

MARY LEE;

OR.

The Yankee in Ireland.

—BY—

PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.,

Author of "Shandy McGuire," "The Spouse-wife," etc.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Sure I didn't mane the last offence in life," muttered Lanty, leaning around at his companion, and a smack from the pipe below...

"Hold yer tongue now, I tell ye," exclaimed Else; "should yer tongue, or I'll slap yer in the face. Yer niver nisy but whin yer at some divilment. So, as I was tellin yer, he wanted to know all about the light-keeper here and his niece, and the wreck of the Saldana, though, bedad, he seems to know himself more about it nor me. Why sure, Lanty, he tells me that Mr. Lee had a brother, or cousin, or some very near frind lost in that same ship, for he niver heard tell of, livin or dead, since the vessel sailed from Bristol; and more than that, Lanty, he was a high up officer, if you please, and a fine darin bould gentleman to boot."

"Ha! see that now! Bedad, and it's only what I always thought myself of the same Mr. Lee, since the first day I laid my eyes on him; for he has the look of a gentleman in his very face, even if he is only a light-keeper; and what's better nor all that, Else Curley, he has the feelin of a gentleman in his heart."

"Ha, ha—look!" exclaimed Else, laying one hand suddenly on Lanty's shoulder, and pointing with the stocking in the other to the angler below; "ha, ha—he's in a mighty pecker, poor man."

"O, the bungler, the bungler!" exclaimed Lanty; "he's got his hooks tangled in the weeds at the very first cast; look how he pulls! Why, it's a sin and a shame to let him use such beautiful tackling in that lubberly way. But whint see! by the powers iv pewter, it's a trout he has, and a three-pounder into the bargain—there he jumps like a salmon! O, meel-a-murder! did I ever mortal man see the like! He'll smash everything—bad scran—to him, the omedhawn, why don't he give the fish fair play—he pulls, for all the world, as if he'd a grampus on a jack line; and the speaker grew so indignant that he threatened to run down and snatch the rod from the stranger's hands; but Else Curley counselled him to "take it easy, and interfere in nobody's business until he was asked; if the trout breaks the man's gear," she added, "he has money enough to buy more."

By this time the fish had run out a greater part of the line, and kept backing and tugging with all its might, like a fettered partridge making a last effort to escape on the approach of the snarer. The whole strength of the trout was made to bear on the casting line; for the rod, instead of being held in a vertical position, allowing its supple point to play up and down as the fish plunged, was, on the contrary, grasped in both hands as horizontally as if he had caught a shark with a boat-hook, and was actually dragging it ashore by main strength.

"The man's castin line," cried Lanty, "if he has any on at all, must be made of fiddler's catgut, or it never could stand that usage."

The trout, after thus endeavoring to shake itself free of the hook, now dived and making a desperate sheer, ran out the line apparently to its last turn on the wheel, and Lanty felt sure the trout had broken loose at last, and carried flies and casting line away with him into the deep. But he was mistaken; for hardly had the exhausted fish been down a moment, when he arose again, and spluttered on the surface like a wounded wet hen. At this instant an object came suddenly into view which gave an entirely new feature to the scene. A little boat, carrying a small, light sprit-sail as white as snow, shot round the point, and passed within two fathoms' length of the angler before he perceived it.

"Hilloa!" cried Lanty; "there goes Mary Lee. There she is in the stern sheets, handling her cockle-shell like a water spirit. And there goes Drake, too, sittin in the bows, with his cold black nose over then gunwale."

Old Elsie laid by her knitting and wiped her bleared eyes to look down at the scene. "Musha, thin, may I niver do harm but that's jist the darling herself, Lanty," she muttered; "there she is in her blue jacket and white straw hat, the best and gentlest girl iver sailed on Ely water."

Hardly had Else spoken, and raised up her fleshless hand to support her pointed chin, that she might gaze down more steadily on the scene below, when Drake, mistaking the spluttering fish for a wounded bird, sprang from the bows, seized it by the back before his mistress could prevent him, and then, snapping

both rod and line at a single jerk, turned away from the confounded and astonished sportsman, and swan after the boat, snuffing the air and wagging his tail in an ecstasy of delight.

"Well done, Drake," cried Lanty, starting up from his seat, and clapping his hands in such glee that the pipe fell from his mouth unobserved, and broke in pieces at his feet. "Well done, ould dog! well done, my gallant ould fellow—that's it, Drake!—that's jist what he deserves, the blundering gawkie, to abuse such a fish in that way."

