MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVIII. MR. WEEKS TREATS HIMSELF TO A RIDE ON A RATHLIN PONY .- ITS CONSE

QUENCES.-KATE TAKES HIM WITE HER TO CASTLE GREGORY. During Mr. Week's long and secre conference with the negro, (for Mrs. Motherly was carefully excluded from the room,) Hardwrinkle still remained closeted with the officer of constabulary at Crohan House, devising plans for the immediate committal of Randall at Cronan House, devising of Randall Barry to Lifford jail. A difficulty, however, presented itself, which Hardwinkle had entirely overlooked in his zeal for the safety of the state—namely, the presence of Captain Petersham, o Castle Gregory, who, as senior magistrate of the barony, was very much in the habit of taking such cases into his own hands, and disposing of them according to his own peculiar views of the law thereunto made and previded. Hardwrinkle, it appears, in order to avoid unnecessary delay, was for hav-ing the prisoner brought before himself. and committed forthwith; but the officer demurred on the ground that the captain had already, in anticipation of Barry's arrest, given strict orders to have the young man brought before him and no other. Hardwrinkle denied Captain Petersham's right to issue such orders, inasmuch as the crime charged against Barry was a capital offence, re-quiring prompt and summary action by the nearest of her majesty's justices of the peace, without distinctian of rank. Furthermore, he contended that Captain Petersham, from his well-known disaffection to the government, and his notorious opposition to its measures for the "amelioration" of Ireland, was neither a fit or proper person to try the case at all. Still more—he assured the officer that the captain's anxiety to take Barry into his own hands was but

These remonstrances, seemed to produce but little effect or the police officer, who still persisted in his determination of bringing the prison-er before the senior magistrate as in duty bound-adding, by way of make-weight, that he valued his life too highly to risk it by an act of premeditated disobedience to the orders of such a madman and fire-eater as Captain Tom

the consequence of a secret determina-tion on his part to let the young rebe

escape, if he could possibly do so; and, therefore, to trust such a man with the case was virtually to defeat the law,

and frustrate the designs of the govern-

Petersham, of Castle Gregory.

At length, after various plans and schemes had been proposed and rejected, it was finally agreed that nothing could be done for the present, but that early on the following morning Hardwrinkle should despatch his servants post-haste to certain magistrates of the neighborhood, on whose loyalty he could depend, requesting their presence next day on the Petit Sessions bench, in order to neutralize any efforts that might be made by Captain Petersham to free the prisoner. In the mean nam to free the prisoner. In the mean-time the barracks should be well guarded, particularly through the night, and every possible precaution taken against attempts at rescue by the friends and abettors of the young out-With this understanding, the two zealous defenders of Church and State separated, each congratulating the other on having secured at last the person of so dangerous and malignant a

traitor as Randall Barry.
Whilst the above consultation was going on, Weeks had quite recovered from his consternation on recegnizing the negro in Mr. Guirkie's parlor, and. after leaving his message with Mrs. Motherly, was now proceeding on his way to Castle Gregory, looking as grave and composed as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity.

said already-was by no means remarkable either for his beauty of shape or swiftness of foot, ane so low withal that hls rider's boots almost touched the ground as he jogged along. Still, though a mere pony, he was remarkably thick set and stout, and looked strong enough to carry a much heavier load, if he only made up his mind to do it. We add this saving clause, because the little fellow happened to belong to the species of horse called the "Rahery or Rathlin breed," well known in the north of Ireland, and famous not only for its great strength, but its inveter ate habit of resisting all attempts a coercion; so that " as wrong headed as a Rahery "had long become a common expression throughout the province.

Mr. Weeks, when he first took a notion to try the horse for a morning's ride, was cautioned by his Crohar friends not to trust him too far. Re becca, especially, took great pains to acquaint her good cousin with the pony's bad habits, and to put him on his But Weeks, confident of his superior horsemanship, and anxious to verify the truth of his favorite saying, "that no living critter could come it over him," would listen neither to ad-

The little Rahery, as we have before observed, being neither fast nor hand some, and having little therefore to fee proud of, contented himself with trotting along in his own quiet way, without the least pretension in the world, and caring just as little for the opinions of his neighbors as he did for the spurs of his rider.

