

NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DOISEY.

CHAPTER I.

"We're met—as such, should know our rights, and know what to do with them. Who would be free to give the law to a nation's fate? Ah! Freedom is the gift that springs above a nation's fate. One firm resolve of mighty men is worth a sea of tears."

—SONGS OF THE NATION.

A sunset of unusual beauty, and a few bright tints still lingering on the edges of many a drifting cloud, diffused a peculiar and transparent clearness in the atmosphere, and threw out, on the smooth waters of the Suire, successive images of picturesque scenery. Rocks, trees and overhanging banks, touched here with light and softened there with shadow, with traceries of tangled shrubbery running through it all, were pictured forth with rare and beautiful fidelity; but beyond these fell a sterner gloom, and more solemn shadows, which seemed to chill the very waves, in whose calm depths they slumbered like wood and sorrowful dreams in some living human heart. There was a ruin on that shore, a ruin of old, whose gray walls, majestic tower, and mildewed arches had for centuries past stood like a hoary prophet beside those waves, to remind the living of the fact that God's justice is the truth which should repair the sorrows and losses of the past. And now, as the soft twilight slowly gathered around the old Abbey of Holy-Cross by the Suire, it only required a vivid imagination to people that quiet solitude with its by-gone inmates. The swift flitting of bats through its pillared aisles, the sad cry of the bittern brooding in the rank grass below, and the faint rustling of the ivy clinging to the ruined walls, when blended with the long-ago memories and legends haunting the spot, made a language expressive enough for any lover of the ideal to work his spells with, and drape cloisters and shrines with their ancient splendors, and crowd those broad aisles once more with saint-like processions or prostrate forms. Erected by the pious and munificence of Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in the year 1169, the magnificent of its architecture made it a fane worthy of the sacred shrine which included a relic of the True Cross in cases in a reliquary of gold and jewels of inestimable value, and presented by Pope Paschal II. to McMorrough the predecessor of Donald. Its magnificent altar, dedicated to the Holy Cross, to St. Mary, and St. Benedict, were famed throughout the land, not only for the splendor which surrounded them, but for the multitude and devotion of the worshippers and pilgrims who continually thronged thither; while the austerity and holiness of the monks who, holding the Cistercian rule, filled its cloisters, rendered it one of the most celebrated and sacred monastic establishments in Ireland. But, like incense exhaled from precious flowers, those souls which through successive centuries glorified God in their works of holiness and purity, were no fled; the foot of the spoiler had trampled over the place, and unholy hands had desecrated and ruined the shrines; the earth, rich in the dust of bodies which had consecrated themselves to God, was torn up and scattered, in search of perishable treasures; the magnificent of architecture, the coolness and charm of rare sculptured marbles, the rich and gorgeous stained glass windows, were all defaced—broken—ruined. And there it stands at this late day, to tell its own tale of woe, appealing to the Lord of hosts for justice and vengeance on an iniquitous and oppressive system which for centuries has tarried its spouse the Church with fetters and disgraced her robes with the rust and tears of oppression.

The moon now risen poured down a flood of light into the broad nave, slanting her silver beams on the long rows of pillars, leaving the aisles in light and shadow. The altar of the Holy Cross stood out conspicuous and beautiful in the unclouded radiance. One might almost have imagined that the careful old monks had thrown a cloth of gold over it, to protect from dampness and dust its treasures; but no, it was only the cold, bright moonlight, the faithful witness and tender counselor of its silent woes, which sought to brighten its deep desolation and throw a beauty around its decay. At a little distance were the broken altars of the Virgin Mother and St. Benedict, near which stood the royal tomb of the O'Brien, with its canopy of marble supported by twisted pillars. Here and there the monuments lit them up, gleaming on a rare tracery, or silencing over some sculptured arch, touching here a broken shaft, there the defaced image of saint or cherub, or rippling down over the moss-grown graves like the footprints of the angels who watch the dust of those who sleep in the Lord.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a slow footstep, and a man, old and gray, entered the ruin. Arrested by the exquisite and mournful beauty of the scene, he stood a moment, leaning on his staff, to survey it; then, reverently uncovering his head, he knelt, and, folding his hands over his bosom in the form of a cross, appeared to pray devoutly. We cannot say for what or upon what prayer. It may have been for the repose of those who slept in peace around him; it may have been for some living tempted soul; or it may have been for his country, for troubled times again threatened it, and well he knew, at aged priest, that one, not two, nor thousands of victims could close or fill the awful gulf with a successful outbreak again opened.

