She broke into a hysterical laugh, and, unable onger to support herself, sank down on the floor,

numuring: "He's not dead, he's not dead! Glory be to God!

he's not dead !" Soon she had the pleasure of hearing full, deep Soon sue mad the pressure of hearing full, deep inspirations, and of seeing the hands move and the presopen; but, alas, there was vacancy in the gaze and blankness in their noteless wandering. In vale Moll Murtha flung herself before her son, and

ralled to him in agony: "O Dan avic machree! don't you know me? don't you know your poor ould mother that would die for you? O Dan! Dan! Dan mo bouchal! won't you spake to me? Won't you let me hear wan little word—wan weeny little word to say you know me?"

But no light of recognition came to the vacant ges, and no sound broke from the parted lips; and Moll Murtha, grasping the cause of the cruel silence, Moll murtue, grasping the cause of the crue silence, fell into the depths of despair, and poured forth an unbroken stream of lamentation and appeal, with such wildness of mein and extravagance of language, that those about began to fear for her reason. Once only did she make a remark that had point enough to be tuken note of. It was when—breaking off suddenly from a pitcous wail over her son's state, in which she likened his helpless condition to that of the morning he first lay in her arms, she exclaimed in a whirlwind of fury :

"My heavy curse on you, Diony Horan, every day you get up, an every night you lie down, for the owardly blow that left him worse than a natural! my heavy curse, I say, on your treacherous hand that did it, an' your treacherous heart that thought it, you white-livered limb of ould Nick!"

You don't mane to say it was little Dinny Horan that sthruck him?" came from several voices in tores of affected surprise.

"What else would I mane?" Moll Murtha sternly returned, in anger at the evident incredulity of the questioners. "If you don't believe me, go up hotfut an' ax himself, an' see whether he'll have the face to deay it, the blood-spattered bodach!" "Begot," said one, after a moment's pause, "that's

quare story entirely about little Dinny, that never had the heart of a mouse. "We're not doin' much here now," he went on, "an' dawn is breakin'; so what do yez say if we go, for the fun o' the thing. an'ax the naygur to give us the ins and outs of it?" The suggestion was hailed as a relief by some half-dozen of the men, who were weary of the matchmaker's persistent wailings, as well as of the inaction which ensued when animation had been restored to Dan Murtha's body. The party started at once, in something like a spirit of drollery; for, to the minds af these strong, hale peasants, there was a ludicrous to the idea of a personal encounter between the robust son of Moll Murtha and the liminutive Dinny Horan. They harried on to bring an interview about the quicker; but their haste merely enabled them to be close enough to see the last of the unfortunate miser as he stopped for a

CHAPTER VI.

quiet dep:Ls.

moment on the top of the steep bank of the lake,

efore allowing himself to slide despairingly into its

Dan Murtha's bodily health was soon restored, that within a week from the night of his hurt he was able to walk to his little home on the hill-side without aid from anyone, save that his mother held his hand in her's for guidance. For, as the surgeon had predicted, the injured brain no longer did its appointed work; and there was little indeed to dis-inguish Dan Murtha now from a born imbecile, led and do her bidding freely in so far as he was able to gather its meaning. From the rest of the world he seemed entirely severed.

Day after day Moll Murtha beheld with increasing anguish and remorse the condition of her stricken ; and day after day she prayed amid flowing tears that he might be restored to his former state. She had given up her wandering habits, to devote herself more thoroughly to the helpless young man; but, being obliged to go down at times to the village shop, she heard in due course what the whole countryside was talking of-how Kirty Donohoe, having entered without dispute into formul possession of the lauds and premises bequeathed to her by the miser, had refused point-blank to dwell thereon, and partered them with a neighbor for a farm of lesser value, and at the opposite side of the townland how the bewitching Kitty, being now a young woman of property, could never go to Mass or market, never tread a hundred yards beyond her door, without an escort of half a dozen fine young fellows, who flung defiant glances at one another, and were parely restrained by her presence from rushing into nortal combat; and how, although it was admitted hat Kitty Donohoe bore herself with great discreion towards them all, the wise old women of the district had come without a dissenting voice to the belief that Long John O'Connell had the greatest hare in the girl's regard. And Moll Murtha, when the got home, with these things fresh in her mo-mory, looked on her i liot son and wept silently.

Meanwhile, the months went by, and brought but little change to Dan Murtha. Once or twice, indeed, his mother neticed him in the net of pressing the sides of his head with his hands, a proceeding which was followed by the reflection in his face of a brief lash of intelligence; and once he shocked her out of all presence of mind by beginning, a quiet, collected manner:

"Mother, wasn't some one talkin' bad o' Kitty

And the startled old woman fell on her knees, exclaiming: "No! no! no! Dan avic! No one but me, an'

it was all lies!"

