

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 CONSEQUENCES.—KATE TAKES HIM WITH HER TO CASTLE GREGORY.

During Mr. Weeks' long and secret conference with the negro, for Mrs. Motherly was carefully excluded from the room, Hardwinkle still remained closeted with the officer...

These remonstrances, however, seemed to produce but little effect on the police officer, who still persisted in his determination of bringing the prisoner before the senior magistrate...

Whilst the above consultation was going on, Weeks had quite recovered from his consternation on recognizing the negro in Mr. Gurkirk's parlor, and after leaving his message with Mrs. Motherly, was now proceeding on his way to Castle Gregory...

Mr. Weeks, when he first took a notion to try the horse for a morning's ride, was cautioned by his Crohan friends not to trust him too far. Rebecca, especially, took great pains to acquaint her good cousin with the pony's bad habits...

The little Rahery, as we have before observed, being neither fast nor handsome, and having little therefore to feel proud of, contented himself with trotting along in his own quiet way...

This fashion he managed to dodge along for a mile or two, his legs swinging to and fro under the horse's belly...

Mr. Weeks, who had ridden the horse 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...

"Hoo! hoo!" shouted Weeks; "hoo, you darned critter!"

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 off to his manger...

"Stop, stop, my good fellow," exclaimed one of the party on horseback, who, seeing how matters stood, had dismounted and arrested the weapon.

"I can't, sir; look at the wraok he made, the murderin villain! I'll brain him this minute, sir!"

"Silence!" commanded the captain. "I can't, sir; look at the wraok he made, the murderin villain! I'll brain him this minute, sir!"

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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...

"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!"

"Well, yes, I guess I'm that particular individual."

"Well, never mind—that's all."

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god woman; let me have something to cover my head. Hillo! what's that?" he demanded, as she handed him a rabbit-skin cap.

"No matter; put it on," entreated the captain, impatiently, "and let's be off."

"Wait a minute—what's this in the bottom of it, eh?—a letter, I swonned it is—and to Miss Kate Petersham, too. Why, how's this?"

"Who owns the cap?" demanded the captain.

"Lant, I own it, sir."

"Let me have the cap, sir—here's one to replace it," said Lant, 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—say, captain, can you tell me how many duplicates of this individual are to be found in the district, or, in other words, is he really the old gentleman himself?"

"Lant 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, Lant. I'll meet you at the place you know, this evening. Be punctual now, or I'll discard you."

"I see, captain, you know that fellow."

"O, yes; I have known Lant for years."

"Well, he's a tarnation villain; let me tell you that."

"Lant—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 other, rode in front of the procession, 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 of 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 shunt out the sky, and the rain from the darkening 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 buds opened and shook out their beautiful petals, and made a glow in every brake and hollow. The cranesbill spread its odorous plumes by bubbling lins and streams. Bright-eyed rabbits leaped across the moss; and wood-doves 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, Kathleen 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 Kathleen 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 unheeded brogue, turned her sole upward to see what she might chance to find beneath. If it were that she would be wed, then a hair of the same color as that of her future husband would be found sticking to the sole of the shoe. Kathleen's dew-drops looked with care from heel to toe. After much search, she came upon a wary 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 of red roses was in Kathleen's cheeks, but it was not fast like the color of a 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-hang!" said a cracked old voice close to her ear. The young girl turned and saw Moll Devereux, the match-maker of the county, watching her closely. "Is it seeking the shade of your true love's locks you be?" said Moll, shrilly, for she was never very long about guessing at the truth of things. Moreover, she, too, had heard the cuckoo only a minute before.

"Kathleen 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 it!"

roxy red; and far off rose the thatch of Martin Keogh's roof, and his stacks of corn and ricks of hay, that were scarcely diminished by the usage of harsh winter.

"Oh, that, indeed!" remarked Moll Devereux, seeing the direction of Kathleen'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?"

Kathleen lent her golden head sideways, and put her hand to her left ear. "This one," she said. Now, the left ear was towards Martin Keogh'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 ear. No liar is the cuckoo, Kathleen a hagar!"

"Musha, God send it!" cried Kathleen, 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 lighter heart in all her work, for the cuckoo had announced good news to her and the same was no liar.

Meantime, Moll Devereux took her way 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 the breakfast things on the table. Moll Devereux bid her the time of day.

"Then now, is that yourself, Moll Devereux?" said Mrs. Keogh, hospitably. "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 Martin?" She sat down upon the stool Mrs. Keogh drew out from a corner and set before the fire. She spread her two wetted hands upon her knees.

"Martin is still in lavender," said his mother. "He was weary after the market of yesterday, and I forced him to day, and needs to be rested."

