

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE EIGHTH JURYMANS TALE

MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS

CHAPTER I - CONTINUED

"That is true, Tom," said his master, "she told me that it would be to my own injury. Now were any other interests at stake, I wouldn't for the world—but as it can injure no one but myself—come along, you must assist me in this awful inquiry. They entered the room in which lay the remains of the poor lady, Mr. O'Leary's maid filled with the story of Geoffrey Gunn, which had occupied his thoughts since he first heard it, a great deal oftener than he would have wished Mrs. O'Leary to suspect. Having excluded, on different pretexts, every other individual, they proceeded to the task of removing the head-dress. A cold perspiration already stood on Nash's brow as he lent his aid in the investigation, holding the candle in his hand, while his master, with a countenance expressing the most horrible anticipations, examined the mysterious head-dress. Imagine his amusement, when he disclosed to view—

At this instant, some gravel was thrown from without against the window of the jury room. Almost all started, as if they held the chain of a galvanic battery, so highly were their nerves excited by the situation into which the eighth jurymans had brought his principle characters.

"Who can that be?" cried a juror. The foreman arose and lifted up the window.

"Who's there?" he asked after a pause.

"Tis nobody, only myself, your honor," replied a well known voice from below. "I'm come to know if your honors are done with the bottles and things."

Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the feeble nature of all human gratitude, than the effect which this announcement produced in the jury-room. All the good offices and merits of the poor oysterman seemed forgotten in the general burst of indignation, which arose at his interrupting the story in so critical a juncture.

"Tell the fellow to be hanged," cried one.

"Twould be a good deed," cried another, "to break one of his bottles upon his own head."

"Give the scoundrel his glasses, and send him about his business," exclaimed a third.

The foreman, who as chairman, preserved the greatest degree of moderation, here interposed and caused the line of handkerchiefs to be once more lowered for the basket, observing that in a world where so much intellectual evil passed without any apprehension whatever, it was rather hard to make much account of what was purely accidental. The oysterman being satisfied, the eighth jurymans resumed his tale.

Gentlemen, said he, I fear after all this indignation, that you will be much disappointed at the conclusion of my story. All that Mr. O'Leary discovered on removing the awful head-dress, was, that the fine hair of which he had so often expressed an enthusiastic admiration, was only his wife's by purchase. The good lady had no more than the average quantity of features, and less than the average quantity of hair, and sharing the weakness of the lady, who on a like occasion, charged her handmaid to—

—give her cheek a little red!

she feared that it should be known, even after her death, that she was indebted for almost her only personal attraction to—a wig.

The eighth juror having concluded his story, there was a general call for his song; which, in order to avoid the forfeit, he gave, after a little hesitation, as follows:

"Tis, it is the Shannon's stream, Brightly glancing, brightly glancing, See, oh see the ruddy beam Upon its waters dancing! Thus returned from travel vain, Years of exile, years of pain, To see old Shannon's face again, Oh the bliss entrancing! Hail, our own majestic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own beloved river!

Fling thy rocky portals wide, Western ocean, western ocean Bend ye hills on either side, In solemn deep devotion, While before the rising gales, On his heaving surface sails, Half the wealth of Erin's vales, With undulating motion, Hail, our own beloved stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own majestic river!

On thy bosom deep and wide, Noble river, lordly river, Royal navies safe might ride, Green Erin's lovely river! Proud upon thy banks to dwell, Let me ring ambition's knell, Lured by Hope's illusive spell Again to wander, never, Hail, our own romantic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own majestic river!

Let me, from thy placid course, Gentle river, mighty river, Draw such truth of silent force,

As a sophist uttered never. Thus, like thee, unchanging still, With tranquil breast, and ordered will,

My heaven appointed course fulfill, Undeviating ever! Hail our own majestic stream, Flowing ever, flowing ever, Silent in the morning beam, Our own delightful river!

It was acknowledged by all that the eighth juror had acquitted himself of the conditions laid down in the beginning of the evening; on which the next in order was called upon to try whether it might be in his power to lay claim to the same good fortune.

THE NINTH JURYMANS TALE

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

Gentlemen, said the ninth Juror, I should have at once to pay my forfeit with good grace (for I never charged my memory with anything like a story) but for an accident which I will relate to you, as an appropriate preface to my tale.

