The Mystery of Killard.

PART III.-ORDEAL BY GOLD.

CHAPTER III. Continued. Pale and trembling, the young man

stood regarding the fisherman.

"Let me alone!" he implored. "Let me alone, sir, and God may help me through. Here—I'll tell you. No—no.

Not now. Not now.

"And now, John Lane," said Martin, with the emphasis of a final determination, "You are never to darken my door. or change word with my daughter, until all is made fair to me, and I am satisfied she will be safe; until you promise me, never again to touch the Island—and I give you two months to think over the matter. If the two months beat you, it must all be as if you had never courted Mary Martin. Now, you may go your way, and I hope you will show yourself fair in the end. I can do no better for you and her,"

'Iwo months! You don't know all I can't promise not to go to the Bishop's after two months. Give me more time, Edward Martin, out of consideration for all you have done for me in the past."
"No, sir!" said Martin, indignantly.

You have heard what I have said, and I'm not a man to go back of my word." With these words he left the young man, re-entered the cottage and closed the

"Mary," said the fisherman to his daughter, "I have been speaking to John Lane. He is going away on business he will not tell me of, and he doesn't know when that business will be finished. I don't like the change that has come over this young man, and until he explains to me, and satisfies me about himself, he is not to come here again, and you are not to see him or speak to him. He was to have married you in a month, and now he does not know whether this business will be finished in two. In fairness to you I cannot allow matters to stand as they are for more than two months. If at the end of that time he doesn't make all right with me, it must be as if he had never asked you to be his wife. I have no ill-feeling against the young man, but he has not done what he said he'd do, and he will not tell me why. I have a right to take care of your future, and I will not give you to a man who has secrets that have been a scandal to the parish of old, and might be in his case again."

She listened in a white despair. Her

lips were parted, her breath came slowly and softly, the white of her eyes made a perfect circle under the lids. She had no voice to speak, and as her father finished she had no ears for more. She had fainted, and but for her mother would have fallen to the ground.

"My child! My child! My poor Mary, is it for this I brought you up? Is it for this you were the pride of my heart? Oh, wake up, my child! Oh, God is too good, too sweet to take you from us, my child! My child, don't you hear the heart of your mother speaking?"

They carried her into her own room, and laid her on her white bed, and chafed her hands, and sprinkled water over her face. In time she revived and sat up, What is the matter?" she asked feeb-

ly.
"You fainted, Mary, at what your father said." Mother and child were

"Ah! I remember. But, mother dear,

why did you wake me? I had no pain then, but now, now, now!" She threw herse'f down, and law in a tearless des-

The mother sat by the bedside strokthis with her child? Had her set out from the town for Limerick. daughter placed all her affection on a man whose father labored under a curse. whose life had been passed away outside heaven? Oh, it was hard to sit there as took an interestand think of it. Hard on her, the mother of an only child, to sit there and of the difference. see her stricken darling, pale and tearless. white and silent, wan and beyond cure. For now that the old curse had fallen on the young Lane, she would rather see her child in her winding-sheet than in wedding-dress at his side. No doubt the young man might still have some little kindness to his former self, but that would soon passaway, and he would become like his father in all things; and perhaps in time his speech would be taken from him, and he would go inland and seek a wife such as his mother had been, afflicted with silence and unhearing ears. And how would her daughter bear to see that? Ah, she never could! She'd be and she felt certain death would overtake of youth, the expression betokens maturity for it is full of inexpressible pity—and pity is no attribute of youth, but

Then her thought paused awhile, and rashed off to contemplate their vacant rashed off to contemplate their vacant home and described hearts, when the girl had been taken from them before hed time and laid in the green graveyard on the hill. Why, oh, why was all this missery to fall upon them? What had they are the their should be a compatible by the face now the attitude of her times. Neither the expression of detractors, gamble again. What is more than the taken should be accompatible by the face now the attitude of her times. ever done that they should be so cruelly

