A STORY OF IRISH LIFE BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D. AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDEATE AND THE BTARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC. CHAPTER XXVI.

AN ANCIENT REBEL. "Well?" I said to him a few days later, "all's well? And you're 'off to Philadelphy in the mornin'?"
"No," he said, healing too sadly, I thought. "All went wrong, and I ht. "All went wrong, and class of young girls that are being

other Rising before twenty years. Add and manners to leave the room, and struck me that Nora didn't wish it

sither."

"Heat you'd have said all you wanted to my," I suggested, "if Kathleen had not been there?"

"Ye-e-os!" he said, I thought, dubiously. "I'd have ended the matter then and there forever."

dnblonsly. "I'd have ended the matter then and there forever.
"Then you saw no great change?" laked.
"Ah, there is, Father," he replied, candidly. "I could never believe that time could work such havoo," "And still you are determined?" "Yes!" he said. "But I think 'tis uisless. I saw that Nork was as nervous to myself, and I think she was relieved when I left. But, now, if Tessie had been there instead of that young rebel, "by the way, where did she pick up these revolutionary ideas? Do they teach those things in the convents sow?" now?!! a home of all the details of

his vist. Once have surprised at these developments of my young friend, Kath liebn. With all thinds of tendencies to comboyism, she wistowed coessionally indication of a character self-willed and with born, yet generate and artifuciantic. She was the playes and with harling of the own class. She got more premiume and steipes than any other girks But, she never got a prize for ipromines and stripes than any outside the house of the stripes of but it was very genuine when it came.
Many a time il had to lift her, when an infant, in my arms off the stool of repentance, where she had been placed, face to the wall, and shamefully covered with her pinafore. Her little frame would be rigid as iron under the stress of strong passion, and then would melt away into limpness when the soft apot in her heart was touched. It was clear that this young, strong character would that this young, strong charactor while take its decided bias from circum stances; and the circumstance was mear at hand that made her a bigoted little rebel, and in her own imagination, and that of her teacher, an Irish Jane of Arc.

Joan of Arc. Just across the street was another buxler's shop, with somewhat greater pratensions than drs. Leonard's, be-cause there pigs' heads were sold, and I know Mrs. Leonard never ventured Langu Mrs. Legnard never ventured beyond red begings. It was owned by a Mrs. Marphy, a good kindly, graner lish matron, who was proprietress and factotum in the establishment. Her husband, Thade Marphy, was blind, and never ventured abroad but to Mass. and never ventured abroad but to Mass on Sundays. In the long summer even-ings he would come out and sit and amoke on the stone bench outside the shop window, and roll his poor sightless eyes around, and welcome everytore who stopped for a little scanchus. But who stopped for a little scanchus. But during the long winter evenings he asver appeared, but smoked by the kitchen fire, and dreamed of the past. It was eventful enough. He, too, had been a '67 man; and, if all the young fellows who went out that bitter night in Mirch, thirty-five years ago, were not pronounced rebels, not one man in March, thirty-was a second on the pronounced rebels, not one man came back from the short-lived revolution was not the sworn for of for eign domination in treland. For a few years Thade Marphy pursued his usual avocation of carrier between the village and the railway; then the ophthalmin eightracted on the mountain snows became aggravated by constant exposure to the weather, until it terminated fifth to go to Cork and put himself under surgical treatment. Not It was the will of God, and there was no gain saying it. "He tried all local remedies—hypothetical and infallible, but they failed all local remedies.

