## LUKE DELMEGE.

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AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GREAT TREASURE.

Luke did not remain long with the quaint pastor, who was also a saint. This latter fact Luke took a long time to realize, although he had the Bishop's lor it. He could not quite under stand how the aureole of sanctity hung around that old man, who apparently did nothing but examine his hay and turnips and varied his visits to the barn and and varied his visits to the barn and haggart by strolling down to the front gate to get a chance conversation with a passing parishioner. Then the strange blending of rare old Irish melodies with fervent prayer almost shocked Luke. He often listened at his bed-room window to his pastor, soving leisurely about the little garden beneath, and humming, alternately with the psalms of his office, that loveliest of all Irish songs, that always reminds one of the wind wailing over the misty, wet mountains—Supurneen dheelish, Eileen Oge 1 But it sounded very sweet, and sad and lonely—there in that lonely place, with nothing to break the silences but the querulous cries of fowls, or the swift exultant chant of a bird, or the wind, that always, even in summer, wailed, like a haggart by strolling down to the front ways, even in summer, wailed, like a ghost seeking rest. But gradually Luke felt himself in a kind of sanctuary, the very atmosphere of which was prayer.
The old priest moving about the room,
the old housekeeper in her kitchen,
Ellie in the yard—all seemed to be holding an eternal unbroken commun ing with the Unseen. So too with the people. The old women, bending be neath the brosna of twigs and branche for the scanty fire, the young mother rocking their children's cradles, the old men bent over the ashes in the hearth, the young men in the fields— all, all appeared to think and live in which was only suspended to prayer, which was only suspended by ness of life. And if the old priest broke through the psalter, in a moment of regretful unconsciousness, to mur-mur Savourneen nheelish, the young mother would sometimes break in upor ber lullaby, Cusheen Loo, to whisper a p'ayer to the ever present Mother and Divine Babe for her own sleeping child. And the sweet salutations: "God save you!" "God save you kindly, agra!" spoken in the honeyed Gaelle — all bawildered Luke. agra!" spoken in the honeyed - all bewildered Luke. The visible and tangible were in close communion with the unseen but not less real world behind the veils of time and

> It was this want of touch with the supernatural that was the immediate cause of Luke's removal. The remote cause was the kindly letter that Father Martin wrote to the Bishop about the young, and so far, unhappy priest. Surrounded in spirit with the grosser atmosphere which he had brought from abroad with him, he failed to enter into the traditions and beliefs of the people-not, of course, in essential dogmas, but in the minor matters that go to make up the life and character of people. In trying to modify these for better and more modern practices, he was right and wrong. He could never understand why the people should not fit in their ideas with his; or the necessity of proceeding slowly in up-rooting ancient traditions, and conserving whatever was useful in them. Hence he was often in conflict with the people's ideas. They were puzzled at what they deemed an almost sacrilegi ous interference with their habits; he was annoyed at their unwillingness to adopt his ideals. But they had too deep and reverential a fear and re-spect for his sacred character to say eter to say Luke. anything but what was deferential. But the old men shook their heads. At last, he touched a delicate nerve in Irish mind, and there was a protest, deep, angry and determined. He had touched their dead.

He had protested often and preached against Irish funerals and Irish wakes. He could not understand the sacred instinct that led people, at enormous ex pense and great waste of time, to bury their dead far away from home, sometimes on the side of a steep hill, sometimes in a well-covered in closure in the midst of a meadox sometimes It was with a certain feeling of impatience and disgust he headed lonely processions of cars and and horsemen across the muddy and dusty roads, winding in and out in nity for afteen or twenty miles, until at last they stopped; and the orfin was borne on men's shoulders across the wet field to where a ruined, moss-grown gable was almost covered with a forest of hemlocks or nettles. Then there was a long dreary search for the grave; and at last the poor remains were deposited under the shadow of the crumbling ruin, ivy covered and yielding to the slow corrosion of whilst the mourners departed, and thought no more of the silent slumber-Luke could not under beneath. it. He preached against the waste of time involved, the numbers of farmers brought away from their daily work, the absurdity of separating husband from wife, in compliance with an absurd custom. He had never heard of the tradition that had come down unbroken for a thousand years — that there in that lonely abbey was the dust of a saint; and that he had promised on his deathbed that every one buried with him there should rise with him to glorious resurrection. And these strange people looked askance at the new trim countery, laid on.

