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GLENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

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DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS

AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL

OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC. CHAPTER XXVIII. ACCEPTED.

"Look here," I said, a few days after to the Yank, "you won't mind my saying a little word to you?"
"Not in the least, Father," he said,

looking surprised. "Well, I'd advise you to bring that matter to an issue, one way or the other. There's a good deal of talk in the town. You have been noticed visiting that house and there are tongues wagging, I can tell you!'

"People will talk," he said, standing on the defensive. "And for real downright gossips, commend me to an Irish village. One would suppose that Nors Curtin would escape if anyone could."

"It isn't Nora," I exclaimed. "You forget there is a younger and more attractive figure than Nora there, and, to tell you the truth, and to be very candid, I don't like to hear Tessie candid, I don't like to hear Tessie Leonard's name in the people's mouths. I baptized her, I gave her her first Communion, I know she is the best and holiest child in the Universe, and I assure you my dear friend, that I am awfully grieved to hear her name mentioned with yours, especially as there can be nothing in it."

"The old objection?" he said, sadly. "I knew it would follow me to my grave!"

"No," I replied, "I cannot say

I replied, "I cannot say

that it is. At least, I am not aware of anyone that knows, or has spoken of that matter. As I told you, the thing is dead and buried. But why don't you speak to Nora and settle matters once and forever? have spoken," he said de-

ectedly. "Well, 'tis all right, I hope ?"

"No, 'tis all wrong," he replied.
My journey of six thousand miles is one for nothing. She refused me!"

And he told me all that had occur-

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," I replied. "But I am genuinely sorry for you and more sorry for her. What in the world possessed her to refuse such an offer, and from so old a friend?"

" The very same pride that made me refuse her," he replied. "She's afraid she would bring shame on me away in the backwoods of America, and that I would tire of her." " But you did see a great change?"

I repeated.
"Yes, a" great change! But that didn't make one hand's breath of a difference. I came to make her my wife, and that I would have done, and

never repented of it, if she had only consented." "God help her now!" I murmured. 66 But your duty, my dear Terence, is plain. You have acted a brave, manly plain. You have acted a brave, manly part. You can do no more. But for the reasons I have alleged, I would go back to Wyoming as soon as possible, if I were you!"

I'll take your advice, Father," he said, humbly. "But it is bard to have waited all these years for nothing." I'll call and say good-bye to-night and leave to-morrow for Cork or Queens-town."

Just as it was dark, Terence Casey issued from the door of his hotel, and turned the corner to Mrs. Leonard's. His heart was heavy. The dream of his life was over forever. He would return to America a lonely man, and he would have the mortification of seeing all his wealth lying around him with no one to enjoy it or inherit it fter him. The pursuit of wealth is hard, the enjoyment of it bitter, he thought. Would it not be better for thousand times to have been a poor day laborer with some place he could call a home, and all the tender associations connected with that word? He was half angry, too, with Nora She was unreasonable, proud, sensi tive. He thought he had only to say the word, fling his gold at her feet, and she was his forever. But no! A cold refusal was all he got. These Irish are as proud as the devil, he thought. Well, thank God, one thing is settled and done with forever. Not a whisper has been heard of his parentage or descent. He has been disappointed where he was most certain of success What he most feared is exercised for-ever. The people have changed a good deal, he thought. They are getting short memories, and so better. Nevertheless his heart was heavy as he stepped on to the earthen floor of the little shop.

He was arrested on the very thresh old by the sound of voices in angry altercation in the parlor. There was no one in the wretched shop, and the parlor door was partly opened, but the white muslin screen effectually cut off all view both from within and without He listened for a moment. Then, thinking it was some neighboring scole who had come in to exercise her vocab ulary about a frightened hen, or whipped child, he was about to retir the street and wait, when he heard his own name mentioned and in not too complimentary a manner. The

speaker was Kathleen.
"I was never disobedient or disre spectful to you, mother," she was saying, "But it was a bitter day for us ing, "But it was a bitter day for us when this man came to disturb us. I never liked him from the moment I put my eyes upon him. And now here the whole town talking about us."