the fatalism of the race he gave up remedies and calmly accepted his fate.
diathies Leonard like all children, was in and out of the aboptatialitime When she was in the sixth standard and able to read fixently, she would often spend haif an hour with the blin otten spend hat an nour with the bold man in the kitchen, freciting sempe of peers, or reading dittle passages from the school-books too white away she lonely hours for the poor, atricken lonely hours for the poor, stricken follow. By degrees, she ascertained his predilections in reading, and adapted herself, to them. And so A. M. Sallivan's. Story of treland. '.' The Penny Readings from the Nation.' Englishmen favorite books, antil at last the pupil went beyond, her master, and raught, the seored fire to create a conflagration. No wonder I. A salm Englishmen said once to the present writer, speaking of England's treatment of treland. "Twas appalling!" A very conservative Irishmen declared that are more as the property of the sample of the present writer, speaking of England's treatment of treland. "Twas appalling!" A very conservative Irishmen declared that are samples, then, that a young, ardent, impetuous nature, like It was no great surprise, then, that a young, ardent, impetuous nature, like Kathleen's, should have flamed into rebellious sentiments which, though we smiled them down, were very real and pronounced. It was only by degrees the truth dawned upon us; and, strange enough, it was sufficiently singular to cause some comment.

failed the each morning, did not succeed. And then with the resignation

enough, it was sufficiently singular to cause some comment.

"I don't know where she got it, I'm spre, said her mother. "Twain t from me. I have had something else to think about; and surely "twasn't from her lather, it must be that old Thade Murphy has turned her head!"

Churche at Protesta, at could

the 'American fever' is on them they are little for the motherland. It is 

through thick and thin, said Mrs.
Leonard. "You and Thade are her sponsors. The only thing where he differs from your reverence is, that you'll make a nun of her, and he says she'll be married to some fellow who has been in jail three or four times, and she'll be the mother of another Robert Emmet."

Not's bad thing, either," I said. "She'll be the happy woman, if thist's the choice that s'eft her."

Soon, however, Kathleen's fervor be came to troublesome element in our little, dillet, dillet, dillet, stableen's fervor be came openity insubordinate in school. Fart of the programme for inspection was the recitation of certain postical extracts in the achief books. And these had not only to be carefully committed to memory, but delivered with right intonation and emphasis. I happened that Macaulay's Horatins was one of the pieces selected, and in this the sixth standard was drilled and drilled every day. On the very eve almost of the inspection, the class was marshalled as usual, and the mositress, full of zeal, was demanding a full and scientific rendering of the noble lines. "Each abid her ing a full and scientific rendering of the noble lines. & Kach etild had a

the noble lines. Hach shild has a stanza to herself, and when it came to Kathleen's turn, the monitress said;
"Go on Kathy Leonard!"
"Go on miss! Then out spake brave Horatitus."
"Kathleen's hands numg rigid by her side, her little fasts clenched tightly, as, to the utter consternation of the monitress, she said in a firm, passionate tone.

After Augustin's great disaster—

" No. no. ne.!! sried the montines. What alls you child? 'Inen out spake brave Horatius, the Captain of

he gate do a t 1 biance ou t bed of ayes, the girl went on, without stoppin whilst the monitrees sat paraly red a

After Aughtin's great disseter, 180111.
When our foe, in sasth, was master, 5, 220
I was you that first plunged in and awam
"The Shannon's builting root?"
And through Stieve Bloom's dark passes, 4 ad through Shew lasses, ou led our Gallawylasses, lifto the hungry Saxon wolves Were howling for our blood. rieved the clan O Leary, and identification of the clan of Leary, and identification of the clan of th As out horsemen south ward name.
With our spears and swords we gored them.
As through flood and flight we bore them.
Selli Shata O byyer accepta.
We're worsted in the game.

