## MILES WALLINGFORD

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER XXIII dumbness, language in their very dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be."

As soon as the raft got fairly before the wind, and the breeze had freshened, I had an opportunity of ascertaining what it would do. The royal was a large one, and it stood well. I had brought a log-line and the slow-glass with me, as well as my quadrant, slate, etc., and began to think of keeping a reckoning. I had supposed the ship to be, when it fell calm, about two hundred miles from the land, and I knew her to be in latitude 48° 37". The log line told me the raft moved through the water, all that forenoon, at the rate of about half a knot in the hour; and could I keep on for fifteen or sixteen days, in a straight course, I might yet hope to get ashore. I was not so weak, however, as to expect any such miracle to be wrought in my favor, though, had I been in the trades, the thing might have occurred. By cutting adrift the two yards, or by getting them fore and aft, in a line with the water, my sate of saling might be doubled; and I began seriously to think of effecting this great change. Out the yards adrift I did not like to do, their support in keeping me out of the water being very important. By hauling on the lift, I did get them in a more oblique position, and in a measure thus lessened their resistance to the element. I thought that even this improvement made a difference of half a knot in 119 movement. Nevertheless, it was tedic us work to be a whole hour in going less than a single mile, when two hundred remained to be travelled, and the risks of the ocean were thus constantly impending over one!

What a day was that! It blew pretty fresh at one time, and I began to tremble for my staging, or deck, which got

What a day was that I be been to tremble for my staging, or deck, which got washed several times, though the topsailyard made for it a sort of lee, and helped to protect it. Toward the decline of the day, the wind went down, and at whether the day is the wind went down, and at the day the wind was as tranquil as its the day, the wind went down, and at sunset everything was as tranquil as it had been the previous evening. I thought I might have been eight or nine miles from the spot where the Dawn went down, without computing the influence of the currents, which may have set me all that distance back again, or so much farther ahead, for anything I knew of the matter. At sunset I took an anxious survey of the horizon, to see if any sail were in sight; but nothing was visible.

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Another tranquil night gave me another tranquil night's rest. I call the last tranquil, as it proved to be in one sense, though I was sorely troubled with dreams. Had I been suffering for nourishment, I certainly should have dreamed of food; but such not being the case, my thoughts took the direction of home and friends. Much of the time, I lay half asleep and half awake; then my mind would revert to my sister, to Lucy, to Mr. Hardinge, and to Clawbonny—which I fancied already in the possession of John Wallingtord, who was triumphing in his ownership, and the success of his arts. Then I thought Lucy had purchased the place, and was living there with Andrew Drewett, in a handsome new house, built in the modern taste. By modern taste, I do not mean one of the Grecian-temple school, as I do not think that even all the vagaries of a diseased imagination, that was suffering under the calamities of ship-Another trauquil night gave me another trauquil night's rest. I call the last tranquil, as it proved to be in one sense, though I was sorely troubled with dreams. Had I been suffering for nourishment, I certainly should have dreamed of food; but such not being the case, my thoughts took the direction of home and friends. Much of the time, I lay half saleep and half awake; then my mind would revert to my sister, to Lucy, to Mr. Hardinge, and to Clawbonny—which I fancied already in the possession of John Wallingford, who was triumphing in his ownership, and the success of his arts. Then I thought Lucy had purchased the place, and was living there with Andrew Drewett, in a handsome new house, built in the modern taste. By modern taste, I do not mean one of the Grecian-temple school, as I do not think that even all the vagaries of a diseased imagination, that was suffering under the calamities of shipwreck, could induce me to imagine Lucy Hardinge silly enough to desire to live in such a structure.

Toward morning, I fell into a doze, the fourth or fifth renewal of my slumbers that night; and I remember that I had that sort of curious sensation which apprises us itself it was a dream. In the course of the events that passed

Wallingford, dough folk do call me Clawbonny."

