THE RETURN OF MARY are the charges against him. It's O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

TWO

Author of ." The Tragedy of Chris," " Nanno," "Onora," etc.

CHAPTER IX-CONTINUED THE OUTRAGE

"It'll keep the people at home said Shan. There'll be a lot o' things to see

to," said Tom. "If I was a young man I'd like to be in Parliament myself. I could give them wrinkles. picked up many's the thing in my time, standin' here, year in an' year out, an' talkin' to everybody that come past. I have plans of my own. There'll he a lot o' nonsense to get put out o' ignorant peoples heads.

said Shan : You may say that." "but we'll know betther how to do it iniquity of the accusation for them, ourselves, than to knock it out o' them with the batons o' the We'll have the law in our an's. The Irish made good own han's. laws in ancient days gone by, an'

they'll do it again." When the talk that followed was talked out, and the pipes were fin-ished, Tom walked a piece of the way with Shan, and shook him by the friends. hand at parting.

"Well, my boy, good luck to you an' her, an' maybe Killelagh won't give Mary the big welcome!"

Shan walked away with his hands in his pockets, looking up at the planet Venus which now hung in a blaze of white glory above the dark, Mangerton, overtopping crag of giving softness to the long shadows of the more retiring mountains.

It was not Venus he saw, however, nor the darkness it illumined so ten-derly, but Mary's flower-like face shining in sunlight. She was coming towards him; she would be here in a month. The spell was broken that had kept them so long asunder. He would see that face again with his open eyes which he had been oking at with his mind all these toilsome years ; that face which had no equal for sweetness and beauty, "as it was give in to her in all the country round, let alone round the

ings o' Killelagh !" As he passed along by a bank separating his own farm from an-other he returned to the consciousness of things around him, and stood still a minute looking at a bit of ground, in size about a square yard, which had been long a cause of kind of an excuse for me, till all this quarrel between his father and the is over." neighbour.

To think that anythin' the size of it could be made such a row about!" he said to himself, "but ' but there's no knowin' what ould men won't make fight for. Sure it wouldn't give one cow, no nor calf, a

for y'." "I'm going with you every step of While he spoke he was aware of "I'm going with you every support While he spoke he was aware of the way till I see you where you dismal sounds coming from one of dismal sounds coming from one of the way till I see you where you oughtrit to be," said the priest. a loud bellow of pain mind, and a crowd of men, women, and children (there are few of the latter about Killelagh now) followed reached him.

Seems like somethin' wrong," he thought. "' Is anythin' aildin' Rorke's the little band of Shan and the "polis" and Father Fahy, as it cattle ?

He sprang over the bank, and followed the moans which rose at in tervals on his ear. In the next field, by the starlight, he could soon see three cows lying near each other. and found that the lugubrious sounds proceeded from these poor animals groaning and bellowing in chorus.

by as many of the Killelagh people as had found themselves able to tramp all the way. The towns-Shan approached them, and by the crystal white rays of the planet us, mildly illuminating the dusk of the field and showing the dense the crowd that stood in front of the dark forms of the cows, he inspected the creatures, back and front, pass-ing his hand over their heads and barrack, cheering the prisoner, and hissing his captors. The priest went into the lock up with Shan, and their bodies and limbs, trying to find the nature of their hurt or ailment. All at once he started with an oath. for his hand was wet, and he knew it was with blood.

What devil has done this ?" he Aid. "The beasts have been cut." world, was matter for grave scandal. At the same moment a yellow What would be done, it was asked,

our business to arrest him. "Don't dar' to come near me," said Shan. "If y' do y' may take what y' get from me! When yez have anythin' more to say to me, yez

hurrying to the spot.

ond-

to keep

Ballyorglin.

going to see it out. Let them put me on my trial, since they have

accused me. Somebody be to have

suppose they'll keep me in jail till

the right man turns up." The old priest, with tears in his

eyes, took the prisoner by the hand.

"God bless you, Shan. I'm grieved for you. It'll be hard on your father

her. She'll be comin', an' I gone."

"She won't come so soon, maybe. And we won't tell her. Keep up

your heart, my boy. You'll be back to us before long." "Will y' write her a word, Father.

I will, Shan. I will."

You may trust me.'

for he'll be bad with the throuble."

her back? Make

An, y'll look after the ould man.