Notwithstanding all our hero's boasting, however, it was quite evident he little how to govern the horse he rode just then, whatever he might have been able to do at home in New Eng land ; for he kept tugging at the reins and pricking the creature's sides with constant uniform motion, as if the double movement of hand and heel constituted an essential part of the exercise. Whether the gruff, bull headed little brute felt he had a greenhorn on his back, or whether he resolved " to ld the even tenor of his way "despite bridle and spur, is difficult to tell. But certain it is, Mr. Weeks's efforts seemed to mend the matter but very little. In

this fashion he managed to dodge along for a mile or two, his legs swinging to and fro under the horse's belly, and his left hand jerking the bridle at every step; when all of a sudden the pony came to a dead halt, and absolutely re-fused to proceed arother inch in that

direction.

Mr. Weeks, who had ridden the hors half a dozen times before, and never had any difficulty with him, felt rather surprised at his conduct, and took good care to express himself accordingly, both in word and deed. After spurring for a while without any effect, it occurred to him the saddle gear might have got out of place, and he instantly dismounted to examine. But to his great disappointment he found himself great disappointment he found himself mistaken. Everything was exactly where it ought to be. Taking the reins then, he tried to lead the pony past the spot; but the pony decidedly refused to lift a foot. It was very provoking to Mr. Weeks, to find himself there "on the public highway," beating and shouting at the perverse little animal, and every body laughing at him as they and every body laughing at him as they passed by. It was unpleasant, to say the least of it, and Mr. Weeks, as might be expected, felt very uncomfortable indeed. At length, when he tried and tried in vain, and saw no likelihood of succeeding by ordinary means, he drew a knife from his pocket, cut a stout ash sapling from a tree by the road-side, and then remounting, laid on the pony with might and main, determined, if he still refused to proceed, it shouldn't be for want of urging. The animal, finding matters growing serious, but re-solved, notwithstanding, to have his own way, now took the bridle bit be tween his teeth, and poking down his head, wheeled round, and started off to Crohan Honse at full gallop. Weeks. unable to manage the sapling any longer threw it from him, and seized the reins with both hands to haul him up; but alas! he might as well have seized the horns of a buffalo: on drove the head strong little Rahery at the top of his speed, and apparently with as much ease as if he carried a child on his

"Hoa! hoa!" shouted Weeks; "hoa you darned critter."

The pony, accustomed to the Yankee manner of address, mistook it probably for a command to go to the faster, and on he drove accordingly.

on he drove acordingly.
"Tarnation to ye!" cried Weeks, as his hat flew off, and his long sandy hair floated back on the breeze. "Tarnation to ye! hain't ye got no mouth on ye nor nothing? hoa, there, hoa! I say. merciful Heavens! such a country! At this moment, a party of ladies and

gentlemen, some five or six in number came riding up, meeting him at a smar trot, and Weeks, seeing their approach, motioned them to stop his horse. One of the riders crossed the road for that purpose, and waved his handkerchief but the mischievous animal, on seeing his way blocked up, instead of coming to a sudden halt, wheeled off sideways, and ran, or rather tumbled, down a steep bank by the road-side, right into a farmer's kitchen, with the rider's arms clasped round his neck. The blind impetuosity with which the pony drove on, and the nearness of the house, left him no time to choose; so that rider and horse were both in the man's house before they knew it. Then came the catastrophe; for the pony, unable to stop his speed down the bank, not only passed through the door with re-sistless force, but came full tilt against the "dresser," which stood opposite, breaking at a single crash every article of delf on its shelves, and confounding man, horse, and dishes in one commo disaster.

The confusion which followed was amusing. The man's wife ran out with a child in her arms, screaming murder and robbery—half a dozen little boys and girls ran after her, yelling and crying for help—the pony backed out after doing the mischief, and scampered of and scampered off to his manger-and the owner of the house made his appearance in his shirt sleeves with a pitchfork in his hand, all sorts of instant vengeand against the "murdherin" villain in the kitchen.