There was consternation in the class. Some of the girl tittered, some turned pale at the awful audacity. The monitress bit her lips and said:

"Go on, Miss Leonard, go on. Perhaps there is more of this kind."
There was dead silence now in the school. Those who were reading stopped suddenly, pencils cessed to rattle on slates and pens were held suspended over the ink wells. The sudden notoriety and the monitress's sarcasm touched the girl's pride, and she continued with ever-growing emphasis:

emphasis :
Lope, long we kept the hillside, Our couch hard by the rill side.
The sturrly knotfed oaken boughe.
Our currains overhoad;
The summer's blaz; we laughed at,
The winter's snow we scoffed at. The summer's blaze we laughed at, the winter's snow we scoffed at. The winter's snow we scoffed at. The winter snow we scoffed at. The winter snow has a state of the winter snow at the s

"Perhaps you are not quite finished yet, Miss Leonard," said the monitress. "Go one You had better end; as Nothing loath, Kathleen continued

Here's a health to your and my King, The Savereign of our liking; And to Sarsield, underpeath whose flag The savered of the way of the same of the

"The munitrees was crying with vexa-tion when the mistrees of the school came to inqu're what it was all about.

came to inquire what it was all about. Kithleen was pale with excitement, but defiant, as the matter was solemuly reported.

It was a bad breach of discipline, and could not be overlooked. And my services were requisitioned. Now, all though of fairly equable temperament in ordinary life, Rasdamanthus on his sooty thoone could not hold a candle to me where law and order are concerned. The following day, I called over the delinquert to the seat of indoment. She came, alarmed but defiant.

"This is a nice condition of things,

"This is a pice condition of things, youngi lady, 'I saide 'aletime see ! Insubordination, disobedience, con-tuma yy on contempt, rebellion, i 'and "I couldn't help it," she said, her

sarcastically. "Then you didn't know sardsstically. Whithen you didn't know your poetry. ?? 35 f ms 3 card 6 to 10 44 million of the didn't have a search gathered and felly that the core of the card what??!! It exclaimed, a not ta

"But (sob) —I thought (sob) that (sob) we shouldn't (sob) be praising (sob) these
old Romans (sob) for what (sob) our
own countrymen(sob) did as well (sob)."

That's all right;" I said; unrelent-ing: "But do you think it right for a little girl, I beg your pardon, a young lady! like you, to take the lawinto your own hands?"

own hands?" no answer to this but a good deal of weeting behind a pintere. Show do you know what will be come of you, if you go on in this way?'

ico-Well, let me first tell your the consequences to others. If this inlimity receiption of rebel poetry was reported to Dublin, one of the commissioners would get sudden and swiftly at Farials tomasis with an 1 cold sine or law All we have sint Managor sand, and a our land on take the constant Church and another will so that to total dary in root last a our conduct. House

well, i'll tell you. They die ad the Chandel Fleet to Queenstows, and or they might go so far as to call the North Cork Militia." They diend the

She looked at me dubiously.

"That would mean," I continued releatlessly, "placing two or three millions more of taxation on the broken becks of Leishmen, and all because a little girl won't have the sense to keep her patriotism within bounds."

"But, sure you often said your-

Never mind what Pohid. But, nov oming back to yourself, do you know what will happen to you? "Well, you'll be transported to Boskin' Bay, or Pentonville, or Mountly; you'll have to sleep on a plank bed do you know what a plank bed is?"

"" heard (soll of it, but I never saw (sob) it."

(sob) it."

"Well den't fret! You will, and the experience won't be pleasant. A plank bed is a medium between a feather tick and a flagged floor. And you'll have to eat skilly out of a resty iron spoon, and dress these luxuriant tresses of yours, if they re not cut off, with a dirty comb, with no teeth in it, and which has been used by every virage and drunkard for the last twenty years."

She gave a little shudder here. "And you'll have to wear a thick, bulky drees of frienc, with the Queen's arrow marked all over it, and white worsted soeks and books that never saw the color of blacking. But it will be all right. Ill go to see you some be all rights. I light to see you some-times, and I'll writes for you through the keyhole of your dark cells on a m

Sure, rou're worsted to the game."

Sure. Fours worsed to the game."

If his safeasm made her mid, so she dried! her week defroitly. I had then the sheek to the sobie! and explain the matter of the penale.