' Good-bye thin, an' God bless yez,

noved forward and took the road to

There was consternation in the

town when Shan Sullivan was marched down the street between

the policemen, Father Fahy march-

ing abreast with them, and followed

people left their offeirs and joined

Father, an' all friends. Start now (to the policemen.) I'm ready

some

"Don't, Father ! Don't mention

done it, an' he's got to be found.

The passengers by an American liner had been landed at Queensknow where to find me. The policemen conferred together, and agreed not to risk any further In the midst of the bustle, friends

meeting, travellers hurrying to catch maltreatment of their own persons. trains, hustling of porters and haul-After a little more excited altercation ing of luggage, a young woman stoo apart, searching the crowd with they retired, assuring Shan of an early visit from a sufficient number earnest eyes, eager to recognize some one who did not appear. of the force on the morrow morning After an hour's waiting she sat or and Sullivan and old Rorke proceed

ed to see what could be done for the r trunk still, an image of patienc until finding that she was attracting unfortunate cattle. The next morning there was wild attention she shook off her air of intense expectation, and departed excitement in and about Killelagh when a large force of police arrived like her fellow-travellers for the with handcoffs to arrest Shan Sulli-van. Old Owny " took a wakeness " when he heard of it. The neighbors railway station. "To Ballyorglin?" said the porter

"We can't send you all the way, but you've just missed the train that on all sides gathered round the house, exclaiming loudly against the would take you nearest to it. "I'm a long time out of this," said the woman. I thought you might God Almighty ! is it Shan? The

CHAPTER X.

AMERICA"

I'M MARY O'MURROUGH FROM

with

best of a neighbor. An' sure if the two ould men would be skirmishin' at each other wid their tongues have a train to it by now.' She retired to the waiting room on her face still that look of endur ing patience, her whole person indi-cating by movement and non-move-ment a steadfast energy of charac-ter. Her dress was neat and plain, the black hat shaded a thin worn about the size o' my apron of a bit o' land, what has that got to do wid it. Shan would be laughin' at him always, an' Pat Rorke and him was

Tom Donohoe walked over with countenance. After half-an hour's Tom Donohoe walked over with his hammer in his hand, and the police looked uneasy while he har-angued them. The Dermody women were there, all of them crying. Mrs. perfect quietude she left the waitin om and walked up and down the platform, decision in her step, and some pride in the carriage of her head and shoulders. Mulquin was clapping her hands, as grieved for another's trouble as her own sorrow would allow her to be.

Arrived at her station she hired a car. and was driven the seven or eight miles which had to be trav elled still to reach Ballyorglin, gaz The excitement had reached its climax when Father Fahy came ing intently at one point after another of the landscape, the joy of "Don't bother yourself a ha'porth about it, Father," said Shan. "I'm

people up there in Killelagh ?

was took-

apron !

faintly.

So there he is.

'Took where ?"

recognition still overshadowed the failure of some one who had been counted on to meet her. The carman took her to a little

nn, where she was received by a blooming young woman with a baby in her arms. It was now dark, and an oil lamp was burning in the small

parlor of the house of entertainment. Y'll never get on to Killelagh to night." said the mistress of the place. We can give y' a bed an' a cup o tea. How far are y' afther comin', ica. I may be askin' ?'

came from Queenstown to day,' said the stranger. "I've come from America, too, but that took me eight you or nine days.'

"So it would. An' ye've come over to see Ireland? Maybe yer father an' mother was Irish?" "They were," said the stranger, gratefully accepting the tea set before lagh

her by her hostess. "How are the The priest looked at her, astonished

They're well enough, all that's left o' them. A power o' them's emi-gratin' ivery month or so. An' it's me at the present moment." "Shan wrote for me, Father. He

that brings the sorra; to them that's bid me come at once, and no more stayin' as well as them that's goin'." "Father Fahy is still the priest up puttin' off. 'So he did-so he did. But some

there, I believe ?" "Of course he is. Sure Killelagh thing happened. I promised to write to keep you back a bit. And I wrote. widout Father Fahy would be like a face widout eyes. Isn't he the com-fort in everythin'? Look at him But you started before the letter had

the other day when Shan Sullivan I know why Shan didn't come to meet me as he said he would. I

"To jail by the polis. Mother in heaven, girl, what's the matther wid Come into the house till I talk to TION

y'? Yer gone as white as my lour, and seated her at the fire in his 'I'm tired," said the stranger. own old time worn leather lined arm chair.

