

THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY

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CHAPTER XV A PEACE OFFERING

Gradually, and as it were tentatively, the people of the parishes at Donnavagh and Athboy came back to their senses after the fevered feeling at Christmas...

The boy flushed crimson with anger; and a deep frown came down on his forehead. He closed his book, put it aside, and rose up.

At a quarter past six the familiar knock was heard; and she watched eagerly as Anne marshalled the boys into the room. Then, after some vigorous efforts to control her emotions, she came in stately, and it was then that the peace-offering and scented symbol of humility caught her senses, and her face flushed with delight.

Up for it he added with the most involuntarily determination: "But only one mind!" "Very well, sir," she said.

"If you come into the kitchen, and rest yourself," said Katie, quite unheeding her master, or his dinner, "maybe you'd be able to go home all right!"

"Good God!" he said at length, "and is the Irish Church come to this? And what in the name of heaven are the superiors colleges doing to tolerate this outrageous nonsense?"

bows, and strains of joy and light clouds out of the cups of roses. All at once there was a stillness in the whole of immeasurable space, as if Nature were dying of ecstasy—a broad gleam, as if The Endless One were going through Creation, spread over the sun, and over the abysses, and over the pale and thrilled in delicious transport, as a man's heart thrills when it is about to forgive.

Nevertheless, and although in other ways victory remained with the pastor, he still kept his house open to the young Wyclerlys for their daily tuition in Latin. It was terribly irksome to a solitary man; and many a time, when bending over his Suarez or St. Thomas, he felt his attention engaged and called away by the necessary supervision of the studies of these boys, he repented that he had been so hasty; and would gladly welcome the time when their matriculation studies would end.

"One moment, please, and I shall explain." And going over to the bookcase she took down a ponderous Latin dictionary, and opening it, she showed the two lads the word "puppis," and its meaning—"the stern of a ship; hence the ship itself."

"Yes!" said Jack. "The fact is, I told Papa all that happened. He said it was an awfully stupid fellow; but that I should apologize and make amends. He then gathered these, and ordered me to bring them and to say how sorry I am for what occurred last night."

"Well! This fellow is doing nothing? Just what I expected. Where is he?" Henry pointed to the door of the dining-room, and he saw the artist, who walked in unconsciously and gazed around.

"How long have you been here?" he said to the artist. "Put on your coat, and leave the house at once!" "What? This is an outrage!" said the artist grandly. "It's a libel on my profession—it's an outrage!"

"Very good!" said the latter. "Now, what does it mean?" And Henry read falteringly: "Otto asked, 'Who annihilates them, the?' 'I," said the Form, and it drove him among the armies of corpses into the masked world of annihilated men; and as the Form passed before a mask with a soul, there spouted a bloody drop from its dull eye, such as a corpse sheds when the murderer approaches it."

And the poor curate laid to roll out the seven-footed words of the mighty dreamer to a most unsympathetic listener. "Very good!" said the latter. "Now, what does it mean?"

These words, "the guidance of a mother's hand," touched the heart of the young girl, who had just learned the pang of a bereavement similar to theirs. It softened her toward them, although her prejudices were very great.

"I wish you to remember that, whatever be the custom amongst rude boys, it is not usual for ladies to use offensive expressions, especially when there was no provocation."

"I think he is, sir! But—but—may be 'j'ing,' and burst into tears, and fled from the room." Then, deeply agitated, the young curate rose up from his untasted dinner, and going over to the dining room, he knocked. There was no reply. He opened the door trembling, and found the artist in a heap on the floor, which was spattered all around with paint.

"I have no master," said the artist grandly. "That day is gone!" "Well, your employer? Are these your points, or your employer's?" "If you mean the person who pays me stipulated wages for my Art—yes, they're his!"

"A most consummate blackguard!" said the pastor, entering Henry's room. "I'll send down a message to C—this evening, that will make his ears tingle. It seems impossible to get a decent or honest tradesman to-day. Rights of labor! The down-trodden laboring man! We are coming to a strange pass in the history of things."

And the pastor looked threatening, and was, moreover, a stalwart man, the artist obeyed muttering: "I shall consult my lawyer about this outrage on myself, and the profession I represent."

And with these words he vanished, leaving a sad heart behind him. (To be continued.)

"I'll do my best, Uncle," she said. "You see," said her uncle, "you are very much advanced in your studies; so much so indeed, that you have surprised me. And you will be able to superintend their studies for a while, and direct them. I am so busy about other things."

"But, Uncle, you must let them know that I'll not stand any nonsense. If I am to direct their studies, they must be prepared to obey."

"I think you'll find that all right," said her uncle. "Get your books down, and I'll show you how to commence."

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So-Cosy Boudoir Slippers advertisement with image of slippers and descriptive text.

THE PRACTICE OF THE SA... DAILY, MON... The hope of the spoken verities, and far...