Continued from 1st page. "No, you can't-not this way," replied one of the giants, "but whisper" is only on the latch. Slip in there, and you'll catch him in his private office.

Nobody will get any blame for that, for we can pretend we never saw you." "Oh, you're a jewel, sorra a thing less!" exclaimed the girl warmly as she skipped away. "Won't I pray that you may soon have the three V's?" [Bands of gold lace on the arm. denoting the

rank of sergeant.] She waved a kiss and smiled a witch spell at the good natured giants as she disappeared, and they laughed lazily and looked after her longingly. "Nelly is a brick," said one. "She's

gone in to try to coax the chief about that boy of hers." "And I wouldn't wonder if she succeeded," responded the other. "She's the biggest deluctherer I ever came

across. Ould Nick himself couldn't refuse her anything." "I think she has the four leaved shamrock. But Talbot is with the chief now.

and that's one chance against her." The girl meanwhile had entered the hall leading to the office of the chief of police. She knocked, but received no answer, for just then all the regimental bands were crashing out "God Save the | machine!" Queen," and the roar of the martial music drowned all other sounds. "They'll follow this up with 'Patrick's Day," said Nelly to herself, "and play other things besides, now that the lord lieutenant is coming out. I'll make bould and turn the handle."

Suiting the action to the word, she pushed the door open and went in. The music completely covered the movement. A tall screen cut the room, a large one, in two. There was no one in the portion in which the girl found herself. but she heard voices on the other side. An armchair and an office table littered with papers were the sole furniture and a couple of large maps the sole decprations. On a tray beside the inkstand lay what appeared to be an ordinary egg. It made the girl smile. Such an object in the office of the chief of police seemed to her very ridiculous. But the smile soon became lost in the look of eager interest which flashed into her face with the first words she caught from inside.

"It must be done, Talbot. We'll never get juries to convict unless we can show them these men are the desperate villains we say."

"Talbot!" exclaimed the girl under her breath. "That's the spy they say is swearing in men himself to get the blood money.

"Well, if you say it must, chief, must it is, I suppose. But how do you propose to do it?"

"You must get some fellow of nerve, like yourself. You must not risk your own life in the matter, for you're too valuable just now. When the lord lieutenant is going to the theater, he must be at hand with a bomb. College green will be the best place, I think. 'Tis widest there."

"A bomb! That wouldn't be easy to handle, I'm afraid—too bulky, I mean." "Leave that to me. I've a little thing on the table inside, a new affair called nitroglycerin, a harmless looking little thing. You wouldn't know it from an egg, but 'twould blow up this house, for all that, if you threw it on the floor." Nelly's eyes dilated, and her breath seemed for a moment lost, but only for a moment. Ere the look of horror had faded from her face she had seized the infernal object, exchanged it for one of a couple of eggs in her basket, which she had bought for her midday meal,

and covered it up with the other in tufts of shamrock. "But if any mishap occurs the lord lieutenant might be hurt." "No; we'll take care of that. He will be informed before he starts that there is a plot. You see, he's so soft hearted he'll never believe these Fenian fellows

are so bad as we want him to believe." "Yes, I know. But what then? When he hears this, he won't go, and where's the fun then?" "You must take his place. You're just his height and build, and all you want is the long whiskers. Get a pair

made and pick out your man and then you can arrange the job between you so that the explosion can take place where neither of you will be hurt." "But the escort may cut him down

with their sabers." "You see to that. You can jump out of the carriage and play the hero, rescue him from the soldiers and hand him over to the police."

"Egad, it's a bright idea," cried the spy, laughing heartily, "and it suits my fancy. The job that has a dash of danger in it is just the one that suits me best. What money is there in it, chief?" "A hundred pounds apiece for you

and your partner. Only take care he's not one to blab." "Blab! If he did, he'd never live to swear to it," laughed the truculent

bravo. "Oh, no! Any one that does any work for Talbot knows the sort of man he is." "All right, then. Wait till I give you the bomb.

Nelly stepped back a pace or two, her hand on the door handle, as though she had just come in. There was no time to think of any means of escape.

The chief, as he came in, looked at her darkly and wonderingly. "Who are you, and what the devil brought you here?" he said gruffly.

"Not to sell shamrocks," she answered firmly, "but to make a bargain. I've something to tell you that you'd give £1,000 to hear." He looked at her keenly. He was a

man of discernment, and he knew that the girl was serious. "Wait here a moment," he said, taking the egg off the tray and disappear-

ing behind the screen. Terrible as the situation was, the girl could not repress a triumphant smile as he went out. So beautifully laid a plot

and so ridiculously frustrated! This was what she thought. "Well, what have you got to say to me?" queried the functionary when he reappeared. "Be quick. I must be off to

look after the levee." "'Tis about poor Jack Darcy, sir. His mother is dying-dying of a broken heart -all on his account. Sure the poor boy

did nothing." "Um!" muttered the chief. "He was one of those taken at Tallaght, and he

can give us valuable information, for he's in the inside swim." "But he won't!" she exclaimed vehemently. "He'd rather die first, and we'd rather see him dead too!"

"We!" he exclaimed, looking at her curiously. "What interest have you got in him, pray?"

"We're engaged to be married, sir," she replied, blushing and dropping her eyes; "but, poor as I am, I'd never marry one who was so bad as to be an

informer." "Ah, and so that's the kind of a girl you are? Well, you'll have to postpone your wedding-maybe for ten years." He folded his arms and smiled grimly as he said this.