All at once she found an answer to her

question. This terrible affliction-this rain to upon her breast. the happiness of their only child-was a judgment upon them for ever having addit had come to be written down in books. was not in the gambling but in the being mitted the son of that dead heather she had been a princess, the most illustround out. Notice with what wonderful mitted the son of that dead heathen she had been a princess, the most illustrate under their roof. Yes, it was all trious princess in all Ireland, renowned plain now. If they had never taken in throughout the land for the beauty of that boy, their girl would never have cared for this man. It was a judgment on them for having shown favor to one whom Heaven had marked with a curse, and Darkness had adopted as its own. They deserved it all. But why should their innocent child suffer for the sin of their parent? and had she, the girl's mother, been one of those who brought down this withering blight on that young girl, her daughter, her own flesh and blood?

She paused a moment, appalled by this question. Suddenly her mind went back to the past, to the morning long years ago, when her husband, having found the outcast on the downs, carried him home in his arms and set the boy down on the floor of their house. She recalled how, later in the morning-when the Fool came back with the news that David

first effort to speak her child's name. had said all she durst say to get her husband to give up his will. But he had persisted, and here was what had come of it. It was all his doing. She had no hand in it.

"No; I did not want the boy in the houser I wanted Edward to send him brought the blight on my child. And I warned him in time, but he would not be said by me, and now look at this!"

For the first time in all her life the anger of the woman rose up against her husband. Her maternal instincts overcame every other feeling; she rose in a rage of grief, and passed into the outer room, where Edward Martin sat gloomily looking into the fire, with eyes that saw

Pale with conflicting passions, she stood before her husband, and cried in a sur-

pressed voice of angry reproach:

"Now are you satisfied, Edward
Martin? Now are you content? You
wouldn't be warned by me in time. I
toldyou if you took in the boy you'd take in the curse; now the man that was the boy is gone away and has left the mark of the curse on your own child and mine. You wouldn't believe me then; maybe you don't believe me now. Go in and see. Go in and see your doings. Go in and see your daughter, my daughter, my only child, withered up by your unnatural act now, you have eyes of your own, go in and see your handlwork on our child; the man is not to blame for this work; he is under a curse, and could not help his part of this corrow. But you could. You brought him, and would not be said by me: I, who had a mother's knowledge, a mother's feeling about that boy and my child. He's not to blame for his yart in this, but you! You, her father! And when she is dead, as die she will, and I wake up in the night and ask you for The man neither spoke nor looked up.

Answer me the question I ask you Edward Martin; when I say 'Where is my child?' what will you give me

The woman was half frantic with grief.
"Mother," said a low, soft voice at her side, "don't talk like that to father. You know he was always too good to you, and to me and to—him. I'm not so weak as you think, and if—if the two months pass I can live with you and father here, and-and if there ins't much for me to live for my own sake, I'll try to is the recording angel of wrecks, and will live for yours, dear mother—for yours, dear father."

She drew her mother gently to where her father sat, and, putting an arm round the neck of each, kissed first her mother, and then her father.

The woman broke down, and leaning her head on her husband's shoulder, said piteously: "Don't mind the wild words I said, Edward. I was mad! mad! I ask cour pardon, hu-band."

He rose, and for a moment held the two in his strong arms; then releasing them, turned away and went out of the house.

t come | Killard to Clonmore, and in the evening |

Next day it was whispered in the Channel. village the engagement between Mary Martin and Lane was broken off; and in out of the Channel than a great storm mankind, in opposition to the will of a few days such of the people of Clonmore rushed up from the southeast, and for a tented with ourselves and more earnest as took an interest in the village by the day the vessels labored desperately in aspirations after perfect truth and sea, and knew the people, had also heard against the terrific tyranny of the winds. goodness is gold, though it came to us all

CHAPTER IV.

A RECORDER OF WRECKS.

