CASH.

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Eureka Journal." To the person
next largest list will be paid
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the third largest list will receive
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Supplement of the Encyclo-
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Dollars. Ans extra cases daily
$1, $3, $4, $5, and $3, will
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
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Feb. 1892 the persons sending
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Words from the English lan-
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complete. One Dollar
Eureka Journal" and send to "Eureka
Office, Toronto. The con-
Words and Word
19 Vic.
Toronto.
wish to enter

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Always
Enjoy it.
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EMULSION
of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypo-
phosphites of Lime and Soda is
almost as palatable as milk.
A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER
It is indeed, and the little folks
fessions who take cold easily, may be
fortified against a cough that might
prove serious, by taking Scott's
Emulsion after their meals during
the winter season.
Beware of unsubstitutions and insistead.
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Headache, restores the Complex
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Appetite, Wasting, Debility, Troubles
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DECORATED TINWARE
MACDONALD MANUFACTURING CO'Y
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WATSON'S COUGH DROPS
Are the best in the world for the Throat
Chest, for the voice unequalled.
R. A. T. W. Stamped on each drop.

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CURED TO STAY CURED.
We Want Agents in Every Town.
Address at Once
ASTHMA CURE CO.
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES free, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. Yours respectfully,
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USE MIRACULOUS WATER
If you wish to be beautiful Clears the complexion, cures Pimples etc. Price 50c. by all druggists. Ask your druggist for it or write to EGBERT, 31 Adelaide W., Toronto.

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a TREATISE and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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LOAN AND AGENCY CO., LTD.
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Money to Loan on improved farms and town property on liberal terms of repayment and at LOWEST CURRENT RATES. MORTGAGE DEBENTURES PURCHASED.
Apply to local agents or to
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WILL GAIN
STRENGTH - NOURISHMENT - STIMULUS
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Boston's Fluid Beef
Good to take when debilitated.

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TAR AND GLYCERINE
SOAP
is the only reliable and safe
Soap to wash your head with
It preserves the hair, makes it
grow, keeps the scalp healthy.
Imitations and always ask for BURTON'S.

ARE YOU the man
we are looking for?
We would urge you not to keep
PUTTING OFF a matter
of so much importance.
Never meet with such another opportunity
INSURING YOUR LIFE
as is now presented by us.
Particulars write the Confederation Life, Toronto, or
apply at any of the Agencies.

WANTED No experience necessary. Situations guaranteed. Salary and Expenses. Unusual advantages to beginners. Stock complete, with specialties. OUTFIT FREE. We guarantee what we advertise. STONE BROS. CO., Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

A MEMORABLE SWIM.

BY W. CLARK RUSSEL.

The little sitting-room, at whose open window I was seated, was very hot. From the lodging on either hand of me there broke into the quietude of the night a horrid, distracting noise of jingling pianos, accompanied by a squealing of female voices. The hour was about eleven. I filled my pipe afresh, left the house, and walked in the direction of the beach.

The moon rode high. I had never before seen the orb so small, and so brilliantly piercing too. She diffused a wide haze of greenish silver round about her in the heavens, in the skirts of which a few stars of magnitude shone sparely, though clear of the sphere of this steam-like radiance the lines of stars with brilliants, and went all trembling with prisms, hovering to the sea-line, rich with prisms and crystals. In the heart of the silent night, in the fan-shaped wake of the moon, even up to the spits of its hither extremity, so wide-reaching was the splendor of its light, the sea was at rest, it seemed to melt out the lines of summer surf which formed the sands were a broad firm platform, and stretched before and behind me, whitened in the complexion of ivory, by the moonlight. The cliffs rose tall and dark on my left, a silent range of iron terraces, with the sea-way line of them showing out against the stars, and with nothing to break their continuity save once and there a gap, as of some ravine. The summer night hush was exquisitely soothing. From afar came the faint notes of a band of music playing in the town, past the shoulder of cliff, but the distance was great to suffer the strains to vex the ear. Indeed, the silence was accentuated rather than disturbed by that far off music. The creaming of the surf was like the voice of innumerable fountains. There was not a breath of air; the moon's reflections lay tremulous and in the liquid dusk on the west-edge of that motionless path of light, floated the phantom shape of a ship, her hull as black as ink, and her sails stirlessly poised over her in spaces, like ice in shadow.

I walked slowly onward, smoking my pipe and listening to the innumerable babble of the water upon the beach. I went perhaps a mile. There was plenty of time; no hurry to go to bed on such a night; and there would be abundance of room for the work I have long after the tide should have turned.