In the course of last autumn, it happened that business called me for the first time in my life, to visit the city of Paris. If any one of the company had had either the good or bad fortune, as the case may have been, to see that celebrated capital, he must have observed to his great perplexity, perhaps and grief, that the houses in some of the streets are numbered in so irregular a manner, that it is often a matter of no little difficulty to ascertain an address, however minute a note may have taken of it on leaving home. It was in such a state of mind, that I was picking my steps to and fro, on a dirty November morning, in the Rue de la Harpe, one of the dirtiest thoroughfares of the arrondissement to which it belongs, being led by my classical curiosity, to search for that famous relic of the Roman times in France, which is known to modern tourists, under the name of the Palais des Thermes. I had turned aside into an entry, with the view of once more consulting my map and guide book without the risk of being rolled into the channel, by some liberty-loving votaries, when a good woman, who stood at an adjoining shop door, and conjectured by my proceedings on what enterprise I was bound, said something of which the words, "Palais des Thermes," were the only ones that conveyed any meaning to my ear. On my nodding assent, for I understood her countenance better than her words, she gave utterance to a good natured volley of instructions, out of which the words "tout contre—porte cochere—a droite"—and "en face," were all I could comprehend, and which were enough to send me in a civil "Merci." I hurried on toward the porte cochere, of which she spoke, and gazed with surprise, and I confess some little disappointment, at the mouldering walls of alternate brick and stone, which had been for so long a time the seat of Roman splendour and authority. Dean Swift, by a fine stroke of satire, makes Gulliver express his disappointment at finding the cathedral of Brobdignag only three thousand feet high, and with perhaps as little reason, I found a certain damp on my spirit, and a certain indignation, at the Roman emperors had feasted fifteen centuries before, no better than a mass of ruins.

As I did not choose to bring any body into trouble, more especially, when they have been civil and obliging to one, I shall not tell you where it was that I picked up a certain Greek manuscript, containing the facts of the story I am about to relate, I can only say in general terms that the *conjectures* who shows "those interesting remains," as they are called in the guide books, is a very civil person. If you should desire to know any more, I can only answer you by a sentence known to tourists, in search of *chambres a louer* in the streets of Paris—*Parlez au portier*.

With your good leave then, continued the ninth Juror, drawing the candle nearer to him, and taking from one pocket a manuscript, and from another a pair of spectacles, the one of which he laid upon his knee, while he fixed the other on his nose, with your permission, I will read for you the story of Chenides the lame Tailor of Macel, as the writer styles himself, though evidently a person of very superior mind and understanding.

"What!" exclaimed a juror, "are you going to read all that Greek for us?"

"No—no," he replied, lifting his spectacles from his nose, and gazing under them at the speaker, this is not Greek. I had it *done into English*, as our forefathers expressed it, by a very clever fellow, a relation of mine who lives in the county Cork, and as I have no head of my own for spinning a story I will give you this by way of substitute, if you desire it.

No person expressing any objection the ninth Juror adjusted his spectacles, and read as follows.

THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL

CHAPTER I

Birth of Chenides—Some account of his father—The early love of learning, and dislike of his needle—Makes acquaintance with a Sophist—Desires to behold a supernatural being—Consequences thereupon.

In this lonely desert I prepare, my dear Chrysanthus, to give thee an account of the singular adventures which have induced me to fly the haunts of men, and to consume in silence and solitude, amid burning

sands, and in the practice of religious austerities, a life once chequered by a variety of worldly adventure.

I was born in Macel, a place of little note, in Cappadocia, towards the middle of the fourth century, according to the Christian mode of computing time. My father, who exercised the trade of a tailor, was obliged to take up his residence in this remote district, owing to a circumstance which may be worth relating.

He had been long settled in a comfortable way of business, in the city of Alexandria, which was at that time pretty evenly divided between the Pagans and the Christians, although it was easy to see that the scale was already turning in favour of the latter, and almost all those persons who filled the public offices were of that persuasion. Still, the former were formidable from their multitude, and though sacrifices were more rare amongst them than heretofore, yet they did not forbear to have their festive days and ceremonies, which they observed in a manner that was often as little to the comfort, as it was to the edification of their neighbors.

My father was one of a very numerous class, who as yet belonged neither to the one side nor the other. His parents had been Pagans, but already somewhat cooled in devotion to their gods, by observing the progress which the new faith had made amongst their friends and acquaintances, so that they were not very strenuous in instilling into their children's minds, that abhorrence of the Christians, which had been so small part of the religion of their forefathers. The result of this indifference was that my father shot up in what might be called, a sort of neutral ground, between the two persuasions, so that when he had arrived to man's estate, little more could be said of him than that he was a very excellent tailor. Few people in Alexandria had any great opinion of his religion, but all were unanimous in praise of his work, and with that he appeared to be content.

