"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER IX. Thou didst delight my eyes, let who am I? Nor first. Nor last, nor best, that durst Once dream of thee for prize, Nor this the only time Thou shalt set love to rhyme."

How dark it is walking along this How dark it is walking along this gient road! Dark, though only six without it is December! Such a moon as the it is hardly worth talking about; and talking about; and the without it, obscured as it is, how yet without it, obscured as it is, how are more dismal would the night be! much more dismal would the night be! Wasthere ever before so silent a night? Are all the dogs in the farmsteads dend? There is no sound at all anywhere, save the stir of sea in the starlight, far. far the story down there, where all things

to sink into one. Bridget -what is Bridget thinking Has she found out she is gone? Has she found out she is gone? No; not yet. It is early, though it hoks so late. Oddly enough, it is to this. the servant the girl's mind first turns, as station of which Eyre had spoken to her. Her hint to Andy that she would let her lover and father and cousin see that she could do is now in process of full completion. When Eyre had suggested to her to run away with him and e married by special license, she had certainly at the moment, though seem ing to dally with the idea, no real intention of following it up. But Sir Ralph's unfortunate coldness of the day before, her father's stern command, and finally her cousin's mocking determination not to help her to her folly, had been all too much for her childish pride. She had revolted, once for all: she would show

Eyre's last words about the 6 30 train; his earnest, really honest expression as he stoke, had lingered in her memory; and waiting, locked up in her own room. she had, when night grew, dressed herself in her warmest clothing, and slipping out at the side door, begun her ourney to Denygra station.

Was there ever so long a mile? or s roal so deserted. At first she had prajed that no one might see or meet ber on her way to the station; but now so would have given a good deal to hear the sound of cart-wheels, or the outret of a farmer's horse. But there is of air anywhere to day in the neighbornord, and so the road remains empty

The moon, coming out at last from benind a bank of dark gray clouds, serves only to heighten rather than to lessen her sense of loneliness. Now each hillock and tree and bunch of furze takes shape and action, and threaten to attack her on every side The terrors of the night are great to those who know nothing of it, safe within carefully closed doors of house or carriage. To Dulcinea, running along through the iull darkness, a sense of despair mingled with active fear is uppermost!

'Silence how dead! and darkness how profound! Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object

In vain she tells herself that it is not really night, that it is only six o'clock; that a few months ago, this very hour and time and dreadful darkness would still be called day. It is with a sigh that grows into a sob of passionate re lief, that at last she sees the lamps shining in the little station before her, with, over there a quarter of a mile to the left, the glimmering lights-of the small town that has given its name to the station.

Hurriedly she enters it, and, reaching the dim platform, that seem enveloped n a cloudy mist, stands irresolute. Only for a moment, however. Eyre has come to her, has seized her hand, is drawing her into the fuller lights be

'Let us stay here,' says she, in a choking tone. 'No one can see us here. And-On" (a little wildly) 'it was a long walk. How far-how far I am from home!

'You are nervous,' says he, sensiblytoo sensibly: 'and it is my fault. I for got, when I suggested to you that the walk here was only a mile, that it would be undertaken in mid winter. It never occurred to me that six o'clock would mean night at this time of year. You must try to forgive me that. What is that you have? Your bag? Give it to

The station is such a minor one that, It this hour, it is given up to absolute solitude-almost. In the far distance a slurdy farmer is trudging to and fro, puffing and blowing and seeking, by eager marchings from the gate to the station house, to keep some warmth in his body! and just here, where Dulcinea stands, a laborer goes by on his home ward way; and there—over there, where the gloom is thickest-stands, by all the worst luck in the world, Ralph Anketell. He had been lunching in this part of the neighborhood during the afternoon, and, expecting a parcel by this train,

had decided to wait and take it home with him. He had seen Eyre's arrival, and wondered at his punctuality, the train not being due for a quarter of an hour or so; had felt a sense of satisfac tion in the thought that he was really leaving-a thought justified by the amount of luggage lying on the platform; had designedly withdrawn so far into the shade that he should be unseen by him, not feeling equal to a tête à tête with he man he suspects to be his rival; and had seen Dulcinea's nervous entrance, and Eyre's eager greeting of her.