I came abreast of a mass of black, rock, like shaped, and nearly awash; that is to say, the water stood almost at the level of it, so that of itself it would be submerged and dry at high tide. I spied what I thought to be a piece of light resting upon it; but on looking again I saw that that strange shine could not be moonlight, for the lustre was local, and it was not light either, but white and its size was about that of a man's face, and, indeed, it looked so much like a human face that I drew close to examine it. There was dry sand to the rock; but the water rimmed very nearly around it, and there was a ledge under where the white object lay. Drawing near, I observed that what I had taken to be a piece of light was the body of a drowned man. I stood staring long at it to satisfy me that he was dead. It was a colossal and dreadful object to lighten upon. The very silence of the night, the glory of the stars, the high, peaceful, pierce moon somehow increased the horror of the thing. On a dark, stormy night I do not know that such a spectacle would have shocked and unnerved me as it now did. I peered to right and left, but not the man who was leaning with his back to me over a stone post, gazing in the direction of the sands, turned his head, and guessing at my intention by observing the towels I carried, stopped erect with alacrity, and called out "Boat, sir? The werry mornin' for a swim, sir. A sheet calm, and the flood's only now a-going to make."

Though I had from time to time visited the town, I had never spent more than three days at a time in it; and the boatmen, therefore, were strangers to me. I said to this man

"Yes, it is the very morning for a swim. What sort of a boat is yours?"

"The best boat in the harbor, sir," he answered. "There she lies, sir—a real beauty," and he pointed eagerly at a wherry painted blue, with raised thole-pins, after the fashion of the boats of the Thames

being stirred upon the white sweep of the sands. Then, casting my eyes up at the cliff, I recollected that at the distance further on there was a gully, at the mouth of which stood a coast-guard's hut, and knew that there would be a man stationed on the lookout up there, I forthwith bent my steps in the direction of the gully, and ascended it until I arrived at the hut. Here I found a coast-guard. He eyed me fiercely as I approached him.

"Good night, coast-guard."

"Good night," he answered, attentively surveying me by the light of the moon. "I am somewhat breathless," said I. "I have walked fast and that gully is hard to climb. There is a dead body on the beach."

"Dead body on the beach, sir?" he exclaimed, with a vast preponderance of the seaman, and he advanced to the edge of the cliff.

"Down the rock there," said I, pointing with my hand.

"Why, what's the matter with you, mate? Do you think I can see a dead body on the beach?"

"I have just now proceeded to the sands. The moon is at my back, I stood and stared at the body. Then catching hold of it by the arms, I dragged it gently out of the wash."

"Why, said he, "I thought as much. I saw the man as was drowned whilst I was a-lookin' out yesterday. Poor fellow! he left a wife and two children. He offered twenty pounds offered to any man that will be towed, sir."

"Twenty pounds, sir?"

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The lady was another man of about thirty. He had fair hair and a large moustache, and in his hat and dress been a handsome young fellow.

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I stepped out briskly, and as I walked I seemed to behold many white bodies of drowned men floating shoreward on the summer gathering of the little breakers. When I arrived at the town I met a policeman, to whom I communicated the news, and I then returned to my lodgings and sat in the open window smoking a pipe, and as I lighted my pipe the clocks in the town struck the hour of midnight.

As I sat smoking thus I surrendered my mind so wholly to contemplation of the dead white body I had so suddenly fallen in with, that I might well have supposed the impression which the encounter would leave must be lifelong. But next day I returned to London, and within a week the memory of the little incident had as good as perished from my mind. For a month I was very busy. My employment was exceedingly arduous, and often obliged me to work late into the night. Then at the expiration of the month, feeling uncommonly fagged, I resolved to spend a week at the same seaside town where I had discovered the body on the rock.

The name of this town I will not give. I do not wish to excite the anger of its boatmen. "Ho!" they will say should I name their town. "Ho!" they will cry when they have arrived at the end of my story, "what a loy! This here piece is put into the newspapers all along o' spite. The gent don't wish us well, and he's invented this here blooming yarn to scare folks from employing of us. He's a going to start a pleasure yacht for taking o' people out at a shilling a head, and don't mean that us pore vermen shall get a living." Thus would you declaim, O ye sons of the beach; and that you may in no wise suffer from any statements of mine, I withhold the name of your town, so that the reader may take his choice of any port or harbor on the coast of the United Kingdom. Nevertheless, what I am about to relate is no "loy," but the truth itself—absolute, remarkable, living.