I cannot help thinking, that he was encouraged in this middle course, by observing that it procured him advantages in the way of his business, which he would probably have missed had he openly declared himself on the one side or the other. As it was, he numbered amongst his customers persons of every description, and contented himself with avoiding to give offence to any by his sentiments, while he strained every nerve to please them all in the fashion of his garments.

Persons of this character are, however, always in danger of some untoward event which may render their neutrality more troublesome than the most decided partizanship. It happened one day when my father was at work amongst his men, that a neighbor, who was a Christian, dropped in to look after a cloak which he had left to be repaired, and asked my father what course he intended to observe on the approaching festival of Serapis?

"For my part," said he, "I will hang no lamp over my door, though they were to drag the house about my ears. I hear some say there is every expectation of a tumult."

My father, to whom this intelligence caused no slight uneasiness, applauded the resolution of his customer, at the same time that he evaded giving any direct answer to his inquiry respecting the line of conduct himself intended to pursue. Indeed he could scarce have done so, for he knew not himself distinctly, as yet, what it was to be. If he refused to hang lamps and flowers over his door, as was the custom with the pagan citizens, he ran the risk of severe injury, both to property and person, on the part of the votaries of Serapis and Isis, and if he complied with the custom, he incurred to him as disastrous as if he had incurred it from the purest motives, and he had all the sufferings of a confessor with, I fear, but a very small portion of the merit belonging to such a character. His customer, already spoken of, was right in supposing that there would be a tumult on the night of the feast of Serapis. It began as the noisy revellers passed the garlands hung out in honour of the occasion. Before the prefect could quell the sedition, the rioters had already plundered and almost demolished several houses, amongst which was that of my poor father, whose worst anticipation had merely pointed to a probable diminution of custom.

Thus totally ruined and obliged to leave the city, he took refuge, after many vicissitudes not worth detailing, in the remote corner of Cappadocia, already named, in which I was born. I was bred up to my father's business, more I confess to his liking than to my own taste, for I was naturally gifted with a reflective turn of mind that could never be content to waste all its force upon the insignificant details of so humble a profession. Accordingly, from the time when I first learned to finger a needle until I was fifteen years of

age, a day scarcely passed over my head on which I did not receive a severe chastisement, either verbal or manual, from my father, for some piece of neglect occasioned by absence of mind, and too great a proneness to indulge in abstract reflections, when I should be attending to the work upon my knee. My thoughts, indeed, it is true, were not occupied about idle and frivolous subjects, such as games, plays, shows in the amphitheatre, and such toys, but they were as completely hurried away from my mechanical tasks, and my clipping and stitching was as much neglected as if they had been busy about the silliest fancies in the world, and that seemed to my father the very nucleus of the calamity.

"Tell me one thing, Chenides," he would say, when my good genius put it into his head to reason with me, rather than vent his wrath upon my body, "if thou wert hungry, as thou art like often to be at this tailoring, wouldst thou apply in thy necessity, to a sophist or a baker?" To such a question there could be only one answer given. "To a baker, father," I replied.

"Most truly then," said my father, "art thou as hungry as the shears, which signifies the son of a goose, when thou deemest that those who art in want of well-wrought attire, cannot reason as correctly. When a customer comes into our shop it is not a new Pythagoras he expects or wishes to find behind the door, but a good working tailor, and if thou hast all the philosophy on earth, I would not give a dry pea for thy wisdom, while thou continuest a dunce at the needle and the shears."

"It may be as thou sayest," I replied, "but if thou interpret my name, 'Son of a Goose,' in respect of my descent, by what name shall men call thee, O father?"

Offended by what he conceived the impertinence of this inquiry, my father, without making any answer in words, fell to beating me over the shoulders, the usual accompaniment of his instructions.