"What did Shan Sullivan do?" "Nothin'. Put down for an act that he niver done. The case was There made out dead against him. spend his Christmas ?" was no witnesses but the polis, an own word was not to be taken Maybe yer father an'

"They did," said the stranger

returned alone, and then a ringing cheer was raised for the soggarth. "An' who might you be now. I suppose it's no harm to ask, an' you That night the polis were pelted omin' to see us." with mud in the street, an occur 'My name is Mary O'Murrough.'

rence which, when known to the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

was soon controlled, and aided by a minute, and I'll be going along with of your charity," he answered. habit of courage she gathered up her energy, and her bundle, and proceed Father Fahy seized hat and stick

ed on her journey. Arrived at Killelagh, she looked and he and Mary were soon thread-ing the bog-paths and boreens made to carry feet to the little gables and eagerly around. There were the long hills in their winter grey, and the big mountain crags behind them. thatches that stand up against the mountain blue, or the green and purple and dun brown of the low Here, the green pastures, and the little hedged fields. A gleam of cold little hedged fields. A gleam of cold sunlight touched the streams now woods crowning the Aopes and cushioning the hollows of Killelagh full and moving, and shone in the pools of the brown bog that are like 'Now, here's Mrs. Dermody! It's

Tail and moving, and shoke in the pools of the brown bog that are like open eyes looking up to heaven. Over yonder were the homes, among them the ruined walls of the house in white time she talks about your of the brown bog that are like many the time she talks about your mother," said the priest cheerily. The little farmhouse had a bare look, now that the elder bushes were in which she had been born. Furout of flower and out of leaf, and The house was not visible, but she

"Thank God for Father Faby! I the stranger. will go to him first !" was her con-clusion after a wide look around the scene, so familiar, yet from which she had been so long estranged. The many are going to America, and it's too few that come back. But here's one of the faithful ones." fact that Shan was not there, and the reason why, after years of separation he could not receive her with joy, seemed to set her still further aloof it Killarney or Ballyorglin, or furdher from friends, to deny her any welout in Kerry y' belong to ?" said Mrs. Dermody, turning to the stranger. come from the well - rememi bered homes of Killelagh.

The priest's door was always open, home to all; and with a vivid rec-Mary. "Well, well," said Mrs. Dermody ollection of a kind face bending over looking puzzled. "I thought I re-membered everybody that ever went out of Killelagh in my own her dying mother, Mary O'Murrough hastened her steps to Father Fahy's little garden wicket. The Father was just leaving his

house as she approached, and met her appealing look with— "Well, my child, is there anything of the new-comer inquiringly. "My name is Mary O'Murrough."

"I only knew one of that name, I can do for you ?" "Father Fahy! Do you not re-

belong to Killelagh,"

with a poor little smile.

and clapped her hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

FRA PACIFICO

member me?" old man adjusted his spec-The tacles on his nose and looked at her

attentively: "I do not child. Ought I to know you? Did I ever set eyes on you him 9

You did, Father. You christened me. And you buried my mother. I'm Mary O'Murrough from Amer-

"God bless my soul! Mary O'Murrough! But—but—I remem-ber Mary well, and you — and

owards Mangerton I know, Father! I'm changed It's a good many years since I left home, and I worked hard, and went the look of consternation and increthrough trouble. I'm not the girl I was when I said good-bye to Killewhich Mary, in spite of his kind en-

deavour, saw too well. "I'm all that's left of the Mary

and compassionate. "Well, my child, I'm sorry you've

can see y' have a look of her in the eyes! Oh, God be good to y', for yer as big a ruin as yer old ho there, wid the roof off o' it !"

"I came as fast as I could come.

ously heard it in Ballverglin.'

He brought her into his little perbest?

her! She's just the same Mary O'Murrough that went out of this. Now, Mary O'Murrough, my poor None of us can be children always child, you'll have to keep up your heart. You know where Shan is to as you ought to know, ma'am, that have reared your own daughters and nade women of them since Mary

He's in the County Jail, Father. went away. It must have been villainy that put him there. Shan would do nothin to earn it." Mrs. Dermody penitently.

