MISCELLANEOUS.

LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION, No. 26.

The Old Reliable Again to the Fore.
A Splendid List of Rewards.

Don't Delay! Send at Once!

Competition Number Twenty-six opens now at the solicitation of thousands of the old friends and competitors in former contests.

The Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL has nearly forty thousand testimonials as to the fairness with which these Bible Competitions have been conducted.

This competition is to be short and decisive. It will remain open till the 15th day of December, inclusive.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, 1 HAM, 2 ROBE, 3 GARMENT.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the piano. To the next person the $100.00 in cash, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First One, an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian firm $500
Second one, One Hundred Dollars in cash 100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Teachers Bible, $3 45
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, $60 420
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Next Five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver-plated Tea Service, 4 pieces, $40 200
Next One, Twenty Dollars in cash 20
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces 250
Next Five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces 200
Next Seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth, 6 vols., $15 75
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch, $30 210

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first [illegible] will be given the fifty dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

First Fifty Dollars in cash $50
Next five, each $20 in cash 50
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, $50 150
Next six, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50 300
Next ten, each a fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) $50 500
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dicken's Works, beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols. $30 630
Next five an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hardley, England 250
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Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50 250
Next fifty-five, each a handsome long Silver-plated Button Hook 55

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 15th December or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away:

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Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answer, for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and it is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes.

The prizes will be distributed in time for Christmas holiday presents, if you wish to [illegible] them.

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Cure SICK HEADACHE.
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SAILING from New York every Saturday. Agents, F. A. Folger, Ferry Dock foot of Brock St., Kingston.

THE DAILY WHIG.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

SHE DID IT UP WELL.

Miss Mene Muriel Dowie, a grand-daughter of the famous Robert Chalmers, of Edinburgh, recently achieved distinction by a paper entitled "Some Notes on a Journey in the Carpathians and Ruthenia," read before the geographical section of the British association. Great curiosity has been awakened because of the unusual character of the subject, and the large audience had decided that a woman who had explored the hard Carpathian district must be elderly, weather beaten and masculine. Great was the surprise when a graceful young lady, tastefully dressed, began a delightful story of original experiences and observations during a journey alone, with a native guide in the Carpathian mountains. At the close, Miss Dowie received a remarkable ovation from the learned professors, who applauded, and tendered a special vote of thanks for the paper, which the president pronounced to be of great value geographically, as well as exceedingly entertaining.

AUSTRALIAN WOOL.

The wool season in Australia, which has just closed, shows a very large exportation of that material—larger than the previous year by 150,000 bales. The total number of bales exported is 1,326,643. To this amount Victoria contributed 400,359, an increase of 63,757, and New South Wales 443,800, an increase of 20,957, while New Zealand exports were 210,263 bales. The wool actually produced in Victoria is only about one fourth that of New South Wales, but the latter finds an outlet for a large portion of its production through the ports of the former. The increase of the value of the clip is about $24,000,000, and the total value of the product is $103,000,000.

The number of sheep in Australia is about 100,000,000, about 4,000,000 in excess of last year. In New South Wales, from which official figures have been received, the increase is about 10,000,000 in the past ten years. The total increase in Australia during the same period is about 21,000,000.

At a sheep fair in New South Wales the American merinos carried off the champion' prize, and repeated the conquest in Victoria. This has done much to increase the popularity of that breed. It has been said, however, that while the American merino will yield a much heavier fleece, it does not scour out as much clean wool as the Australian, the loss being 77 per cent. on the American to 44 on the Australian, but this is exceptional, and the loss by scouring is frequently much less in the treatment of the American merino.

CHEAP ADVICE.