But Dan Murtha, after a painful effort to retain hold of consciousness, was obliged once more to slip away, and his features resumed their listless,

Then an inspiration came to Moll Murtha, on ad passed away she was standing in the presence of Kitty Donohoe. The girl received her cour-lectually, but with an evident desire to give to her manner a coldness which she was far from feeling. After a few commouplace sentences had been exchanged between the two women, Kitty, looking away from the matchmaker's face, ventured to ask

with a singular vibration of voice: "An' how is Dan, Mrs. Murtha?" "Oh! the Lord be praised, he came to himself for ininuit to-day, an' the first sinsible word in his

nouth was your own name, Kitty avourneen." The girl blushed. Her face was for a moment livided between instant pleasure and ancient wrath, but before either feeling had time to gain a mastery Holl Murtha dropped on her knees.

"O Kitty Donohoel" she began, with upraised and outstretched arms, "Kitty Donohoe, don't hate me! 'm a great sinner of an old woman, so I am; an' I

simple but what was always good an nice. But, Kitty alanna, I thought I was doin' you an him good by partin' yez; but the Lord was above, an' cut me to the heart every day o' me life since for me wicked sin. Say you'll forgive me, Kitty avourneen; I ask it on me bended knees; God maybe will be more merciful to me if you forgive me."

girl asked sternly, with heightened color.

forgive me!"

The struggle in the girl's breast was of brief duration. Her native generosity triumphed, and she held out her hand to the sadly humbled matchmaker, saying :

"An' what did you ever see wrong in me?" the

"Nothin'-nothin'-nothin'," Moll sobbed out;

nothin' was ever seen by you towards gentle or

"Here, get up, Mrs. Murtha. Don't talk to me about forgivin'; I have too many little black wans o' me own to be lookin' out for. Howandever, I'm sure you had something else to say to me when you came so far to-night."

"Whethen I had, alanna. As Dan was talkin about you to-day, I was thinkin' that maybe if you'd come up an' talk to him he might come to himself out-an'-out."

With a lighter heart than she had known for many a month, Kitty Donohoe agreed to go at once, and the two women set out together, after a few minutes taken for preparation by the younger.

They found Dan Murtha sitting listlessly on the edge of the large table that lay in the centre of the kitchen, his eyes dull his features hanging and heavy. "Good luck to you, Kitty alanna, let me see what

you can do," the mother said, wringing her hands. Bright drops stood in the girl's frank blue eyes, and her mouth quivered, as she advanced towards the young man. Suddenly checking herself, she said:

"He wouldn't mind a word I'd say to him that way-cool an' regular-like. Here goes to give him a bit of a start!" And, while bravely trying to assume a cheerful

mien, she seized her apron, and glided into a dancing movement, as the same time pattering in tones that licked much of their usual ring: "Mother, when I die, sure you won't sell the

griddle, oh! Mother, when I die, sure you won't sell the griddle,

oh !" Dan Murtha's dull eye grew bright at the sound, and settled with pleasure on the graceful motions of the girl. He caught his head between his hands, with a wild whoop, exclaimed in recognition: and, "Kitty Donohoe, your sowl! Whoo! Kitty Dono-

hoe for ever!" Leaping to his feet he began to caper vigorously: out whether it was that his mind was unable to control his movements, or from some other cause equaly obscure, after a few steps he succeeded in tripping imself so thoroughly that he fell to the ground as if shot by an engine.

Screaming, the two women rushed to his assistance, and dire was their terror on observing a little blood spurt from his pole. But every feeling of alarm gave way to glad surprise when, sitting up on the floor, and surveying all around, he said:

"What's the matther, mother? Was I sick, or what? Something happened to me surely! Oh ay! I remember now-Dinny Horan, the cowardly little thief! An' Kitty Donohoe-ochone!"-here Kitty retreated into shadow-" the girl I thought so much about! Well, well!" And he rose to his feet. Clinging to him wildly, Moll Murtha almost sereamed:

"I towld you lies about her, Dan Darlin'-all a lie, God forgive me."