"Stop, stop, my good fellow," ex-claimed one of the party on horseback, who, seeing how matters stood, had dismounted and arrested the weapon. "Stop-this is a mere accident, my good man."
"Away—out i' my road," shouted

the farmer. "Stand off, and let me at

him this minute, or by—"

But here he paused and swallowed the oath, for on looking over his shoulder he found himself in the hands of Captain Petersham. "I beg yer honor's pardon, sir, but I'll have his life."

'Silence!' commanded the captain. "I can't, sir; look at the wrack he made, the murdherin villain! I'll brain

him this minute. I'll smash— Listen to me, sir. "Flesh and blood cudn't stan' it, cap

"Stop this instant, or I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life."
"The thievin vagabond! where he? till I knock saucepans out o

"Will you not listen to me, you

dog?" The bloody cut-throat, I'll have his "Robert, ho there, Robert, hand the reins to Mr. Whately. Quick, sir; and you, Mr. Johnson, help him to gag this blundering fool, while I go in and see what the matter is."

"Bekase he's one i' the quality, he has lave to do what he lakes; but I'll

tache him the difference. "Who is he, Mr. Whately?" inquired one of the ladies, whose horse kept prancing in front of the door.
"Is the unfortunate man of this neighborhood?" demanded another.

"Is he much hurt?" said a third, addressing the farmer's wife, who was now making her way through the crowd of horses, with the child still in her

'How can I tell yer ladyship whether he's hurt or not? But the sorra's cure to him any way, the dirty gomeril—to smash our bits o' plenishin, that I bought only last week in Francy Mc-Garvey's with the dribs i' money I earned hard with my own four bones.

Bad luck to him every day he rises."
By this time Captain Petersham succeeded in making his way through the kitchen over broken plates and dishes, and there found the hero of the tragedy with his hands thrust down into hi breeches pocket, standing in the midst of the ruins he had made.

What's the damage, major?" said the Yankee, shaking up the silver, as the captain approached him; "what's the damage? I'll foot the bill. Scissors! such a country!" he muttered to himself. "O, if I were only once—

"Damage?"
"Yes—hold on, though; you ain't boss of the shanty—are you?"
"I, no, sir. Why, my Heavens! is

this you?"
"Well, yes, I guess I'm that particular individual."
"Mr. Weeks of Drakesville, eh?"

" No, sir, it ain't-Ducksville, if you

elease."
"Yes, yes, I recollect—Ducksville."
"Yes, yes, I recollect—Ducksville." I'm really very sorry, Mr. Weeks. Upon my honor, my dear fellow, I'm

exceedingly sorry."
"Why, who the thunder are you?
Hold on. As I live, Captain Petersham, of Castle Gregory! How do, captain? Glad to see you. Got into a kinder snarl here.'

"Ha, ha! you're not accustomed to our Irish horses yet," observed captain, laughing. "Got hurt, eh?" observed the captain, laughing. "Got hurt, eh?"
"No, sir, not a mite—got my coat
torn and lost my hat—that's all."

"Well, never mind—it might have been worse. Come, I've a horse at the door to carry you to Castle Gregory. You'll dine with us, of course."

Well, the fact is, I was a-going there when this confounded accident

happened."
"Thank you. Come then. I'll settle

Thank you. Come then. This ettle all this for you to morrow."

Whilst the foregoing colloquy was taking place, the owner of the house had been gradually quieted down by the captain's friends outside, and the captain himself had succeeded in leading Mr. Weeks to the door, where his servant's horse awaited him to mount As the latter, ashamed and discomfited, slowly advanced and looked up, he felt "kinder uncomfortable," to use one of his own phrases, at seeing so many eyes fixed on him. But the confusion lasted only a moment, for, like his countrymen, Mr. Weeks's recuperative

owers were always at hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, by way of a passing introduction, "this is Mr. Drake, of Weeksville, Connecticut, United—"

"Mr. Weeks, if you please"—and the speaker drew forth a card from his silver case, and presented it respectfully to his friend. "My name, sir, you will perceive, is Weeks — Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut, United States.