" And what have they to say against ?" said Tessie, with an unusual tone determination. "If a gentle

"A-what?" said Kathleen, con

temptuously.
"A gentleman, I said," retorted Tessie

"Then, as usual, you don't know what you're talking about," said Kath-

leen.
"' Sh, girls," said the mother, anxiously. "You're both young and you

know nothing of the world. You'd bet-

ter leave these things alone."
"I didn't start the conversation, mother," said Tessie, "But Katty thinks the whole world is watching her and is growing interested in her." and is growing interested in ner."
"I think nothing of the kind, Miss,"
said Kathleen. I'm not speaking of
myself, at all, at all. I'm only telling
what the whole town is talking about."

"And let them talk," said her mother. "What have they to say?"
"Enough to bring shame and sorrow upon us forever," replied Kathleen. "I'd rather beg my bread from door to door than to see that Casey come in here."

"Come in here?" said Tessie.
"What are you talking about, Katty?
You're taking leave of your senses."

"I'm not taking leave of my senses, aid Kathleen. "I say the whole tow said Kathleen. "I say the whole town is talking of that man coming around here, and—if I must say it, I must, but ye have dragged it out of me —of marry-ing you, mother!"

"Shame, Kathleen," said Tessie, re-

provingly " You ought to make that

provingly. You ought to make that a cause of confession. Your have insulted your mother shawefully."
"Let her alone, Tessie," said her mother, resignedly. "She means no harm. But it may be a comfort for you to know, Katty, that I have no notion of ever marrying Terence Casey, or

of ever marrying leader of anybody else."

"I knew it!" said Kathleen, exultingly. "But I'd rather see you dead, mother, than marry him."

"Why?" said her mother, coldly.
"What do you know about Terence

Casey?"
"What do I know, mother? What everybody knows—that he is the son of

Who told you that?" said he mother. "I suppose that old blind lunatic over the way, who is filling your head with all these notions! But your head with all these notions! But he's wrong this time. Terence Casey is not the son of an informer. He's the son of Redmond Casey, of Ballinslea, as decent a man as ever lived."

"Then he's a grandson," said Kathleen, feeling herself defeated."

"That's ancient history." said her

"That's ancient history," said her mother. "All I know is that he came here, across the whole of America, and across the Atlantic, to lift us out of

poverty and misery and to give us a comfortable home forever."

"Then I'm glad you didn't take it, mother," said Kathleen. "Better poverty and hunger than shame and

disgrace."
"You're so full of conceit that you
"You're so full of conceit that you don't know what you're talking about," sail Tessie, angrily. "For my part, I think it a noble and honorable thing that Mr. Casey should have remembered mother so long and tried to befriend her in the end. That covers up every family failing, which, thank God, no one minds now. We haven't so much to boast of ourselves.'

That's a reflection on my father.' said Kathleen, bridling up. "No one heard of a Leonard disgracing himself."

" And where has Terence Casey dis graced himself?" a disgrace for a man to build up a fortune in America and then come back to ask the friend of his youth to share

You're so hot over the matter on would think you were wishing to share it yourself!" said Kathleen. "What if I were? I see no shame

in that." Do you mean to say that you'd

accept as a husband the son, or grand-son, of an informer?"
"I'd think of the man himself, not of

his ancestors," said Tessie.

"And you'd accept him with all the ignominy and disgrace in the eyes of the people?"

"There is no ignominy or disgrace."

except in what we do ourselves," said
Tessie. "Almighty God will never
ask us what our grandfathers did or
didn't. If I knew Terence Casey to be practical Catholic, what his grand father or great grandfather was wouldn't stand in my way. And there must be something unusual about a man who remembered his early affection for mother after so many years.

"I'm saying nothing against the man himself. But if his grandfather swore away the lives of honest men—"
"Even so," said Tessie, impatiently. There, let us end the subject.

doesn't concern us. Whatever you like. I didn't start it." said Kathleen.

