for the purpose of denouncing the Dublin outrage. The Mayor of Cork presided.

Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P., moved a strong resolution expressing "detestation and condemnation of the atrocious outrage and the hope that in the true interest of our common country the authors of so terrible an offence against the Irish cause may be speedily detected and brought to condign punishment."

The resolution was carried almost unanimously. Some persons showed their dissent by shouting "Dublin Castle ought to be destroyed!" "Down with Castle Government!" etc.

A Costly Dinner Service.

The Earl of Lonsdale has had a costly dinner service made in London, in his racing colors, yellow and crimson, the centers being white, while the two colors are artistically mingled on the rims. The arrangements for electric light on the Earl's dinner table are very striking. In one of these there is an oblong plateau, covered with old gold plush, a color that goes with nearly everything.

All glass columns rise from this, supporting the shades, which are shaped like lilies, small vases for flowers being placed all about them, above and below. In the center of the plateau is a large bowl of finely-cut glass, and a smaller one flanks it on either side. These also are for flowers. Another beautiful electrolier is also in glass, rising in tall shafts of very slender proportions from a group of lotus flowers, the shades being also in the shape of these blossoms.

Members of the Royal Society of the Lend a Hand club have been established a non-day rest for women employed in the city where they may enjoy the lunches brought from home with a cup of hot tea or broth, and may be supplied with hot lunches at small cost. The attractiveness of the quarters was increased for lunch rooms, and the temptations of the lunch boxes detract rather than satisfy all appetite for food, can be appreciated only by those who habitually make the monthly meat of a bit of the dinner roast and hasty bread. For the privileges of the Rest women pays ten cents a week.

ASTRAKHAN FUR COAT ON WHEEL.

An Imported Costume Whose Cost Will Prevent it Being Common.

A costume recently imported for a New York woman is more suggestive of Russia or Iceland than a metropolitan city. It is of fur from top to toe, finely curled, silky black astrakhan, and the costume was made according to the guidance of such artistic skill that no sign of clumsiness was visible.



The skirt is cut perfectly plain, with a corset point at the top, above which one caught a glimpse of a vest of Magenta velvet laid in unconventional folds. Over this was worn a jacket of the astrakhan, a short cutaway jacket with revers which broadened out and were fluted over the shoulders. The sleeve was full to the elbow and then finished with a deep, tight-fitting cuff. One feature of the costume is that by no possible chance can it become common. The price in this case acts as a preventative.

THE TAILOR MADE MAN.

Latest Hints About Manners and Mode in Clothes.

The frock coat is worn somewhat longer now than for some time past, and the skirts are cut fuller. You know what I mean? They don't hang so close to the



THE FROCK COAT STILL HOLDS ITS OWN. Silk facings are the mode; three or four principal buttons placed rather low or down in front, and a display of three or four smaller ones on the sleeve. I needn't say that the lining should be of silk and the edges corded or stitched, though a flat silk braid is still preferred by some. The up to date dress coating is made of a



AS IT IS ON THE STREET. dull finished elastic twill cloth, with silk or satin roll collar of a tan of silk brought, to the extreme edge with each collar. The old worsted combination of wool and wool is the thing now. It is in weight, mellow

WASHCOATS ARE OPEN IN FRONT. warm and deerskin buttons only—white ones are to be more chic—and a straight with two narrow lapels toward I seem. Pockets are to be had form, having a pocket for the proper use of the pocket. Best Dressed Man.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands.

FOR TAXES IN THE

TOWN OF LINDSAY.

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria, and authenticated by the seal of the said town bearing date of the 9th day of November, 1892, and to me directed commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and costs. I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall, on Tuesday the Fourteenth day of February, 1893, at the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred.

Table with columns: Street, Loc., Part, Area, Arrears, Cost of Advertising and Commission, Total. Lists various streets and their respective tax details.

FRED KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

The latest Blue Book shows that after providing for all liabilities the surplus of the ROYAL CANADIAN for the protection of its policy holders at the close of last year was \$509,074, besides stock to the amount of another \$100,000 subscribed but not called.

The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was \$367,176 composed entirely of the unassessed portion of premium notes which no policy holder ever expects to be called upon to pay.

The following table shows at a glance how the affairs of the London Mutual have been going during the last few years:—

Table with columns: Year, Losses unpaid at close of each year, Cash available for paying losses at close of each year, Money Borrowed, Surplus reckoning premium notes at full face value, Investments each year. Shows financial data from 1885 to 1890.

It should be borne in mind that during the last three years the London Mutual collected in heavy assessments over \$30,000 more than usual, and yet at the close of last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only \$1,403 with which to pay \$26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.

S CORNEIL,

Agent Royal Canadian Company

Lindsay, July 22, 1891

A. W. HETTGER

as removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gernsager east of the Benson House, where he will

keep a large stock of

Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroideries, silks and all kinds of Goods in that line.

Wool and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

A. W. HETTGER.

MILLINERY OPENING.

Ladies call and see my display of

Millinery and Trimming Effects,

For this Season's Wear.

I am in receipt of the very latest designs, which will be found in my carefully selected

stock

MISS O'BRIEN.