Board of Guardians, with its two
chapels and its marble monuments
creected over one or two of the Protestcreected over one or two of the crumbtrim cometery, laid out ant dead. They preferred the crumb-ling walls, the nettles and hemlock, and the saint, and the abbey, and the resurrection.

Luke was called to see an old parlay, a figure of perfect manhood even in age, on a low bed, under a chiniz canopy, to which were pinned various pictures of the saints. The pricet disishioner who was dying. The old

charged his duties with precision, and "Your reverence?"
"Yes," said Luke.

" Can I do any I want you to say a word to rise me

heart for me long journey, your rever-"To be sure," said Luke, who then and there gave a long dissertation immortality, chiefly culled from

"Your reverence, I don't under-stand wan worrd of what you're sayin'; but I suppose you mane well. Will the Man above have anything agin me in

His books ? This dread simile, prompted by sad experiences of the agent's office, shocked

Luke.

"I'm sure," he said, "Almighty
God has pardoned you. You have made
a good confession; and your life has
been a holy and pure one."

"And did your reverence give me a
clare resate? asked the old man.
Here was the agent's office again.

"I've given you absolution, my rooman," said Luke. "You must know that God has pardoned you all." "Thanks, your reverence," said the Luke said Mass rejuctantly in the

house when the old man had made hated the thought of saying Mass under the poor and even sordid circumstance; the poor and even sordid circumstance; of these country houses. The funers was fixed to leave at 11 o'clock. "Eleven o'clock is 11 o'clock," said Luke, with emphasis. "It is not 5 minutes to 11, or 5 minutes after 11;

but 11, you understand ?" "Av course yer reverence. 'Tis a long journey to the abbey and we must

"I can't see why you wouldn't bury your father over there in the new come tery," said Luke. "He wished to go with his own,"

vas the reply.

Luke was at the house of mourning t 5 minutes to 11. There was no sign

of a funeral. He protested.
"The hearse and the coffin have not ome, yer reverence," was the reply.
"But why not? Were they ordered?"

"They were ordhered to be here on the athroke of tin," was the answer.
At about 11:30 the hearse was driven

up leisurely.
"Why weren't you here at the time appointed?" said Luke, angrily.
appointed?" said the The toime appointed?" Yerra, what harry is

driver, coolly. "Yerra, what hurry is there? Isn't the day long?"

Luke gave up the riddle. Half past eleven came, 12, 12 30 and then the neighbors began to gather. Luke's temper was rising with every minute that was thus lost. And then he began to notice the young girls of the house pashing out frantically, and dragging out frantically, and dragging rushing out frantically, and traggling in the drivers and jarvies to the house of mourning, from which these soon emergea, suspiciously wiping their mouths with the back of the hand.

Luke seized on one. You've had drink there ?"

said. "A little taste agin the road, yer reverence," the man said. "That's enough," said Luke. He

tore off the cypress-lawn, which the priests in Ireland wear in the form of a priests in Ireland wear in the form of a deacon's stole, and flung it on the ground. Then he turned the horse's head hemeward. There was a cry of consternation, and a shout. But Luke was determined. He peremptorily ordered the man to drive forward. One or two farmers begged and besought him to remain, and even caught his horse's head. Luke took the whip and drove his horse into a gallop; and never drew rein till he entered the

"You're home early," said the old "Yes," said Lnke, laconically.

"You didn't go the whole Anything wrong with the mare?" the whole way I didn't attend the funeral," said "I saw them dispensing drink and the statutes forbade me to attend

further."
"The whs-at?" said the old priest.

Luke, impatiently.
"Phew-ew-ew-ew!" whistled the old man. And after a panse: "You'll have a nice row over this, young man. They may forgive all your abuse of the country, and your comparisons with England; but they'll never forgive you for turning your back on the dead.
And Myles McLoughlin was the decentest man in the parish."

" But, are not the statutes clear and determinate on the point?" said Luke.
"And where is the use of legislation, if it is not carried out ?