Littly to told this 'young 'say already the nature of her before which is gross breach of school disciplate." She may be wrong in preferring "Shadn'O Dwyer's Glaims to "Horatus." That's "a matter of taste. But no child has wright to take the law tato her own hands. That the law into her own hands.

taste. But no child has wright to take the law tato her even hands. That would mean a subversion of all discipline. You have a right to conatitutional agitation for the redress of wrongs or the assertion of rights. But whilst the regulations are there in black and white, they must be respected. Now there is an amiable quatom in the great public schools of Rogland to compel misdemeanants both to contribution and reformation of character. That is, boys are punished for mistakes in their class lessons by being compelled to write out, fifty or a hundred lines of Yurgil or Homer. They are thus taught that it is easier to say one line well than to write dity. And so, Miss. Kathleen Leonard will bring metemorrow, written, out in her own well-known Civil Service style, and the Civil Service is that of England, whose caligraphy she is so proud in copying, the whole and entire of that famous Lay by Lord Macauley, called Horatina."

There was a great sigh, I don't know whether it was relief or consternation, when the dread sentence was passed and the business of the school resumed. Next day, just at 12 o'clock, I called up the delinquent. She came forward, shamefacedly, with bent head, and handed me her copy-book, wrapped in brown paper, and tied with red tape. 'All right!' I said. "I'll take it home and study it at my leisure. But mind you, it there is one line missing or one word misspelt, you'll have to write it all over again."

I took it home and forgot all about it till after tea time. Then I took it up, having first placed the "Lays of Ancient Rome" open on my desk. What I saw was this, written in the firm upright hand I knew so well: whether it was relief or consternation

and 1 2 (A Bay of Modern Weland ) I m growing old my hair is whitely 1 l at 1 m growing old my hair is whitely 1 l at 1 m growing and in the property of the pro

Whence murmure the dread monotone— Eterative at lariet haisti

sand gover an patter and our second of the sand gover and the second sec I'm dead; but for this fluttering breach

Down the lines of concuering Death in twilight assies: In twilight affice of the sound of the sound

In the part wine specific the district of the property of the part of the part

That banner, black with Bood the mise If once mine ear could hear the burst. That drowns their boasts,

That drowns their boasts,

VIII.

Xnd thould list the thrilling train of the state of the state

o in X. Moseup and I de wointe my gaping temb I V I bons Without a high to be sathering gloom bigs a mid the gathering gloom My God on high.

Then, catch one gasp of fading breath

And speed along the gulf of Death

Then, catch one gasp of fading breath

And speed along the gulf of Death

Then the gulf of Death

Then the gulf of Death

Then the gulf of Death

Th

turned over eyes. Them my spec-turned over every other page of the copy-book. They were blank, Itawas a spick-span news-copy-books There was no other mark, but a pensand-in-

n at her feet. che at her feet. In a corner were the vords;

KATHLENN ENNARD, for THANK MURPH, FREEI and PATRICT.

What did you do? Well, never mind. You may be are I did the right thing. I always do. I only in troduce the circumstance here to show

this was no longer a child, but a woman. The mighty lemotion that had been stirred within her soul had transformed, her suddenly, and though I still treated her as a school-girl. I felt that the was altogether a different being from the little hoyden who used to sing to see her mother long 114 1 1 1140

And I shan't be a run.
And I shan't be a run.
And make prerete of elected me A
That I won't be a run.
There's an ome or on guard.
I and 'lie with him! will tun is
And in heart is full of pleasure.
And I won't be a run. CHAPTER XXVII.

A few evenings later the Yank got his opportunity, and seized poon it. He had called every night, but something always occurred to put aside his non-declaration, and its result. Sometimes there was a strange visitor, whom the Yank regarded, of course, as an intruder. Sometimes Nora was at the church and would not return till rather late, and he had to while away the time church and would not return till rather late, and he had to while away the time by talking to Tessie in the shop and telling her of the strange land beyond the seas. She was an attentive listener and was eager for all manner dinfor mation about America, its cliticans, its nationalities, races, institutions. Somehow the time need to pass quickly, and when Nora would return at 9,30 ct. 10 of lock he would tear out his great gold repeater with surprise and declare that he sever suspected it could be so late. But this evening Nora was at home, the girls were at a small party given in the peighborhood, and the Yank felt his time had come.

in the neighborhood, and the lank tele his time had come.