One of the funniest features of the tariff discussion is the advice which the tory shopkeepers—the hardware men, the chandliers and dry goods men—are giving to the farmers. These don't think the agriculturists should give way to despair. They mustn't grow so much barley and other grains, but go into the raising of that for which a market can be found outside of the United States. The townsfolk, of course, know all about farming and have a right to give the misguided sons of toil some cheap advice. But what a time of it the farmers would have if they undertook to tell the hardware man how to buy his locks and nails and axes and putty, the chandler how to buy his tallow and make his candles, and the dry goods man how to select his calico and feathers. Every man knows his own business best, and the farmer can be safely depended upon to make the best shift under the circumstances in which he finds himself. He can appreciate keenly what it is to be deprived of what has been called his natural market, and he only can measure what the loss will be. Of course he may survive the McKinley siege as any business man can survive the sudden loss of his custom, but he can't tell yet what he can do, and there is not a tradesman in the city who can help him. To him the opinions that are being given off hand by the politicians at large seem impertinence of the most unexcusable character. They are at any rate a disgusting method of affording relief to the discouraged and distressed. It is all very fine for the monopolists to offer their chaff to the farmers, but it cannot deceive the majority, and may for the time being influence the government, and have its policy shaped in their favor. But the farmers have it in their power to secure what they want in the way of tariff, and they will be foolish if they don't get it.

HELPING CAPITAL.

Hamilton, like Kingston, is concerned about the manner in which capitalists may be encouraged to locate and commence operations in that city. One firm sent a communication to the council, and the *Times* tells us that the chairman of the finance committee was applause when he said that he would favor exemption upon building, machinery, plant, personal property and income, and for water for the pumping of it, but he would go no further. He would tax the land according to its value, and he would not consent to the rate remaining the same for all time. The scheme is not different from that which many favor here, but it is different from that which was suggested at the meeting in the council chamber the other evening. The assessment has been a bar to prosperity in Kingston. That is, there has been no limit to the values which the assessor puts upon a business enterprise, and no one has felt that every spurt he made, every effort put forth in the way of progress, has cost him dearly in advanced taxation. The assessor was not, of course, to blame, because he discharged his duty as he understood it. The defect has lain with the council which has had the power to define how manufactures may be taxed, or how they may be treated by the court of revision, and has so far failed to hit upon a popular and equitable policy. New light has been had upon the exemption question, and with it the aldermen may be able to do something which will be encouraging alike to capital and labor. The working men have the issue on their hands. They can vote through or down the proposal to be sent to them by the council, and they can be counted upon to do whatever is reasonable, but they want the facts laid clearly before them. They want arguments, not guff. They are a knowing and discriminating class. They can be depended on to vote right if they are treated right.

THE LEARNED FOGGERS

FAMOUS COUNTERFEITING OF MANY LITERARY TREASURES.

Constantine Simonides and His Bogus Greek Manuscripts—Ireland's Noted Shakespearean Forgery—Vrain-Lucas and Chatterton.

A popular desire to possess that which is rare and antique has proved an incentive to some of the most adroit forgers the world has known, and, strange as it may appear, their skill has deceived many of the most gifted men. Whether it be coins, medals, pictures, pottery or postage stamps, you have only to visit certain cities in Europe to obtain a supply that would gladden the heart of an antiquarian. Indeed, the production of these forged curios has become an industry in which are employed many hundreds of persons, and so deftly done is their work that the manufactured article is often honored with the choicest recess in the cabinet, or finds a place among the most valued treasures of the picture gallery.

ENTHUSIASTS FELL ON THEIR KNEES.

The subject is suggested by the recent death of Constantine Simonides, one of the most noted forgers of Greek manuscripts known in modern times, and he recalls, by the way, the names of a number of others who in their day and generation have illustrated the gullibility of human nature. If his story be true, Simonides was born in 1823, somewhere in Greece, and in 1837 was employed as a printer in Athens. His uncle was the superior of a convent near by and a great lover of Greek manuscripts. Having access to these, the young fellow's literary taste was stimulated and the idea formed that the fabrication of manuscripts would pay better than setting type.

After the death of his uncle he traveled extensively, and being a man of agreeable manners and endowed with rare persuasive powers he was everywhere welcomed by the enthusiasts. He even penetrated to the deserts of Asia, where he made many unlooked for discoveries that facilitated his plans for the future. For instance, once falling into the hands of a brigand, he found the latter an archeologist, who preserved in a cavern many choice antiquities, and on parting with Simonides presented him with valuable vases as a farewell gift.

Among the early works of Simonides was the pretended will of Symia written by a monk of the Thirteenth century, and he did not hesitate to attribute to the devotees of this school the greater part of our modern inventions—paper, printing, the telescope and even the steamboat. At another time he prepared a paper supposably of the Fifteenth century in which he introduced the discovery of the daguerreotype, and among his productions were fragments of the classical authors, Hesiod, Homer and Anacreon. So well did he hoodwink the authorities that he was even appointed a committee to examine antiquities.