The Spirit of Tears is well known all along the southern half of the west of Ireland. She is of colossal proportions and august mien. She is white, and through her transparent form the moon and stars may be seen; but when she floats between the rocky pillars of the const she appears less vapory. She is composed of spirit and sea-smoke. Her figure, one of youth, is clothed in a long loose robe that waves in the wind, but yet is never to hercely blown as material dead before that came to pass. She garments when storms rage. Although knew the deep, quiet nature of the girl, the lineaments of her face are also those comes to the face with experience and Tranby Croft. But does anyone suppose observation of sorrow. She is never seen that is the only occasion upon which the further inland than the edges of the Prince indulged himself in that vice? her face nor the attitude of her figure the people have all along known it. It ever alters. On the face the inexhaus- has always been known that the Prince

her life, and the gentleness of her char-

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Lane had coast off his son forever—her husband had declared his intention of keeping the boy, and bringing him up under his own roof, in daily intercourse with her own child. She now could recall her shrinking from the boy, and her horror when she heard his loved him with a love warmer than an and a firebrand; there is an interesting bit about Michael Davitt, taken from the current issue of The Cabinet Portrait Gallery:

"People are to apt to think of Michael Davitt merely as here and headstrong, and her horror when she heard his loved him with a love warmer than an and a firebrand; there is a gentler side and a firebrand; there is a gentler side of the country now michael Davitt, taken from the current issue of The Cabinet Portrait Gallery:

"People are to apt to think of Michael Davitt merely as hiere and headstrong, and her horror when she heard his

away, to keep a wholesome distance between him and our child; but he would not. He would have his way. I had no hand in it. He did it all; did it all to our child; did it all to his child; did it all to our the only little one Heaven ever and the cordage of the finest lines. It was gilt, and covered with flags of the gayest color. The sails wood, the cordage of the finest lines the cordage of the co

As the beautiful ship drew towards the mouth of the river, and had come so near that the princess could see her lover waving his hand to her, a great squall you, and I'm afraid I have; but I'll be a waving his hand to her, a great squall you, and I'm afraid I have; but I'll be a fiew out of the wind. For an instant different son to you in the luture." It is the ship sprang almost into the air, a curious reflection that if Ireland ever with all on hoard. The princess stood been convicted of treason-telony. It was motionless, and never spoke. When in his prison cell that the Fenian had those around her came, they found her spirit had left her; and in all after time, at Irish rebellion, and that the constitutions pirit of the virgin floated over the tional agitator thought out the main waste of waters, and was named the Spirit of Tears.

Hor form being composed of vapor. vapor, she is sensitive, through this communication to everything that goes on herself, all things connected with ships in taking in one that was under the wing of Darkness. Oh, if you won't believe me now, you have eyes of your own, go in and see your handlwork on our child; the near the Irish shore which stems the Atlantic, she loves that shore best, and is most frequently seen there.

She is powerless for good; she has no human sympathy but pity. If she could avert evil, she would. She may never precede vessels; if she might do so, no vessel need ever venture into places of danger from which she could guide them. She may follow in the wake, never glide my child, what answer will you make to before the prow. She loves all things me, Edward Martin? What answer will that float, but the hands of her will are you make to her mother, I ask you?" conflicting, work the lines of sorrow deeper into her patient face. She might leave the sea forever to abide in brighter realms, but she will not desert the grave of her lover, nor will she shrink from giving lone seamen the satisfaction of feeling that there is one who will watch their last moments with sympathetic

> She has, too, a nobler motive than either of these; she knows sailors and fishermen will try to die well when they feel her spirit is present and aware. She on the Last Day deliver an account of oblivion." how all seamen, since she has come to the sea, have met their fate, and wor-snipped as they were overwhelmed. With regard to the Bishop's I-land on

the coast of the county Clare, her most important record is of a time when British soldiers were fighting against the of war sail for the Peninsula: they had carried soldiers for the war. Then a long interval clapsed, and no more vessels left England for Spain. But towards the close of one year she saw three—two line-of-battle shine and a second word for Spain.