Here long the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard on the bridge which spanned the Suire, and soon issuing from the shadow and galloping along the shore, the horseman urged his steed up toward the ruin, whose suddenly halting, he lifted his cap from his head, and wiping the moisture from his brow, he threw back the thick clustering locks that fell over it.

"Old Holy Cross!" he murmured, "your gray ruins have not been vain teachers, and once more must I visit

the tomb and shrine which first awoke my faintest dreams for the regeneration and freedom of this dear land.—It may be the last time I shall ever look on ye, old relics of the days that are gone; but if I fall in this struggle, let me hope, O heaven! that the blood which shall be poured out like water, in defense of man's holiest rights, may nurture into full strength and maturity the roots of that glorious tree whose leaves shall sweeten the bitter waters of the woes of my country." There was a tone of deep feeling in his voice, and an earnest enthusiasm in every gesture, as he turned in under the arches of the old abbey, which indicated in his nature the elements of heroic courage, and a spirit which would glory in martyrdom.

When he saw the kneeling figure of the priest, he started, then drew back in the shadow of a pillar, where he stood like some gray statue, gazing thoughtfully on the scene. But presently the aged man finished his prayer; he made the sign of the cross on his breast, and, bowing his head reverently for an instant, in honor of the Majesty Who once dwelt there, he turned to leave the abbey, when the other stepped forward, and, laying his hand with affectionate freedom on his shoulder, said:

"Father McCarthy, I did not expect to find you here!"

"John Halloran!" said the priest, starting. "I am glad to meet you. I have had you in mind this live-long day, and have just come down from Glendarriff, where I went to seek you. Ease my heart at once by saying that you have abandoned the wild and ruinous scheme—the hopeless plan that we have spoken of before."

"Father, I am sorry we have met, if the old dispute is to begin—the old and useless dispute. Shame on the clergy of Ireland, who oppose this daring effort for the freedom of their flock and their altars, and lend their influence and aid to the oppressor!" exclaimed the young man, angrily.

"Thou, God, knowest how baseless is the charge," said the priest, baring his gray locks, and lifting his hands and eyes toward heaven, as if appealing against such unmerited injustice.

"Thou knowest how we have stood for long, sorrowful years between the power and the altar, bowed down with the woes of the land, and leading the people through the wilderness toward the place I promise. But the people sin by disobedience and revolt; they wait not for the harvest, but pluck the unripe fruits and suffer; they wait not for God's time and God's holy will, and long bitter years are added to their exile. John Halloran, I am old—more than seventy years have rolled over my head. I have in that time seen much of men, and I have watched, like an eagle from his eyrie, for the day when I tell you I see it not yet. These revolts—these volcanic eruptions of a few burning hearts, which at best only leave their ashes to their country—these uncertain irresponsible insurrections, which never assume the dignity of revolutions, only rivet the chains more firmly, and put off the day of deliverance into the dim and distant future."

"Now, Father, what is the use—what is the use of all this? Age and misfortune have cooled your blood, and patriotism together, and near the grave, you have but small care for a future which will roll over your ashes. Oh, my Father!" exclaimed John Halloran, with deep pathos, "does not the scene around us stun your heart?"

"These ruins I will not speak; but of yonder wretched cabins, thrown together from their fragments, and which scarcely afford a miserable shelter for the human beings who occupy them, of the want and desolation which surround them, I must and will speak. Their wretched inmates, possessed of the dignity of immortal souls, are reduced by the system which bears them to a level with the beasts. Where is their activity—where their energy? Crushed out of their lives by a knowledge of the utter inadequacy of their labor, and the hopelessness of their condition."

"They have lost almost the noble image of man. Their gaunt, athletic frames are meager and feeble—their color livid—their features sharpened—while their countenances express the habitual influence of strong, deep passions. Where is the quick intelligence which only flashes out now and then, and which only glimmers in the darkness of the night? Where are the thrills, the industry, the energy, which should be the life-giving force of the people? Ask the tax collectors, the drivers, who, like locusts, devour their substance. The very children are want-stricken and daily die, while the lovelessness of their age is disgraced by squalid poverty and the drapery of extreme want; they are idle as if by magic, and loiter about the cabin-door without an aim, while the teacher, perchance, has gone to seek employment in the English harvest-fields where his hire is paid with a smile of derision, and he is expected to excite laughter by his blunders, who might well command tears by his wretchedness. (Lacy Morgan) and these are your children—these are the miserable ones to whom you would have as a duty succor! It is only in this pamphlet that such things are seen blotting the face of nature? No, oh my God! over all the land the same dim and sad spectacle is seen: from every cabin is heard the wail of anguish, and wherever a spirit and plenty smile, it is for those foreign leeches who add to our burdens and have no right to touch hold on our soil. And can we rest? Must we rest? Shall we desist? No, rather let us perish!" exclaimed the almost frantic man.