About the year 1850 he announced an ancient Greek work on hieroglyphics and a history of Armenia, for which he demanded the sum of one million dollars. While in Constantinople he one day told Ismael Pasha, the minister of public works, that he must excavate a certain spot in his garden, when he would be sure to find a valuable manuscript on parchment that had been buried. Simonides had put it there. Subsequently, his tricks were discovered and he was obliged to leave Constantinople, but he found a warm welcome in England, where his reputation had not preceded him, and reaped a financial harvest. The celebrated amateur antiquarian, Sir Thomas Phillips, is said to have given him $2,500 for a portion of his manuscripts and the British museum bought seven, refusing others only because of missing links in their descent from antiquity.

From London Simonides went to Paris, did a rushing business among the savants, and then journeyed on to Leipsic, where he was destined to meet his Waterloo. Here he produced some leaves from the text of a writer of the Second century, following it with a history of the kings of Egypt, said to have been written by an Alexandrian. This was purchased by a private individual for 2,000 thalers, and afterward sold to the Prussian government for 5,000 thalers, but investigation showed strange idioms and modes of speech familiar to the philologists as of modern growth, and chemical tests proved that the writing was a counterfeit. He was accordingly arrested as a forger, and his apparatus, chemical inks and essays in old writing were found in his dwelling. From some cause he was not prosecuted, but this particular branch of his work was brought to an end. At the age of 35 he had made dupes of the most distinguished scholars in the world. He died in the little town of Albania, Greece.

CHATTERTON'S HOUSE.

About 1862 a man named Vrain-Lucas presented himself before a member of the French Institute and proposed to sell a large number of autographs to which was attached a romance. They had been in the hands of a celebrated person for more than a century, but in 1791 he was obliged to emigrate. On the voyage he was shipwrecked, and the manuscripts were thrown in the water, which accounted for their condition when recovered. The gentleman applied to purchased 27,000 pieces of the stuff, paying therefor 140,000 francs. Among these forgeries were letters and poems of Abelard, Alexander the Great, Joan of Arc, a letter from Cleopatra to Cæsar, one from Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalene and a letter to Jesus. There were also in the batch twenty-five letters to St. Paul from Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead.

The fraud was finally discovered by testing some of the known letters of Galileo with the pretended ones, and the swindler was condemned to imprisonment and to pay a fine. Vrain-Lucas also tried his imitative genius on Shelley, Keats and Lord Byron, and inveigled such keen publishers as Moxon and Murray, but after 1852 his vocation was gone.

One of the remarkable modern deceptions of this character is known as "Ireland's Shakespearean Forgery." Samuel Ireland was originally a silk merchant in Spitalfields, England, but was led by his taste for literature to explore the locality around Avon and everything associated with the great bard. On these expeditions he was accompanied by his son, a youth of 16, who, observing the great importance attached by his father to every work of the poet, thought it would not be difficult to gratify his father by some productions of his own in the language and manner of Shakespeare's time.

In 1795, being then in his eighteenth year, he brought forth a manuscript to the alleged handwriting of Shakespeare, which he said had been given him by a gentleman possessed of many old papers. Finally he ventured upon compositions in prose and verse and announced the discovery of an original drama under the name of "Vortigern," which he exhibited act by act, written in the period of two months. The paper with which he provided himself consisted of fly leaves from old books, his ink was prepared by a book binder, and thus all suspicion was averted. The attention of the literary world was at once aroused and the house of Mr. Ireland was daily thronged by persons of the highest rank in the social and literary world. Sheridan agreed to give £300 for permission to play "Vortigern" at Drury Lane theatre, and on the night of its presentation the crowd was so great that hundreds were turned away, but owing to some ill cast characters, which converted grave scenes into ridicule, the piece was soon withdrawn.

At last the juvenile author found it necessary to absent himself from his father's house, and as the skepticism increased was finally forced to publish a pamphlet in which he confessed the entire fabrication. It was so perfect, however, that while the excitement lasted it is said some of the enthusiasts fell on their knees before the manuscript.

CHATTERTON IN HIS GARRET.

The elder Ireland died in 1802. His son long survived him, but his literary reputation was blighted forever, and he died in straitened circumstances in 1840. While the most mediocre of writers, he passed off a number of his verses under the name of the greatest of poets.