"She uttered a great cry, for she knew what these ominous words meant. Then she fell on her knees on the floor and sobbed piteously. Stolid as he was. he eyed her half pityingly.

"You said you had something to tell me," he said. "Give over and let me

hear it." "Well, it's this," she replied, rising defiantly - "that if you don't show mercy to Jack Darcy his mad brother Will is sworn to have blood, and that'll be today. He's sworn on the Bible to kill the lord lieutenant—he's in a place where he can do it-and when he hears that there's no chance for Jack he'll shoot him. He was niver in his sinses,

Lady Montagu's Shamrock. sir, and the sight of the ould mother dying has made him mad out and out." The officer started. He stepped back a pace and looked at the girl sternly. Her gaze met his unfalteringly. There was truth in her tear dimmed eyes.

"You are fooling me," he said stern--and he stooped down and lowered his iy. "Do you think I'm a child to be voice-"the side door around the corner | frightened at this old woman's story?" "As God is looking at me," she cried passionately, "'tis the gospel truth!

Now, I've warned you, and you know "I cannot do it," he replied after a pause. "My duty is to keep my prison-

er. Now, go away." She turned a despairing glance upon his face. She saw he meant what he said. All the dogged policeman's spirit was written on his face.

"Well, I've one card left yet," she said. "I'll force my way somehow into the lord lieutenant's presence and tell him of his danger. He'll surely grant me Jack Darcy's liberty for saving his own life. And while I'm at it I'll just let him know what you and that villain Talbot have just concocted between you. I overheard every word of it." "You shan't stir a step out of this,

you jade!" he cried furiously. "You're a prisoner!" He made a stride toward the girl to "Hold off! Go back, on your life!"

she retorted. "Another step, and I'll blow you sky high! See! Your infernal She had plucked the bomb from her

basket and held it ready to drop on the hearthstone. His face blanched instantly. Impulsively he retreated totteringly toward

"Don't, for God's sake!" he jerked out. "I give in. Jack Darcy will be out in an hour if you swear not to tell what you know.' "I do swear it, so help me God, if

you keep your word," she replied. "But I'll keep the bomb to prevent mischief." In a moment she was gone. The chief sank helplessly into a chair, great cold beads of perspiration standing on his

While this brief drama was being enacted the lord lieutenant and his lady had been receiving their visitors. Lady Montagu and her escort were of the party. She had been presented at court, and therefore needed no formal introduction now. Major Lascelles was there by right as one of the viceroy's aids. Her ladyship knew many of the

liant circle. Her beauty made her conspicuous even in a company of women many of whom were famous for their graces. The lord lieutenant himself paid her marked attention, much to the chagrin of Major Lascelles.

party and was soon the center of a bril-

The clock struck 12. It was time for the vice regal party to appear on the balcony, according to immemorial usage. "Oh, I have lost my shamrock!" cried Lady Montagu as the party moved forward. "Oh, what shall I do for the

"If you will accept mine, you will honor me by wearing it," said the vice-



"DON'T, FOR GOD'S SAKE!" HE JERKED OUT. roy, bowing gallantly and presenting her with a bunch fastened with a dia-

mond aigret. She accepted the gift with a profound courtesy, whose grace was as fuel to the fire in Major Lascelles' heart. He looked so envious when her eyes met his an instant later that she could not help smiling. "Why did you not give me your shamrock, major?" she said banteringly.

"I would give you my life," he said sotto voce. "But, alas, I was fool enough to think there was nothing in the shamrock when I might have won the fairest rose in all the garden with one." As the vice regal party stepped upon the balcony the bands again thundered out the British national anthem. In the window where the two children's heads had been noticed the ruddy curls of the one which had disappeared were again

"They're coming out now," whispered a man who was crouching beneath the window sill, his hands fiercely clutching a rifle. "Look out, Kitty, for the man who wears a shamrock among

The fire of lunacy was in his eyes. The children felt a vague terror, though they did not divine his purpose. "I see no man with a shamrock there," said the little girl, "but I see ladies wearing them." "Look again, Kitty. Maybe he's not

come out yet." "Ah, I see a servant bringing a big bunch and handing it to a gentleman," replied the watcher. The man rose and told the children to go down stairs. His face, white, wild

and hard set, appeared above the win-At that moment the castle gates were flung open and a woman darted out. She cast one glance up at the window and saw the face and saw a rifle barrel. No one else in the crowd saw these.

She stood in the center of the roadway and waved her arm wildly at the window. "Don't, Will!" she shrieked. "I've saved him! Jack is free!"

The face and weapon disappeared BOOTS! from the window, and the woman fell in a heap on the stone pavement. The people thought her a crazed thing or mayhap drunk, but they little dreamed that the shamrock she had sold to Lady Montagu had saved the viceroy's life. But that was exactly what happened on St. Patrick's day in 1867.

The Honest Boy. A gentleman from the country placed his boy with a dry-goods merchant in -- street. For a time all went well. At length, a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, the young man waited upon her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to unfold the goods. He discovered, before he finished. a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I deem it my

duty to tell you there is a fracture in the Of course she did not take it. The merchant overheard the remark and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for," said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved. and hastened to the city to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?"

"Because he has no tact," was the answer "Only a day or two ago he told a lady, voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged, and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must IT IS UNEQUALLED FOR ROUGHNESS OF THE look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness of me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all the fault!" asked "Yes," answered the merchant, "he is very well in other respects." "Then I love my son better than ever:

-- ATand I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world!"

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The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is alled to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows;—

"19 No Spruce or Pire trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be torfeited" and all Licensee; are hereby notified, that for the

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OT

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