I could not however deny the justice of his reproaches, and strove to amend, but my efforts were not extinguished. In truth, my father was not altogether reasonable, for it is hardly possible that a person of a rational mind could remain satisfied with the merely animal kind of training with which he would have me be content. As for him, he seemed to care for nothing but his trade. The place was not so poor but there were one or two sophists to give lectures in it, with one of whom I managed to scrape an acquaintance by affording him the aid of my needle in repairing his garments made by time in his thrudbare garment, a task which his poverty and the thinness of his auditory obliged him often to impose upon me. In return for such good offices, he gave me a general knowledge of the doctrines of various philosophers, such as sufficed to stimulate the desire of information which I already entertained, without satisfying it. I well remember the feeling with which I returned from the first lecture I ever heard of which delivered, having stolen away from the house when my father thought I was in bed. I can well remember the absorbed and absent state of feeling, the dilatation of mind which I experienced, as I returned homeward by moonlight through the narrow streets, my imagination full of the speculations of various schools, and revolving with a sort of wondering delight, the doctrines of the stoics, the Epicureans, the Peripatetics, Pythagoreans, and others, which I had heard detailed in the course of the evening. The first Cappadocian slave, the only one whom we possessed, whom I had bribed with a measure of Greek wine to open the door softly for me on my return, was faithful to our contract, and I retired to rest unperceived by my father, to dream of atoms and transmutations, matter and spirit, and I know not what beside, which had constituted the subject of my good sophist's lecture.

But what most of all awakened my interest were those discussions which treated of a separate and distinct existence in a manner somewhat superior to the vulgar and superstitious notions of those with whom we commonly associated. Everything relating to this favorite theme had for me, whose mind had never received any training of the kind, a fascination, which might have been destructive to a person of less simplicity of character, but I was naturally blessed by Providence with a quiet contented disposition, and a good humored turn, which would not have changed for the heads of all the sophists in Greece. Day and night, however, I devoted every instant that I could spare to my beloved studies. All the money I could save out of the little gains allowed me by my father, went in the purchase of such books as I could procure in the place. An accident which all my friends considered a very serious misfortune, but for which I found abundant consolation in the leisure it procured me, enabled me to reach a greater proficiency in learning than it is possible for me to have otherwise had for a long time attained.

One night, after reading over, as was my wont, the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, in which I took an especial delight, I was so hurried beyond myself, by reflections connected with these subjects, that the morning began to dawn before I could get a wink of sleep, and when I did so, it was but to dream of spectres, shades, starry influences, and all things connected with that mysterious world of which I had heard and read so much, and respecting which our sophists gave such

conflicting accounts. With nerves exhausted from long continued study and intense reflection, and now still further weakened by want of sufficient sleep and by uneasy dreams, I arose before sunrise and walked out in the fresh morning air, hoping by its influence to dispel the weariness I felt before the hour should arrive for opening my father's shop.

At no great distance from our dwelling, stood the magnificent castle in which two young princes, nephews of the Emperor Constantine, were kept secluded, in order to be educated in a manner suited to their birth. The building was furnished after the Roman style, with extensive gardens, baths, and fountains, and often in walking at evening by the little river which flowed by its walls, did I admire the happy condition of those youths, thus furnished from their very childhood with all that could enrich the mind and form the understanding. Mathematics, dialectics, all that related to the science of reasoning, those sciences of which I could receive but stimulating glimpses, as I did of the outer walls of that royal abode in which they dwelt, were at their daily use, with the assistance of the most celebrated masters in fathoming their depth. What a difference between their lot and that of a poor tailor's son! Even the half-starved sophist, who sometimes flung me a piece of instruction by way of reward for keeping his rags together, as one throws a bone to a hungry beggar, and whom I looked upon as a living mine of information, was I understood, a mere dunce, compared to the least proficient of those who were entrusted with the tuition of the young princes.

The dusky twilight of morning, and the gloom of the trees by which the castle was surrounded, invested it on this occasion, with a solemnity more than usually impressive. As I rambled along by the river side, which was considerably lower than the site on which the castle stood, I perceived a spot immediately adjoining the garden walls above, which seemed to command an extensive prospect of the height of Mount Argæus and the surrounding country. The ascent to this spot from the place on which I stood, was rather precipitous, but I was not yet the 'Lame Tailor of Macel,' as the people called me after my mishap, and I reached it without much difficulty. While I remained gazing on the landscape, yet dimly lighted, and revolving in my mind the difficulties which my humble condition opposed to the gratification of my ruling passion, the acquisition of knowledge, and my reflection led to another, until, as persons are wont sometimes foolishly to use when alone, I began to utter some sentences aloud.