The light breeze from the south-east had been gaining for the last half hour or so, and now blew so fresh around the point that the little boat lay down almost gunwale under, and swept past, before her fair pilot could bring her within speaking distance of the stranger. Once she tried to jam her up to windward, probably with the intention of apologizing for Drake's uncivil behavior; but the little craft refused to obey, and then, waving her hand, she let her fall off towards the opposite shore, and was soon lost sight of behind the point.

All this took place in much less time than we have taken to describe it, the boat appearing and disappearing as suddenly as a moving picture in a panorama.

The bewildered stranger gazed after the fair occupant of the little boat as long as she remained in sight, and then peering stealthily around to see if any one had witnessed his discomfiture, disjoined the remainder of his fishing rod, and throwing it carelessly on his shoulder, walked away slowly and sadly from the shore.

"There he goes," said Lanty, buttoning his green jacket; "there he goes, sneaking off like a fox from a hen roost. O, that he may niver come back, I pray! Begorra, it's ducked he ought to be, if iver he has the assurance to cast a line in the water again. But I must be off myself to the lighthouse, and coax Mr. Lee for a mallard wing for Uncle Jerry."

"O, ay, to be sure, Uncle Jerry, there's no one like Uncle Jerry. E' thin may be if the gentleman you're for ducking in the lough there was as free to you with his purse as Uncle Jerry, he'd jist be as great a favorite, every bit. But it's an ould sayin and a true one, Lanty—'Praise the fool as you find him.'"

"Don't say that, Else Curley," replied Lanty, laying his hand on her shoulder, and speaking more earnestly than usual—"don't say that, for heaven knows I wouldn't give one kind word of Uncle Jerry's lips, or one kindly feeling of his generous fine ould heart, for a million like him. And listen to me, Else Curley, for I'm going to tell ye a secret. I know that man off an on for a month and more,—nor that I was iver much in his company; but I watched him, and watched him too for a rousin of my own, and I tell you plainly, Else, if he opened his purse to me iver day in the year, and it full of gould guineas, I couldn't feel it in my heart to touch one of them."

"Arrah, you couldn't now!" responded Else, in a half-credulous, half-jeering tone. "By my work, it's mighty big spoken of you, Mr. Hanlon. E' thin might a body make so bould as to ax yer rousins; faith, they must be powerful ones intirely."

"I have no particklar rousins," replied Lanty; "he niver did harm to me nor mine, that I know of. But I don't like him. There's something wrong when I'm near him; there's a dark spot in him somewhere that the bright light river reached jist, Else."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, looking sharply at her companion; "you suspect him of something?"

"I do."

"And what is it Lanty?"

"I can't tell; it's a mystery to myself. But he has that in his eye that's no lucky. What brings him down here so often, I'd like to know?"

"Why, trout fishin, av course—what else?" replied his companion.

"Pshaugh! nonsense, Else Curley; you can't run 'Donal' on me that way, cute and all as ye are. That man don't care a brass farthin for the best fishin in Donegal, from Onea River to Malin Head. I see it in his very mations. There's not a dhrap of sportsman's blood in his body."

too well, ould woman. There's a secret about that man and Lees, and no mortal in this neighborhood knows it but yourself."

"A secret! tut, you're dhramin'," replied Else, turning away and laying her thumb on the latch of the door; "a secret, indeed! arrah, what in the wide world put that into yer head."

"The fairies."

"Indeed, then, Mr. Hanlon, one id think ye come from that same respectable stock yourself, ye know so much more nor your neighbors," retorted Else.

"Well good evenin, Else Curley, I must go, for I've business to do, and I find my company's growin troublesome, besides. But take a word of warnin before I start. If yer bent on makin money out iv this stranger, and if he's willin to spend it on you and ver sacrats, well and good; I'm content. But listen to me, Else. Make the last offer to thrive with a sartain person you know of,—say but a wronged word,—breathe but a single bad breath, was it as low as the very weasel's,—and my hand on my conscience, Else Curley, from that minute I'll forget that we were iver acquaint, and my vengeance will pursue ye till the clay covers ye."

"Why, the heavens presarve us, Lanty Hanlon; what'd ye mane? You couldn't think I'd betray—"

"Think!" repeated Lanty; "well, no matter what I think; 've said my say; and again wishing her fair thoughts and a pleasant evening, he turned from the door."