You're not long in this country ?" said the old man.

"No-no!" said Luke.
"I thought so," said the good pastor. rising in a pre-occupied manner. He the window and looked went over out. He then began to hum savourneer neelish, and Luke knew there was an

end to the dialogue.
The following Sunday, after last Mass, at which Luke had explained and justified his action very much to his own satisfaction, a deputation called on the parish priest. They demanded the in-stant removal of this Englishman. The old man tried to "soother them down," as he said. He might as well have tried to extinguish a volcano. They

left in silence. One said:
"You wouldn't have dene it, yer reverence; nor any of our ould, decent prieshts, who felt for the people."

Luke thought it was all over. His arguments were crushing and invisci-There was no answer possible He thought men were led by logi one of his many mistakes. The foll logieone of his many mistakes. ing Sunday, when he turne ing Sunday, when he turned around to say the acts, there was no congregation. ounted scouts had been out all the morning to turn the people away from Mass. No one dared come. The following Sunday the same thing occurred. Then Luke felt it was serious. He wrote a long letter in self justification to the Bishop, and then demanded his removal. The Bishop would have supported him and fought with him for the maintenance of a great principle, but the old quiet pastor implored him with

and wrote a long, kind, firm letter, which made a deep impression on his young friend. The closing sentence young friend. The closing statements was a strong recommendation to be "all things to all men," like St. Paul, and to remember "that life required its adjustments, and even its stratagems," from time to time.

gems," from time to time.

It was a happy change in more senses than one. The moment the people had won the victory, they relented. They were really sorry for their young priest. Several assured him that it was "only a parcel of blagards, who weren't good for king or country," that had caused all the row. Luke aid nothing; but left, a mortified, humbled man. He knew well that although he had maintained a great principle, it had left a stain on his character forever.

He was promoted, however, and this time to a pretty village, hidden away in a wilderness of forest—a clean, pretty hamlet, with roses and woodbine trailed around the trellised windows,

and dainty gardens full of begonias and geraniums before each door.

"It's a piece of Kent or Sussex, which some good angel has wafted hither," said Luke.

Everything was in uniformity with Everything was in uniformity with this external aspect. There was a fine church at one end of the viliage, a neat presbytery, and the dearest, gentlest old pastor that ever lived, even in holy Ireland. He was an old man, and stooped from an affection in the neck, like St. Alphonsus; his face was marble white, and his long hair snowwhite. And he spoke so softly, so sweetly, that it was an education to listen to him. Like so many of his class in Ireland, experience and love in Ireland, experience and has taught him to show the toleration of Providence and the gentleness of Christ towards every aspec of wayward humanity.
"You will find," said Father Mar

tin, in his letter to Luke, "your America here. If Rossmore and Father tin, in Keating do not suit you, nothing will Try and relax your horrible stiffness, that freezes the people's hearts to-wards you, and be 'all things to all men,' like that great lover of Christ, St. Paul.

So Luke made frantic resolutions, a So Luke made frantic resolutions, as he settled down in a neat two-story cottage in the village, and unpacked his books, and arranged his furniture, that this should be a happy resting-place, at least for a time, and that he would adapt himself to his surroundings, and be very cordial and friendly with the people.

with the people.
"All things to all men!" Dear St. Paul, did you know what elasticity and plasmatism, what a spirit of bonhommie and compromise, what vast, divine toleration of human eccentricity you demanded when you laid down that demanded when you late to realiz-noble, far-reaching, but not too realiz-able principle? Noble and sacred it is: but in what environments soever, how difficult! This fitting in of human practice, indurated into the granite of habit, with all the hollows and crevices of our brothers' ways, ah! it needs a saint, and even such a saint as thou, tent maker of Tarsus, and see and sage unto all generations !