"Ay, and a slim family it's got to be," rejoined the mate. "The nicest, and the handsomest, and the most virtuous young woman in all York State, is gone out of it first; I knew but little of her; but how often did poor Miles tell me all about her; and how she loved him, and the like of that, as is becoming; and something in the way that I love little Kitty, my niece you know, Neb, only a thousand times more; and hearing so much of a person is all the same, or even better than to know them up and down, if a body wants to feel respect with all his heart. Secondly, as a person would say, now there's Miles, lost too, for the ship is sartainly gone down, Neb; otherwise, she would have been seen floating hereabouts, and we may

me—well, I loved that boy better even, than a Yankee loves cucumbers."

This may be thought an odd comparison to cross a drowsy imagination, but it was one Marble often made; and if eating the fruit morning, noon, and night, will vindicate its justice, the mate stood exonerated from everything like exaggeration. like exaggeration.
"Ebbrybody lub Masser Mile," said

speakers were within fifty feet of me. I lay in the same state some time longer, endeavoring, as I was curious myself, of catching, or fancying, more words from those I loved so well; but no more came. Then I believe I fell into a deeper sleep, for I remember no more, for hours.

At dawn I awoke, the care on my mind answering for a call. This time, I did not wait for the sun to shine in my eyes, but, of the two, I rather pre ceded than waited the return of light. On standing erect, I found the sea as tranquil as it had been on the previous night, and there was an entire calm. It was still so dusky that a little examination was necessary to be certain nothing was near. The horizon was scarcely clear, though, making my first look towards the east, objects were plainest in that quarter of the ocean. I then turned slowly round, examining the vast expanse of water as I did so, until my back was toward the approaching light, and I faced the west. I thought I saw a boat within ten yards of me! At first, I took it for an illusion, and rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was awake. There it was, however, and another look satisfied me it was my own launch, or that in which poor Neb had been carried overboard. What was more, it was floating in the proper manner, appeared buoyant, and had two masts rigged. It is true, that it looked dusky, as objects appear just at dawn, but it was sufficiently distinct. I could not be mistaken; it was my own launch thus thrown within my reach by the mercy of Divine Providence!

This boat, then, had survived the gale, and the winds and currents had brought it, and the raft together. What had become of Neb? He must have rigged the masts, for none were stepped, of course, when the boat was in the choeks. Masts and sails and oers were always kept in the boat, it is true; but the first could not be stepped without hands. A strange, wild feeling came over me, as a man might be supposed to yield to the appearance of supernatural agencies, and almost without intending it, I shouted, "Boat ahoy!"

I had that sort of curious sensation which apprises us itself it was a dream. In the course of the events that passed through my mind, I fancied I overheard Marble and Neb conversing. Their voices were low, and solemn, as I thought; and the words so distinct, that I still remember every syllable.

"No, Neb," said Marble, or seemed to say, in a most sorrowful tone, one I had never heard him use even in speaking of his hermitage. "There is little hope for Miles, now. I felt as if the poor boy was lost when I saw him swept away from me, by them bloody spars striking adrift, and set him down as one gone from that moment. You've lost an A No. I master, Mister Neb, I can tell you, and you may sarve a hundred before you fall in with his like ag'in."

"I nebber sarve anoder gentleum, Misser Marble," returned the black; "dat as sartain as gospel. I born in 'e same family, or I don't want to 'e same family, or I don't want

asnamed of the weakness he had be-trayed, and was ready to set upon any-thing in order to conceal it. Neb put an end to this sally, however, by plung-ing again into the water, and swimming back to the boat, as readily as he had some to the raft.

how often did poor Miles tell me all about her; and how she loved him, and the like of that, as is becoming; and something in the way that I love little Kitty, my niece you know, Neb, only a thousand times more; and hearing so much of a person is all the same, or even better than to know them up and down, if a body wants to feel respect with all his heart. Secondly, as a person would say, now there's Miles, lost too, for the ship is sartainly gone down, Neb; otherwise, she would have been seen floating hereabouts, and we may log him as a man lost overboard."

"P'rhaps not, Misser Marble," said the negro. "Masser Mile swim like a fish, and he isn't the gentleum to give up as soon as trouble come. P'rhaps he swimming about all dis time."