"Lauppose, Ted." she said, as they sat in the miserable, stuffy parker, to gether, "you'll be going back soon?" "I suppose so," he said, laconically.

"And you'll be going alone. You're not taking with you what everyone said you came for?"

you came for?"
What was that?' he cried, suddenly
interested. "The people know my
business better than I know it myself. "Perhaps, said Nora, smiling, "you have a wife in America already, and you could not take back a second?"
"I might have had," he said in

"I might have had," he said in a tone of sadness, "over and over again, but for one thing."

"And what was that?" she asked.
"Surely, you haven't been such a fool as to let the old fancy and fear pursue

least emotion." Interest to me," he

continued, in spite of my felly. effered to brave the world with me and to break with parents and kith and kin forever, to follow me, an exile, and ander a horrid ban of ignominy and shame. She continued looking steadily at the

fire as if calling up the past. Well," he said, "I was fool enough to reject your love and—your protec-tion, for each it would have been—then. If I make the offer now, will you reject

He felt as if the fate of his life were hanging in the balance. Did he wish for a Yes, or a No? He could not tell. There were two pictures forever gliding before him one forever obliterating the other, bleuding fading, restored again, and ever spain to be blotted out. Which should it be a liere on the che hand, was an old love revived, the sense Which should it be # Here; on the che hand; was anoid downer vived; the sense of honor, the membries of signards of a contry; in which the picture of that fade a woman before him wose bainted and beautiful to site hang; there was the great pity for her present wretched these, and the powers of her inhidren; there was the dream of what wightly be bound in he with the dream of what wightly to bound in he with the other hand, there was the control the other hand, there was the control the other hand, there was the other systems and the saw his future with a young speed away in that lovely and the was to be be a lower of which was to be be a lower of the way in the lovely and the within home which the shows. I which was to be be a lower of the way is was it that brought you back to Ireland after all these reals? " Jally " 'es," he said, "history and was the of the out of the day, it had many and many ancumer of marriage from millinnaires in Montans and Nevadas it opuld have married the daughters of

and Nevadas is Loould have married the daughters of men who owned as much land as there is in all breisnes decent land, as there as an as are manufactured have paved my floors with milyer, and moufed my cellings with gold. But me! That evening there in the sunset, ever in Ballinslea, was always before metest carse up before mer many a night as less awake beneath the starms Lasweit ley awake beneath the stamp; I saw it facing me when I was tempted to well in the saloes of "rise and Mexico; it kept my faith alive, because I wanted to be able to meet my mother than the to the world and so be able to ak you to be made. other world and so me ables to sak you to be my wide in this and now my time has some a My heart bleeds for you, Nors, and your little children. A can't bear so thinks of you, arruggling along in such sawly porerty, and i, who was in such awful powerty, and i, who was never good a enough aford you, having everything that man's heart can dowet in this world. If I go back without you hahall always be ashamed of my wealth of the picture of you and your children struggling against misery and powerty will be always coming up before me. Come with me, bring Ressis and Kathleen, and wellkine thappier than eyen we could have been before if.

The second and meres beautiful picture had new fadinteways! he is structured in the property of the second and meres beautiful picture had new fadinteways! he is structured in the property is now the lapstockie was moused.

was no other mack, but a pen and ink aketch of a round tower, a wolfeder, and Eria, represented by a young lady, probably Kathleen herself, without a man had new fadint and a statut in hashing eyen-rhelmeted chain coilest and had new fadint and a statut in a far in the laptoche was mound, in a far in the part follows.

links of fidelity but she was not a bit shaken in in he to wild at. her detection.
"Do you remember, Ted," she said firm y, "the reason you gave for het caking me with you twenty-five years 20?"
"I do said, and though it broke

my heart, I don't think I was wrong. I refused to take you with me because I could not ask you to share my shame and someon, or to reflect that shame and sorrow upon your family."
... And for much the same

and sorrow upon your family."