"Just so, Mr. Weeks. Excuse me, my dear fellow; I'm the most confounded blunderer imaginable. Hang it, I'm always blundering about that name some how, and can't tell how it

"Never mind the name, Mr. Weeks, said one of the ladies on horseback ' mount this horse here, and come with us to Castle Gregory; 'and the speaker, touching the spirited animal she rode on the flank with her riding whip, broke through the crowd, and prancing up to the door, stretched out her hand to the American; "come, sir; I've been long wishing to see you; and now you and I must ride together and have a chat in advance of the party."
"Who is she, captain?" whispered

"Who is she, captain?" whispered Weeks, after he had touched the lady's hand. That's my sister - Kate Peters-

"You don't say !"

"Never saw her before, I presume."
"No-often heard of her, though. Kinder smart, ain't she?' "Yes, sometimes — when she takes the notion."

" She looks sorter spry-rides well, I

guess.' "Yes; does pretty fair at a fox hunt.
Like to cross a ditch or two with her, eh? You can have any of my horses

you please."

"No, I thank you: I should rather not at present. That's a pretty piece of horse flesh she rides—ain't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the best mare of

her inches in the province of Ulster. I'll back her against any thing of her age and weight in Ireland, for a thou-

"Should like to own the critter." "Can't, sir; Kate would as soon part with her right hand as part with Moll Pitcher.' See how she dances. the wild creature-she's mad to ge

"What detains you, Mr. Weeks?"

cried Kate.
"Excuse me, madam, for a moment

I'll be with you presently."
"Make haste then," urged the cap-

Make haste then, triged the cap'tain; "the lady will feel quite offended if you keep her waiting."
"Here, my good woman," said Weeks, taking a couple of sovereigns from his purse, and handing them to the farmer's "here, take these, and replenish your shelves. You seem to be in a great hurry to

repair the damage," observed the cap-

"Well, I guess it's just as well-ain't 'To-morrow had been time enough.'

"To morrow. By jirgo, I shouldn't wonder if that crazy coon, her husband, had my life before half the time. These countrymen of yours, captain, ain't to trusted."
"Ha, ha! I see you're not acquainted

yet with the disposition of the Irish. "Ain't I, though? Well, I rather guess I am some. By crackie, if I ain't, for my short time amongst them, I don't know who is. Say, my good woman, hain't you got a hat I could woman, hain't you got a hat I could have for a day or so? Fly round and

see if you can find one."
"Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks," cried
Kate again—"here I am waiting for
you all this time, and Moll Pitcher so restive that I can hardly manage her."
"Never mind the hat," said the cap-

good woman; let me have something to cover my head. Hilloa! what's that?" he demanded, as she handed him a rab-bit-skin cap. "What the thunder is bit-skin cap. "What the thunder is this? Hain't I seen that cap before?"

"No matter; put it on," entreated the captain, impatiently, "and let's be "Wait a minute-what's this in the

bottom of it, eh?—a letter, I swonnie it is—and to Miss Kate Petersham, too. Why, how's this?"
"Who owns the cap?" demanded the captain.

'I own it," said a new comer, issuing from a door of a little room behind the dresser. "I own it, sir." "Lanty Hanlon!"

"Lanty Hanton!"
"Let me have the cap, sir—here's
one to replace it," said Lanty, handing
Weeks another of nearly the same description, and taking his own without
the least ceremony from the hands of
the astonished Yankee.
"Well there!"

"Well there!—say, captain, can you tell me how many duplicates of this individual are to be found in the dees-

trict, or, in other words, is he really the old gentleman himself?" "Lanty Hanlon, how came you by this letter?

"Don't trouble yourself about it, captain," replied Kate; "it's only a love letter. Hand it here, Lanty. I'll neet you at the place you know, this evening. Be punctual now, or I'll dis-

"Niver fear, my lady; I'll be there but mind, if you don't be up to time yourself, we must break the engagement." And throwing the cap care-lessly on his head, he disappeared as he

"I see, captain, you know that fel-

"O, yes; I have known Lanty for years. "Well, he's a tarnation villain; let

well, he's a tarnation villain; let me tell you that."
"Lanty—ha! ha! O, no, he's not a bad fellow. Fond of playing tricks, that's all."