"Miles could do all that a man could do, Neb, but he can't swim two hundred miles—a South-Sea man might do something like that, I do suppose, but they're onaccountably web-footed. No, no, Neb; I fear we shall have to give him up. Providence swept him away from us, like, and we've lost him up. Ah's

A few minutes later, all three began to know what we were about. The launch was hauled up alongside of the stage, and we sat on the latter, relating the manner in which each of us had been saved. First, then, as to Neb: I have already told the mode in which the launch was swept overboard, and I interred its loss from the violence of the tempest, and the height of the seas that were raging around us. It is true, like exaggeration.

"Ebbrybody lub Masser Mile," said the warm-bearied Neb, or I thought be said so. "I nebber see dat we can go home to good old Masser Hardige, and tell him how we lose Masser Mile!" 'It will be a hard job, Neb, but I greatly fear it must be done. However, we will now turn in and try to catch a nap, for the wind will be rising one of these times, and then we shall have need of keeping our eyes wide open."

After this I heard no more; but every word of that which I have related, sounded as plainly in my cars as if the speakers were within fifty feet of me. I lay in the same state some time longer, endeavoring, as I was curious myself, of catching, or fancying, more words from those I loved so well; but no more came. Then I believe I fell into a deeper sleep, for I remember no more, for hours.

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held out much longer, when Neb took him into the boat.

As for food and water, they fared well enough. A breaker of fresh water was kept in each boat, by my standing orders, and it seems that the cook, who was a bit of an epicure in his way, was in the habit of stowing a bag of bread, and certain choice pieces of beef and pork, in the bows of the launch, for his own special benefit. All these Neb had found, somewhat the worse for salt water, it is true, but still in a condition to be eaten. There was sufficient in the launch, therefore, when we thus met, to sustain Marble and Neb in good heart for a week.

As soon as the mate was got off the raft, he took direction of the launch. Unluckily, he made a long stretch to the northward, intending to task and cross what he supposed must have been the position of the ship, and come to my relief. While the launch was thus more time its way to mindray Al [41] in

the position of the ship, and come to my relief. While the launch was thus working its way to windward, I fell in with, and took possession of, the raft, as has been described. Marble's calculation was a good one in the main, but it brought him near the Dawn the night she sank, and the raft and boat were both too low to be seen at any distance, the one from the other. It is probable we were not more than ten or twelve miles asunder the most of the day I was on the raft. Marble putting up his helm on the raft, Marble putting up his on the rars, marnie putting up in neighbor to cross the supposed position of the ship, about three in the afternoon. This brought him down upon the ratts about midnight, when the conversation I have related took place, within a few yards of me, neither party having the least notion of the proximity of the

least notion of the proximity of the other.

I was touched by the manner in which Marble and Neb spoke of my supposed fate. Neither seemed to remember that he was washed away from a ship, but appeared to fancy that I was abandoned alone on the high seas in a sinking vessel. While I had been regretting their misfortunes, they had both thought of me as the party to be pitied, each fancying his own fortunes more happy than mine. In a word, their concern for me was so great, that they altogether forgot to dwell on the hardships and dangers of their own particular cases. I could not express all I felt on the occasion, but the events of that morning, and the feelings betrayed by my two old shipmates, made an impression on my heart that time has not, nor ever on my heart that til on my heart that time has not, nor ever can, efface. Most men who had been washed overboard, would have fancied themselves the suffering party; but during the remainder of the long intercourse that succeeded, both Marble and Neb always alluded to this occurrence we were an hour or more intently occupied in these explanations, before either recollected the future. Then I felt it was time to have some thought for our situation, which was sufficiently precarious as it was, though Marble and Neb made light of any risks that reprecarious as it was, though Marble and Neb made light of any risks that remained to be run. I was saved, as it might be, by a miracle, and that was all that they could remember just then. But a breeze sprang up from the eastward, as the sun appeared, and the agitation of the raft soon satisfied me that my berth would have been most precarious had I not been so providentally relieved. It is true, Marble made light of the present state of things, which compared to those into which he had been so suddenly launched, without food water or provisions of any sort, was a species of paradise. Nevertheless, no time was to be wasted, and we had a long road to travel in the boat, ere we could deem ourselves in the least safe. My two associates had got the launch in as good order as circumstances would allow. But it wanted ballast to carry sail hard, and they had felt this disadvantage, particularly Neb, when he first got the boat on a wind. I could understand, by his account of the difficulties and dangers he experienced, though it came out incidentally, and without the smallest design to magnify his own merits, that nothing but his undying interest in me could have prevented him from running off before the wind in order to save his own life. An opportunity now offered to remedy this evil, and we went to work to transfer