Luke found it hard. Cast into new environments, how could he fit in sud-denly with them? Suave, gentle, polished, cultivated, through secret re-flection, large reading, and daily inter-course with all that had been filed down into tranquil and composed mannerism, how was he to adapt himself to circumstances, where a boisterous and turbul-ent manner would be interpreted as an indication of a strong, free, generous mind, and where his gentle urbanity would be equally interpreted as th outer and visible sign of a weak, timid outer and visible sign of a weak, timid disposition, with too great a bias to-wards gentility. Yet he must try. "Well, Mary, how are all the bairns?" he said cheerfully to a young buxom mother, who carried one chubby youngster in her arms, and was con-

royed by two or three more. "Wishs, begor, your reverence, we have but one barn; and 'tis nearly al ways impty."
"I meant the children," said Luke,

flushing.
"Oh, the childre! All well, your the new priest, reverence. Spake to the new priest, Katie; there now, ducky, spake to the

But Katie was shy, and put her finer in her mouth, and looked up in s

ger in her mouth, and to re-frightened way at his reverence.
"Shake hands, little woman," said
Luke, cheerily, "and we'll be good Luke, cheerily, "and friends. Shake hands!"

But Katie declined. Probably she had heard that it was not considered polite for a lady to offer her hand to a rentleman on a first introduction. if Luke had been wise he would have closed the conference there. But he was determined to win that child.

"What have I done to you, little he said. 'Let us be friends. roman ?' Come, now, shake hands." Katie still

'Shake hands, miss, with the priest,' said the mother, shaking her angrily.
"Let her alone," said Luke. "She'll come round immediately." Bu. Katie was not coming round.
"Shake hands, miss, I tell you,"

said the mother, now fast losing control of her temper. Katie wept the tears of childhood.
"Begor, we'll see," said the mother,

"begor, we'll see, said the mother, "who'll be mistress here. Hould him," she cried to a servant girl, transferring the baby to her arms. Then Katie was spanked, nowithstanding the piteous appeals of Luke, who was horrified at the results of his intended kindness He put his fingers in his ears to keep out the screams of the child, at which ceremony the servant maid laughed rudely; and Luke rushed from the

cabin Wishs, 'twasn't the poor child's fault," said the mother in subsequent explanations to a neighbor "but his gran' accint. 'Twa 'Twas enough to frighter

One would have thought that this was a lesson. But to Luke's mind babies were irresistible. The cold, calm way in which their wide round so frank and honest, stared at him he winked; the unfathomsbl

nade Luke half a heretic. He was beginning to believe in the anamnesis of the human mind, and the faculty of recalling a previous satisfance. This was confirmed by the free and active inter-pretation of the nurses or mothers.

"Sure, she knows you yer reverence. Look at the way she looks at you. You know the priest, ducky, don't you? What's his name, dan'in'?"

"Glack! glack," says baby.
"Luke! Luke!" echoes mother.
"Glory be to you, sweet and Holy
Mother, did ye iver hear the likes be-

mother, did ye iver hear the likes be-fore? And sure she's as like your reverence as two pins."
"She's an uncommonly pretty child," said Luke, in unconscious sell-flattery.
"I never saw such eyes before."

"I never saw such eyes before."

"And she's as cute as a fox," echoes mother. "Wisha, thin, yer reverence, though I shouldn't say it, I had priests in my family, too. We have come down low in the world enough; but there was thim that wance held their heads high. Did ye ever hear of wan Father Clifford, yer reverence, who lived over at Caragh? "Twas he built that gran' chapel, the likes of which isn't in the country. Well, sure he was my mother's gossip. And I had more of them, too. But let byegones be byegones. Sure, when you're down, you're down!" be byegones. Syon're down!"

During this modest assertion of high respectability (for "to have a priest in the family," is, thank God, the patent of honor in Ireland), Luke and the babe stared wonderingly at each other. Now, he had read somewhere, how on one occasion, a party of rough miners out West, who had been banished from out West, who had been banished from civilization for years, on coming down from the gold-pitted Sierras, with their wallets stuffed with nuggets and their very clothes saturated with gold dust, had met a nurse and a child. They stared and stared at the apparition. And one huge giant, who had not bee washed since his baptism, and who wa a walking armory of revolvers and bowie knives, stepped before his fellows, and offered the girl two handfuls of gold dust if she would allow him to kiss the child. The young lady herself was not consulted. But, as the big miner stooped down and touched the pure lips of the child, a cold sweat broke out on his face and forehead, and he trembled nder the fever of a sweet emotion.