" Not yet!" said Terence Casey, opening wide the little glass door and standing in the room. "I overheard very unwillingly, every word, or nearly every word, you have said, Nora, and you, Tessie, and you, Kathleen. knocked several times and could ge no answer. I came to say good-bye to you all, but I little suspected that I should hear in your house, Nora, and from your child, the same dreadful charge that drove me to America a part of the same and has been quarter of a century ago, and has been haunting me like a spectre since. I was assured it was dead and forgotten

here, but we can never know—"
"I meant nothing against you, Mr.
Casey," said Kathleen, "but listeners

hear good of themselves.' "But they may hear the truth some-times," he said in a broken way, "even though it be not pleasant. It is quite true that my grandfather was—well, an informer," he gulped down " but God know my poor mother have more than atoned for his crime, if banishment, and sorrow, and all men's hands against us can be thought sufficient punishment Twenty-five years ago I refused your mother's generous offer to share my shame and go with me to the world's end. 'Twas a foolish sentiment that end. Twas a foolish sentiment that made me part with what would have been the greatest blessing of my life. And many and many a time, when I heard of her trials and struggles here, I bitterly reproached myself for having brought such sorrow on a woman who loved me and whom I loved. May God forgive our pride! It is the worst in-heritance we have got. It is the cause of all the heart-breakings and desola-tion of the world. Well, I leave town to-morrow, and Ireland in about four weeks. I would have remained lorger, but I am informed that the gossips here

at home have been coupling my name with the family in a way I never could dream of, nor hope for—"
"Don't say that, Ted," said Mrs. Leonard. "It is what you were dreaming of all your life."
"You don't understand me, Nora," he said. "It was you were the dream of my life, but the people think otherwise."

"And the people are right," said Nora. "What you were dreaming about is the girl you left on that Monday evening under the hawthorn at Ballinslea."

"And that was you," said Casey, in "It was not," said Mrs. Leonard.
"Look at me and look at Tessie there,
and say are the people right or
wrong?" bewilderment.

wrong?"
"Mother!" cried Tessie, rising up, her face red with blushes at the sudden

revelation.

Terence Casey stood transfixed. He had to admit that this was the picture that was ever overshadowing the old, faded one, and that now looked so perfect and beautiful a contrast. He felt that all along he had been a traitor to his old ideal, but he argued that he had done nothing but what was honor able and just. Could it be, that just as he heard what he least expected here in this humble home—the reproach and shame of his long life, he should also hear the words that were to make his happiness forever? Something whispered: This is your life's chance, seize it! And he did.

"Tessie," he said, with great gentleness and deference, "your mother has said something I could never bring my said something I could never bring my-self to utter. I will not say whether she is right or wrong. Neither shall I take an unfair advantage of your words, which I overheard at the door. But this is truth, God's truth! All my life this is truth, God's truth! All my like long I have been anxious to link my sell with your family. One disappointment has arisen after another to prevent it. If now my hope, my ambition the dearest desire of my hear; is to be the dearest desire of my near 18 to be fulfilled, and if you, who are so far above me, are to be the link, I should think all my sad life crowned by a supreme beatitude. But I shall not deny what your mother says, neither shall I take an unworthy advantage of your generous defence and still more generous determination. But if, on consideration, you will not recall your words, then I shall have reaped, after all these years, almost more than I ex pected or desired. In a word, I ask

you to be my wife. Will you?"

Tessie was silently weeping. Kath-leen was studying her closely and criti-

cally.
"Mother, what shall I say?" said the weeping girl. "Whatever you please, child," said

the mother.

'I'll do what you wish, mother, and nothing else,' said Tessie.

Mrs. Leonard rose up and said, not

without emotion:
"As I said, I leave you perfectly free, Tessie: but there is no man in the world I'd rather see you married to than Terence Casey. But she is very young, Ted, and you will not be of age till twelve months more or so. Can

you wait? Yes, and longer, if I have he promise

Speak, Tessie !" said her mother "Yes, mother, since you wish it, said the girl.

add the girl.