"Ah, the ould schamer," he muttered to himself, as he jerked his blackthorn under his arm, and tossed his rabbit-skin cap on the side of his head once more, "the ould schamer, she'd betray the pope if the bribe was big enough. And still she loves her—av course she does—and small blame to her either; for there's no Christian craftur iver saw God's good light that wouldn't love her; and after all, I believe in my conscience she's the only livin thing, barring ould Nannie, she iver did love before, in her life. But love her or hate her, there's one small rousin she can't harm her, and that's jist this—there's a sartain Mister Lanty Hanlon, iv these parts, won't let her—even set in case she'd be wicked enough to try it. So rattle away, Lanty; the world's big enough for ye—ay and good enough, too, ye thief, if ye only go through it as ye ought, with a stout heart and an honest conscience. Don't fear, my boy; ye have neither horse or land, cow or calf, penny or purse, and who cares!—ye have clothes on yer back, strength in yer arm, a heart without a spot or flaw in it, and wid the blessin of God to back ye, what more do ye want? So, dance away, Lanty, and as ye hop through the figures, don't forget to keep yer eye on the fiddler;" and thus the reckless, light-hearted fellow tipped along as the gent, still singing the old ditty as he went:—

"The sassnach willians—de'll tare them!— They stripped us as bare as the poles; But there's one thing we jist couldn't spare them— The 'Kielu' that covers our souls. Right fo de loloi!" etc.

CHAPTER IV

LANTY'S PROPENSITIES.—WEEKS INTRODUCES HIMSELF INTO THE LIGHTHOUSE. FINDS THE KEEPER ENGAGED SHOOTING HOLLAND HAWKS.—TAKES A CRACK AT ONE HIMSELF.—ASSURES THE KEEPER YANKEE BOYS CAN HIT SWALLOWS WITH A RIFLE BALL.—RECOMMENDS THE IMPORTATION OF YANKEE LECTURERS TO SMARTEN THE IRISH NATION.

It wanted still two hours of sunset, when Lanty Hanlon left the lighthouse with the mallard wing in his pocket for Uncle Jerry. His pace was now more hurried and purpose-like than when last seen wending his way through the dark glens. His song too had entirely ceased and he held his blackthorn staff no longer carelessly under his arm, but grasped it firmly in his hand, like a traveller resolved to let no grass grow under his feet till he had accomplished his journey.

On passing the road below Else Curley's cabin, however, he looked up to see if the old woman was in sight, that he might make her a sign of friendly recognition; or perhaps it was a whole-some dread of a second unceremonious visit from Nannie, that made him turn his eyes in that direction. Be that as it may, neither Nannie nor her mistress could be seen, but in their stead, and much to Lanty's surprise, appeared the tall figure of the stranger, issuing from the door of the little mud cabin, and making his way down the hill in the direction of the lighthouse. Lanty stopped suddenly, not well knowing what to think of this. He had seen the stranger, a full half hour before, quitting Lough Ely, and setting off towards Crohan, and naturally concluded he was by that time far on his way home. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that the man must have hid himself behind some rock or hillock, and waited there until he could venture up unobserved, to pay his usual visit to Else Curley.

This manoeuvring was by no means satisfactory to Lanty; on the contrary, it served greatly to confirm the bad opinion he had begun to entertain of his purpose in hovering so constantly about Araheera Point. Lanty Hanlon was

not a man remarkable for an extra amount of shrewdness—it was the very reverse with him; shrewdness was not an ingredient to mix with the mercury of his nature at all. But the stranger's conduct was so palpably suspicious, that he could not for an instant resist the idea of some plot between him and Else Curley. In the first place, the man had been only two days in the country when he found the old woman out—may, went as straight to her cabin as if he had been sent there on a message, and since that time visited her every day, remaining with her often whole hours together. As for his pretext of fishing, it was the flimsiest in the world; for no one who saw him cast a line in water could ever imagine he cared a gray coat for the pleasure it afforded. Then his close and frequent inquiries about the Lees, and his knowledge of certain private affairs of the family, already communicated to Else Curley,—these, we say, put together, were clearly suggestive of some secret on his part, and quite enough to raise suspicion in minds far less constructive than Lanty Hanlon's. Besides, Mr. Lee was himself a stranger in the place, having resided but eighteen months, at the lighthouse, and during that time had seen but little company. The peasantry of the neighborhood, indeed, looked upon him at first as one who disliked society, preferring a quiet life at home to making and receiving visits. Hence they seldom troubled him, except on matters of business, and then only as little as possible. To be sure, the officers of the ballast board called on him three or four times a year, but that was on their tours of inspection around the coast, and Father John was seen, too, sometimes trotting down in that direction, with his saddle-bags bobbing behind him; but Mr. Lee was a Catholic, and Father John was the priest of the parish. All this was very natural. But it soon began to be whispered about that Captain Petersham, of Castle Gregory, was seen occasionally stepping ashore at the point when out yachting on Lough Swilly, and what looked stranger still, taking Miss Lee with him up the lough to visit her sister. This latter circumstance led the good people by degrees, to regard Mr. Lee as somewhat above the rank of a common light-keeper, for Tom Petersham was the crack gentleman of the county, and (though sometimes reduced himself) always felt a peg or two above associating with the squires and newly-fledged baronets of the district. So they concluded after various speculations and gossip on the matter, that Mr. Lee must have been once a real gentleman, whom reverse of fortune had obliged to accept his present humble situation as a last resource. And so they continued ever after to regard him, saluting him with every mark of respect when they happened to meet him about the lighthouse and never presuming to intrude on his privacy except to settle their little business transactions, or when he chose to employ their services about the lighthouse yard.