"And for much the same reason."

she said, "I san't ascept your offer

now. I'd only be a burthen to yon,
and perhaps a shame, in these strange

lends, and burngst strange people. I'm

an bid woman, morn out and isded from

the trials of life, and, im not fit to take
the position you offer "e. In a year or
two you would tire of me."

"It wasn't me you were waiting for,
"It wasn't me you were
"It wasn't me y

this brave woman, that he mentally re-solved to blot out the other and bright-

en picture forever.

"As for our poverty," she said, "we have borne it now for so many years. It has become easy. Thanks God! we want for nothing. We have enough to eat and drink, and if our clothes are not in the fashion, they are at least good and services bre enough. And in sew months Teaste will be of age and

we shall be able to claim the saw pounds her father left."

"Tessie will be such an heiress ther," said the Yank, "It will be hard to please her in a number of Nora, she see like you like what you was long ago, that I went near saying to her, that first night I came into the shop what I have now said to you."

"Yes!" said the mother, musingly, it was Tessie, which you never saw, and not I, who has been hanning you

"She's a noble girl," he said, with a gh. "Happy is the man who'll get "She's but a child," said Nors

"Well," he said, rising up and speak-ing with some bitterness, "there's one good done. The breed of the informer will die out, and forever !" One evening soon after, as the sum

mer days were closing in, Kathleen sat in a sugar chair in Mrs. Murphy's back parlor. Thade Murphy sat over against her, calmly smeking and occa-sionally taking the pipe from his mouth conaily taking the pape trom his mouth to utter some comment on what she was reading. After one such observation, he suddonly said:

to what I'm goin to say to you this blessed night !' He had always something so import-

ant to divulge, and he always spoke in so oracular a manner, that Kathleen

so oracular a manner, that Kathleen was not too much surprised. But she closed her book and listened.

'There was wan class of Irishmen that you never hard me spake of, said Thade, 'partly because I wouldn't dirty my mouth wid them, and partly because no dagent writer, iver mintions them; but I must spake of em now. Can yin guess what I mane?'

Kathleen guessed MacMorrogh, and

Can you guess what I mane?

Kathleen guessed MacMorrogh, and O Brien of the Burnings, and the clan that met the Munstermen returning from Contart, and would have annihilated them. She also guessed at the shadowy Danaan, and then came down the marks havinter who took please. to every barrister who took place and

power from Ireland's enemies.
"No!" said Thade. "You have mintioned a bad lot enough. But you haven't sthruck on the worst a-yet." A postates !" shouted "Kathleen. They who whave maban country and their Godli's control of the control of

haven't hit it yet."

There was deep silence, Katty pondering over the areland trying to conjecture, what lower death of infamy there could be.

The old man rose up, and he was very tall on his feet, and shooping over to where the voice of the girl directed him, he said, or rather hissed, in a tragic voice:

tragic voice:

Then remaine his seat, he said more

Thes resuming his seatine and more calmin, but still oracularly:

"There may be a hope for these misfortunate, misguided min, who have ditted their hands" with English gold; diffied their hands with integral gold; and am not the wan to say that even a Sompan may not have a chance. Some people are now getting so tindher hearted that they'll sind Turk, Jew, and Athenst, to Meaven. But no wan to tree in his right siness could forgive as integrate. We have terget disease. ever in his right sines could forgive an informer. We have togot should and Scorpion Sullivan, and the rast of their dirty tribe, but we haven torgot though we never minition their names, a Corydon, a Nagle, as a Cary illustration to the land of the sulling the state of the society, the old man, whose white, sightless eyes seemed starting from their societs, subsided into momentary sillaring. But the was been seen

mentary silence. But it was but the pause between the shunderslaps. Standing up again, and leaning over towards the girl, who was drinking in his flerce spirit, he sale: I have a man who didn't know what he was talking about at the time: 'Hell isn't hot enough nor eternity long enough 'for thim'.