Quite gay from the sudden revulsion
from despair and gloom, Terence Casey
turned to Kathleen.

"Will you forbid the banns?" he said.
"No! but I wouldn't marry you,

she said, with flashing eyes.
"It makes no matter now," he said, gaily. "I live near Salt Lake City, gaily. "I live near Salt Lake City, but I am not a Mormon! And now good-bye! This day twelve months I return to claim the fulfilment of your promise !"

CHAPTER

FROM LAKE SHOSHONE.

There was a good deal of variety of opinion amongst the neighbors about the propriety of this engagement and the risks and possibilities that might accrue from it. And the opinions, as indeed all human thought and action, were formed and colored and biassed by vanity, or jealousy, or hope, or

charity.
"He's ould enough to be her grandfather,' ther," said one.
"People will do anything for money,"

said another.
"Wisha, wasn't it quare," said a third, "that a man who was coortin

the mother should marry the daugh

"She is as good a girl as ever walked in shoe leather," said a fourth. "She deserves the best husband that God could give her." could give her."
"Yes, to be sure," echoed another.
"But how do we know but he has three or four wives in America? They do quare things over there, whin they're

away from the eyes of the people.' "Oh, the priest will see to that," said a neighbor. "The Yank will have to make an Affidavy, or somethin,

besides presintin' letters from every parish priest he ever lived under." "Yerra, whisht, 'uman, sure there are no parish priests over there. They're all cointors. And, sure, that same would be the big job for wan who was here, there, and everywhere, as the fit took him.

"They say he has lashins of money. He don't know what to do with it."
"Well, they deserve their uprise, as hones' and dacent a family as ever was raised in the parish."

So human opinion ranges, and some times it was pleasant to hear and sometimes the reverse. Tessie herself, poor child, had to pass

through a severe ordeal. Betweengratulations, warnings, hopes congratulations, wastings, hopes for the future, doubts, speculations, she didn't know what to think. "Sure, we're all glad of your uprise, Miss Tessie! You always had the

Miss Tessie! You always had the kind word for the poor, and—the kind deed, if God gave it to you!"
"Wisha, sure we hope, Miss, that
you're not goin'away altogether. Sure, 'tis a wild place out and out, wid snow on the ground nine months of the year, and wind that would blow you to the

back of God-speed. Can't he lave you here wid us, and come to see you some-

We're glad to hear the good news Miss Tessie, but look before you a bit, agragal. I wanse knew a Yankee fellow, like Casey, who came over here, like Casey, who came over here, and inticed a poor, raw, innicent girl like yourself to go wid him. Sure, whin she wint over, he lef' her, standin' wid her fingers in her mout,' on the sthreets of New York. An' she soon found that he had a wide or two in every State in America."

"I hope you won't forget us, Miss, while you go over there. There's my

whin you go over there. There's my little Ellie now. She'd be the fine maid for you! You could train her yourself, for she's apt to larn, and a claner or a betther little girl there isn't in Ireland."

isn't in Ireland."
"Wisha, I wandher, Miss, would
your husband lind us a few pounds? If
I could buy the little pig now, she'd be
fit to kill about Aysther, and 'tis a pity,
out and out, to see all the pratie-skins
and cabbage thrown out for nothin."

Not a word was ever whispered about Terence Casey's parentage. The old had forgotten it, the young were indifferent to it, in their enthusiasm about the great athlete of the ballad and the song. It was only in the dark recesses of Thade Murphy's kitchen that terrible things were said, and dark forebodings about the future were ularly uttered.
I nivver thought that a Linnard

"I nivver thought that a Linnard would sell herself, body and soul, for goold," Thade would say. "But the wurruld is changing every day. What was it that you said to him, Kathly? Repate it for me, wurrd by wurrd!"
"I told him," Kathleen would say with pride, "that I wouldn't marry him, not if he had all the gold in California, nor, all the diamonds in the

fornia, nor all the diamonds in the Queen's crown. There's something better than either in the world, and with that we won't part."
"I never doubted you, m'ainim m shtig," the old man would reply.
"And, believe you me, and believe
you me agin, your poor sisther will
have raison to repint her bargain. You

can't get blood out of a turnip, no lacency from an informer. But what to the people be sayin, achorra? "Some one thing, and some another,"
Katty would reply. "No one thinks
that any good will come of it."
"And how does she feel herself?"

he asked. he asked.