Luke thought, and was tempted. He said good-bye to the mother, and stooping down touched with his lips the wet, sweet mouth of the child. He walked away, leaving serious wonderment in the child's mind, but infinite gratitude in the mother's; but he had to steady himself against a tree for a fe moments, whilst the currents of strange, unwonted feelings surged through his

'That's a good man," said a rough and ready farmer, who had begun the process of "edjication," and was supposed to be critical, and even anti clerical in his sympathies. watched the whole proceeding proceeding from behind a hawthorn hedge.

"He has a soft corner in his heart, however," said the happy mother.

But it was a fatal kiss! Luke had examined his conscience rather too scrupulously that night, and decided that these little amenities were rather enervating, and were not for him. And there was deep disappointment and even the resenting in the position when it was not seen that the position when the position where the position when the position wh esentment in the parish, when it was found that the superior attractions of of other babies were overlooked, and that there was but one who was highly

favored.
All this was a fair attempt for one who was working by the rules of art, as well as by the inspirations of nature. But he was a foreigner and awkward in his approaches towards an impressionable and sensitive people.

His really serious troubles commenced

when he had to get a "boy." We say "serious," for in this quaint, old-fash oned country it is the "minor human at cataclysms, social and political, that constitute the factors of daily existence. Luke had been assured that a "boy" was a necessary and indispensable evil. "You must get him, but he'll break your heart." It might be imagined that, reared in country house, and with a young Irish-man's innate love and knowledge of man's innace love and knowledge of horses, Luke would have understood perfectly how to deal with a servant. But, no! He had been so completely enervated and washed out by his intercourse with the soft refinement of his English home, that he was almost help less. Then his tastes were of the library, not of the stables; of the kings gardens of books, not of mangolds and otatoes; and he looked around helppotatoes; and he loaged around help-lessly for a qualified man to see after his horse and cultivate his garden. He had not far to seek. Dowered with the highest recommendations from the arch deacon of the diocese, a young man, neatly dressed, and with a decidedly military appearance, proffered his ser

" Did he understand horses Horses? Everything, except that was not born amongst them. He then and there told Luke awful things about spavins, ring-bones and staggers, that Luke had never heard of, or had completely forgotten. "But if her feet are right, and she

takes her oats, she's all right. Lave her to me!" She has a white star on her fore-

head," said Luke, anxious to show the mare's high breeding.
"What?" said the boy, as his face lengthened.

"She has a white star on her fore-"Sne has a white star on her fore-head," stammered Luke.
"That's pad," said the boy, splemn-ly. "No matter," he said, in a pro-fessional tone, "I'll make up for it."

"Do you know anything about flowers?" asked Luke, timidly. The fellow saw the timidity, for he was

fellow saw the studying Luke closely.

Ax Lord Cardoyne's at the "Flowers? AI Lord Cardoyne's gardener, who took first prize at the 'Articultural Show in Dublin last summer, what he knew. Yes! Ax him, who reared the Mary Antinetty Rose, that-

There was a long discussion about ages. A king's ransom was demanded; and it was asked, as a sine qua non that he should be "ate" in the house. Luke demurred, but no use. Luke cut

his trump card. Taking out a dirty his trump card. Taking out a cirty toll of yellow papers, tobacco-stained and scented, he profered one with the cool air of having thereby victoriously settled the question. From this it appeared that John Glavin was an honest, industrious young man, with a good knowledge of the management of horses, and some ideas of horti and flori-culture. He was recommended, his wages ture. He was recommend having been paid in full.

"The archdeacon does not mention sobriety?" said Luke.
"What?" said John, indignantly.
"Who says I'm not sober? The archdayken knew better than to insult me!"
"He would be more satisfactory, how.

dayken knew better than to insult me!"
"It would be more satisfactory, how ever," said Luke.
"I wouldn't lave him," said John.

"I wouldn't lave him," said John.
"He says to me, 'John,' he says, 'ti is
usual to put in timperate in a discharge;
but John,' says he, 'I've too much
respec' for your feelings, an' I won't.
But if iver anny one hints,' sez he,
'that you are not a sober man, remim
ber you've an action agin him for libel,
or eyen.' sez he, sez the archdayken. even,' sez he, sez the archdayken "I see," said Luke. "Now, what wages were you getting?"