"Tricks-he's the darnedest rascal

unhung. Weeks now mounted the groom's horse, which proved to be a gentle, well-disposed animal; and with the captain on one side and Kate on the ther, rode in front of the proce his rabbit-skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and his hands and feet jerking and swinging as before, to the no small amusement of the party.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN IRISH LOVE STORY.

Spring came into the woods Margy, and the leaves uncurled. On the twisted bows of the oak and the elm, and through the silvery bark of the beechen trunks, they burst and spread. They shut out the sky, and the rain from the darkling cloud, and the hot sunbeam of the noon that stole the color from violets growing by wayside banks in the open. In this green shadow the long stalks of the hare-bells grew fat with moisture, and the inky ouds opened and shock out their beau tiful petals, and made a glow in every brake and hollow. The cranesbill spread its odorous plumes by bubbling linns and streams. Bright eyed rabbits leaped across the moss; and wooddoves cooed in upper branches, hard by to which the busy crows were repairing their nests after the winter storms had wrought their will upon them.

In the green woods of Margy, Katha-leen Holohan was gathering twigs and brambles for the kindling of the morning fire, when she heard the first call of the cuckoo. It came to her, as it were, from over the broad fields of Martin Keogh's farm, out beyond the fringe of the wood. Great as was the hurry upon Kathaleen to kindle the fire, and to set to the milking of her father's one lean cow, she laid her bundle of brushwood down upon the ground, and slipping off her foot the untethered brogue, turned her sole upward to see what she might chance to find beneath. If it were that same color as that of her future hus band would be found sticking to the sole of the shoe. Kathaleen's dew-gray eyes looked with care from heel to After much search she came upon a wavy dark hair. She laughed, and put the shoe back upon her foot and took up her bundle of firewood from beside the bluebells. The tint o red roses was in Kathaleen's cheeks but it was not fast like the color of rose; it brightened and dimmed, like a flame in the wind. She put her foot

forward to go on her journey.
"More luck to you, a-hagur!" said
a cracked old voice close to her ear. The young girl turned and saw Moll Devereux, the match-maker of county, watching her closely. "Is it seeking the shade of your true love's locks you be?" said Moll, shrewdly, for she was never very long about guessing at the truth of things. More-over, she, too, had heard the cuckoo only a minute before. Kathaleen laughed, and bit her soft

red lip.
"There's no use tellin' you a lie!" said she. "For 'tis you that could see through the same, just like as if you were looking through glass. I was seeking to know the color of my true love's hair, and, what's more, I found

" As flery as the sun rising in a fog, I'll warrant you," said Moll Devereux, for she knew of a decent, though redhaired, young boy that was looking after Kathaleen Holohan. And a good match he would be, moreover, for he had cows and comfort, and not a one in the house with him but a soft young while she was waiting to be invited into while she was watching to be invited into a house of her own. Moll Devereux was ready to put in a good word for the red-haired boy. But she soon found that her good words would avail noth-

"Indeed, then, it was of no such color!" said Kathaleen, and her eyes flashed just as the gray dew might flash with the sun upon it. "It was as black as the ace of spades!" Unknown to tain, dragging Weeks by the arm—
'never mind it now; we'll pick up
your own on the road."

"Hold on a second—hurry up, my grass, and the daisies bordered with

rosy red; and far off rose the thatch of Martin Keogh's roof, and his stasks of corn and ricks of hay, that were scarce-ly diminished by the usage of harsh

winter. "Oh, that, indeed!" remarked Moll Devereux, seeing the direction of Kath-leen's looks. "Well, not a mile away from here, lives a boy with hair just of the shade you mention. Musha, tell us in what ear did you hear the cuckoo?" Kathaleen leant her golden head sideways, and put her hand to her left ear. "This one," she said. Now, the left ear was towards Martin Kecgh's

fields.