To for one instant imagine their meeting involuntary would be to know him self a fool; and when he sees Eyre pos aces himself of the small bag that Dulcinea carries, he knows the truth as urely as though all the world were crying it within his ears

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heart's core, he stands watching the Andy had cut her short. It was evil in this empty train—gives himself up girl to whom he has given everythought dent her mind ran on suicide; his mind to thought. It is a revelation to him to and desire of his life, wilfully making havoc of them.

Nervous?' says Dulcines vaguely, staring at Eyre, as if hardly understanding him. It has come home to her that certainly he does not understand her. Nervous! Is that the word for this awful pain that is tugging at her heart ? Oh! what madness had brought her

A sense of fear-distinct, clutching, is shaking her. It grows too dreadful to be borne. Eyre is talking to her. She is conscious of toat; but no word he ut ters is clear to her. To go back, to go back! that one thought, and that only, is beating like a hammer in her brain; but behind it, and through it, comes another-the oddest one, surely-that if she goes she will never see Anketell again!

Presently the mists of her brain clear a little, and she can wonder within herself. Eyre is still talking-kindly, no doubt, and scothingly; but it doesn't seem of any consequence at all what he is saying. Ralph! What will he think? When he hears she is gone-gone! what will he think then? She trembles. She becomes for the first time conscious that she is cold-so cold! It must be the night air that is making her shiver like

She must go back. She will. Even the servant the gard folly she runs along in her mad angry folly she runs along the dull lights in the station are begin the road that leads to the little wayside ning to add to her terror. Surely—surely the road to her terror is surely—surely every one is looking at her, wondering about her, gossiping about her!

Yet the one person who in reality is looking at her with an anguish unepeakable is the one person unsuspected by

She sighs heavily, as one might whose mind is made up after a long conflict She throws up her head. Eyre is still

'We shall not have long to wait now, he is saying: 'the train is just due. Come, we had better move a little this

way. can't!' She pauses, and looks straight at her companion, a terrible misery in her eyes. It seems as if speech has deserted her. 'I won't go any farther,' she gasps at last painfully.

'You mean?' questions Eyre, as if not able to grasp the truth that lies so plainly in her white face and gleaming eyes. As he pauses for an answer the shrill whistle of the approaching train cleaves the sharp crispy air.

. 'Forgive me,' says the girl, trembling in every limb. 'I-I thought I could do it, but I can't. I'm frightened-1 told

'I told you you were nervous 'eays he. 'And I know it is a wrench; but surely. darling, it is best for you : you have so often told me how unhappy you were

'I must have lied to you,' says she solemnly. 'Lied. Not meaning it—not intentionally; but because I didn't know. I know now I must go home;

'As you will of course!' save Evre.' very stifly. Has all his chivalry come to this that she will none of him, of his aid, or sympathy, or affection? Surely he is as modern a Don Quixote as one may hope to find! You really wish to

'I do-I do indeed!' says the poor child, clasping he hands imploringly. Mr. Eyre makes but one answer to

this impassioned and distinctly unflattering appeal-he returns her her bag. To the man in the dusk beyond, watchng them with a livid face, this act seems unprecedented.

' Has it occurred to you how you are to get back?' asks Eyre, in a tone calcu lated to freeze a salamander.

'I shall be able to manage that' (feverishly). 'I shall indeed! Oh!-there is your train!' (as that snorting machine

dashes into the station). 'Go-go! 'I shall go certainly, sooner or later, says he, sullenly. 'Though considerably later than will please you, to judge by your manner. But before I oblige you,

I shall see you safe into your home. 'If you do you will miss your train. Do-do think of that " says she, in a small agony. 'See-they are shutting the doors, and --- Oh!' (breaking off with a little gasp of hope that ends al most in a cry). 'there is Andy! Andy (calling out aloud) 'There! Don't you see him ?-just running into the station ! I'd know his legs anywhere! Andy