Chatterton was another conspicuous example of this sort of misdirected ability, and he is the only literary impostor whose works have a real value independent of the name under which they appear. When he brought out the so called poems of Rowley, which still have a place in literature, he was but 16 years of age, and some of his poems written when he was only 11 are characterized by much grace and melody.

But he was greedy of renown, and it became a passion with him to deceive the public. The old stories of the pretended monk Rowley furnished him the means, and his ingenious ballads, poems, histories of ancient churches and genealogies are still read with curious regard.

The names of other forgers of antique texts, pictures and relics might be enumerated, but the instances already quoted will serve to show the methods pursued and the ease with which not only the public may be deceived but how scientific experts themselves stand dumb and confounded in the presence of such amazing skill.

FELIX G. DE FONTAINE.

THE TEA TABLE.

Read This Down and You Will Be Well Entertained and Posted.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to 'shake' you, sir," she said.

An exception. A—"Accidents will happen!" Jones—"Not when you have a policy."

Perfectly dry slabs and edgings at Crawford's wood and coal yard, foot Queen street.

Pointed—He—"Do cigarettes make you ill?" She—"No; but the people who smoke them do."

"Prevention is better than cure." "Yes," remarked Fogg. "Look at that ham, for instance; it had a fine complexion before it was cured."

Office Boy—"A gent wants to see you, sir." Merchant—"You mean a gentleman, don't you Dennis? Office Boy—"No, sir; he spoke of his pants, sir."

Suggins (angrily)—"Do you know that your chickens come over in my yard?" Snooks—"I supposed that they did, for they never come back again."

"What is the difference, papa, between a tour and a junket?" "A number of our own party makes a tour. A junket is the trip of a number of the opposition."

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

Landlady (to new boarder)—"What would you do if you found your steak tough?" New boarder—"I would get my shoemaker to make me a pair of boots from it."

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Miss O'Rally—"Now, Freddy, I will hear you recite your history lesson!" Freddy—"Oh, I guess not!" Freddy, what do you mean?" "'History repeats itself,' you know."

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50c. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

Wife—"Horrors! husband, I've just heard there is a case of small-pox in the flat above us." Husband—"Yes, I know about it. That's all right. It's the young man who plays the flute."

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis, immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

The London *Court Journal* says there are no native apples to be obtained worth the eating, and the supply of foreign apples falls short of that of previous years. Pears are dear, and, as a rule, tasteless.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

An Italian at New Orleans says that many of the Italians in this country are controlled from New York and New Orleans, and that any one of these refusing to obey the edicts promulgated is sure of violence.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

"Only think," said Maud, "they used to say that the drama was going to the dogs. Now the puppies seem to be going to the drama," and she swept with her eyes the rows of seats filled with turbulent immaturity.

Hanson's magic corn salve cures corns and bunions with three applications. In boxes 15 cents, at Wade's drug store, corner King and Brock streets.

Jaysmith—"I ought not to have bet that $13. I might have known I would lose it. It's an unlucky number." Cumso—"Nonsense! The man who won it bet $13, too, didn't he?" Jaysmith—"No! he gave odds. He bet $26."

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Visitor (in office of Kentucky paper)—"I see you have hung out a sign: 'This is my busy day.' Are you really busier than usual?" Editor—"Yes, sah, I am. A subscriber has just sent in a large jug from his own distillery, sah."

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Travers—"How much are those trousers?" Tailor—"Twenty dollars, sir." Travers—"And you say you require a deposit from strangers?" Tailor—"Yes, sir." Travers (warmly)—"Already I feel myself growing intimate with you."

All cases of weak or lame back, headache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

The California way of disbarring a shyster lawyer is to take him on the common and tar and feather him, and tell him in vigorous English that if he doesn't hunt some other locality the next performance will be a hanging. It isn't legal, but it is very effective.

The Old Story.

The enormous and constantly increasing sales of "Athlete" and "Derby" cigarettes add another to the many proofs that a superior article is the sure road to success. D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal.

Two cans salmon 25c. two mackerel 25c. J. Crawford.

A HALLOWE'EN AFFAIR

HOW NORAH M'INERNY WAS HELPED BY THE FAIRIES.

"The Broad Shouldered, Blue Eyed Prince Who Came to Her Home and Changed the World for Her—She Looked in His Eyes and Said Yes."

