



Edgard Makeman.

WHERE FOLLOWS THE IRISH DEW.

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A MOUNTAIN STILL. Between the upper waters of the Shannon and the Atlantic Ocean are desolate hills, reaches of hideous, verdurous rocks, lakes of silence and mystery, tarns dark and gloomy and drear, mountains around which ever flit gray specters of the mist, and here and there silent old ruins, lordly modern castles almost as lone and lifeless, and but and cabin with just enough of the old Irish race left in them to intensify the desolation brooding upon the countless deserted habitations of a once happy peasantry.

of stone was cautiously unraised. Hands, arms and the scraggy head of a woman followed this, while the fumes of peat, of true potato and of simmering barley made along with the thin old locks and thin curls from out the mysterious cavern below.

the sea, or a mass of spectral ferns, had been flung into tremendous walls by fairy architects of a night. In silent corners are mullioned windows, sculptured gateways, and the broad, wicket-worked early morning tiles, that awaken historic memories of the Spaniards and Moorish merchants that once were here.

This is Connahugh, once a kingdom under the ancient Irish heptarchy, and under the visit of Cromwell, universally known as that portion of Ireland, "geographically west of the law." The picturesque old city of Galway is its metropolis, the outlying Arran Islands and Connamara are its wildest and most desolate districts, and among the countless shore-riding islands and islets, and in the mountain regions of the latter are the houses of the fisher folk, the kelp and turf gatherers, the knitters of the famous West of Ireland woollens, and of those who deem it no sin to crack the pate of any mother-in-law, whose gentle, sun-merging potatoe still lures him too close to mountain eries where falls the Irish dew.

of Nora—Maureen? Quick, now, an' what, avicks, exclaimed mother Dreen, calling excitedly down the dark aperture, as her frightened eyes discerned the tent in the roof and the rock upon the tucking table.

Over among the Claddagh men, those wondrous fishers of the Irish western coast, you will find the kindly hair, the mossy, curling beard and the broad forehead of the peadogore, Barcelona, and as their glittering harvests of the sea are brought to the rotting quays, while they chatter and smile in the morning sun, you will see the hairy brow, the pearly teeth and the languorous, half-said gleam of eyes which are found upon the southern coast of old Castile.

It was not a time of even flow, but it came in bits and snatches, rather than in a continuous stream, rather than on account of the weightier immediate impulse. It was the voice of a woman of a main, too, pitched with daring for the melodious voice that it was, and now and then explosive with the vigor of some earnest conviction, it uttered a few words, and then came back to its usual look.

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Nora and Maureen, led her, her cheeks suffused and her eyes downcast, out of sight of the harpidans of the market, and she went to the Spanish parade, from the square upon the Spanish parade.

When the two were alone at the water's edge, the girl, who had her hand within the huge basket beneath her black braided, drawing forth a jug he shook it and found it empty. Then handing it to her, she said, "You've put it into the bag. Another empty jug and another two pence filled. The third and last jug was partly filled with potatoes, and you've put it into the bag. The girl the value of the spirits in it."

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ave, we'll be havin' yer two purty stills, Misthress Dreen?" came pompously from Dennis at the door.

Another chorus of wallings followed Dennis' flippant advice, with sound of scufflings, embracing, hurrying and scurrying, the enforced hasty dressing and the grouping together their wretched belongings, mingled with the pitiful interjections of despairing love and loving despair.

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GET STRONG—THIS SPRING. Paine's Celery Compound the Remedy That Makes People Well.



March is, in fact, the first month in the year. January stands first in the calendar only for convenience of business. Now is the time to get well! Through the long winter most men and women do not taste fresh air nor drink in sunlight oftener than once a week or once a fortnight.

There are those whose lives are lonely. Life for them has lost its charms. Holyoke, Mass., Mr. J. E. Mott, whose likeness is given above, writes frankly: "I have taken Paine's Celery Compound and found it to be the best medicine that I have ever taken. I felt weak and run down and could not eat anything in the morning, also had a vomiting spell every morning after getting up. I took part of two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound and now I feel better than I have for a year. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone. My wife is taking it now for weakness and nervousness, and it helps her very much. The druggists where we trade tell my wife that Paine's Celery Compound outdoes any other medicine they keep."

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