I was again at the sea-side. It was now the month of August, and the hottest August that I can remember. After the intolerable heat of London, and the fatigue of my work there, nothing, of course, could prove so beneficial, so bracing, in all senses so restoring, as sea-bathing. But for the bathing-machine sea-bath I had the strongest aversion. First, there was no depth for swimming. The necessary depth for true enjoyment was to be gained only when the limbs were welnigh exhausted by the labor of striking out for it. Then I disliked to bathe in company. Again I objected to the crowds who stood watching the bathers from the piers and sands. In fact, for an expert swimmer such as I, there is but one method of bathing in the sea; he must take a boat, row out a mile or two where the water sparkles foamless, where it is clear of the contamination of the set of the inshore tide, where the blue or green of it is darkly pure with depth.

On the morning following the day of my arrival, somewhere about the hour of seven o'clock, I threw some towels over my arm and walked down to a part of the harbor where I knew I should find a boatman. Even at this early hour the bite of the sun was as fierce as though he stood at his meridian. The atmosphere was of a brilliant blue. There was a little air of wind that delicately rippled the sea. I beheld not a cloud in the sky—no, not so much as a shred of vapor of the size of a man's hand. In the harbor the red canvas of smacks preparing to go to sea painted the water under them. The soft wind brought many wholesome odors of tar, of sea-weed, of sawn timber to the nostrils. As I approached that part of the pier off which most of the wherries belonging to the town were congregated, a man of about thirty, with fair hair and a large moustache, and in his hat and dress been a handsome young fellow.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Separation.

Ah! we were very near to-night
The ships so near, for like we longed,
And there were moments when I thought
Our impulses could not be wronged!

Why was it, when you changed your place
And passed so close beside my chair,
That all the life within me thrilled
With pleasure that was half despair?

Why was it, that if felt your gaze
Still fixed upon me as I read,
Yet with a strange, defiant fear,
Refused too well to turn my head?

How came it that we lingered on
As one by one the rest withdrew,
Till, without seeing, I was sure
That I was left alone with you?

Could you not hear my pulses fast
Turned over with a restless hand?
Did they not whisper all your wish
In words not hard to understand?

And, in the stillness, did they sound
Like breathless rustlings of the leaves
That, trembling, wait the blackening storm
Which silent hangs above the trees?

A word had done it! With a flash
Of Heaven's own light from heart to heart,
Resistless love had rent the pride
That kept our pent up lives apart!

But ere it came a sudden breath,
The rising wind of common life,
Blew cool upon us; and we sighed,
And turned us to our lonely strife.

S. W. SCADDING.

The Leap Year Question.

The recent discussion of the question: "Should Woman Propose?" has received a new fillip from the recollection that the year 1892 is one of those quadrennial periods during which a medieval tradition assigns to the modesterfsex the privilege of taking the initative. More tersely it is leap year; and while the privileges of that season have been heretofore confined to leap year parties and sleigh rides, the reformer seems to think that the tradition would afford a good starting for the radical change of permitting the love-stricken maiden to declare her passion to the man of her heart and ask him the tender question if he will be hers.

The arguments so far have a rather monotonous sameness. One side holds up the unreasonable discrimination that seems if he thinks well of Belinda may it call her so; while Belinda, however much she may think of Jeems, must keep her lips sealed until he has made the avowal. The other side explains that Belinda, being a woman, neither her dips nor her eyes are sealed, and if she cannot make Jeems understand the condition of her heart without striking him with the sledge hammer of a formal offer of marriage she had better take her sentimental woes to another market: Jeems is too stupid to be married." This is the argument of an opponent of the reform; and as its real significance is that Belinda may throw herself by looks and hints, though not in plain language, its logic is rather more strongly in favor of women's proposing than against it.

There are still other considerations which should not be overlooked in the discussion of this vital topic. The paper from which the above sentence is quoted says that "the attitude of a woman toward a man is that of a queen toward a subject," evidently with an idea that this is an argument against the proposed revolution. But the prerogative of queens is proverbially supposed to make the position to the favored consort; and thus it appears that our sovereign ladies have the privilege already when they choose to exercise it. Beyond this they have support for the adoption of that extreme resort in the example of heroines who have used it when other and more conventional courses were indefinite. The case of Priscilla Alden is a good precedent; while in more modern romance the heroine of Walter Besant's "Children of Gideon," who makes up her mind to marry a lover of poor fortune and low family, and is told by her sympathizing mother "my poor girl, you will have to ask him yourself," loses nothing of the reader's esteem and admiration by the brave way in which she performs that unusual task.