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

When you have grown up among fairies, and have known them well, and have known that they loved you, it is hard to have your father and mother suddenly move to America. Everybody knows that there are no fairies at all in the new western states, and no ship that ever sailed from Queenstown has brought one among her passengers. Even little Norah McInerny knew that, little as she knew of the great desolate world she was wandering about in. She knew many fairies around Inniskillen. From the time her mother had first told her about her fairy godmother who had done so much for her, she had loved the wee people, and when the other children had gathered together for their games Norah had always stolen away into the groves and dells she knew so well to talk with her little friends. She had never quite seen them, though some times she almost had, and she had many a time found their footprints, and had heard their faint songs plainly whenever she lay on the fragrant grass with her eyes closed. And she knew her godmother loved her, for the McInernys were poor and many a choice trifle came to Norah which her father could not afford to buy, and there was many a cake of wheaten bread that neither father nor mother would eat lest the fairy godmother should be angered.

SHE HAD NEVER QUITE SEEN THEM.

But the year of the famine came, and all manner of sorrows fell on all the people around, so that those who could, fled from the homes they could not keep, and McInerny was one.

"Praise God! we have a little board put by, Ellen," he said to the wife, "an' we have good health and stren'th. An we ahtay here we'll have none o' thim three in a year, for the bitther bad times is come to th' ould country, an' many a neighber'll have nayther bit nor sup afore the winther. Best we'd go t' Ameriky whiles we can, for, praise God! nayther wan o' us c'd kape a penny put by an' the neighbors shtarvin'."

And Norah cried and said good-by to the fairies with her little heart breaking, and went with father and mother on the great ship that sailed so many days to the west. And still westward for many days more they went, in wonderful cars that sped like light itself, over hills and through cities, till there were no more hills and no more cities, but prairies of waving grain as far as the eye could reach in every direction. Enough bread was growing to feed all Ireland, and the dear, good people at home were hungry. Norah wondered that the fairies, who knew so much and who could do so much, should not carry some of all this plenty across the sea. She did not know till long afterward that they were busy at that very work, and that ships were loading even then with fairy gifts that would soon gladden so many Irish homes.

Stout hands and willing hearts will make a home almost anywhere, and away out on the prairie there was soon a little shanty that sheltered three strangers, lonely enough in the vast solitude, but happy in one another's love. Only little Norah grieved for the fairies, and wondered always whether they had forgotten her. She was certain her godmother had not, and she asked her mother if she might not pray to the good fairy every night after she had told her beads and prayed to the holy Virgin. Mrs. McInerny said no. Prayers were not for fairies; but she thought perhaps a fairy spell would work, even across the sea, if the good people had not forgotten—and who ever heard of a fairy godmother forgetting?

And winters and summers went by, and Norah from the little slip of a girl with big black eyes and pale thin features, grew into a tall, slender damsel with a merry heart and rosy cheeks. She was shy as the fawns that she sometimes saw on the prairies, and when occasionally some stranger came to the snug house that had replaced the shanty Norah would shrink away, almost afraid to meet his eyes. The nearest neighbors were more than a mile away, and she knew them, of course, but seldom saw them. Alone, excepting for the father and mother who loved her so tenderly, she grew up as pure and as natural as the wild birds she loved so well.

SHE TURNED AND RAN.

And by and by the damsel stood on that strange borderland of womanhood where faint breezes seemed to be wafted from an unknown world into her heart, that stood still in wonder and doubt. Vague unrest and bewildering dreams that could not be remembered and that were all too mysterious to be understood, disturbed the calm of maidenhood. And then a miracle! The whole world changed.

One of the great railroads that spread out like spiders' webs across the vast solitudes of the west came pushing along toward the quiet home. A party of surveyors came first, with their strange tools and their funny little memorandum books, and the line of the road they said would come within a quarter of a mile of the homestead. It was not wonderful to them. Their business was to work miracles or to prepare for them. But to the McInernys it was the bringing of the whole round earth to their doorstep.

And the prince came with the surveying party. It was the very one that the fairy godmother had promised to Norah when she was born. Norah knew him at once. He was tall and broad, and as active as a cat. And his voice was music, and his face was the handsomest that a man ever had. And when he looked at Norah the blushes came to her face. She turned and ran before he could ask for the drink of water he wanted, and much amused and a little surprised he stepped on toward the house, where the good mother gave him milk and cream, and laughed proudly when he apologized for startling the maiden.