"John Halloran!" said the aged priest whose bowed form trembled with an emotion he could scarcely control, "think you that these things move you and leave me unscathed? I declare thousands before Heaven that had I a thousand lives, I would lay each life down to be trampled out by separate and distinct tortures, if by the sacrifice of this dear land of my birth could be delivered. But I am a powerless old man, who can only pray and plead

it wrings my very soul to see energy thrown away—worse than wasted which, at the right time, might work wondrous changes; to know how men would honor for their worth and unselfishness will fall in the unequal strife without even the honor of a soldier's grave; and how others, the noble descendants of the McCarthy, More, the O'Brien, the O'Donnell, the O'Neill, will be brought like felons to suffer a felon's doom. I know ye all, John Halloran. Some are my own kinsmen, some of my flock, and yet some of me, I can neither stay their madness nor arrest their folly—"

"Father," said the young man, suddenly interrupting him, while a bright smile burst over his countenance "ere ten days are over, you will sing Te Deum in your mountain chapel for the deliverance of Ireland. The moment the first blow is struck, the whole country will fly to arms, and our oppressors, unprepared for the overwhelming onrush, will be scattered like chaff on the whirlwind. Brian Boru and Malachi the brave will be our rallying words, and, after a few decisive struggles, our land will be all our own. We shall have once more our own laws, our own parliament, our own rulers. The old names will be honored in the land. The Church will lift her hand to the plow, and the great possessions, wrested from the old owners, will be restored to the soil by the virgin Queen Elizabeth by the Jameses, and by that devil's own psalm-singer, Cromwell, will be restored to their descendants—"

"Halloran," interrupted Father McCarthy, "your dream is the one which has haunted me for years; but, alas! it is only the gleam of a meteor, the splendor of a rainbow, which fades while we gaze on it. Would to God your sanguine hopes were based on surer foundations! But, alas! boy, the means of the loss against which you contend are almost omniscient. While you plot your counter-plot; while you scheme, they undermine; and already, by the aid of base informers, the chief leaders of this rebellion (Rebellion of '48) are marked, and predestined to ignominy and death. It will only be a re-enactment of the tragedy of '98. But I will say no more, except this: and listen well, John Halloran, for I am going to leave you tonight against the door of your heavily shut, and if this consideration which I offer fails, then God help you; I will say no more. Up yonder, at Glendarriff, is a monk and a loving woman, whose cheeks have become worn and thin with watching, and with the anxieties to which the continual perils of her husband give birth. She has a child, a weeping child, who divides her love and her prayers with their absent father. A few months ago, Glendarriff was the abode of happiness and peace; now it is the seat of woe and sorrow. Who is this mother? who is this wife? She belongs to one of the old princely sept of the land. She was the sunshine and flower of her old father's house, and her hand was deemed for a rich and powerful nobleman, her equal in birth, and her future was before Mary O'More. But she spurned it all—rank, riches and splendor—to wed with one whose worth alone was his nobility, and whose riches consisted of the old farm-house and the few acres where his forefathers had tilled generations before him."

"John Halloran, you know whom I mean. Have you a right to drag down to poverty, high-born, gentle woman to poverty, and at the best, exile—to impoverish the children she has borne you, and fix the name of felon's brood on them?"

"Even that I do dare," said John Halloran, in a calm, stern voice; "that I would do anything for the sacred cause of my country, and for the people who glory in having sprung from the soil of Ireland, and John Halloran, will deliver them or die. Live—son—live—children—and home!" he exclaimed, striking the ruined altar by which he stood with his clenched fist. "Let me only strike a blow for Ireland, let me be remembered among her deliverers, and I would do anything that it will give me for an imperial diadem, or the richest and brightest that the archives of time could bestow. My poor Mary! My sweet, saint-like wife! That was a tender voice for you to crash down so rudely on my Father. May the Blessed Mother of God succor and defend her and her babes," he said in a low, trembling voice. "But I must hasten home. You mean well, my Father, but you are behind the times. One grasp of the hand, and your blessing, ere I go."