"I'd be afeared to tell yer rever-nce," said John in a soothing and

ence," said John in merciful tone.
"Oh, never mind!" said Luke. "I merciful tone.
"Oh, never mind!" said Luke. can bear a good deal."
"Well, thin," said the rascal, putting his hand rapidly across his lips,
"as yer reverence forces me to tell ye,
I suppose I must—£30 a year. Not a
pinny less!"

pinny less!"
"I shall give you £12," said Luke,

decisively.

John wslked away. His feelings were hurt. He came back.
"Your reverence wouldn't insult a poor boy. But come now, let us say twinty, an' be done."
"That'll do," said Luke. "Be off."

To Luke's intense surprise John was cracking jokes with the housemaid, and eracking jokes with the housemain, and er joying an excellent dinner, at 1 o'clock in the kitchen. He then took possession of the place. But on many an evening, in the local public house, he uttered his jeremiads over his downfail. From having been 'archdayken's to be reduced to a "curate's man " what a fall !

boy," what a fall!

It need not be difficult to ascertain the precise cause of John Glavin's dethronement. Perhaps he had exhausted too many "tail-ends" on the kitchen stairs; perhaps he had been stairs; perhaps he had been to the keyhole on caught with his ear to the keyhole on some official occasion; perhaps some important letters looked as if other than the master's eyes had seen them. But, he was dismissed; and the archdeacon had to undergo a severe cross-examination as to the cause. Because a great Archbishop fron foreign parts, being on a visit to the archdeacon, had taken a violent fancy to the fellow and expressed a desire to secure him for his own service at a handsome salary. He had taken a violent fancy to John, for at had taken a violent tancy to John, for at dinner John, whose speech was approaching the inarticulate, and whose eyes had a far away look in them and were decidedly squeous, invariably addressed the Archbishop as: "Me Grace!" Oh! yes. John had been to school in his younger days, and had been subjected for several hours that day to a most for several hours that day to a most careful tuition on the housekeeper's part as to the use of possessive pro-nouns in addressing dignitaries.

"'My Lord,' and 'your Grace,' said the housekeeper. 'Do you understand, you fool?"

said he did, and he went around all day muttering the talismanic words. But, alas! what can a poor fellow do, when his nerves fail under the eyes of "the farseers," and especially, when the wheels of thought are inclined to

" John, a potato, please."

"Yes, me Grace!"
"John, would you get me the salt? "To be stu', me Grace!"
John, pass that wine."

"No. The claret."

John's watery gaze floated over the table, where things had become horribly confused and exaggerated; but he failed to see the claret decanter. " John !"

" Yes, me Grace !"

" Cummin', me Grace " John!" thundered the archdeacon

Yes. me Grace ! " Go down stairs and stay there !"

" More likel? to stop half way," aid the Archbishop. "He's sitting said the Archbishop. Hes sitting now on the top step, weeping. Archdeacop, that fellow is a treasure. Will you give him to me ?"

The archdeacon was annoyed at the exhibition. Besides, the archdeacon was nowhere. John worshipped the star of the first magnitude, particularly as it had developed into a constellation. When he noticed the bishop, he called him by way of com-pensation, "Your Lord!" The Archnoticed pensation, "Your Lord!" The bishop maintained that it was he said; but that was a mistake. Then and there, however, the Archbishop saw a prize and coveted it. Alas! for John, and all human attach-ments. The master clung to him, and then—dismissed him. It happened then—dismissed him. It happened thus. The archdeacon had been absent from home for a few days. His car riage was waiting for him at the rail way station; but to his surprise, John, instead of alighting with his usual alacrity, clung with statuesque tenseity to the second statue tenseity tenseity to the second statue tenseity to the second statue tenseity tenseity to the second statue tenseity tenseit acity to the sest. A porter profered his services and opened the carriage door. When they reached home, John door. When they reached home, John was still statuesque. The archdeacon suspected a great deal, but said nothing. A few hours later, just as the archdeacon was sitting at dinner, he heard the rumble of carriage wheels in the yard and the heavy traup of the horse's feat. "What's up now?" said horse's feet. "What's up now?" said the archdescon. He went to the front door just as John was leading the horse and carriage from the yard, and looked and carriage from the yard, and looked on for a few moments in silence. John, too, was silent and abstracted, and preoccupied with deep thought. At last the archdeacon said:

Where 'ud I be goin,' Grashe ?'