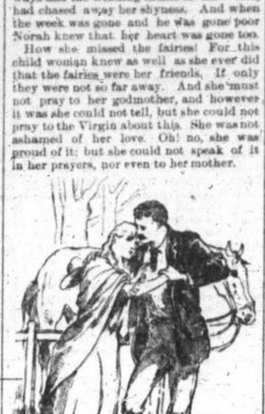
"She does be that shy she will not speak to a stranger," said Mrs. McInerny. "An' faith, it's mighty few she sees."

And while the stranger sat and talked—he had a bit of a brogue himself, and the sly rascal knew when to use it—Norah sat in her own room blushing still, and holding one hand, all unconsciously, on her heart as if to still its unusual beating, while she listened through the thin partition to the pleasant chat outside. And how wonderful were the facts she learned! He was in command of the surveying party. Of course he was. Such a prince as he could not be second anywhere. He could not have risen step by step like other men, for he was born to lead other men—and maidens. His name was Dennis—Dennis Cassidy, and sure, no man had that name and that voice who was not from the dear old Emerald isle.

And then—most wonderful of all—she learned that he was going to be in the neighborhood for some days, perhaps a week. And what was her mother saying? It could not be that she was asking this prince to stay in their poor home! It had seemed a very handsome one to her before, but suddenly it grew mean in her eyes. And it was simply a dream that he was accepting the invitation. To be under the same roof with him for a week!

But she was, and be sure that not many days were gone from that week before that fine lad, with his bold and downright Irish ways and the winning music in his voice, had chased away her shyness. And when the week was gone and he was gone poor Norah knew that her heart was gone too.

How she missed the fairies! For this child woman knew as well as she ever did that the fairies were her friends. If only they were not so far away. And she must not pray to her godmother, and however it was she could not tell, but she could not pray to the Virgin about this. She was not ashamed of her love. Oh! no, she was proud of it; but she could not speak of it in her prayers, nor even to her mother.



SHE SAID YES.

And she did not know whether Dennis loved her or not. He had said nothing. He had not even promised to come back, and she had not asked him to. So he had ridden away and she had smiled on him as he went, keeping back the tears till later. Why were the fairies so far away?

The summer was waning when he went, and the strong autumn winds that were soon blowing brought a chill that she had never felt before, strong and healthy as she was. It should be always summer, for that was the time when she knew him, but the cruel weeks went by, each one coming like an envious foe between her and her love who was not her lover. And the prairie flowers faded, and the grass lost its summer color. There were no leaves to fall, no trees to put on their autumn splendor, but the nights grew long, and the harvest was over. It was almost November. And no word came from Dennis.

Came Hallowe'en. All the wonders of that night had been treasured up in her small store of knowledge since she was a child and had played at Hallowe'en games with the other children around Inniskillen. They were almost the only games she played with them. She had tried often enough when she was a child the peeping into the future, and had always been satisfied when her mother told her that her time had not come yet, but as she had grown into maidenhood she had been too shy to confess even to herself that she might ever have a lover. But now—

There were ways that a maiden might find out—at home—what her fate was to be. There were merry games and strange spells, and all spirits walked abroad that night, and even the most bashful girl of all—the one who could not tell her secret because she would not yet acknowledge to herself that she had one, might learn it he were true.

But there were no hazel nuts, no rowan trees, no limekilns, no kale stalks, and worst of all no fairies in this great western prairie. Even if her godmother remembered her, what could she do so far away? Something, though, must be tried. The dumb ache in her heart at Dennis' silence must be soothed in some way; and at midnight she stole down through the front door, far down across the dooryard where neither mother nor father could see, and plucking one wee lock from the raven black hair she cast it on the chill breeze. If it was almost a prayer she said to that good fairy so far away surely that was not a sin.

And before the wind was tired of its pretty new plaything came the patter of a horse's hoofs along the rough road, and in a moment more a rider came in view. It was Dennis.

"I could not stay away, Norah, me darlin'. The days were long and I could not forget," he said. "I have come back to learn if you love me, for I love you more than I can ever tell."

And she looked into his glad eyes gladly and said "Yes." DAVID A. CURTIS.

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