"I think she's sorry enough for her bargain already," Kathleen would answer, anxious to justify herself to her own conscience. "She'd get out of it own conscience. "
now if she could."

now it she could."

This was not strictly true, but it had some little foundation, for the poor girl was so harassed by questions, forebodings, prophecies, omens and requests, that she grew paler and thinner than she had been. And at last she came to me to write and say all was at an end and to get Terence to break his

I shall do nothing of the kind." said, "for any old women's gossip that may be floating around. People will talk, must talk, or they'll burst, and that would be a catastrophe. But unless you yourself are sorry, or that you m, or that some other m serious impediment arises, you'll take the good fortune that God sent you and be grateful for it. Is that your mother's opinion ?'

"It is," she said, drying her tears.
"She ridicules all this gossip. But—" "But what?"

"How are we to know that he is not leceiving us? People change so much

when they go abroad!"

"If you mean that he has, or may have, other ties abroad," I replied, "you may leave all that in my hands. I'm bound to see after all that before I put the ring on your finger. But do you think that a man would come over twice three thousand miles to marry an old, faded woman, whom he loved long igo, if he weren't a good man?"
"No-no!" she said. "And I know

'tis wrong to harbor such suspicions, but when people are dinning them into your ears morning, noon and night,

they make an impression."
"They're certainly making an im ression on you," I said. "If you go on fretting as you are, and pulling yourself down, you'll be as gray as my self, when Terence comes back, and maybe he'll be thinking of a good to get rid of a white-haired lanthorn-jawed, oldish-young lady !"

There's nothing like touching people on the quick, that is, appealing to the weak point, where they are most sensi-tive, to bring them to their senses. There's a certain luxury in allowing ourselves to be argued into doing what our inclinations suggest. We like to be persuaded, not against, but according to our will. But that little appeal to human vanity put an end to argu-ment. I heard no more of these

scruples.

The wheel of time dipped into the depths of winter and rose up into spring and summer, almost with a rush, swift is the revolution, so rapid the cycle of seasons and times. The event-ful day was at hand. I had settled all scruples, removed all impediments, and there remained only the academical question, would they be married in Cork or at home, and would Kathleen act as bridesmaid to her sister? On the first question I put down my foot firmly. They should be married in the church of their baptism, their first conession and Communion and confirmafession and Communion and confirma-tion, and nowhere else. I was not going to give in to these new-fangled notions of city weddings with cold, icy dejeuners at hotels, etc. On the second point there was trouble enough until wearranged that the young Joan of Arc would not be asked to take hand, act, or part in an unpatriotic marriage; and after a while, when the young lady found that the world would go around found that the world would go around as usual and that even the marriage would take place with a certain amount of éclat, even though not graced with her presence, she was glad enough to be asked. And so at last the eventful lay came round. We'd have beaten Ballypooreen hol-

low, only that Tessie implored, with tears in her eyes, that, as we insisted on her being married at home, it should be at least as quiet at possible. Ter-

ence had given carte blanche to the hotel proprietor to make the material jollification as profuse and perfect as possible. And like a sensible fellow, our host took the ball at the hop. That long table, running the entire length of the coffee-recom, was simply dezzling. Such cold meats, garnished with all kinds of frills and fandangoes, such translucent jellies, such ples and puddings and tarts and confectionery, such gorgeous pyramids of fruit, great pineapples, and purple and green grapes, and bananas, and yellow oranges; and, loading the sideboard, such gold-necked bottles of the "foaming wine of Eastern France," as I took care to mention in my speech, were never seen before. Sam was in his element. He brought Sam was in his element. He brought sam was in his element. He brought in every farmer and every farmer's wife whom he saw passing the hotel windows, and who were to be the guests, to exhibit his great triumph. Nay, even the laborers' wives and daughters.

who came in to town in their little donkey-carts to make their cheap and humble purchases, were all brought in to admire this magnificent display of culinary and other sciences. And I am afraid many poor mouths, accustomed to plainer fare, watered at the sight of such tremendous and appetizing viands.
I gave him all credit for his industry
and skill. He modestly disclaimed the
honor, and placed it all to the credit of
Terence Casey.