Now, Lanty Hanlon saw all this long ago, and regulated his intercourse with the family to suit the case precisely. He asked no questions, made no apologies, came and went just as he pleased; and yet, as he often was heard to say himself, knew as little about Mr. Lee, or his private affairs, as the blackest stranger in the kingdom!

Young, active, and fond of recreation, Lanty always found Araheera Head a capital spot to indulge in his favorite pastime of gunning and fishing, and shortly after Mr. Lee's arrival found that gentleman quite as fond of the sport as himself. And thus an intimacy grew up between them all at once—an intimacy, by the way, which each felt it his interest to cultivate; Lanty for the sake of the light-keeper's influence with the neighboring gentry, in whose power he often unfortunately found himself, and the light-keeper for the sake of Lanty's skill as a sportsman, in his frequent excursions on Lough Swilly. Besides Lanty kept a pair of black greyhounds, the best ever ran on four feet, and the terror of all gamekeepers in the three baronies. These enabled him to supply his friend with "hare's ear" for his flies, and if the truth must be told, with haunches for his table too, occasionally, without troubling his conscience greatly about the infraction of the game laws. Then he was moreover an excellent shot with either rifle or birding piece, and could bag a brace of grouse or wild ducks on seaside or mountain as prettily as the best landlord's son in the parish—always remembering to reserve the wings for Mr. Lee's and Uncle Jerry's fly hooks. Sometimes, too, the light-keeper would find a white trout for breakfast of a morning, or a salmon for dinner, without any distinct recollection of having caught them himself, or bought them from any particular fish-hawker of the neighborhood.

(To be continued.)

The excitement of pursuit is the measure of human happiness. Possession is satiety and satiety is but another word for surfeit. One thing must follow another, or there would be an end to pleasure, for that which was sought after that it might bring peace, only has the tendency to destroy it when once attained.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY DIRECTORY, ST. PAUL.

CATHOLICS.—Cathedral—Sixth and St. Peter streets; Rev. John Shanley, pastor. Assumption—Ninth and Franklin streets, Rev. V. Stimmler, O. S. B., pastor. St. Mary's—Ninth and Locust streets, Rev. L. Caillet, pastor. St. Louis—Wabasha and Exchange streets, Rev. C. Genis, pastor. St. Stanislaus—Western avenue and Superior street, Rev. John Rynda, pastor. St. Joseph's—Carroll street and Virginia avenue, Rev. James L. Keane, pastor. St. Michael's—West St. Paul, Rev. P. Gallagher, pastor. St. Adalbert's—Charles street, Rev. D. Major, pastor. Sacred Heart—Dawson and Arcade streets, Dayton's Bluff, Rev. Chas. Koerber, pastor. St. Francis de Sales—West Seventh and James streets, Rev. J. N. Starha, pastor. St. Patrick's—Mississippi and Case streets, Rev. D. Reilly, pastor.