Where were now the times, I asked, when immortal beings were accustomed to hold communion with the sons of men? I had heard from my relatives, when a child, an infinite number of stories relating to the discovery of hidden treasure, through some preter-natural agency. Why will not some being appear to me at this moment, since none of my own species are willing to assist me? Appear, if ye exist, ye who are so much talked of, and so little seen. I fear you not; I court, I call upon you. This is the scene and the time for your manifestation, and here is a being who, of all others, requires and implores your aid. If you have any existence other than in the speech of babblers, appear!

Turning, as I uttered those foolish words, which I shall regard the longest day of my life, I beheld standing immediately between me and the garden wall a figure which fixed my attention in a more forcible manner than any which I ever yet had set my eyes. It was that of a young man about the middle size, his neck thick and short, his shoulders huge and incessantly in motion, and his feet in an irresolute attitude, as if deliberating whether they should stand or go. His eyes had a kind of disagreeable light, that seemed as if their owner wished to read my very thoughts, yet they shifted and twinkled when their gaze met mine, as if not willing to undergo a similar scrutiny in return. His nose and mouth had a disdainful expression, while his lower lip hung downward in a manner that gave a peculiarly hideous air to the whole countenance, and a beard uncouth and grisly, completed the uncouth appearance of the whole figure. How he had come there I could not divine, for I possessed the only pathway leading up the steep ascent. If human, he must have ascended some hidden passage through the massive garden wall, and if more or less he must have descended from the air above, or risen through the solid earth. That he was not an immaterial being, however, I soon discovered, both by the effects of his motion and the sound of his voice, which was at the same time violent and hesitating, as if the speaker were never fully decided in his thoughts, and strove to cover his embarrassment by a needless vehemence of expression.

"Whom do you call?" he said, with a glance in which derision was blended with curiosity.

"Thee—if thou canst assist me," was my reply.

"What is your difficulty?"

"The ignorance in which I was born, and in which I unwillingly remain," I answered, with a readiness which afterwards surprised me.

"And what kind of knowledge do you seek?"

"That which brings happiness."

"Of what calling art thou?"

"A tailor."

"And thou dwellest in Macel?"

"Yes."

"And what is thy wish at present?"

"To travel if possible to Athens, and become a disciple of one of the numerous sophists who give instructions in that city."

"But that will require money."

"Aye! that is my difficulty. Alas, the needle and the shears will never bring me these."

"Art thou a Christian?"

"No."

"A Pagan, then?" he asked with vivacity.

"Not a Pagan, neither. I have been brought up in ignorance of all but tailoring."

"Thy father was wise."

"If so," I replied, "he was a shrewd miser of his wisdom, for he never showed nor shared it. If he be wise, for teaching me nothing more, then the eagle is wise, and wiser than he, for to say nought of the difference between flying and stitching, he teaches his young to soar rather than to sit. And all men be no wiser, why then, the eagle has been ill used, for the eagle and the lion and the dolphin have their garments ready made, while nature has left our outward furnishing to the tailor. I doubt there is somewhat at the bottom of this wonderful design which has placed us so far beneath, and, at the same time, so immeasurably above all other animals."

"Thy father should have made thee a barber and not a tailor," said the stranger. "Knowest thou not that silence and gravity are as commendable in the latter calling as the lack of both in the former?"

"I crave pardon if I have offended," I replied, "but there are moments when, as I meditate upon the subjects, I find an ardour arise within me which it is impossible for me to restrain. They talk of the wisdom of contentment, but is it contentment—is it not rather slavish indolence of spirit, to eat, drink, sleep, stitch and clip on from day to day, without knowing whence I come or whither I go, driven on in the random like a pilotless bark in the Aegean on a cloudy night. I know that I come from my mother's womb and go to the grave of worms, but if that be all, the beginning and end, the alpha and omega of my journey, why do I fancy more? why can I fancy it? To be born—to marry—and to die! If that be all, would I had never been cured; or would at least I had never been cured with longings that make the mind miserably without making it wiser. The bee, the ant, the bird, the beast, seem all contented with their several destinies. The fish, as he cleaves the shining waters around him, asks not of his origin or end; the rainbow-tinted butterfly, as he sports in the noontday sun, inquires not what shall be his doom when the snow cloud shall gather once more upon the summit of Mount Argæus. Their hour of enjoyment is not embittered by those impatient questioning which make the present to me a dreary blank, and fix my thoughts for ever either on the past or the future."

"If thou be as expert at the needle as thou art with thy tongue," said the stranger, "I blame not thy father for confining thee to the use of it. But, tell me, dost thou reckon personal courage amongst those qualities with which Nature has endowed thee?"