And he threw himself with a simple abandon at the feet of Father McCarthy, whose warm tears were fast falling.

"My child," he said, in a broken voice, "I laid his hand on the head of the kneeling man, and his eyes were never met again on earth. Our meeting to-night is not one of chance. You are engaged in a perilous enterprise, and to my certain knowledge, will pass a terrible crisis in a few days. Let not, then, this hour go by unimproved, but at the sacred tribunal of penance, make peace between your soul and God. Here, beneath the solemn heavens, above the dust of the dead, give me power by performing sacramental penance with an humble and contrite heart, to absolve you from the guilt of sin, if perchance your conscience is burdened and sore."

The appeal was not in vain. It was enough. Like a child, simple yet strong in his faith, the noble but mis-taken man, kneeling by the side of the venerable priest of God, who sat on a broken tomb, poured out in whispered words the sincere and earnest confession of his soul. Thus alone in that old ruin, watched over and guarded by unseen angels, we leave them, and wand'ring away to Glendarriff, the home of John Halloran.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, the moment was sad when my love and I parted:—Savoureen Deelish, Eileen Oggo. As I kissed off her tears, she said:—Savoureen Deelish, Eileen Oggo. Wan was her cheek when I kissed my Damp was her hand; no marble was colder; I felt in my heart I should ne'er more behold her. Savoureen Deelish, Eileen Oggo.

Mary Halloran, whose mind had been unusually disturbed that day by vague apprehensions, grew more and more uneasy as the hours wore on and wandered out to station herself on the side of what, at Glendarriff, was called the "Sunset Hill," to watch for the return of her husband. But the brightness faded from the sky, twilight deepened into gloom, and soon the chilly night and the pale moonlight, which grew grotesque, weird looking shadows around her, warned her in. "I cannot rest," she murmured, with a deep sigh: "this veiled sorrow pursues me everywhere. Oh, why does not John come? While he is near me, the dread and terror stand aloof; when he is absent, they hunt and scourge me." She lingered a few moments at the door, listening in only for the well-known sound of his horse's hoofs on the gravel. But all was silent; and, turning away with a shudder, she entered the house, and, with sick, heavy eyes, went up into the children's room to seek some solace in their smiles and caresses. But the little ones were asleep in their cribs, and, leaning over, her tears fell heavy and fast on the golden curls and fair cheeks of Grace; but when she gazed down on the fine manly face of her boy Desmond, over whose crimson cheeks she had looked so often, she was startled, and saw the haughty brow and firm, well-set lips, her tears ceased, and, folding her hands together, she whispered, "God help thee, boy! thy battles will be strong and bitter with life; they may break, but never bend thee." Then she felt, as she watched the holy calm that overspread their features, and knew how dark and stormy was all before them, wish, half defined—almost a prayer—that each little soul, ere day dawn, could be housed in heaven. She kissed them softly, and, bidding Eileen shade the light from their eyes, went down into the drawing room, that she might hear the first sound of her husband's footfall. "I will save us!" and he's surely at hand."

A good-even to you, Nora. I've been watching you all the way up from the gate, and I did my heart good to see you looking so happy like, and the red light shining about you as though it were a better day in glory," she said a weary sounding voice at the door.

"Come in, Dennis Byrne, and don't stand there jabbering at the door, still to disturb Mrs. Halloran," she replied, without looking up, although she was half tempted to do so, and was ready to burst into tears; for there was something so unusually sad in Dennis Byrne's voice, that she felt at once that something had happened.

"It's a poor welcome you give me, Nora, after a heavy day's work, and a sore tramp from Kildare," he said, still leaning against the door.

"Come in and rest yourself. No one hinders you," was her ungracious reply. "You saw the sogers go past today?" he said, taking a chair near her.

"It's like enough I'd leave my ironing and plaiting to run down to the road to stare at sogers; I can't afford to lose the time that some does," she replied, with a toss of her head.

"S pose then, bedad, they come thundering up here to Glendarriff and ordered you at the point of their bayonets to sew a button on every man's coat of em?"

"And if they did," she replied, while her eyes flashed—"if they did, I wouldn't. I'd try to make some of 'em wish they'd never had such a thing as a button was invented. But what do you mean, man alive? You look as if you had been dead and buried."

"Oh, nothing very particular, only I've been shoeing horses since 10 o'clock this morning, with a cocked pistol aimed at my head, and all I got for my pains was curses and bad knocks. An' I'll tell you, Nora, when I had a hard day's work, and that Glendarriff an' Mister Halloran that it would be well enough to make him acquainted with."