wented him from running on before the wind in order to save his own life. An opportunity now offered to remedy this evil, and we went to work to transfer all the effects I had placed on the stage, to the launch. They made a little cargo

passed on it. were not to be forgotten
They still recur vividly to my thoughts
with deep, and I trust profitable reflections. The first hour after we cast,
we stood to the southward. The wind
continuing to increase in violence, and
the sea to get up, until it blew too
fresh for the boat to make any headway,
er even to hold her own sgainst it,
Marble thought he might do better on
the other tack—having some reason to
suppose there was a current setting to
the southward and eastward—and we
wore round. After standing to the
northward for a sufficient length of time,
we again fell in with the spars—a proof
that we were doing nothing toward
working our way to windward. I determined, at once, to make fast to them,
and use them as a sort of floating anchor,
so long as the foul wind lasted. We
had some difficulty in effecting this
object; but we finally succeeded in
getting near enough under the lee of
the top to make fast to one of its eyebolts—using a small bit of hawser that
was in the boat for that purpose. T e
boat was then dropped a sufficient distance to leeward of the spars where it
rode head to sea; like a duck. This was
a fortunate expedient: as it came to
blow hard, and we had something very
like a little gale of wind.

As soon as the launch was thus
moored, we found its advantage. It
shipped no more water, or very little,
and we were not compelled to be on the
lookout ior squalls, which occurred
every ten or fifteen minutes, with a violence that it would not do to triffe with.
The weather thickened at these moments; and there were intervals of half
an hour at a time, when we could not
see a hundred yards from the boat, on
enusting sometimes of the past, sometimes of the future, a bubble in the
midst of the raging waters of the Atlantic, filled with the confidence of seamen. With the stout boat we possessed,
the food and water we had, I do not
think either now felt any great concern
for his fate; it being possible, in moderate weather, to run the launch far
enough to reach an English port

united to our own, in setting those Englishmen adrift on the ocean. No insurers will meet a policy that has thus

been voided."

"Ah! the blackguards! This is "Ah! the blackguards! This is worse than I had thought; but you can always make a harbor at Clawbonny." I was on the point of explaining to Marble how I stood in relation to the paternal acres, when a sort of shadow was suddenly cast on the boat, and I fancied the rushing of the water seemed to be increased at the same instant. We all three sat with our faces to leeward, and all turned them to windward under a common impulse. A shout burst from Marble's threat, and a sight met my eyes that caused the blood to burst from Marble's throat, and a sight met my eyes that caused the blood to rush in a torrent through my heart. Literally within a hundred feet of us, was a large ship, ploughing the ocean with a furrow that rose to her hawseholes, and piling before her, in her track, a mound of foam, as she came down upon us, with topmost and lower studding-sails set—overshadowing the sea like some huge cloud. There was scarcely time for more than a glance ere the ship was nearly upon us. As she rose on a swell, her black sides came up out of the ocean, glittering and dripping, and the line of frowning guns seemed as if just lacquered. Neb was in the bow of the launch, while I was in the stern. My arm was extended involuntarily, or instinctively would be the better word, to avert the danger, when it seemed to me that the next send of the ship would crush us beneath the bright copper of her bottom. Without Neb's strength and presence of mind, we had been lost beyond a hope; for swimming up to the

beneath the bright copper of her bottom. Without Neb's strength and presence of mind, we had been lost beyond a hope; for swimming up to the spars against the sea that was on would have been next to hopeless; and even if there, without food, or water, our fate would have been sealed. But Neb seized the hawser by which we were riding, and hauled the launch ahead her length, or more, before the frigate's larboard bower-anchor settled down in a way that menaced crushing us. As it was, I actually laid a hand on the muzzle of the third gun, while the ship went foaming by. At the next instant, she was past; and we were safe. Then all three of us shouted together. Until that moment, none in the frigate were aware of our vicinity. But the shout gave the alarm, and as the ship cleared us, her taffrall was covered with officers. Among them was one gray-headed man,

us, her taffrail was covered with officers. Among them was one gray-headed man, whom I recognized by his dress for the captain. He made a gesture, turning an arm upward, and I knew an order was given immediately after, by the instantaneous manner in which the taffrail was cleared.