No sooner had the three vessels got frigate was alone, dismasted, and driving smarting. fast towards the southern coast of Ireland. She was completely at the mercy of the elements: for not only had she lost her masts, but her rudder had been carried away, her starboard guns had broken loose, and run over to the port side, doing awful havee to the ship and

(To be continued.)

A New Theory.

We care nothing for the Prince of Wales, and much less for royalty. But we fail to appreciate the concentration of public odium upon the Prince of Wales in the Baccarat scandal. It is true Wales gambled on the occasion at In days when history was sung, before The crime in the eyes of his pursuers alacrity the dissenting bodies have drawn up resolutions condemning the course of ales. Here was an opportunity to display their pseudo piety, here was a conspicuous mark at which to publicly discharge the venom of their canting hypocrisy. The newspapers catching the cue, have followed in the puritanical wake and dished up a pretty sensation, because the Prince of Wales has been found out. Meantime, in open contradiction to their hypocrisy, public sympathy leans to Gordon-Cumming, the chief offender, publicly disgraced by the verdict of a jury in open court. The English public are certainly a queer compound. virtue is outraged because it is found out that the Prince of Wales has indulged in gambling and yet the man who offends awakens their sympathies and receives their condolence. The inconsistency of the mob!—Catholic Progress, (St. Louis, Mo.)

A Story of Davitt.

August sun, and purer than a May to his nature, of which a glimpse may She clearly saw in the dark past how moon.

She had in the following story: A lady be had in the following story: A lady distinguished by her labors on behalf of his own country to obtain his father's the Irish poor, but far from sympathizonsent. He departed, appointing his ing with the National party, was stopreturn in three months. When the time for his coming had arrived, she went down to the mouth of the river Shannon. Was talking about the famous Land On the day he had promised to be with Leaguer to an American lady also staying child; did it all to his child; did it all to the cordage of the finest linen thread twisted into ropes. But all was twenty-five, whose conduct in this brought the curse into the house. He brought the blight on my child. And I quivered, and then, as swiftly as a hawk does obtain Home Rule it will be owing striking its prey, sank beneath the waters in great part to Michael Davitt's having features of one of the most powerful organizations that has ever been known in Ireland. In any case he must have which is present always in the atmos-phere, and the vapor of her figure being in contact and communication with free the imprisonment which had been brought on him by rash and youthful efforts in the cause of his country, and over the sea in all the waters of the by utilizing that imprisonment for his world. She, being a spirit, can see country's benefit, that he has lived to through all obstacles; and no matter win golden opinions from men of all against difficulties and triumph over against difficulties and triumph over Friday at 1 p.m.
To THREE HIVERS—Every Tuesday and Friday To CHAMBLY—Every Tuesday and Friday how remote from where she manifests nationalities and all creeds. To fight

"Back Numbers."

his ladder to greatness."

Many young men of the present day talk flippantly about "back numbers." Old people, old memories, old stories, old cheese and even old wine—everything to them is a "back number." The phrase has become irreverently descriptive of all subjects that in their judgment is not fresh and contemporaneous. Neophytes in life's struggle, they forget that it is the back number" of a fact that makes it history. It is the "back number" in our childhood that gives us character. Our fathers and mothers were "back numbers." yet we owe to them what we possess by heredity, education or influence. The "back numbers" in every man's life are the footsteps in the ladder he climbs to something better—or worse. feels that he has performed his duty, they are a part of the legacy he transmits to his posterity. The only "back numbers" are those that have passed into

We are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity. St. James Hat Store, and that to rest satisfied with any attainments in religion is a fearful proof that we are ignorant of the very first princi-

wo in his strong arms; then releasing them, turned away and went out of the acuse.

That same day John Lane walked from Killard to Clonmore, and in the evening latter carrying gold for the army—depart for pains, bruises, etc. Cases have been for pains, bruises, etc. Cases have been for pains, bruises, etc. Cases have been for pains. from Southampton and steer down the reported to us where it has worked like a charm." There's nothing like it.

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