"Look here, yer Reverence," he said, flicking off invisible crumbs from the spotless tablecloth, "I ought to know a gintleman by this time. And Misther Casey is a gintleman. They Misther Casey is a gintleman. They comes here, all kinds and sorts of people, commercial thravellers, ginthry for the fishin', agents gethering rints, bad—to thim, but I tell you what, yer Reverence," he flung the napkin on his arm and struck an attitude, "tisn't everywan that wears yallow boots that's a gintleman."

"How do you distinguish them Sam?" I asked. "I ask for information because every time I see th tanned boots, especially if there are yellow gaiters above them, I feel an in-clination to take off my hat."

"Lord bless yer Reverence," said Sam, compassionately, "if you knew all I know. Thim's the fellahs that 'ud split a sixpence to giv' me a thrup-penny bit; an' thim's the same fellahs that giv' all the throuble. 'Here, you sir! There, you sir! Waitah, this sir! There, you sir! Waitah, this chap's underdone! Waitah, this stake is burned! Hot wather in me room at 6 o'clock in the mornin'! Hot wather in me room an' a hot bawth before din ner!' They'd make a saint curse, be

gobs, an, I'm not much in that way
"No matter, Sam," I said, "you be yet, if you have patience and eschew "But as I was sayin', yer Reverence,"

said Sam, unheeding the interruption,
Misther Casey is different from all that. He's as quiet about the house as a child. He washes himself wanst s day, which is as much as any Christian wants; and he sez, as soft as a woman, an' softer than a good many av them as I know to me sorra, 'Sam, be kind enough to do this?' it be too much throuble to do that? and he won't be hairsplitting. 'Kee that change, Sam, and buy tobaccy or 'Take that home to the ould 'uman Sam!' Ah, yer Reverence, I knows a gintleman whin I sees him, and Misther

Casey is a gintleman!"

"Well, he's getting his reward," I said tentatively, "he's getting as good a wife as there is between the four seas of Ireland."

"She is indeed, yer Reverence, plied Sam, somewhat dubiously, I thought. "Av coorse he could do betther for himself, and get as much munny as he cared to ask for. But she's a nice, clane girl, an' sure she's wan of oursel's.'' 'Sam!" said I.

"Yes, yer Reverence!" said Sam.
"This wedding is an important matter; the whole parish, I am told, will be asked here. I hope that you will do yourself credit——" Some day, if chance arises will do yourself credit——" out his ranch and mansis. will do vourself credit---"Is it me, yer Reverence?" said Sam, as if this innocent remark im-

plied something.
"I know," I said, unheeding, "that
you are an awfully good fellow, but this will be a day of great temptation. And Mr. Casey will be extremely anxious Mr. Casey will be extremely anxious to have everything correct and respectable. And wouldn't it be a pity,' I continued, looking around admiringly, "if with such a magnificent and superb display anything should occur to marthe hopes and gloss of the party."

even of the country? even of the country?
"Begobs, it would, yer Reverence,"
said 8am, humbly. "Here! I'll take
the pledge for life, in the name o' God!" He knelt down and I gave him the pledge till the day after the wedding.