On the whole, we do not think there is any necessity of a new social edict on this question. The great majority of young women can rely on their charms and the usual methods of intimating their preferences to bring their swains to the point of wooing. But if any young woman finds herself in the perplexing strait of having a lover too modest or too much constrained by his circumstances to come to the point, let her do the business and afterward devote herself to the task of making him bless the day when she did it.

Anglo-Saxon Girls.

Few things are more noticeable at seaside resorts in these islands "of fair women and brave men," as the poet says, than the improving physique of the Anglo Saxon girls. Whatever clogs may be made the subject of observation in this regard, the same feature seems to prevail through out. At Lord's Cricket ground for example, he visited at the time of a great gathering of the aristocracy, as on the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, or the Eton and Harrow match, the one thing which cannot fail to attract attention is the remarkable predominance of tall and divinely fair girls who are to be seen gracefully strolling over the ground during the intervals between the innings. Then if the scene be changed and the observer make his way into the ball-room of fashionable assemblies, the same prevailing "tallness" of the fair dancers will again meet his gaze. This abundant evidence is forthcoming that this is by no means an isolated feature of the maidens of the United Kingdom, but that it prevails, on the contrary, through out all classes. Laughing, however, from the prominence which it has gained during the past three years, there is quite the possibility that it develop in time into a racial characteristic. The women of ancient Lacedæmon, we are told, were especially instructed to "put on" as much muscle and as little clothing as possible. Each of these instructions, however, were given, so to speak, as a matter of business, in view of the warlike virtues which were required to be fostered by the race. But England is not Sparta, and the fairness and good physique of the girls in this country are the outcome of circumstances, as the result of commands, say, from the Secretary of State for the War Department, but merely as the outcome of healthful exercise, indulged in for the sake of amusement. Thus lawn tennis and other outdoor games in this country are producing an effect upon our race which could scarcely have been anticipated.—[The Medical Press and Circular.

Kitchen Economies.

Before celery is used on the table it is a good plan to keep the roots, leaves and trimmings and put them in the oven when the fire is nearly out, and dry thoroughly. Then grate the roots and rub everything together through a sieve and use for seasoning.

This bit of economy is recommended by a Frenchman, who says that in a well regulated kitchen everything may be put to some good use in a housekeeper is careful and thrifty."

They say, too, that by chopping up lemon or orange peel, putting the pieces in a bottle and pouring a little alcohol over them you get as good flavoring for rice puddings as you could wish, and all cooks know or should know the value of every crumb of bread.

Every scraps of cold vegetables may be used as salads or garnishes, and every bone is valuable for stock, as well every spoonful of gravy.

Besides the delightful feeling that she is lessening the cost of living by thus utilizing what would otherwise go to waste it ought to give an intelligent woman great pleasure to conduct the household affairs on a strictly business basis, whether she is rich or poor.

A Loving Mother's Sacrifice.

A loving mother passed through a trying ordeal at Bellevue Hospital New York, the other day for the sake of her little son, and the sacrifice made will probably save the child's life. The woman was Mrs. Ann Munch mother of Hyman Munch aged eight who was almost burned to death over two months ago, and the operation performed was skin-grafting, the skin being transferred from the thigh of the mother to the body of the son.

On October 28, Hyman, when playing with matches at his home, in her mother's absence, set his clothing on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished, the boy was frightfully burned. Although he received the best medical attention in the city, the physicians could not get the flesh to heal on his chest and abdomen. Last Monday, Dr. Glisan, the house surgeon at Bellevue, and others on the hospital staff, determined to try skin-grafting, It is necessary that the skin to be used in the grafting be one-hundreth of an inch thick, and genually it is secured from some healthy part of the patient's body. Hyman Munch, however, was too ill to undergo any additional suffering, and it was decided that the skin must be secured from some person more healthy. The mother was told what was necessary and she gladly consented to undergo any kind of suffering for the sake of her child.

Tuesday morning was the time set for the operation and Dr. L. H. Hotchkiss, of the U. S. College of Physicians and Surgeons, who has successfully performed several operations of skin-grafting, and the hospital physicians set to work to transfer the skin of the mother to the body of the son. Mrs. Munch, at her own request, was not placed under the influe ce of anaesthetics, and she passed through the ordeal without making any complaint. So skilfully was the work done that the woman did not lose much blood. A good many square inches of skin were taken off and placed over the place on the boy which have refused to heal, almost completely covering the wounds. It was thought at first that two or three operations would be necessary, but Dr. Hotchkiss and Dr. Glisan said last evening that the mother acted so bravely that all the skin necessary was taken off. It may be necessary a week or two from now to do a little more skin-grafting, but the doctors at the present time are of the opinion that what has already been done will suffice.