Andy! It is indeed Andy !--in the flesh, and out of humor. All day long, ever since his memorable encounter with her in the vegetable garden, he had decided to keep an eye upon her and an eve be had kept without blinking-that is, so long as the daylight lasted. But when five o'clock came, and the short winter day was at an end, he had relaxed his vigilance, and decided to consider him

self off duty. He had been wondering would she come to tea with him, as usual, in the old schoolroom. Perhaps she would; perhaps, too, she wouldn't. As the hour struck he had gone there, and

He waited for quite half an hour without a misgiving. He waited another quarter of an hour with considerable misgivings. At a quarter to six he waited no longer, but went three steps at a time upstairs to old Bridget to ask her if she knew where Miss Dulcie

Mrs. Driscoll had no idea. She put down her knitting, and wrinkled her brows so strongly, that Andy, who had not believed them capabte of another crease, gazed at her astounded. Wasn't she down in the schoolroom, then? No, she wasn't. She hadn't come in yet, then?

Come in? Andy's heart began to beat quickly. What was it she had said?-that she would let them see! Did she begin to let them see when she-went out? But when was that?

'When did she go out?' asks he. 'Faix, not so long thin,' said the old nurse, in a little frightened fashion. Have yeanything on yer mind. Masther Andy? If ye have, spake out! I mind me now she kissed me in a quare, mad, disturbin' sort of a way, when she was lavin'. I mind, too, that I tould her it was a bit late for a ramble, an' she laughed sthrange like, an' said maybe she'd niver have a chance of a ramble agin, so she might as well have it now as not. Oh! wirra! wirrasthrue! soldiers mount the hill,
What'll I do if harm has come to me To capture his dear master near the wood beauty?"

The state of the s

ran on Eyre. He knew the latter was that Dilcie in a mad, angry moment had agreed to go with him, seized upon him and held him. He lett the old woman rocking herself to and fro, and praying to every saint in the calendar.

It didn't take him two minutes to find his hat, and rush out into the chill night to the point, the captive maiden had air en route for the wayside station.

'Andy!' cries Dalcinea, frantically, in a subdued yet piercing tone that reaches not only Andy's ears but those of Anketell in his distant corner. His are unnaturally strained.

'Well, here I am !' says Andy, calling out toe, in a distinctly indignant tone.

'He hears me!' says Dulcinea, with a little sob of delight, turning excitedly to her companion. 'He is coming! Oh! before he comes, go! go! Do you hear me? See, the train is on the point of leaving! If you wait another moment, you will be left behind, and I-Oh do go!' (giving him a trenzied push) 'I will write; I will explain—only go

'Write!-explain!' Eyre feels as if his senses are deserting him. The girl he has put himself in this false position to save from abominable tyranny is the one who now deliberately-nay, passionately-repudiates his assistance. Ex-There is no explanation—stammers he, hardly knowing none ' ' what he says. Righteous anger is burning in his breast.

'Oh! But I will write!' declares she.

into it. The door is banged by a pass he is under weigh, and leaving Dulcinea forever :

The train disappears into the night. Eyre, leaning back in his c rner-the corner usually coveted, but undisputed fusely illustrated.

find presently that he is feeling far more leaving this evening; and the suspicion augry than miserable. Bathos upon pathos!

Up to this, indeed, he had regarded himself as a preux chevalier-a Don Quixote. He had exulted in his role of Knight of Woeful Damosels; and herehere is his reward! Lo! when it came declined to be rescued, and clung heroically, if unpoetically, to the tyranny she might have escaped.

There must be something wrong some where ' Eyre, enveloping himself in his rug, makes a mental vow to abjure distressed damsels for all time, and devote himself for the future to the worldly, reasonable beings, who hitherto have been the solace of his existence.

(To be continued.)

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Five pounds were offered for such information as would lead to the capture of prest or school master, and twenty pounds were offered for the same purpose in case of a bishop. (See Sullivan's Penul Laws against Catholics in Ireland )

In the old dark days of Erin, when | Lord help you young James Flanagan,

that I sing,
But the efforts of the people to keep up

The gallows is your certain doom; you their olden name

for tue same. Their schools were long prescribed and The gorsoons spied the Sassenagh, the the schoolmasters outlawed

Schoolmaster is abroad, The lade sobbed loud, the girshas prayed For PANCAKES, MUFFINS, Etc. roadside, bog or hill, alert, never still.