"Why, then, you may take it for Gospel that you'll be residin' in that direction by this time next year," said Moll Devereux. "But in troth, 'tis

not I that tell you so, but the cuckoo, when you hear her in the left car. No liar is the cuckoo, Kathaleen a hagur!" "Musha, God send it!" cried Kathaleen, with a laugh like the ringing of silver bells. And then she made haste home to her father's cabin on the right side of the woods of Margy, and she milked the lean cow, and readied the breakfast with a light heart in all her work, for the cuckoo had announced good news to her and the same was no

Meantime, Moll Devereux took her vay over Martin Keogh's fields, and in by the haggard to his door. The smoke was rising from the morning fire, and the mother of Martin had swept the kitchen clean, and was setting breakfast things on the table. Moll Devereux bid her the time of day.

"Then now, is that yourself? Stop in, ma'am!" said Mrs. Keogh, hospit-"It is early that you are afoot

this morning."
"Bad news is brought abroad before the crowing of the cocks," said Moll Devereux. "Where is your son Mar-She sat down upon the stool Mrs. Keogh drew out from a corner and et before the fire. She spread her two

withered hands upon her knees.

"Martin is still in lavender," said his mother. "He was weary after the his mother. "He was weary after the market of yesterday, and I forced him lie awhile. He has business before him

to day, and needs to be rested."
"What may his business be, ma'am?" asked Moll Devereux, with her gaze pent upon the hissing greenwood that the flame was slowly consuming on the open hearth. The kettle, hanging from the iron bar set across the mouth of the

chimney, began to hum like a bee.
"Well, since you ask it, I'll tell you, and no lie. He's going down to the priest in Ballatinn—that's where he's going," said the mother of Martin Keogh. She did not tell why he was going to the priest, for that business of the young man-and other. It had no concern with Moll Devereux.

"You can give him my word to stay at home, then," said the old woman by the fire. "For I come to tell you that Margaret Barrett has run away before daybreak, with her father's cowboy, and left written word that she would be wed with him before the sun was above the hill.

Martin Keogh's mother sat down upon a stool and rocked her body to and fro, and wrung her hands together. "God look down upon my boy!"
id she. "And where did you hear said she. that ?'

She sat there bewailing herself, while the kettle boiled over on the pale flames of the greenwood on the hearth, and quenched the fire. A little runnel of the water ran to the feet of Moll Devereux; then she became aware that the breakfast was in danger, and she lifted down the great kettle, though it was far beyond her strength, for was very old. She let the vessel down heavily upon the ground, and turned to answer the poor woman who was

wringing her hands. "It happened that the girl's mother got a sudden turn of sickness in the night, a weakness, and her man ran to my door and waked me up. I rose from my bed and went to the woman-sure, a little weakness; but she's a fearsome creature, and full-up of fancies. I sat a while with her, until she was herself again, and I asked where was the again, and I assed where the daughter, being surprised that I had not seen her about. 'O, she's the lazy received!' made answer the father. 'I creature!' made answer the father. called her to rise, and I running for you, Mrs. Devereux, but sorra the sound I heard from her room since then.' Myself, I thought it more than strange that a daughter should be lyin for the neighbors with the fear of dyin' upon her; and I went into the colleen's bedchamber. But not a living soul was to be seen there, and I wasn't long before I laid my hand upon a letter left upon the window-stool; and what Well was in it I've told you already. the house was in an ouryary all in a minute; but when I got the chance I slipped away, and I up through the wood of Margy to bring the word to you. Let you tell Martin. 'Tis the tongue of a mother can best speak of such things to a young boy so dis-

Then she bade the mother of the young farmer get ready the breakfast and wake her son from his sleep, and let him eat his good comfortable meal be-fore he heard the bad news. And she gave a hand in the preparations, and fried the rashers of thick white bacon, and wet the tea in the big black pot, and put a smile upon her face when Martin came down the ladder-stairs that was set in a corner of the wide, comfortable kitchen.
"Morrow at you," she said briskly.
"It was a pretty girl I met this morn-

ing, and she picking coal-black hair from under her brogue after hearing the cuckoo. A pretty girl, I'll warrant you, with a head of yellow curls upon her, and two eyes that you might light a candle at! My word! Many oung boy's heart that girl will be breaking.