"By Georgel" exclaimed Marble, "I had a generalizing time of it, for half a dozen seconds, Miles."

"There was more risk," I answered,

"There was more risk," I answered, than time to reflect on it. However, the ship is about to round-to, and we shall be picked up at last. Let us thank God for this."

It was indeed a beautiful sight for s seaman to note the manner in which that old captain bandled his vessel. Although we found the wind and sea too much for a boat that had to turn to windward, neither was of much moment to a stout frigate, that carried fifty guns and which was running off with the wind on her quarter.

She was hardly past us when I could wind in order to save his own life. An opportunity now offered to remedy this evil, and we went to work to transfer all the effects I had placed on the stage, to the launch. They made a little cargo that gave her stability at once. As soon as this was done we entered the boat, made sail, and hauled close on a wind, under recefed lugs, beginning to blow smartly in puffs.

I did not part from the raft without melancholy regrets. The materials of which it was composed were all that now remained of the Dawn. Then the few hours of jeopardy and loneliness I had

was doing, down came all the studding

was doing, down came all the studding-sails, together, much as a bird shuts its wings. The booms disappeared immedi-ately after.

"Look at that, Miles!" cried the delighted Marble. "Although a bloody Englishman, that chap leaves nothing to be done over sgain. He puts every-thing in its place, like an old woman stowing away her needles and thread. I'll warrant you, the old blade is a keen one!"

"The ship is well handled, certainly,

"The ship is well handled, certainly, and her people work like mariners who are trying to save the lives of mariners."

While this was passing between us, the frigate was stripped to her three topsails, spanker, jib, and fore-course. Down came her yards next, and then they were covered with blue jackets, like bees clustering around a hive. We had scarcely time to note this, ere the men lay in, and the yards were up again with the sails reefed. This was no sooner done, than the frigate, which had luffed the instant the steering-sails were in, was trimmed close on a wind, and began to toss the water over her spritasil-yard as she met the waves like one that paid them no heed. No sooner was the old seaman who directed all this assured of the strength of the wind he had to meet, than down went his mainsail again, and the tack was hauled aboard.

The stranger was then under the

The stranger was then under the The stranger was then under the smartest canvas a frigate can carry—reefs in her topsails, with the courses set. Her sail could be shortened in an instant, yet she was under a press of it, more than an ordinary vessel would presume to carry, perhaps, in so strong a breeze.

sume to carry, pernaps, in so strong a breeze,
Notwithstanding the great jeopardy from which we had just escaped, and the imminent hazard so lately run, all three of us watched the movements of the frigate with as much satisfaction as a connoiseeur would examine a fine painting. Even Neb let several nigger expressions of pleasure escape him.

By the time sall could be shortened and the ship hauled close on a wind, the frigate was nearer than a quarter of a

By the time sail could be shortened and the ship hauled close on a wind, the frigate was nearer than a quarter of a mile off. We had to wait, therefore, until she could beat up to the place where we lay. This she soon did, making one stretch to the southward until in a line with the boat, when she tacked and came teward us with her yards braced up, but having the wind nearly abeam. As she got within a cable's length, both courses were hauled up, and left hanging in the brails. Then the noble craft came rolling by us in the trough, passing so near that we might be spoken. The old officer stood in the weather gangway with a trumpet, and he hailed when near enough to be heard. Instead of asking questions to satisfy his own curiosity, he merely communicated his own intentions.

"I'll heave-to, when past you," he cried out, "wearing ship to do so. You can then drop down under my stern, as close as possible, and we'll throw you a rope."