SOCIETIES.—Catholic Benevolent—Meets first Wednesday in each month in Crusaders' hall. Plus the Ninth Benevolent—Meets first Thursday in each month, in Crusaders' hall. St. Clement's Benevolent—Meets every second Wednesday of each month at hall on Exchange street, near St. Peter. St. Peter's Benevolent—Meets first Monday in each month; Exchange street, corner Ninth. German Catholic Aid Association—Assumption hall, Exchange, near Ninth. St. Joseph's German Catholic Orphan's society—Meets first Tuesday of each month, corner Exchange and Ninth. St. Vincent de Paul societies, connected with the Cathedral, St. Mary's, St. Michael's, St. Joseph's, St. Louis, meet every Sunday. Society of L'Union Francaise Benevolent—Meets first and third Mondays of each month, in basement of St. Louis church.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES.—Crusaders—Meet every Sunday at 8 p. m., in Crusaders' hall, on Wabasha street. Father Mathew—Meets every Sunday at 4:30 p. m., in basement of Cathedral. League of the Cross—Meets every Monday evening in St. Michael's hall, in West St. Paul. St. Patrick's—Meets every Sunday at 9:30 a. m., in school house adjoining St. Patrick's church, on Mississippi street. St. Joseph T. A. society—Meets every Sunday at 8 p. m., in basement of St. Joseph's church. Cathedral Cadets—Meet every second Sunday at 2 p. m., in Crusaders' hall. West St. Paul Cadets—Meet every Monday at 7:30 p. m., in St. Michael's hall.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

St. Aloysius Young Men's society (German)—Meets third Sunday in each month in Assumption hall, on Exchange street. Young Men's Catholic Union—Meet in Kraut's hall, on Seventh street. Catholic Orphan Asylum—Carroll street, corner Victoria. Home of the Good Shepherd—Minnehaha, near Victoria street. St. Joseph Orphan Asylum (German)—199 West Ninth street. St. Joseph's Hospital—Exchange, between St. Peter and Ninth. St. Mary's Home—571 Westminster. Young Girls' Home—T. Peter street, near Isletart. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets second and fourth Mondays of every month. Division No. 2.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of every month. Division No. 3.—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of every month.

J. J. Provan

Merchant Tailor.

A Fine Line of New

SPRING GOODS!

1886, Just Received!

NO. 39

Washington Av. S.

(Second floor),

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



West Hotel Bathing Parlors

Turkish, Russian, Electric, Medicinal, Sham, Pooling, Hot and Cold

BATHS.

Ladies' day, Tuesday, from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m. Gents' hours, every day, except ladies' day, from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sunday, from 6 a. m. to 1 p. m. Private room for ladies and children. Hair cutting and shampooing.

Scheib & Scheib, Proprietors.

Turkish, \$1; Russian, \$1; Electric, \$1.25. Shampoo Bath, 50 cts.; massage treatment, \$1.50.

OCEAN PASSAGE,

£2

TO OR FROM

England, Ireland, Scotland.

£2

A. E. JOHNSON

& CO.,

EMIGRATION AGENTS,

100 Washington Ave. S., 190 East Third Street, MINNEAPOLIS. (Cor. Sibley, ST. PAUL)

TO CANADIANS! Liberal Offer!

READ THE FOLLOWING:

1st. For 25 cents we will send The Weekly Globe to any address in Canada, Great Britain, or the United States, for three months. 2d. For \$1.25 we will send the later editions of The Daily Globe (12 or 3 o'clock edition) to any address in Canada, Great Britain, or the United States, for three months, covering sitting of Dominion Parliament, and in addition we will send The Weekly Globe for a term of seven months, covering balance of the year. (Evening Globe, 12 or 3 o'clock edition alone, three months, 75c.) 3d. For \$2.35 we will send the morning edition of The Daily Globe to any address in Canada, Great Britain, or the United States, for three months, covering sitting of Dominion Parliament, and The Weekly Globe for a term of seven months, covering balance of the year. Daily Globe, morning edition alone, three months, \$1.75

THE GLOBE

Contains better Parliamentary reports, choicer stories, better cable dispatches, a greater amount of telegraphic matter, more miscellaneous reading matter than any other Canadian paper. The Daily Globe is the best paper published in Canada, \$7 per annum. The 12 and 3 o'clock editions always contain eight pages and sixteen pages on Saturdays, \$3 per annum. The Weekly Globe is the best family newspaper in the Dominion, \$1 per annum. The Saturday issue of The Daily Globe, a sixteen-page sheet, replete with the choicest reading, \$1.25 per annum. Forward orders early.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

Keep Pace With the Times!

— READ —

THE NORTHWESTERN

STANDARD

The Home Rule Organ of the Great Northwest!

Now is the Time to Subscribe!

A Good Advertising Medium!

In the line of Job Work anything from a Card to a Poster done with Neatness and Dispatch.