Of course there was villiany But who did the deed is the mystery. Shan went into the field to look after rest yourself, an' have a cup o' tea.' Rorke's cattle when he heard them moaning, and guessed there was "Mary O'Murrough! Maybeyou're some relation to Shan's sweetheart that went to America, an' was always

"Passi, passi, prego! Let me en treat you," I said, "to come in !" I held the door open wider. The friar made me a low obeisance, and with a smile that acknowledged my powers of persuasion entered the hall and stood expectant on the

doormat. 'In here," I went on, as I pushed him before me; "into my study." "O quanti libri! What a lot of books!" he cried in unfeigned sur-

"he cried in unfeigned sur-"It almost reminds me of prise. what our convent library used to Used to be?" I asked mightily

pleased at his praise of my books. "Have you no library now ?" CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS

"Alas, no, signore, not above forty old volumes or so. They took our books from us when we were sup pressed, and put them in the to library, where nobody, says the "You're welcome, yer reverence," she said with a questioning glance at guardian, ever looks at them use they are all in Latin and treat of theology.'

"Now, Mrs. Dermody, I've brought "But how can you have been 'sur you an old friend, and one that we're pressed, when you are still in exist-glad to have back among us. Too ence?" I asked laughingly. too. " We

and it's The friar laughed, too. "We died," he answered, "and came to life again. They turned us out of I'm glad to see her, Father. Is our convent and put it up at auction Two pious gentlemen bought it and gave it back to us. But it is against the law now for a religious body to said own property, so two of the fathers old it in their names as their own private and personal possession.

"Then if these two fathers turned traitor, they could turn you all out again and sell the convent.

It was an inconsiderate remark She paused and gazed in the face drawn from me by curiosity, surprise and the study of law books. Fra

Pacifico shuddered slightly Δ1. mighty God will not permit so great but she was a beautiful girl, and very young. Nobody could ever for-get her. She's comin' home to marry Shan Sullivan as soon as he a calamity," he answered devoutly. Simple soul! I had meant to be so considerate, too, and avoid all pitfalls, and yet here I was, at the very gets out o' the trouble, God help outset, sowing new po . Did y' see him lately, Father, in his mind that might bear all the bitter fruits of suspicion and dis-trust. Fortunately for me, they fell and how soon can we get a sight of "Very soon, very soon." said the old man uneasily, "and Mary here is the first that has the right. Shan upon ground in which no rank or poisonous weeds would grow.

"But sit down!" I continued, for we had been standing all this time. wrote for her to come home before he knew what was going to happen to him. Mary you can see a bit of He was about to expostulate. Tuscan fashion, when his eye caught a Shan's gable from here, just over nicture on the wall, and in an instant he was before it with hands clasped in strong emotion. It was He pointed with his finger, directng Mary's eyes away from Mrs. Der-mody's face that she might not see the "Death of St. Francis." by Ghirlandaio, a colored reproduction of the Arundel Society. When he had satisfied his hunger dulity that had settled on it; a look

for gazing, he turned to me, and his blue eves were moist.

'The signore is a Catholic, then O'Murrough you remember," she said he said, 'that he has a picture of our holy founder ?" Mrs. Dermody gave a sharp cry

Your holy founder," I answered " if the product of one Church, if the "Ob my poor girsha, it's thrue, it's of one order, is the inherit founder thrue! For sure, now I look at y', I

ance of all mankind." Fra Pacifico opened his eyes wide in surprise. "Is he so great as that?" he exclaimed. "So great that even the Protestants love I had not known it. Alas! in my

enthusiasm. My mind wandered as he talked

courteous commonplaces to me, and I took instead to gazing at him and speculating about him. What was he before he put on that habit? What was his rank in life from which he sprang ere he had become transmuted by the magic wand of St. It's thrue for y', Father," said Francis? Was he of patrician family, or was he a peasant's son? A good Mrs. Dermody pentiently. "A good many years has gone by, an' Amer-ica's a hard place, whatever they say about it. Come in, Mary dear, an' Surely the son of prince or duke, if manners are an index of birth. These were gentle gentle noble manners, certainly, but there was a quality in them that could not be ascribed to mere gentility of birth. It was a quality that might have been attained by peer or peasant,