Rathreed was almost trightened, but she shared these sentiments 'so furly mentary silence. But it was but the

she shared there cantiments so fully that the pindignation conquered her After another long spell the old man

said again to i irrecondure the second of the borner think that you understand all that I manage by thim, words a

girsha?'
-I think I do, 's said, or rather stammered, "Kathleen!"
- said the old man, reaching the grand climate of manuscreaming, the grand climate of histories revealations. The manuscream that you have wan of this reptiles benathe your own root.

wild at, or that there was a familiar had hauntily the garret under the foof she could not have been more surriced and shocked. She sat speechess not thought what to think, and waiting interpreting her silence said at length:

"Is there r the disguise of a

"Is there a returned American, salled Casey, frayquentin' yer house these nights?"
She was chilged to say "Yes(" "What brings him there, d'ye think ?

Estaled conidn't conjecture, but thought from appearance that mether and he appeared to be old friends.

frinds now."

Kathleen couldn't understand.

Kathleen cottldn's understand.

"No wandher," he said: "you're young an' innicent, and don't know the salit pery ways of the wurruld. Had you anny "conversation wid him yer. self:?"

"Not much," she said. "But I pitched into him and all his old Irish. Americans for dragging away the people from their own motherland, just wasn she wants them most."

"Pat the hand there," he said, stretching out his hard fist. "You'll save yer country a yet. Good God I a hundred girls like you would do what we failed to do."

"I did," said Kathleen, now quite excited with the flattery, "and I told him they were all over there only recruiting sergeants for England!"

"So Now listen. About eight years ago, in the time of the Whiteboys, twinty-wan as decent min as this parish ever produced were arrested by the yeomen produced were arrested by the yeomen (Hen's fire to them, with their pitchesps and thriangles) and carried up lives. They wor as indicent as you are this moment, but their innimies wanted blood, blood, an they should wanted blood, blood, and they should have the 'There was more agin them, but the Crown never yet in Ireland wanted matayriels for a case, so long as they could get ruffians to swear black was white fur their dirty gold. And "there were "plinty of the minutes of the minutes were minutes in laws to the minutes of the contracts minutes and the contracts minutes of the contracts minutes of the contracts minutes of the minutes fortunate min. I never thought mus-fortunate min. I never thought mus-for O'Connell. He got his chance for Ireland and he threw it away. If that day at Clontari he had only said the warrd ! But he thought, bad coss to him, that the whole country's freedom was nt worth a drop of blood. He was a thrator, but he didn't know it, and we must give the divil his due. He we must give the divin ins due. Inc.
saved the lives of these min. But no
thanks to the judges, the juries the
prosecutors, laste of all the informers,
who swore up to the mark, wurrd by
warrd, what they were taught, and for
which they got their divil's airnings,
the bled money of daeent min."

which they got their divin at the blood money of decent min."

He paned for breath before the grand revelation.

"They left their country and wandhered like Caffi, wagabenes over the face of the airth. But they left their pawn, the spawn of reptiles behind them. Wan of thim, the chief wan, the

spawn, the spawn of reptiles behind them. Wan of thim, the chief wan, the ringlayder, the spokesman, was called Cloumper Daly, and Cloumper Daly's grandson is the Terence Casey who is now frayquenting your house and wants to marry your mother?

The thing seemed so horrible that the girl could not speak. She looked curiously at the old man to see were his wits wandering, for he often said he was getting into his second childhood. But she had never found him tripping hitherto. He had day and date for everything. Even when he communicated to her, under awful wows of secrecy, the exact place, in Oldonatt graveyard where they had buried, with many rites and prayers, a coffin full of rifle-barrels and cartridges, well greased and protected against the damp with oiled silk, she found she could trust him, although it pearly cost her life to keen closed line on the secret. But him, although it nearly cost her life to keep closed lips on the secret. But this revelation was so unutterable and

He misunderstood her silence contained speak.