" Yes! that's what I asked. Where

-are—you—going?"

"Where 'ad I be goin' but down to By the time the visitor was gone

th-train ? "For what?"
"For whash? To meet your Grashe, to be shu!"
"I see. Going to the train to meet

"Yesh, m' Grashe. D'ye think I'd lave yere all ni, mi' Grashe?" John was looking far away over the arch.

con's head.
Take back that horse at once," said the archdeacon.
"An'm I no' gon' to meet your Grashe?

"Take back that horse at once, I say."
"Bush you'll ketch yer det o' cowld,

me Grashe!"
"Take back that horse, I say."
"If you diesh, what'll become o'
me? Boo-hoo!" wept John. The next day he was dismissed, and

the archdeacon was left to his fate. But he had to stand a terrible crossexamination at a subsequent visit from his guest, the Archb'shop, who could only by the greatest difficulty be restrained from making an effort to secure "the treasure."
"I'd have taken the fellow at any

cost," said the Archbishop, as he re-lated the episode to a friend in after years, "but the doctor told me I should take my choice between apop-lexy and asphyxia, if ever I brought to table. Luke drew the prize, and secured

the treasure. TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE TERRIBLE QUEEN.

It was an October evening. In Killarney the trees were turning red and golden and brown, but here in West Kerry were no trees. The Atlantic beat against bare cliffs, and above the cliffs was a sandy soil bearing nothing but short-cropped grass and tiny wild flowers.

Across the grass walked two figures —a tall girl of about twenty, with large, clear gray eyes and beautiful hair, and a lad four or five years older, who bore the well-formed limbs and look of perfect health, which speak of a life lived among the mountains. They walked briskly, but stopped now and then to look at the sunset, at the waves, or at some treasure in the grass. Every fresh discovery seemed to

new pleasure.

Here and there the smooth outline of the hill was broken by a low fence of sods. These fences were made to divide grazing rights, and ran down to the edge of the cliff. As the pair neared one the lad moved forward, apparently with the intention of the girl over, but she was too quick for him, and, with a little run, sprang upon the fence, jumping lightly down on the other side. "Well done!" he cried, and then

gathering himself up, cleared the fence at a bound, and alighted close to her. She turned to him not the laughing face he had expected, but one white

"The Quern," she gasped, "the Quern!"

The what?' he inquired mystified. "The Fairy Quern," she said under her breath. "Listen!" her breath. "Listen!" He stood listening. From the ground

beneath certainly came a rumbling sound, not unlike that produced by grinding one stone on another.
"You hear it, Willie?" said the girl.

"It's nonsense," he said, "it must be the sea or something that way. There's cave all along under the cliff." "The tide is out, 'she said, shivering a

little. "It isn't the sea."

He threw himself on the grass and put his ear to the ground. He could hear the rumbling more distinctly. "Who said fairies were in it?" he asked angrily, sitting up, with his face just a shade paler than before. "Mrs. Hartigan," the girl answered,

"She said it brought ill-luck."
"Then you've no business to listen to any such rubbish," he declared.
"Mrs. Hartigan talks a lot of nonsense, just to be called a wise woman. You won't find anybody with sense believ-

won t find anybody with sense believering in ill-luck and such things."
"I don't know, Willie," she said sadly "sometimes one can't help believing in ill-luck and such things."
"You ought to know better than to listen to Mrs. Hartigan,"
"Don't think of it any mo

like ask her to prove that it ever brought ill-luck to anyone." She lo ked a little brighter. "Perhaps it is nonsense," she said "How could it bring ill luck after all?" "You're a sensible girl, Breda," said ill-luck, if there is a quern itself; and I won't believe that it's something in the sea: maybe a loose won't the interest in the sea:

the sea: maybe a loose rock that's get-ting moved about by the waves, the ame as the upper stone in a quern."