It will be several days before the mother will be able to leave the hospital, and several weeks before the doctors will be able to determine whether the boy will recover or not. Hotchkiss, however, is of the opinion that the child will get well.

A Full Fledged Life.

Speaking of a friend recently, a woman said:—"I have often wondered how she kept her youthful looks and her freshness of spirit. She has known more trouble than fall to the lot of most people, and yet few, under the most favourable conditions, retain vivacity and mental freshness as she has. I asked her one day for her secret, and she answered, 'I never let a pleasure pass me; I arrange my work, and re-arrange it, if necessary, to secure the smallest pleasure that will not interfere with a duty, and I try to avoid making the mistake of putting the duty first if it would answer just as well to put it second in importance. Indeed, I am not at all sure that pleasure itself is not often a most imperative duty.'"

That woman had solved the secret of successful living. Her pleasure did not mean social occasions only. It meant books, pictures, music, all that in her range of sympathies gave her pleasure and ministered to her intellectual and spiritual life.

Women so often make a fetish of duty; they have the spirit of martyrdom. To "give up" means the acme of grace. It is this feeling that makes them often deny themselves a pleasure they could have enjoyed by a little adjustment of time.

Many women will keep up the round of society because it seems to be the thing to do. They lack the ability or are too weak to establish and live up to their own standard. Society does not minister to their pleasure; it exhausts them; yet they have so lost the prospective of their relations to society that the interests which it minister to their pleasure are forgotten or ignored.

Pleasure is as legitimate as prayer; it has in its place as great a function in life; it is in its way as necessary to true growth and development. It is a duty to command time for pleasure as it is a duty to command time for prayer; and the prayer is a fullest expression of man if pleasure is well at his hand has had an influence on it.

A rounded life is one that has felt the rightful play of every emotion; not one that has crippled itself by refusing freedom for its whole nature.—*Christian Union.*

Smells Good and Frightens Moths.

A delightful mixture for perfuming clothes that are packed away, and which is said to keep out moths also, is made as follows: Pound to a powder one ounce of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans respectively, and a much orris root as will equal the weight of the other ingredients put together. Little bags of muslin should be filled with the mixture and placed among the garments.

OUTWITTED BY A BOY.

Redmond O'Hanlon, the most noted of the Irish brigands, after distinguishing himself through the most daring deeds, met his vanquisher at last in a shopkeeper's apprentice.

This youth's master, having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dunlee his native town.

In his perplexity his apprentice, 16 years of age, offered his services, which, after some hesitation, were accepted.

The youth, in the words of Mr Cosgrove author of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees" went to the field and brought home an oldivious screw (much of the same humor with Sir Teagie O'Reagan's warhorse on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg after the surrender of Charlemont), and when any other came up to meet him on the road he always strove to bite or kick him by which means he commonly kept the road to himself.

As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with £100 in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow traveler "you are so free in your communication with strangers. How can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon or one of his gang?"

"Oh, oh!" said the boy, bursting out laughing, "such a nice-looking gentleman as you to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?"

"Well, at all events, I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises and will pin you it he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown for you to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue."

The grateful youth, sobering at once, made the promise.

And even as the boy expected the gentleman overtook him as he was pelting next day, and conversation was resumed.

"Well, my boy! I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?"

"Indeed it is, sir; many thanks for you good advice!"

"How are you carrying it?"

"In the two ends of this ticket wallet."

"Dear me! I could like to feel the weight of it out of curiosity," and he approached but the horse lashed out and he was obliged to keep his distance.

"Throw over that wallet," he said, rather sternly for such a nice-spoken gentleman.

"Oh, sir, honey, sure you wouldn't rob me!" What would the master say?"

"I don't know, but this is what I say: If you don't surrender it at once, I will send a bullet through you and another through your garron."

"I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money, but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it."

So saying he heaved the bag over the slough that bordered the road and the hedge beyond it into the next field. This annoyed the highwayman, but judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dike and fence higher up and laid hands on the bag.

Hearing a clatter he raised his head, and, looking over the fence, saw the innocent youth making the road to Dunlalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the vicious beast prancing about on the road and longing for some one to fly at