"It's mighty strange Dennis, they should talk out before you?" said Nora, fixing her black eyes with an anxious expression on his.

"Faith, then, it's not so mighty strange, seein' I never let a word of English out of my jaws, but noughlised an' with a little Kerry lingo, that set 'em all wild," he said, with a flash of merriment danced over his face.

"Now tell me, Dennis, dear, what it all means," said Nora, laying her hand on his shoulder, while tears gathered in her eyes.

"Whist, Nora, no colleen," he whispered; "there's a rebellion afoot, an' Mister Halloran's one of the chiefs of it. And they're going to station sogers at Glendarriff, an' set spies on him, an' take him up to Dublin if they catch him."

"And what if he's taken?" gasped Nora.

"He'll be hung or transported," "Oh, Jesus!" exclaimed Nora, with a cry of bitter anguish.

"Hush, Nora, an' don't let a word of this get out," he said, with a look of stern warning.

"The holy Virgin grant it may be Mister Halloran!" said Nora. "I expect they'll wait lights now, and I'll step in with the candleabra." The massive silver candleabra, supporting wax candles, stood in a closet all ready.

She hastily took it out, and, lighting the tapers, went into the drawing room with it. She soon saw the shadow of her husband, while a crimson flush dyed her cheeks, she said: "No, it's not Mister Halloran; it's that bad, black Donald, that I'll put some trouble on yet, if he don't keep his dirty hands to himself."

"What's that you're saying, Nora?" asked Dennis Byrne.

"Nothing—nothing. Mind your own business, Dennis, an' come yet," she replied, bustling over her work-basket.

So it was, Mrs. Halloran had heard the footsteps, and sprang toward the door to meet her husband, but when she saw her dark kinsman, always an unwelcome guest, she drew back with a loud cry of disappointment. He held out his hand, and said:

"I hope, my lady cousin, I am not intruding."

"No, no," she said, hurriedly; "I only thought it was John—"

"Halloran, out, eh? I came up to see him on business. Do you expect him in soon?" he said, with a dark and sinister look.

"Every moment. I hope to see him come in every instant," she replied, hurriedly.

"Yes, I hope so too. The country is in a very troubled state, and I believe every one whose conduct is at all suspicious. John is the leading man in his district; and the law expects him, of course, to keep order among his tenants."

"Of course—yes, of course. John has always endeavored to keep order among our people. He has made them his friends, Cousin Donald, by promoting in every way their interests and comfort and morals. I don't think we shall have trouble with our people," she said, anxiously.

"I hope not. John's Quaker blood ought to preach and plead for peace. By-the-by, Cousin Mary, you know I was in France when you got married, and I'm not well acquainted with Halloran's antecedents. What is the family history? There ought to be some legends connected with an old place like Glendarriff."

"There are none," she said, quietly. "John's family, as far back as we can trace them, have been Quakers and the proprietor of Glendarriff. He, you know, is the last of his name, and the inheritor of their wealth."

"But Halloran is a Catholic; that is strange."

"Yes, thank God, John is a good and sincere Catholic. He became one a few years before our marriage, at Rome."

"How—ah—how—and you met him?" "In Dublin. We frequented the same circles."

"But—pardon me, my lady cousin, for interrupting you again—a rumor came to me over the water that the beautiful Mary O'More, the last of the lineal descendants of the McCarthy More, was about mating with the Earl of Rathlin, the wealthiest of our Irish peers."

"Mary O'More had enough of the pride of the princes of Munster left in her not to mate with a man who, if famous for his riches and power, was still more notorious for his vices. She preferred the noble and unsullied heart she has chosen, who, if he has no rank to boast of, can show an ancestry without stain or reproach, whose virtues he inherits and whose fair name he honors," exclaimed Mrs. Halloran, ransacking herself and speaking proudly.

"Yes," drawled Donald, well named the Black, with an insufferably supercilious air; "yes, I heard he was a clever person. It would be a pity, though."

"What would be a pity?" she inquired, haughtily.

"It would be a great pity if Halloran should get mixed up in these secret organizations which are on foot. It would be a pity for this fine old property to be involved."

"John Halloran is one who scorns all anticipated pity, being sufficient in his own resources for whatever may befall him. But why should Donald More suggest such things?" she said, with dignity.

"Well," he said, "the times suggest them—not I. Every man ought to be on his guard who has landed interests as stake, and children to inherit them. Just as the quick step bounded through the hall, and the next moment Mary Halloran lay sobbing on the bosom of her husband."