They sat at the table, and Mrs. tea and the bread and butter.

"Tis Kathleen Holohan you're talking of now," said Martin Keogh, fixing his blue eyes on the old woman. "And right enough; no girl in the country is handsomer than herself—but

only one." He let his eyes droop, and smiled to himself. But Moll Devereux did not let the matter go with him.
"In troth, you need make no exceptions at all!" said she, turning the cup round and round in her saucer. "Tis a partial eye you have at present.

Maybe you'll find out, by and by, who is the better woman, in heart as well a

face."
But the young man only laughed at her foolishness, for who had a heart to equal that of his proud, fair Margaret Barrett, with whom he was to be wed before a fortnight was out? When they had made an end of their meal Moll Devereux departed to her home. Then the mother of Martin Keough made him sit down by her side and she took his hand within hers, and she told him all, crying over him.

He spoke no word either of sorrow or complaint. He got up from beside his mother, and he went back upstairs by the broad ladder in the corner of the the broad fadder in the corner of the kitchen. The poor woman sat as he left her, listening for a long time, for-bearing to follow him, lest she might only torment him the more, and yet fearful lest he might do ill upon himself. At last she crept up after him. and found him lying stretched upon his bed under the eaves, with his turned to the wall. He lay there that fashion for days and nights, and his misery was very great, and the heaviness of death was upon him.

It was one evening when the red sun ent a long beam through the window in the gable that he turned his face about and opened his eyes. His mother and Kathaleen Holohan were standing together near him, and the room was full of a sound of weeping. The young man looked from the girl

to his mother.
"Why is she crying, mother?" he

said. It hurt him somehow, to se

tears.
"Lanna machree, it's for your sake—
to see you lying so low and lost in your
trouble. A kindly heart the colleen has, indeed!"

Martin Keogh let the lids fall down

Martin Keogh let the lids fall down over his eyes.

"The world is too full of tears," he said bitterly. "Why don't people let their children go with the Rath people? for, God's truth! the world is too full of tears!" They went away then, these two sad women, thinking he had no desire for them. But he felt the loneliness when they had goes. loneliness when they had gone.

Upon the next morning he rose early and he went about his farm work as he had been wont to do before his grief came upon him. He ploughed in his fields, and after that he walked up and down the furrows, with a linen sheet bound upon his shoulders, and making a great plentiful apron for him, and h scattered the handfuls of seed oats upon the wind. One day, as he was thus Kathaleen Holahan came into Margy woods to gather the kindling; and she saw the young man in the ploughed field, that was next to the green meadow with the daisies. She out to him by a gap in the ditch where, under the briars, the primroses grew among the moss. Martin Keogh came up to her along the fresh, brown fur-

"God save you, sir !" said the girl. "It's myself that is glad to see you up and about again!" And she stole a

look into his sad blue eyes.
"'Tis to please you that I am so said the young farmer. Then he left her there, standing with her gold head drooping, and a reddening cheek. He said to himself that she was angry and no wonder. "For what girl was going to take up with the leavings of Margaret Barrett, who had run away with a

cow-boy ?' The oats had sprung up, and were overing the red soil thinly with pale green shreds and blades, when Martin next met with Kathaleen Holahan. It was in the boreen that led to Keogh's house, and the day was over, and the twilight was as blue and gray as Katha-

leen's eyes.

"My mother does be lonely often evenings," said Martin. "Maybe, you'd turn in and keep her company?" "Dees her son never want com-pany?" asked Kathaleen, and caught her red lip under the little white

teeth.

"In troth, it's want would be his master, if so," said the young farmer.

"For who'd take up with other people's leavings?" He turned round and faced her, of a sudden. "I'm thinking of going to America," said he. "What would you advise me to do?"