"What may his business be, ma'am?" asked Moll Devereux, with her gaze bent 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 Ballinacree—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 was the business of the young man—and no 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 cow-boy, 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!" said she. "And where did you hear 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 rattle 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 she 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, there wasn't a thing upon her, but just 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 daughter, being surprised that I had faced her of a sudden. 'O, she's the lazy creature!' made answer the father. 'I called her to rise, and I running out for you, Mrs. Devereux, but sorry the sound I heard from her room since then.' Myself, I thought it more than strange that a daughter should be lyin' abed, and her mother sending round for the neighbors with the fear of dyin' upon her; and I went into the colleen's chamber. 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 was in it I've told you already. Well, the house was in an oryury 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 disgraced!"

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 before 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 morning, 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 a young boy's heart that girl will be breaking!"

That at the table, and Mrs. Keogh got out the fried bacon and the 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 needn't be so exception at all!" said she, turning to the cup round and round in her saucer. "This is a partial eye you have at present. Maybe you'll find out, by-and-by, who is the better woman, in heart as well as 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 Keogh 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 kitchen. The poor woman sat as he left her, listening for a long time, yet 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 face turned to the wall. He lay there after 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 sent a long beam through the window in the gable that he turned his face about and opened his eyes. His mother and Kathleen 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 are she crying, mother?" he said. "It hurt him somehow, to see her 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 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 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 he scattered the handfuls of seed oats upon the wind. One day, as he was thus, Kathleen Holohan 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 went 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 furrow.

"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 is going to take up with the leavings of Margaret Barrett, who had run away with a cow-boy?"

The cats had sprung up, and were covering the red soil thinly with pale green shreds and blades, when Martin next met with Kathleen Holohan. It was in the breen that led to Keogh's house, and the day was over, and the twilight was as blue and gray as Kathleen's eyes.

"My mother does be lonely often evenings," said Martin. "Maybe, you'd turn in and keep her company?"

"Does her son never want company?" asked Kathleen, 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 Kathleen's heart. Then she set her gaze upon him, and read in his countenance 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 wary and coal black—like—like Martin Keogh's!"

A MODEL COMMUNITY

EXEMPLARY FAITH EXHIBIT BY BAMA COLORED PEOPLE

Rev. Francis J. Tobin Union and Times with a account of a community Catholics. The settlement is on the west shore of Mobile from Alabama mainline River, thus forming a called Mon Louis, and known as the "Island of Father Tobin writes as

The people of the community are also strictest kind. As for faith the testimony is of a small writer but also Bishops of the Mobile the various missionary priests different times attended, on calling, this model community

The first trip the writer place will never be forgotten of the exemplary faith manifested and the like of what before witnessed in any of his missionary career. off the train some feet from Mobile City for a small station. There were drive through the woods Catholic settlement to get to say Mass. Meece men near the railroad learned from them that travel some three miles his destination, and know young men had to go to the priest in their neighborhood they called "settlement" was hot, there was no launch, and no breeze. The reader can imagine of a traveler in Alabama such an occasion.

After an hour we reached at the mouth of the Mobile river, where the house in the distance directed his steps across was joyfully welcomed family of Mon Louis Island was at work, but the family, came to the kneeling asked his blessing and her children. It was the most welcome priest could desire. As it were, the outposts, which was ready through the working our point proper, forward and with glad the priest and asking the houses are getting, not, however prevent each family from yard for garden. From the priest went, simply and entering another where opened each in her yard most convenient where neatness and noticeable. The count good people reflected their hearts. Coming shaped building, the was the "Oratory," small-sized stations, front and the station Virgin and St. Joseph

of the building was by each bespoken their own first church these good some seventy years ago was the Cross and never present this so-called used for daily prayers. Every morning at six people to morning prayer the Angelus is rung o'clock in the evening round; the third by everyone for the beads.

After highly commendation to the Queen of the writer was told faithful in the daily beads. During the e federate forts at the Bay were in danger man was taken away island to defend them had to go. It is necessary this occasion Jesuit Father who place at the time was people could turn to And he, to comfort led the way to the cited the beads. He stricken flock to say day, that the Mother tect those in war of the hour of death. war, particularly the swampy camping ground hope in the hearts wives and sisters for beloved one.

One evening, the o'clock as the people of the Oratory after beads, their hearts to God's will. They cheering which re-woods. "Before they realize the situation strong voices of the brothers and husbands ing a hymn to the This was sufficient, folk joined their s was certainly a beautiful r and set up whole community; they had, too, for ing. The forts which defend had been to forces the day before the mouth of Mobile were allowed to rest in Mon Louis. The cited every day of Christian colored giving to the Blessed return of all their

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