"Me head's quare," he answered stupidly; "I don't think I'm hearin' rightly." And he glanced around the apartment to make contain of being conscious. His eyes caught sight of the blushing girl, on whose face it rested for an instant; then swiftly turning to his mother, he spoke sharply:

"What's that you said? Say it again till I make sure of it." "O Dan! don't hate me," she returned, clinging to

Some link between himself and his mother remained bet unbroken, for he would follow whithersoever she is neck, "don't hate me! sure I thought it was for your good to part yez, while I towld you that big black lie. Don't hate"-" Lave go o'me, woman," he broke in with sudden

anger; "lave go o' me; you're chokin' me, I say." He shook her from him, and going over to the wall, leant his head against it in his hands. There was silence for a while, broken only by the sobs of the old woman. At length Dan Murtha, slightly turning his head in the direction of Kitty Donohoe, said in a low tone:

"Kitty, agra, if it was anyone else's oath I would'nt have believed it.

The girl shot a glance of content at the young man, and then moving over to his side, laid her hand upon his shoulder."

He passed a hand over his brow, and walked across

"It's past and gone now, mother," he said offering his hand; "let no more be said about it."

The reconciliation was complete. We will not dwell on the happy days that Dan Murtha and Kitty Donohoe spent thereafter, nor in the fondness for young Driscoll, the child of her adoption, developed by the match-maker; nor on the sudden retirement of Kitty Donohoe's voluntary escort when Dan Murtha came into the field. Let it suffice to say that on a fine Spring morning the young couple made their vows before the alter of their parish church. They had reasons strong enough to make them wish for as little publicity as possible; so, contrary to the custom of the place, but few were present at the marriage ceremony; fewer still accompanied the happy couple on their homeward way. Yet to those most interested it was a pleasant morning journey. The bridegroom, ostensibly employed in leading the horse along the ostensibly employed in leading the horse along the rough highway, was chiefly engaged in twisting his neck to gaze on the young bride, who, from the pillion whereon she was scated, received his ardent looks with tranquil, if rosy, condence. Then followed the bride-maid and best man, with another mate friend of Dan's companioning his mother, by whose side young Driscoll trotted stoutly. And if no boisterous mirth was heard among them, the wedded pair at least had the tranquil deep satisfaction which is a bliss of a higher and more sacred kind. Imbued with such feelings, and surround d with the good wishes of their neighbors, we leave

Dan Murtha and his wife at the door of the home

wherein they began life together. A few words about the match-maker may fitly which she began to act forthwith. Before an hour close this narrative of the mischief her scheming wrought. Her part in the matters detailed in these pages soon leaked out-we greatly fear through the agency of charming Kitty Murtha-and the people of the place, persisting in charging her with having "a hand" in the miser's death, strove to avoid her, and feared to meet her as an "unlucky" person. Moll Murtha was so stung by this change of manner in those who were wont to meet her with such warmth of yore, that she retired to the town of Dingle, where she was nuknown, and where her son provided her support. Faithful to the whim that seized her when first she looked upon the mother. less child of the Widow Driscoll, she clung to the roung fellow still, and brought him to the remote western town with her. And when, some two years afterwards, broken down with mortification and re-morse, she felt herself about to depart from life, she caused the Dingle schoolmaster to write to her son Dan, entreating him to charge himself with the Leen punished severely every day o' me life since?'
The girl stood as if transfixed for a few moments.
"It was you then," she said at length, in a low cy voice, "that spoke bad o' me?"

"It was poke bad o' me?"

care or the orphan, and recommending the child to the good graces of Kitty. We need hardly say that young Driscoll was warmly welcomed into the Murtha household, and that he grew inp among the children of Dan and Kitty as a brother.

Montreal, I :b. 28, 1875

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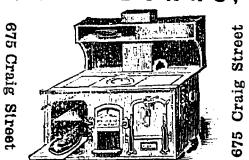
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In the matter of PAUL NADON, Insolvent. l, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of

the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before

me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notro Dame Street, on the 17th day of August next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting.

G. H. DUMESNIL.

Official Assignee. Montreal, 12th July, 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of HUBERT GRAVEL,

I, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee

in this matter. Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 16th day of August next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said

G. H. DUMESNIL. Official Assignce.

Montreal, 13th July 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of JOSEPH NORMANDEAU,

Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Georges Hyncinthe Dumesnil of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter,

Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 7th day of August next, at 3 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally

The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said G. H. DUMESNIL. Official Assignce.

Montreal, 7th July, 1875. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of EPHREM LATOUR, 1, the undersigned, Georges Hyacinthe Dumesnil, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assigner

in this matter. Creditors are requested to fyle their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 212 Notre Dame Street, on the 3d day of August next at 3 o'clock P.M. for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said

G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignce. Montreal, 2d July, 1875. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

In the matter of CLEOPHAS OUIMET. Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Charles Albert Vilbon, Esquire, of St. Jean Baptiste Village, District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in

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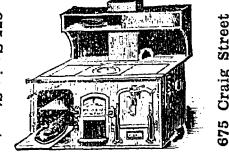
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