the honor and glory of the parish, and

Terence Casey duly arrived, examined all these details, approved of them, and looked the happy man he felt. Tessie wanted to walk to the telt. Tessie wanted to wak at the church in her own simple, modest way, like every other girl in the parish. He wouldn't listen to it. He had a gorgeous equipage with two horses over from Mallow, and two outriders. I think it was these last that made Tessie faint. At least, she had a little weakness just before they started for the church, but swiftly recovered, and never looked better. What did she never looked better. What did she wear? Well, I give that up. I draw the line there. The French would bother me entirely. But I know she had a ring that looked as if it would light the firmanent of heaven if all the stars were quenched. And, tell it not in Gath! The fierce, uncompromising little rebel, who did condescend to act as bridgement to her sister, did wear as bridesmaid to her sister, did wear and exhibit without a pang of shame— well, no! I must not tell it. Thade Murphy is alive yet. Swiftly the cere-mony concluded, silently and swiftly the holy Mass, that binds all Catholic hearts troopther. from the "rising of hearts together from the "rising of the sun to the going down of the same," was celebrated; swiftly the registers was celebrated; switch the registers were signed, and then. Kathleen— shall I tell it? Yes, I will, to her credit—did kiss her brother in law; and in that little act of condescension did blot out the painful memory of that unhappy heritage of shame that had haunted the lives of Nodlag and her child.

body. And everybody was not only in excellent humor, but felt a share of the excellent humor, but felt a share of the exuberant happiness of the bridegroom and the bride. 'Tis a little way of our own we have in Ireland, to try and kick the ladder from under a fellow. countryman who wants to get to the pinnacle of things, careless whether we kill him or maim him for life. But when he comes out safe overhead we all wave our hats and say Huzza! And so, on this day, there were none but so, on this day, there were none good wishes for the happy pair; the memories of the past were all subdued and hallowed and the forecasts of the future were sunny and golden. Why will poor human nature be always manifesting its worst and darkest features, when the bright, kindly, loving side can be turned out as easily?"

To crown it all we had our tradi-tional Irish bard in a glorious ballad. singer, who, just outside the hotel window, not only revived the great epic of the past, but adapted it to the present. At least, I presumed so from the first verse which is all I am privileged to remember:

Come. all ye lads and lasses, And ye bould, brave gallowglasses Come. listen to the sthory, That I'm going to tell to ye.

Tie all; about the rover, The gay and gallant lover, Terence: Casey, the great hurler From the hills of Ballinslea. I have a dim recollection, broken, however, by the clinking of glasses and the rattle of knives and forks and the

tumultuous jokes and laughter of happy people, that Tessie was compared vaynus and Nicodaymus, and was pr Vaynus and Nicodaymus, and was pro-nounced to be the most gifted young lady, so far as personal attractions were concerned, to be found in the Green Isle—and that is a big word! And so the fun waxed fast and furious, and speeches were made and songs were sung, until the inevitable and inexorable hand pointed to the hour, and the young, happy couple had to drive to meet the Mail at Mallow, en route to Paris, if you please. Yes, nothing else would satisfy Terence. Tessie suggested Killarney, but he put it aside contemptuously. It should be the gay capital and nothing else.

There was just one figure wanting from all the gaiety—the little, faded figure that had once shone so bright ngure that had once shone so bright to Terence's eyes there on that summer evening beneath the hawthorn at Balsinslea. She stayed at home with her beads, praying for her child. And when people chaffed her about all the good things she was losing, she said that she preferred her little brown teaport to all the layuries they can'd teapot to all the luxuries they could provide. There was a swift, brief. teapor to all the luxuries they could provide. There was a swift, brief, loving parting, when Tessie came back to change her dress. I am afraid Kathleen forswore all her principles, won over by the goodness and kind-ness of her brother-in-law. At least, the hated words, "son of an informer," never again crossed her lips and never again smote on his heart.