I understood the plan, which was con-

rope."
I understood the plan, which was con I understood the plan, which was considerate, having a regard to the feebleness of our boat's crew, and the weight of the boat itself. Accordingly, when she had room enough, the frigate wore, hauling up close on the other tack, and laying her main-yard square. As soon as the ship was atationary, Neb cast off the hawser, and Marble and he manned two oars. We got the boat round without much risk, and, in less time than it takes to write it, were sending down toward the ship at a furious rate. I steered and passed so near the frigate's rudder, that I thought, for an instant, I had gone too close. A rope was hove

your vessel, and the particulars of her disaster. I suppose it was in the late blow, which was a whacker, and did lots of mischief along the coast. I see you are Americans, and that your boat is New York built; but all men in distress

New York built; but all men in distress are countrymen."

This was a hearty reception, and one I had every reason to extol. So long as I stayed with Captain Rowley, as this officer was named, I had no reason to complain of any change in his deportment. Had I been his son, he could not have treated me more kindly, taking me into his own table. I gave him an outline of what had happened to us, not deeming at his own table. I gave him an outline of what had happened to us, not deeming it necessary to relate the affair with the Speedy, however; simply mentioning the manner in which we had escaped from a French privateer, and leaving him to infer, should he see fit, that the rest of our crew had been carried away on that occasion. My reserve on the subject of the other capture, the reader will at once see, was merely a necessary piece of prudent caution.

Captain Rowley had no sooner heard my story, which I made as short as possible, knowing that Marble and Nebhad been cautioned on the subject, than he again took my hand, and welcomed

had been cautioned on the subject, than he again took my hand, and welcomed me to his ship. The mate was sent into the gun-room, and recommended to the hospitality of the lieutenants; while Neb was placed in the care of the caoin servants. A short consultation was then held about the boat, which it was decided must be sent adrift, after its effects were passed out of it; the Briton having no use for such a launch, nor any were passed out of it; the Briton having no use for such a launch, nor any place to stow it. I stood at the gangway, and looked with a melancholy eye at this last remnant of the Dawn that I ever beheld; a large \$80,000 of my property vanishing from the earth, in the loss of that ship and her cargo.

TO BE CONTINUED

Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or their vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits a breath every moment.—

How many an hour we waste in idle conversation! How many a time we pass the churches where He waits, without entering to honor Him even with a moment's prayer!

## TWO IRISH IDYLLS

I. - WHEN THE MIST ROLLS IN FROM THE SEA

From The Month

A sea fog hid the mainland; it hid the bay and the headlands to the west and east; it clung cold and dripping about the rocks and the hill, and about the man who made his way past the coast-guards' cottages. It was thirty years since John Kav-

anagh had taken that path by the quay and up the hill. So long a time of absence gave him a feeling that he revisited the scene of another life. This was natural enough; an unfathomable gulf divided the anxious eager boy who had looked his last on the home of his childhood from the prosperous business man who had come with more curiosity than sentiment to his native place.

In spite of the cold sea mist, the desolation of this headland of North-West Ireland. John Kavanagh felt warm with

lation of this headland of North-West Ireland, John Kavanagh felt warm with complacency. The remembrance of that lanky boy who had taken a forlorn farewell of rocks and sea brought him satisfaction. The boy had crossed the Atlantic and had evolved into a person of presence and importance, a man whose life was eminently worth while.

He stood with his face turned towards

He stood with his face turned towards the Donegal mountains. The mist hid them, but he knew in his heart their forms and their majesty. He had loved Slieve League in the old days, its aloof dignity had made him dream of heights that he might climb. Now after thirty years he realized that his mountain had been climbed. een climbed.

Not only fortune but social success

Not only fortune but social success had come to him. He smiled as he recalled with what awe he had once regarded the Castle and old Sir Brian Blake, the landlord of the headland. He had been proud to hold a horse for Sir Brian or to open a gate for Lady Blake. He had been sen', he remembered, by his mother with eggs to the Castle. He had on these occasions gone humbly to the back door, and even the cook and the butler had heen great persons in his eyes. And now—how different was his let. The reigning Sir humbly to the back door, and even the cook and the butler had heen great persons in his eyes. And now—how different was his lot. The reigning Sir Brian was his host and he was thehonored guest. The cook and the butler served him, and he did not deign to consider them. Of course they knew his origin, but what of that? He stood for success. He was self-made, but that self-commanded respect, even in this land where rank always receives its poetic value.

