

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LITTLE DELMEG," "UNDER THE CEILING," "AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED MADONNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Well, I said to you a few days later, 'all's well? And you're off to Philadelphia in the morning?' 'No,' he said, 'I'm not so sure of that yet. I'm waiting for a letter from the boy's father. If I don't get it, I'll have to wait a month or two more. It's a long time to wait, but I must wait. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind.' 'But you've been waiting for a letter from the boy's father for a month or two now. Why don't you write to him?' 'I've written to him several times, but he hasn't written back. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind.'

do you know what would happen if you went back to the States? 'I don't know.' 'But you've been waiting for a letter from the boy's father for a month or two now. Why don't you write to him?' 'I've written to him several times, but he hasn't written back. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind.'

CHAPTER XXVII. A few evenings later the Yak got his opportunity, and seized upon it. He had called every night, but something always occurred to put aside his first intention, and as a result, some time was a strange visitor, whom the Yak regarded, of course, as an intruder. 'You're not here to stay, are you?' asked the Yak, leaning back in his chair and looking at the stranger with a cold, calculating eye. 'No, I'm not here to stay. I'm only here to see you. I've been thinking of you for a long time, and I wanted to see you before I went home. I'm not here to stay, but I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind.'

Fidelity, or supernatural unworthiness, is a magnificent and far-reaching fruit that perfects the character. It makes a man a faithful friend, the measure of life and immortality. 'But you've been waiting for a letter from the boy's father for a month or two now. Why don't you write to him?' 'I've written to him several times, but he hasn't written back. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind. I'm not going to let the boy go until I know his father's mind.'