"Ha, Mr. I'm glad to see you," he said, supporting his wife in one arm, while he held his hand out to her kinsman.

"My darling, you have moped yourself to death, and are nervous. And why? you shall be more together; my business is also out completed. But I propose, where is supper? Nora! Nora Brady, let us have tea and cold fowl, and any other nice things you may have," said Mr. Halloran, calling to Nora in cheerful tones.

"I wonder you are not more careful, Halloran," said Donald More, as John Halloran threw himself on the sofa beside his wife, "outrages are fearfully common—barrings and murders by the score."

"It's the old song, and a convenient and most plausible excuse for new excursions—low oppressions," he replied, carelessly. "I know something about these matters. I know how, insulted and trodden on, exasperated and maddened, my poor countrymen sometimes turn like worms and sting the heel that crush them. Then come the outrages and the death cry together, and the huge hand of oppression, armed with a thousand scourges, falls heavily far and wide. No, I am not afraid; and once it would have been a marvel to hear one of the McCarthy Mores talk of fear."

"That's a very fine sentiment; but I suppose the Mores are degenerating with the rest of mankind; besides, you know, I am a English branch, and my mother was an Irishwoman so I am sworn in from my birth, and all my natural proclivities are for the Union," said Donald More, laughing sarcastically.

Sitting a little back from the others, he had been watching Nora as she came in and out, making eyes at her, and grimacing, which liberties she re-vented by looks of ineffable scorn on her handsome face; and finally, as she attempted to reach across to put the tea urn in its place, he suddenly plucked her cheek.

"Light!" he reared Nora, and the next instant the tea-urn, with its hissing contents, was toppled over him. He sprang up with a fearful oath. Mrs. Halloran shrieked, and her husband, who in a mirror opposite had watched the whole affair, could scarcely control his features or restrain his laughter.

"Nora—why Nora," he said, as she came in with a cloth to wipe up the floor, "that was extremely well done. I know it was, sir; an' if a vile bug hadn't stung me on the cheek, it wouldn't have happened at all. I wish St. Patrick himself was here to drive all such venomous creatures away from Glendarriff, anyway. Did it hurt you, Donald? No, you, who, with frankness with Donald More, drew himself on the sofa, where he lay groaning volitionally. His reply was full of profanity and fury.

"Nora shuddered turned away to flitted over her. "Go, Nora, Nora. She to prepare Mr. More; tell Go, have it done. Mrs. Halloran said, "I am sorry Donald," said John. "Accident! I shoulder—my God, Halloran! he screamed. "You will be quiet, Mrs. S. remedy for burning. "Do try, John south room it is done," said sorry for him.

"Yes—yes—I shall go mad if I see longer. I there—Diablo! with the assistance Halloran's arm, lig the stairs, a remedy was his pains consoling draught at influence of who were somewhat sharing in the regarded him, made her escap he was asleep. out, and nudging to the re dark heart in I shall fall on the I have no doubt steps day and I bed me of my boyhood. She inheritance, who her inconstancy this virago—b dainty cheek, vengeance is n force, to sleep, to would work."

"It was past hush was over of the old roof side Halloran. He lone couch, on She had refused said presenting through that asleep, when she him gone; but her to lie down her hand in his ant words to be with the emol slumber stole o lay so calm. I asked liked d day and solemn from his eyes a his heart almost perchance, he face again. A roll by ere he y again, except A gang wrong grew deadly. I kissed her, the sors from the w the long fair cheek, and plaid in his p once more, and left the table a little pebbles of love I saw sure with which, at are slung into nature, bringi level with you the blow slink making it heavy softly, as if he were a man. He li hands to his pressed long, rosy lips. Bu goring look a sore himself in thing whisper eed them thus twin would fl memory. Of now he fall-orbed mo appeared upon the anti-ga stacks of the tremendous shad on the deep-se he see it again. TO I

THE One summer den of Toledo pretty young story. "While she mystery of it kissing the le ah plucked th flower that g legend. If I could re soft charm and it had in her r as I was moved fortune also Sara. "But as this What I remem In one of tl tuous allowa hopped in an the tall Moor! Musarable p shadows and I family. How Daniel Levi h in a ruinous of cradle as its o. He was ranc all his race, b hypocrite lear. A scolding t stude he had he could be had the dark door ing and fixing old girdles, or with which p among the p Zecodover, th and the poor s. In spite and of all past passed close t