They walked on together, but much of their enjoyment was gone. Their roads soon parted, and Breda turned down a narrow boreen leading to a small cottage, neatly thatched, and well protected against the winter storms by a series of ropes laid over the roof, held in place at the ends by heavy

stones.

you're as old.

She entered a clean, sanded kitchen, with a cheerful turf fire burning on the hearth. By the fire sat Breda's mother -a small, alert, bright-eyed body, and on the other side of the chimney corner sat another woman-a large, comfortable looking person, with pleasant, kindly eyes, and a general look of being on good terms with all the world, herself included. She rose with a laugh as the girl

came in.
"'Tis as good for me to be cetting
"'Tis as good for me to be cetting
home," she said. "'Tis likely Wille
home," she said. "'Tis likely Wille
home," she said. "'Tis likely Wille home," she said. "Tis likely Willie will be in, and wanting his tea. You're growing overy day, Breda" (she touched the girl's arm kindly.) "You'll be as handsome as your mother by the time

Little Mrs. O'Hara laughed con-tentedly; she was evidently in high good humor tonight.
"You know how to say a pleasant word, Mrs. Sheridan," she said "Well, word, Mrs. Sheridan, "Sheridan," she said "Well, word, Mrs. Sheridan," she said "Well, word, Mrs. Sheridan, "Well, word, "Well, " I'll think over what you've been say-ing. Good night ma'am, and safe home

Breda's two young be rived, and were calling the next hour was spen Then the kitchen was neighbors began to dr was a small, dark won plain shawl wrapped head. She stepped s feet, and gave no gre tled herself near the f "Is it all well with Hartigan?" asked

"Tis well tonight, in the same language trouble coming to son is out."
"And good luck t

white hair came in an "God save all here with a glance round.
"God save you kind We were missing you sald Mrs. O'Hara. "The little pig that O'Rourke answered. the door for fear he A few more neighb

O'Hara's house wa kitchen had the adva over full of furniture were sure of a welcon anxiously at the do expected Willie Sh not appear. Present began to sing. She tional way, with her moving her lips only words. She had cho and the sourds, swe made Breda shiver. were applauding, sh Mrs. Hartigan and "Mrs. Hartigan, "did you ever hear to "Did I?" Mrs.

were turned on her say such things, chi to be spoke of." to be spoke of."
"But did you ryourself?" asked B
"I did," said Mrs
"Did it bring you b
inquired Mrs. O'Ha
"Bad," was the
ing along with a ba eggs, when a heard grinding of it below earth, and with tha of me, and I fell, as under me, and the

loudly, and the ey

nieces. Some of the blaughed, and Mrs angry. ...'Tis all very said : "but the pair

leg, nor it isn't in eggs."Well, it might an; way," said Mr.
didn't follow you l Mrs. Hartigan teriously. "'Tis this is t

said; "if you're or over by yourself li you. "Tis if you you in earnest, like rying, that harm There was Kathlee married to they heard the Q thing was the ma and he went to

"And a good rid suggested a red ha "And there was

out walking with heard it, and what dead on the spot; heard it the sam girl he was cour advised to break i he'd be a dead ma "Ah, sure, you things," said Mrs "They can't s Mrs. Hartigan; break off the mate

kill the man.'

"Don't be talki fore all the boys O'Hara. "Come Who's goi They got up a concertina and more dances aft song ; but at last to bed in the i neighbors went O Hara, her sm with triumph, tu

You don't kno

What was it

Sheridan here to

heart beginning Willie," announce Breda sat do rested her head "'Tis a good mistake," contin I will say Mrs. woman. 'Tis have a girl that up, and saving, than one with would waste mor be trapzing ab before the neig says she, 'Willie mon fancy to woman,' continu

woman," continuit she finds you you'll find her be interfering, enough to think
"I—I'm fright "Well, so w many girls ; bu Sheridan so lo such friends; ought to be.
just tell Mrs frightened," sl ly, "and not le had for the asl

on all the same Mother.' "I don't knomarried at all."

"There, the soothingly; 's any more to-n