A path straggled up the headland among gorse bushes and boulders. The village, consisting of a few low cabins, lay at the top of the hill. The dusk had fallen early, for it was December, but Kayangh knew the path by instinct.

His thought as he walked was of the quality of Irish atmosphere, that strange dream sense of unreality that lurks in it. It was this, he said to himself, that keeps the Irishman from success in his own land, it was this that sends him across the Atlantic to find vigour and hone in American in

own land, it was this that sends him across the Atlantic to find vigour and hope in American air.

It was at this moment that he heard the thin sound of a bagpipe, it seemed to come wailfully from the shore below the cliff. Kavanagh stood still. Could it be old Christy, he wondered. Christy had been devoted to his bagpipes thirty years before this. He had been blind and eccentric then, it was likely that he had not changed.

Kavanagh shouted to him and heard again the desolate keening of the pipes. Then there was silence for a while, and presently the sound was close to him in

" Is that you, Christy?" Kavanagh

"Is that you, Christy?" Kavanagh asked, seeing a dim form.

"It is so," came the answer.

"Do you know me?"

"Why wouldn't I? Isn't it young John Kavanagh you are?"

"Not young John, Christy."

Kavanagh laughed and went on up the hill, Christy behind him.

"Thirty years haven't changed you or your ways, Christy," Kavanagh said at last, after he had reflected on the great gulf that he had put between himself and the old peasant.

Christy sighed.

"An' why would it?" he asked.

"Oh! well, progress counts, doesn't

"Maybe. They say you're the great man now, John, no doubt you're the wonder of the world."

wonder of the world."

Kavanagh laughed pleasantly. He pitted old Christy.

They had reached the village, and the shadowy old man paused in the mist before a cabin door.

"Let you come in awhile, John," he said.

Kavanagh followed him. The place was so dark that he could see nothing but a smouldering fire of sods. Christy pushed a stool towards him and he sat down. There was silence. The dreamlike feeling that the misty windless air had brought him, took further possession of Kavanagh's mind. He felt as though he too were unreal, a mere being of thought and memory, a wraith of his substantial vigorous self. He spoke at last, turning towards Christy, though he could not see him in the darkness.

"How different our lives have been,

could not see him in the darkness.

"How different our lives have been, Christy," he said; "I have had all the luck, haven't I?"

"You will have money, I'm thinking," said Christy, but he spoke indifferently.
"I have. Money buys a good deal."
"Does it buy you a clean life an' a good death?" the old man ssked.

"It buys you a comfortable life and a fine funeral."

"An' what will it do then?" asked

"An' what will it do then?" asked
the piper.

"It will go to my son—if I have one."

"An' what way will yourself be in the
damp cold earth, an' your naked soul
travelling all the ways of the world to
find peace? Is it money you'll be taking those times, John Kavanagh, an' you
with ne'er a pocket to be putting your
hand into itself? If that's all yourself
has got in the thirty years we've a right has got in the thirty years we've a right to pity you.

to pity you."

Kavanagh laughed. It seemed impossible to gain a common ground of thought where he could meet this blind

old man.
"What should one work for but money?" he asked.
Christy sighed.

"You would not be understanding if I said it," he answered slowly, "for it's long thoughts I do have the time I'm climbing the hill or sitting down on the shore with the big waves bursting on

the rocks, for there's nothing in it those the rocks, for there's nothing in it those times but myself an' the sea an' God, an' there's no need for words when you're speaking to Him. Doesn't He know without it? Ah! you'd need to be Christianable in such a lonely place where you'd hear the sea roaring day an' night, an' the wind whistling in the heather. It's terrible it is, John Kaynangh, for a man to be alone with him. heather. It's terrible it is, John Kavanagh, for a man to be alone with himself, alone with himself, an' God a long way off." He was silent. Kavanagh shivered. The unreality of actual things seemed intensified by the darkness and by the voice that spoke to him. Even his self-complacency was like a fire checked with sshes. His bank account could not restore his self-confidence. checked with ashes. His bank account could not restore his self-confidence. The utter indifference of the blind piper to his success affected him strangely.
"Oh! come, Christy," he said, "is there a man on the hill who wouldn't be glad of my shoes? After all success is successive to the said of the said o

something worth getting. Don't you envy me a bit, confess it."
"I pity you, John Kavanagh, an' that is the truth I'm telling you."

on Christy's knee.
"You're like an old raven," he said, "but those will cheer you up and teach you the value of money."