At first the blood went back upon Kathalean's heart. Then she set her teeth.

Kathaleen's heart. Then she set her gaze upon him, and read in his coun tenance something which she thought it very good to see.
"Let me tell you a story before I

advise you," she said. "There was a colleen in Margy woods one April morning, and she heard the cuckoo in her left ear, that was a-towards the farm of Martin Keogh. And she looked under her shoe to find the color of her true love's hair, and it was very wavy and coal black — like — like Martin Keogh's !"
The young man caught her hand and

held it against his bosom "What was the name of the girl?" said be.

"Kathaleen Holohan!" said the girl, with her face hidden.
"And what does Kathaleen Holahan

advise me to do about going to America?" asked Martin Keough, holding that little hand, close and kind.
"Kathaleen Holahan advises you to stay at home, and not make a liar of stay at home, and not make a liar of the cuckoo!" said she, and she let her true love take her to his heart.—Alice Furlong, in M. A. P.

Mary's Dignity.

If in the fervor of our affection we address the Mother of God in words that seem too warm and eulogistic for a human creature, we are not to be understood as detracting from our Lord and Saviour one iota of the worship, reverence and love which He claims from His creatures. It is because of her unparelleled dignity as Mother of God, and because of the matchless vir-tues and graces with which dowed His handmaid and to which she perfectly corresponded, that we pay her the homage of our devotion.

A MODEL COMM

EXEMPLARY FAITH EXHI BAMA COLORED P

Rev. Francis J. Tobin Union and Times with account of a communi Catholics. The settleme is on the west shore of M off from Alabama main River, thus forming a called Mon Louis, a known as the "Island of

Father Tobin writes as Tather Tobin writes as
The people of the cor
colored. They are also o
strictest kind. As for
faith the testimony is
of the writer but also
Bishops of the Mobile
all the missionary pries
different times attended
on calling, this model of on calling, this model co

The first trip the writ place will never be for of the exemplary faitl fested and the like of before witnessed in any his missionary career.
off the train some th
from Mobile City he i
a small station. There
drive through the woo Catholic settlement to sent to say Mass. Mee men near the railro learned from them the travel some three miles his destination, and know no team on hard to go young men generously the priest in their napht the river to the object they called "settleme was hot, there was n launch, and no breez The reader can imagin of a traveler in Alal such an occasion. After an hour we read at the mouth of the l thence the writer was small house in the dis

he directed his steps a

was joyfully welcome family of Mon Louis Isla was at work, but the the family, came to kneeling asked his ble and her children. was the most welcom priest could desire. T as it were, the outpos ment, which was rea jaunt through the wo ing our point proper, forward and with glad the priest and as ing. The houses are gether, not, however prevent each family fre yard for garden. From the priest went, simply and entering another which opened each in bor's yard most conve where neatness and noticeable. The coungood people reflected their hearts. Coming shaped building, the was the "Oratory," small-sized stations, front and the statue Virgin and St. Joseph of the building was hers bespoke their ag some seventy years at was the Cross and ne present this so-calle

round; the third be everyone for the After highly comp tion to the Queen of the writer was told faithful in the dai beads. During the of federate forts at the Bay were in danger man was taken awaj island to defend the had to go. It is ne sorrow this occas Jesuit Father who place at the time wa people could turn to And he, to comfort led the way to the cited the beads. He stricken flock to sa day, that the Mothe tect those in war war, particularly th swampy camping g

used for daily praye Every morning at six

people to morning p the Angelus is run o'clock in the even

o'clock as the peopl of the Oratory after beads, their hearts to God's will, they cheering which re-woods. Before the realize the situation strong voices of t brothers and husba ing a hymn to t This was sufficient, folk joined their was certainly a bea giving rendered pu whole community they had, too, for ing. The forts w defend had been t forces the day before the mouth of Mol were allowed to re cited every day s Christian colored giving to the Bles

vives and sisters for

evening,

beloved one.

return of all their Some years ago was built by the direction of Father ary of the Mobile or first church, how ing and is used dail from the settlemer of this church, c give manifestation Catholic faith of the