"I am not, I think, more fearful than tailors in general."

"It is a prudent answer. Here then, let me bind this cloth over thine eyes, and follow me in silence."

KATRINE'S WAITING

"God help her, th' craythur, but sure she's a fool—waitin' an' waitin' that way—here's another Shrove gone, an' she still believe'n an' hopin', an' neither trace nor tail of him. 'Tis enough to make me sick!"

"How long is he gone?"

"Fifteen year last March. 'Tis well I remember it, for Mickel Cassidy went along with him, and there's Mickel home this three year, an' settled snug and comfortable alone with Anty Whelan an' the other fellow gosterin' about beyant in New York writin' now an' then in a year's time, sayin' 'he's comin', oh ay comin' an' year after another stoppin' away, an' she growin' into an old woman, an' yet no sign of him."

"I wonder now has he money?"

"Well, an' if he is unlucky, why is he stayin' in it? Can't he come home, or write an' say he won't come; that would be decenter, anyhow."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Musha isn't he Brian Hogan—ould Andy's son over in Adamstown, a good lookin' fellow he was, an' signs on it, she's Honour Dugan still, but the first an' th' last of it, she's a fool."

"Aisy, now; aisy. He may come back wan' o' money, an' if she was another man's wife then where would you be?"

"She'd be a wife anyway, an' in a home of her own. There's Rushey above, the finest house in the parish, waitin' for her."

"Oh, is John courtin' her?"

"Since she was in pinafores, he asked her twenty times if he asked her once."

The man smoked in silence while the turf and the young moon shone in through the unshuttered windows, and lay in silver patches on the sanded floor. Mrs. Mahony fell into a reverie also, as the steel needles flew in and out untiringly of the woollen stocking she was knitting, but her thoughts kept pace with them as they flew.

Tom Casey spoke abruptly: "Wem did the last letter come?"

"Over a year ago; there was nothin' in that about comin' back though. He only said something about goin' to California."

"Ah! What is she doin'?"

"Rearin' her brother's childer, an' a thankless occupation it is, for no matter what ye do it never comes up to the way th' woman went before ye done it. Oh, I have no patience with her."

"Did ye ever advise her?"

"Indeed I did so, many's th' time I said to her she'd be happier in any man's home that would be hers as well as if she had only salt in her porridge."

"Well?"

"Well, she smiled and said every time I spoke, 'I'll have more nor the salt when Brian comes.'"

Tom spoke again.

His companion continued: "There she's goin' on thirty-six, an' two honest men only waitin' for her to say the word; oh! save me from a foolish woman," she dropped her knitting on the floor, and pushed back the gray hair from her forehead, while Casey took his pipe from his mouth and stood upright.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said quietly, "if ye like, I mean, I'll write out to Jim Breen, that's settled in New York. He's an old friend o' mine, an' writes sometimes. I'll ask him to hunt up Hogan an' tell us what he thinks of him; ask him if he is thinkin' o' comin' home, or how he is gettin' on; and then when I get th' letter, if he's not comin', you could give it to her."

"Maybe that would be a good plan. 'Tis a pity she'd lose her happiness on him; meself an' her mother were like sisters. Wasn't it she stood by me in church the June day I was wed. God rest her, an' all our poor dead in th' light an' glory of Heaven."

"Amen!" Casey answered, as he removed his head covering. "I'll come up again when he sends th' letter."

"Do, I'll be watchin' to hear what he says. Girls is fools that go on waitin' that way for any man, though I suppose meself, if it went to that, would have waited all my life for Martin."

"There you are," old Casey answered, sighing. "Well, I suppose some women are like that"—then he opened the door and passed out into the soft May night.

That same night Katrine was sitting darnin' little Tim's socks by the fire, when the door opened and John Hennessy entered.

"God save ye, Katrine," he said quietly as he hung his hat and came forward. Isn't it awful cold for May?"

"Come to the fire," she answered cheerfully. "It's a long time since you came up. What kept you?"

"Oh, I was busy," he answered. "An' the last time I was up you wouldn't talk to me. What happened you, Katrine?"

She bent her head over her darnin' as she answered: "I was bothered over something. I didn't think you minded."

He laughed a short, bitter laugh, then took out his pipe and smoked in silence.

For a long time she was silent also; that she leaned her head against the old locker and sighed. She did not look at the man before her. She knew too well what she would see in his Irish gray eyes.

"So you didn't think I minded it," he remarked at length. "How little

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