He stumbled to the door. As he

He stumbled to the door. As he went he heard the money chink as it fell, but he did not wait, he went on, almost passionately eager for light, comfort, and cheerful companionship. At all costs he must get back his daily sense of self-satisfaction. This horrible distrust of himself was some phantasm of the might, the influence of his talk with a blind old fool. Or was it a forestant of Purcentors? This question of the might, the influence of his talk with a blind old fool. Or was it a fore-teate of Purgatory? This question startled him. Some voice in his consciousness seemed to have asked it. Would this sense of utter failure and futility meet him again at some turn of his road and look into his face with blank despairing eyes? There were rich and successful men, he knew, who had killed themselves. Why? Was it because they too had met this question and had no answer. The night seemed to ask it of him, "What use? What use?" He found no answer as heatumbled up the hill, groping his way through the darkness and fog.

Then at last the Castle rose before him. The door was open, the pleasant lamp-light streamed into the night. Kavanagh hurried up the steps and made his way into the hall. Sir Brian was standing by the fire. He smiled genially at his guest.

"Why, Kavanagh," he said, "how cold and wet and tired you look. Is that all your native place can do for you? I suppose you saw some of the people you knew in old days. . . . I should think they envy you." Sir Brian looked almost envious himself, but Kavanagh was staring at the fire with an absent look.

"How does old Christy, the blind piper live?" he asked; "he must be as poor as a rat."

Sir Brian laughed.

"Well, he doesn't live. He died, you

Sir Brian laughed. Sir Brian laughed.

"Well, he doesn't live. He died, you know, about five years ago. They found him lying beside his pipes on the shore one morning; he'd been there all night. It seemed very pitiable, he'd always had a wretched half starved life, but he seemed happy in an odd way—he was always in the chapel.

Quite a saint they said, so no one seemed distressed about his death. You see there are two ways of looking at see there are two ways of looking at things."

Kavanagh stared at him.

"Who lives in his cabin them?" he asked; "that one at the top of the hill?"
"No one. The roof is off. If it had been light you'd have seen that it's a ruin. You'll see in the morning."
In the morning Kavanagh went to Christy's old cabin. It was quite a ruin. Christy's old cabin. It was quite a ruin. He found two half crowns lying among the stones. He left Ireland very soon and returned to America. He told a reporter, who asked him his opinion, that he found his native land depressing. Its very atmosphere, he said, engen-dered dreams, and took the vigour out

of a man.

But some times when he looks eastward towards Ireland, he thinks of a desolate headland, and of a question that had met him there. And he wonders, perhaps, if some day he must answer it?

II.—THE MURPHY'S MIRACULOUS FLOWER The Murphys had moved in. Their new neighbours on either hand stood about the door watching with shrewd interest the household effects that

## Piles Not Taken Seriously

Jimmy Murphy was bringing on an ass-

"Annoying, but not dangerous," seems to be the way many think of piles in the early stages. But gradually they become worse, until they prevent sleep, undermine the nervous system and make wreck of life.

a wreck of life.

When the doctor is finally consulted he considers the case so serious that he recommends the surgeon's knife as the only means of cure. It may cure or it may kill. The risk is yours.

But there is an easier and surer way

but there is an easier and safer way to relieve and cures piles. That is by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment. The earlier you begin the use of this ointment the quicker the cure. But you need not be discouraged because you have suffered for ten of fifteen years. It ald be difficult to imagine worse cases would be difficult to imagine worse cases than have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Relief comes at once and cure is just as certain if you persist in the use of this great cintment.