"till, dare say," he said, in that old cutting, ironical way with which he always spoke of his enemies, "ye'll all get a rise in the world now. They say he has plinty of gold dollars, an as much land, as you couldn't walk ima mont." An arre, tisn't I that should be sorry for yere uprise. Ye have siffered poverty enough, God knows'! But thin, you always kept a dacent name. At laste, it never hard of a Curtin of a Linnard brought to shame a yet. And shure, afther all, a dacent name with poverty is better than a dirthy name wit all the goods of Californy. But that's anyther shere or there! The ould dacency wid thim. There's nother wow the munny, munny; and shures it would be well becomin of me bedgeridge is to ye if the a market has the He misunderstood her silence

Every word cut like a knife, into the mind of the sensitive and passionate girl." She began to see before her nothing but the sensitive and degrace. At last, in a paroxyan of anger and shame

what shall I do? Tell me, oh, what shall I do? Tell me, oh, what shall I do? Tell me, oh, what shall I do? We can never lift tour heads again I do ! Tell me, oh, what shall I do? We can never lift tour heads again I do ! Tell me, oh, what shall I do! Tell me, oh, when ye're over there in yere grand house, of rowlin' about in yer candge and pair, ye'll-horget all the ould honor and sepitations of yere race and family. But ye'll have to change yere name. You'll be Miss Casey, ingh, or perhaps they'll eall ye atther yere grand sthek, Daly, the informer. Miss Kathleen Daty! Well sure, nobody will know yet at all. But," he added with a sudden thrust. 'yere father will turn in his grave!

OUR MENDINANCE STEEL SOLVER. tveis are lalois

Fidelity, or supernatural trustworthis ness, is a magnificent and far reaching fruit that perfects the character. It makes a man a "faithful friend, the medicine of life and immobility," is the thely Chost says, a Lemakes a man faithful in all he says and does not as, fathful, in all he says and does, 196.
of lectly truthful and straight-forward always to be trusted, in small things always to be trusted, in small things always to be trusted, in small things are proportionally and the presence of the small things are suggested to the small things.

selection on the same y or o are a selection of the selec

Some years ago farmers, brothers acres side by side sturdy staff pisse of intelligence, si training and phys fearing and will hard to satisfy inter-where their life-wo Respected by son who was the and the god son o rhaps son as still to his leaving the happy farm and his co going West to a Affectionate rem avail, and at las

great West amid

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JUNE 22, 1

IN B. J. I A TRU

THE FRUIT OF

At first account tervals. He we ame affectionate as years rolled by at all. Decades of changes came to by one the chil and to the boy's and the old hom session. The bo aged man, and He had made lead mines, but life and Wealth. the wanterer wa and the remaining bors found their come him. He old homestead, aged father hap fact that he wis place gave an feelings awaken And he came woman, not at earted mounts and it was found testant and mourned in sil prise. Excuses health that was

when long mont husband nor church some of gentle remons ceived with a aged father he advice lo when the good called, and ha the old friends heads and mot the grave shows wasted life. infortunate ma appear on the é still ventur eemed oblivie dition. His we and that at Te His anele at weuld not allo get the bets charity, and The aged fath met his death wagon, but h

the parish, die seemed to gro not so often se he did not app he had becom to his bed. ligion, he was and his wife we to have a moticed her, plaint. One uncle of this ing from his not long to him into a putioning his sadness. Me he spoke the "Let us dor him," sal

holy peace.

"That is a to the priest. about manuch comforted. Mass next m Bright and day, and wit Some hour sumed the the winders alarmed the M Michael

asked me to " Ische W "Oh, no ; started at givings as b On cateri to do me a l

" Would ! "Trouble" No, indeeself."