

## SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

## CHAPTER IX. Continued.

Miss Evans looked at her watch. Miss Evans looked at her watch ten times within ten minutes. She stamped her foot impatiently, and pretty sharply it would appear, for her little dog, whose tail slid accidentally between her foot and the floor, whined dolefully. Miss Evans did not snatch him up in her arms, and let the brown ringlets mingle with his silky black coat, and murmur "poor Carlo!" as Miss Evans well knew how. On the contrary, she sank into an arm-chair, and pushed the wheezy little animal from her with the offending foot. Of all her perfections, the foot was the most perfect; and as her eye rested upon it, another minute passed quicker than any of the preceding ten. She was in the act of looking at her watch again, when she heard the sound of wheels.

"Who can it be?" said Miss Evans, evidently not caring much who it might be. Mrs. Evans looked out, and immediately she did so, her daughter asked: "What on earth brings her at this hour?"

The young lady had not moved from her reclining position and no one replied to her first question. But the look of consternation in her mother's face was answer enough. Mrs. Evans having exchanged the look of consternation for one of extreme delight, was in a moment hurrying down the steps to the side of a little carriage drawn by a mule. Miss Grindem would "come in." Which announcement well nigh brought the look of consternation back again into Mrs. Evans' face, in spite of her efforts to keep the look of extreme delight in possession. Not that she was not proud of the honor—for she was proud of it. But the terror of the evangelical old lady outweighed every other consideration.

Miss Evans bowed to the old lady without leaving her chair; a want of reverence which both amazed and frightened Mrs. Evans. "My dear," said the old lady, taking the snow white hand which the young lady held out to her with the air of a duchess. "My dear, George got your note, and I have come over to talk to you. There is some misunderstanding which he will not sufficiently explain to me. He says you know yourself why he has acted as he has done for some time back, and why he cannot comply with the request contained in your note. That's all he would tell me. And now, my dear, do tell me what it is, in order that I may make it up between you. For I can't tell you how anxious I feel that you and George should get on well together."

The young lady felt no gratitude whatever for the old lady's anxiety. She knew that regard for herself had nothing to do with it. In fact, she knew it arose solely from Miss Grindem's fear lest her nephew should exchange into a regiment which had just been ordered to Canada, he having dropped some hints that such was his intention. The old lady saw clearly that Miss Evans' charms were the only bonds by which she could bind her nephew to Grindem Hall.

"I really have no idea of what it is Captain Dawson alludes to," said Miss Evans, "and it is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Of course, my dear," said Miss Grindem, "but, now, have you said anything to wound him, or treated him too coldly before anybody, or anything of that kind?"

"No; and I wrote to Captain Dawson, asking him to call and come with me to the hunt to-day, partly because I had nobody else to come with me, and partly to let him see that there was nothing like that to which you have just alluded."

"Well now, my dear, poor George is so sensitive, and has such ridiculous notions about what he calls being jilted—just think, now, has there been any one else paying attentions to you, or anything of that kind?"

"Really, Miss Grindem," said Miss Evans, rising, "I feel perfectly at liberty to receive attentions or not, just as I choose."

"Quite right, my dear," the old lady replied. "But you say there is no cause, as far as you are concerned, for whatever has got into George's mind, and I was only trying whether there was anything which might have misled him, in order that I might be able to disabuse him of his error."



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thing. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils it's purpose to perfection.

**SURPRISE** is stamped on every cake.

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A thought of the incident at the Finger-post flashed across the young lady's mind, but after a moment's reflection she acquitted Captain Dawson of the meanness which any alteration in his opinion of her, on account of her meeting with Brian Purcell, would involve. Another reason for Captain Dawson's conduct occurred to her, which, while it raised him in her estimation, made her look grave. A report had gone about latterly that Mr. Oliver Grindem intended to marry one of his wives. Could it be that there was foundation for such a report? and that Captain Dawson's altered manner toward her was owing to this threatened alteration in his fortunes? There was no use trying to unravel the mystery, so she only said, with a smile:

"Meanwhile, I'm not going to lose the hunt."

"Quite right, my dear," said Miss Grindem. "The stables are quite full. The marquis's horses came last night, and you have no idea of the numbers that are arriving all the morning. The gentlemen are most anxious to keep up the credit of the county. George and Tom King are to lead his lordship; and if the fox makes for Thullamore—and he is the old fox that always does—when he finds all the earths closed, he'll most likely break away through Ballyowen for Killshanna, and if he does, George says they'll give the marquis enough of it; though I'm told there's nothing too big or too ugly for him." The evangelical old lady spoke with an enthusiasm which rather astonished Mrs. Evans, to whom, in deed, her words were not quite intelligible.

As Miss Evans reined in her restive horse on the lawn, and whipped him till he plunged again, while the brown ringlets floats on the breeze, and the ivory neck rose graceful from the rounded bust, which the closely-fitting riding-dress displayed to great advantage, the evangelical old lady thought that if anything could put Canada out of George's head that would.