Five pounds to the informer who could tell where he'd be found,

The laws were fierce and bloody, and they hunted like a hound; They hunted till they caught him, and the only grace they gave,

Was the trial over quickly, then the halter and the grave.

I tell of one James Flanagan, the master kind and true, Who lived about that very time in Kerry

at Kylecrew; A stutent of St. Omers, and intended for the strife, Which ministers to souls diseased-a prie-t-a holy life.

He taught the little gorsoons how to say A tiger charged within his lair could A. B. C.

And also little girls hardly reaching to his knee. For James was tall and stately, and the

neighbors used to say What a big and grand ould bishop he would be some future day."

One day he'd have his school behind the wood at Cody's Mill, Another day he'd be up high at Casey's on the hill,

And sometimes too in Luckin Bog he'd teach among the heather, And there he'd sleep the hunted sleep, without a quilt or feather.

The soldiers always after him, informers then were plenty, But James was active though a youth whose years were only twenty,

And then his scouts, bright little lads, they never failed the master, Until one day a sad delay was cause of great disaster.

Young Paddy Kane was at his post before the Glen of Barra, The dragoons on the hill above led by informer Meara, Who shouted, 'There's the little spy, all's lost if he's not taken,' And at the word a puff of smoke and

shot the echoes waken. Fast down the slope the dragoons rode, they found the boy was dead, His eyes were bright and staring with the bullet in his head,

The sergeant stormed and swore a bit, the tears were in his eyes, And he said it was not soldier-like to butcher little boys.

And on they rode and left him there, a corpse with staring eyes. The smartest boy the master had, ah me! and there he lies. His soul is mounting to his God while soldiers mount the hill,

at Cody's Mill.

George the First was king,
Ascendancy was mighty, but 'tis not of There's five to one, with sword and gun, no wonder if you fear;

got one chance before For piety and learning and their struggle | When you were tried in Kenmare town and fled to Galtimore.

girshas cried aloud, We've often heard the saying 'The Oh run agra; dear Master! Sure they're coming in a crowd;

with most heartrending prayer And lived like hare or rabbit, always And hands outstretened for mercy to the soldiers round them there.

> With sword full drawn the Sergeant cried, 'Come yield thee up young man. And none can tell, it was so quick, how

> this sad tight began, The children fled, all but one boy, the story comes from him, How Flanagan struck right and left,

> amid the awful din, How grasping first the Sergeant's sword he split him through the head And with each blow he downed two more and left three lying dead,

> Yet two remained, with vengeful cries they charged and got him down, With word thrust clean right through his neck and blow upon his crown.

not so fiercely fight, Franagan, the master, when he felt his awful plight:

With life blood flowing fast away he made one effort more, And gripped the soldier by the throat and choked off number four.

The fifth drew back and fired his gun with muzzle well depressed, The ball went right through Flanagan,

it took him on the breast, 'Tis said it cut his heart across, yet still he was alive, And as he served the other four so served

he number five. With awful scream of maddened

wounds the youth jumped on the last, Who faced with sword full guard in

But Flanagan, now driven mad, jumped high into the sir, And landed on the soldier's head and killed him then and there.

front and confident stood fast;

And panting, breathing out his life, the hero of the fight, Now all being o'er lay like a child, a

pitiable sight, Wide gaping wounds, a battered form, and scarcely any breath, Awaiting what is coming fast, the end of all, grim death.

"Dear James, my son, look up and speak, I'm Father John, your friend-You know me dear, I came in time to

help you to the end, Come, rouse yourself for Jesus' sake and make your preparation; A hunted creature like myself I know your sad temptation."

Yes, mad! Oh, Lord receive his soul,

I give him absolution: Kneel down, friends, and pray for him, his life is restitution; His country and his Faith have lost another brave defender, And dearly rued the Sassenagh who called him to surrender."

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