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me over Mary's lip quivered ; a storm long restrained broke loose in her, and she bent her head and wept tempetudear country, so changed from what it was, there are those who revile him and his children, as they revile Now, now, Mary!" cried the the holy faith he professed !" How musical his voice was, and priest. Mrs. Dermody, it's a shame for you. How can you expect a girl how innocent, how captivating his coming off her journey to look her And with bad news to meet

	where appeared moting contained	for a people who sympathized with	comin' home, an' isn't come yet ?"	hrought before the magistrate at		but not easily either by the one or	it until you reach its sur-
		the most cruet and dastardly out-	"I am," said the stranger.	once, the assizes came on in a day or	A GENTLE TUSCAN BROTHER	the other. For want of a better	
1		rages, led by priests who gave coun-		two afterwards, and the case was		word I must call it spirituality.	prising climax
13167		tenance and encouragement to crim-	"See that now, how well I guessed	made out against him, black enough.	OF ST. FRANCIS	And then a sudden explanation of it	1 0
	on the scene.	inals? This miscreant, taken with	it. Maybe yer an aunt of hers,	His father and Rorke had been	Just as I opened the hall door to	all rushed into my mind ; this was a	The standing of the standing o
		the blood of the poor dumb animals		quarreling about a bit of land, and	go out into the street, the house	religious man, and I had never been	Fascinating
199137	"Here's somethin' for yez to do at	on his hands, and his knife at his	one there before her. She wasn't a	Shan had been taken alone in the	bell rang apologetically.	face to face with such a one before.	Entertaining Illuminating
	last. Whoever done this 'd deserve	feet, having perpetrated a crime	bit like you, any way, except that	field with the cattle, and blood on his	It was a Franciscan friar who	"Is your convent far from here?"	AN OPEN SECRET
	to aming for it "	more revolting than many a murder	you have somethin' of the blue in	hands. So they made short work of	humbly darkened my door, and he	I asked presently.	
	"Shan Sullivan! We've got our	of a human being, was applauded as	the eyes. Oh sure, Mary an' me	him, so they did, my poor child ; but	had come to ask an alms.	"Some twelve miles or so along	"Myles Muredach" is the pen-name of Monsignor Francis Clement Kelley, the distinguished American
	man! said the policeman. "You	a hero, and his just punishment	were comrades at school, an' she was	God 'll put it right for us yet. Never	Pacifico was the friar's name, and	the coast."	Kelley, the distinguished American
	come with us. You needn't say a	would be regarded as a martyrdom.	the nurtiest crature y' could clap	fear but the Almighty will make		"And do you come into town	prelate.
	word. You're caught in the act."	Father Fahy said a few words to	your eyes on. Did y' ever see the	little of their circumstantial evi-	"Fra "his designation. He was no	often ?"	\$1.25 Net
	Word. Tou re caught in the act.	the crowd.	blue on the side o' Mangerton?		priest or father, but a simple lay-	"Every week or ten days, accord-	Postage 10c. Extra
			That was her eyes. An' her lips was	dence !"	brother of the Franciscans. His	ing to our necessities, for we live	Postage 10c. Extra
	policeman, picking up something	good people. God is going to see to	inter was her eyes. An net nos was	Mary's face drooped, and two or	habit was of a coarse brown stuff,	entirely on alms."	The Oat I's Desert
			mas, an' her cheeks were as smooth	three heavy tears fell on her clasped	faded and threadbare; a knetted		The Catholic Record
		the bottom of this."		hands. But she lifted her head again	cord was girded round his waist ; his	"But there is no train or other	LONDON, ONT.
	on Shan and surveyed him up and	The people dispersed reluctantly,		in half a minute.	sandalled feet were covered with the	conveyance along the coast."	
	down.	resolving that when the priest was		"How long will they keep him in	fine white dust of a Tuscan high-	"I walk," answered Fra Pacifico,	
	"There's blood on your han's,	gone they would pelt the polis.	ney, an' y'd betther get to your bed."	prison, Father ?"	road; at my appearance he had	simply. "If I start at 4 in the	
	man !" he said.	"You're bet out, yer reverence,"	Next morning Mary O'Murrough	"Three years is the term, my child	lifted the small black skull cap	morning I am here by 8 o'clock, and	
	Shan had stood aghast, silent with	said a man with a cart returning to	left her trunk at the inn to be called		which was his sole protection egainst	have the whole day before me to dis-	
	rage and horror. Now he was roused	Killelagh. "Will y' take a joult,		The Father broke down. What	the fierce sun, and stood there, bare-	turb the good and kind."	