his bride were settled down in his beautiful home near Lake Shoshone He used every entreaty to induce Nora and Kathleen to come with them. But and Kathleen to come with them. But Nora, clinging to old customs, pre-ferred the little shop, the little parlor, the quiet spot in the church and her little brown teapot to all the splendors of brown-stone mansions by picturesque lakes. Besides, there is a probability that Tessie's exile will be a brief one. The glamor and charm of Ireland, the witchery of her scenery, the old links and associations so pleasantly revived, the home feeling, the kindly hearts and willing hands, have made an impression on Terence Casey. The heimweh is upon him, and I have got a notion that he is yearning for a spirited game in the old fields, where he might use the silver-mounted hurley, or caman, presented to him by the local skir-mishers on the occasion of his marriage. out his ranch and mansion and buy some little cosy nest, down near some storied, singing river in the old land. That's what we want. The old order changeth! The land of Ireland is pasthe many deserted mansions here and there throughout Ireland, and the ed castles, stare from their many ruine gaping windows across the sea, and seem to say to the exiled Gaels: "Come back! Come back! Back

to the land of your fathers! Let us hear once more the sound of the soft Gaelic in our halls; the laughter of your children beneath our roofs, the skirl of the bagpipe and the tinkle of the harp in our courts, the shout of our young men in the meadows by the river, the old, heart-breaking songs from the fields, the searchus here where our broken windows stare upon weed-covered lawns. Come back! Come back! The days are dark and short since ye went; there is no sunshine on Ireland, and the nights are long and dismal! And there in the moonlit Abbey by the river rest the bones of your kindred! Their unquiet spirits haunt every mansion and cottage and the wail of their Banshee is over the fields and up along the hills! They shall never rest in peace till your shadows sweep across their tombs and your prayers, like the night winds, stir the ivy on the crumbling walls!"
Before going to press, we received weed-covered lawns. Come Before going to press, we received the following letter, which may serve as an introduction, an apology and an

explanation; Glenanaar, La., Shoshone, Wy. Gleanaar, La., Snosnoue, Fractice, La., Snosnoue, L

THE END.

The fault of others is easily per-ceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive. A man winnows his neigh-bor's faults like chaff, but his own faults ne hides, as a cheat hides the false die

from a gambler. Strong minds suffer without complain-Who was at the wedding? Every- fering. The train was rout tween the tunnel passed the dirt hol eighth of a mile up several passengers the racks. One won had hurried as soon ged from the tunnel hand a boy of nine peared a little fright As the train swon station the door ope baggage lay on the had picked up and across his arm bel woman and child wh ced back. but with a quick th "I beg your par did not notice you " "Oh, 'twa'n't no answered. "I seen stepped back. The Basic City, don't it "At Basic, yes. been used much sin He gathered up his

d placed his suit

where it would moment the train s

not been here latel

busy place then, everywhere, an' s riages, an' folks sellin' land. I live the mountains before there wa'n't but tw My folks are still t There was a slig and for the first ti and with surprise voice had quavered woman, and the hidden by a sun was raised for a he saw that she was a girl, but, oh! so wistful, in spite oming which was and the eyes were toil and inadequa behind the dark cheeks he could s had been unusual before. "You live here

to his face. "Then mebbe folks?" eagerly. Hindy, in the aige up the railroad forty five, an' pa can't be dead." Mose Hindy musingly. "See yes, they moved eight years ago, about their daugh

curiously: "Are The sunbonnet "An' I never leither. Our folk books. But I—I the same, livin' in -an' Mary Cree used to be my gir "Yes; she m my factory, and

rives for me. now. As he spoke stop, and he pla upon the womand on the woman' to the platform.

Tyburn was at "Give me you id. "The car said. end of the dep he caught sight sunbonnet. "Ki he ejaculated. "Over the folks," she and gentleman says "Yes, a lon
Then "I. he w
"No; he die
started home ju
money 'neough
an' get here."

Tyburn's eye agely in his and examine the knuckles and he " Darn him under his breat do this ?" an answer, and the people as 'round to the e

want to talk

He turned

had left the

employer's pre-lowed slowly. ner. "Tyburn," meantime you lady to her de ook very stron

Tyburn scal "Kitty," he in his voice we mistiness to t must tell me a for you? It a

"I - I did

"I — I did
wouldn't let
stopped sudd
quickly, as th
back the escay
"Beat you'
But the wor
"I didn't
burn," she sa
ing of ma an'
After a while
he's dead now
him."

him."
"Yes," as about him je