	to speech and action.	Father? Sure it isn't good enough		comfort was meant to follow his	headed, twisting it apologetically	Fra Pacifico shrugged his shoul-	
		for y', sir, but the legs is dhroppin'	The sad look on her face deepened	"but" did not appear.	between his fingers.	ders. "Breakfast is not a meal," he	
	"Ye cowards, y' spalpeens !" he	from undher y'."	when she found herself alone on the	and did not appear.		said, "but there are kind friends	King Edward
	shouted, and struck out with a strong	"Something like it : something of	road, every turn of which was famil-	WIII I DE ANOWEU O BEE MILL ?	great when he found the door thus		a Wills Famala
	arm and a clenched fist. First one	that indeed," said the old man as he	iar to her memory. Shan's failure	asked Mary.	suddenly opened upon him by the	"Then you walk here without	
	man fell at his feet, and then the	clambered into the cart. "It's not	to keep his promise to meet her at	"I dare say. I dare say. We'll		having eaten anything !" I cried.	Hotal I
	other. And then he walked off to	every day I have such a long walk	the boat, and the reason for it, had	see about it," said the priest. "In	foreigner, too.	Fra Pacifico blushed when he saw	Hotel
	rouse Rorke's household and tell	with such a sore heart."	been a hard blow, followed by one	the meantime, Mary, where will you			TORONTO
	them what had happened.				Buou Giorne, Signore, (Good		TORONTO
		Rule we'll catch all the ruffians, an'	HALOUL BUILT, MAR PAG HOURD		day sir) he began, with a quaintly	tification. "I hope," I resumed,	
	legs again and followed.	let the good men alone," said the	wasn't a bit like you" had left a	I don't know, Facher. I thought	demure courtesy-"I demand a	"that you will sometimes do me the	Dowal Connought
			sting of their own in her ears.	you would tell me what to do. Is		pleasure of breakfasting in this	Royal Connaught
		man of the care, cracking his whip.	There was little change in her	there anyone about that would take		house."	U U J J
	old fellow who had been an athlete in	"Home Rule! Aye, when we get	school-fellow, the woman at the inn,	me in ? I can pay my footing."	looked into the mild blue eyes and	The friar rose from his seat and	Hotel
	his day. Overwhelmed by Shan's	it, said the priest. "The cows in		"Won't they be fighting for which	liked him. Then I had never spoken	made me a bow.	HAMILTON
	news he was stepping forth to accom-	Connaught have long horns-you			to a friar, and there was about this	"I shall indeed be honored, sig-	
	pany him to the field when the	know what that means, Barney. It's	fore thoroughly realised the change	Dermody and her girls, and Mrs.	friar so simple a grace, such an air	nore," he replied.	Modern - fireproof. Eur-
	policemen arrived, denouncing Sulli-	in the distance still. You'll maybe	that had been wrought in her own	Mulquin; and Tom Donohoe's wife,	of deprecation in the whole cast of	"And may I come and pay you a	opean plan, unexcelled
	van as the perpetrator of the out-	see it, but I'm not likely-unless I	personal appearance. Overwhelmed	only they have a lot of children, God	his look and figure, that I should	visit at the convent? I shall drive,	service and cuisine.
	rage.	get a peep at it from another world !"	by keen anxiety for Shan's unhappy	bless them, and few of the same	have been bewitched had I sent him		
	"Get out wid yez, y' divils!"	" Deed an' v'll see it here, Father.	state, and a new dread that he, too,			laughing.	GEO. H. O'NEIL
	roared the old man. "Is it Shan	Every hit o' you 'll get the hert of a		for two or three. But we'll lodge	"Passi," I said instead, " come in,		General Manager.
	Sullivan?"	good view of it, all round Killelagh,	her, she struggled with a sense of	you among the neighbours, easy.	won't you ?"	bowed to me. "The guardian will	
			more entire forlornness then had	Why, not one that ever knew you	Fra Pacifico hald back diffidently	be honored to welcome you, signore,"	Under direction of United
	"Caught red-handed, alone in the	and Ballyorglin, an' down to Killar-	ever been experienced by her when	has forgot you, my poor child. The	and his aves lit up with a childlike		A Hotels Co. of America.
	field with the cattle. Assault on the	ney. We'll have your blessin' on it,		name of Mary O'Murrough is re-		place, and we have neither pictures	SMA AND
	police in the discharge of their duty,"	an' God sees it couldn't have a better	her old home and kindled. But this	membered by everybody. Stop a	"I had but called to ask an alms	nor marbles to show. It is the	The manufacture of the second
	said the first policeman. These	blessin' to start with nor that same."	Not one nome and analysis Due onto	memberen nå everlandel. Seob w	A Mark Day Carlou to dok all allis	MOL INGLOIDS CO BROW, TO IS CHO	And the second se