Miss Evans did not take the direct road to Grindem Hall. She seemed to prefer the more circuitous way by the mountain foot. As she passed the Finger-post, her servant rode up, saying, as he caught up the bridle which fell loosely upon her horse's neck: "Take care, miss; keep a tight rein down the hill." She started, and with something like a scornful smile at her forgetfulness, gathered up the reins and guided her horse carefully down the rough road. After passing the corner of the wood the little white house which Connor Scaea would not have "changed for a palace" attracted her attention. She pulled up her horse and gazed round her with a look of weariness.

"What is coming over me?" she thought, resting her face upon both hands. The servant, supposing that she fell unwell, dismounted and stood by her horse's head. But she motioned him back, and rode on quickly till the white house was passed and left far behind. What Miss Evans felt "coming over her" was an almost inexpressible longing to fling herself into the arms of Sally Cavanagh, and ask her to talk to her as she used to talk to her long ago; for she was tired and sick of the things which at a distance appeared so dazzlingly attractive, but which experience had proved to be cold and hollow. How unlike the disinterested affection of the warm-hearted peasant girl and the true love of Brian Purcell!

And Miss Evans, amazed at her own

weakness, wondered what was "coming over her." But have we not all our moments of weakness? After a quick glance round the lawn at Grindem Hall, Miss Evans is herself again. Miss Evans can see as much with one quick glance as it would take ordinary people lives to see. There is the marquis—a very fine man, but that's all. Captain Dawson rides by his side, pointing out some object in the distance (the fox covers, of course; his lordship is not likely to feel interested in anything else). Captain Dawson converses with the marquis in a very natural way (we are recording what Miss Evans saw and thought), which makes him contrast favorably with the groups of squires, old and young, by whom they pass, as they ride leisurely from place to place, from which the covers and the lie of the country can be best seen. The squires stare at the marquis sheepishly. One old squire with a florid face, makes a desperate attempt to attract the great man's attention, by telling a story—supposed to be humorous—in exaggerated brogue, to another old squire with a florid face, who seconds the attempt by laughing immoderately, and saying, *Na bock-lish*. Then both old squires steal a glance at the marquis, with the delightful conviction that he has set them down for jolly fellows. There is Miss Evans' other admirer, at some distance from the crowd, regarding her intently, who, the moment she recognizes him by a very slight, but, at the same time, a very gracious inclination of the head, loses all control over himself, and gallops furiously in a figure of eight within a very contracted space, greatly to the surprise and somewhat to the alarm of many persons, and then stops suddenly, immovable as a statue, and stares wildly at vacancy. There is Tim Croak, the cover keeper, with his coat on his arm, and a long wattle in his hand, perspiring with anxiety, as he hurries in a sling trot hither and thither, in search of some one he cannot find. There are half a dozen other ladies on horseback, between whom and Miss Evans it is easy to see there is not much love lost. The little carriage drawn by the mule drives up to the hall door, and the six ladies on horseback crowd around it immediately. But much to the vexation of the six ladies, Miss Grindem sees Miss Evans under an elm tree (a position which Miss Evans had chosen with a view to effect), and immediately whips the mule in that direction. There is Doctor Forbis, upon his very remarkable mare, whose tail suggested a hair breath 'scape like that of Tam O'Shanter. The doctor does not hunt—he is merely a spectator; and when he has bowed profoundly to the evangelical old lady, Miss Evans asks him to be her knight, as she is quite a forlorn damsel, and Doctor Forbis gallantly assents.

"For gad sake, docther," exclaimed Tim Croak, as he shook the perspiration from his forehead, "did you see Matt Hazlitt?"

"No," said the doctor; "what do you want him for?"

"I want him to but the fox out of the hole in the quarry, and the devil a tarrier we have able to do it but his. You know 'tis the ould fox at Coolbawn we're dependin' on to-day."

## CHAPTER X.

Tim Croak took his pipe from his waistcoat pocket, and running round the elm tree, rubbed a match against a brown stone at its root. "Doctor," he called out, keeping the trunk of the tree be-

tween him and the lady while he sucked the dhudeen spasmodically, "if you want to see the run, ride up fair an aisy to the white thorn bush on the top of Knockclough. You can go through Mr. Purcell's avenue an' you may take your time, as they're gom' to draw the new cover first."

Tim Croak, who was in a disturbed state of mind, having tendered this piece of advice with a calmness which was evidently forced, fingered his long wattle, and hurried away in a sling trot, as usual.

"I think, doctor," Miss Evans observed, "it would be a good plan. There is a magnificent view from Knockclough."

Miss Evans has not been on Knockclough Hill for some years, but she remembers it very well. The last time was on a St. John's eve, when they went to see the bonfires. That was the evening they met the pale young school-master whose hair was gray. She asked Brian was the school-master a poet, he looked so dreamy and unhappy.

"I don't know," said Brian, "but I believe I could tell you why his hair is gray."

Doctor Forbis has signified his readiness to accompany her. Miss Evans has bowed to the evangelical old lady, who looks round anxiously for her nephew, hoping that he will see Miss Evans to the gate. Miss Evans is conscious that both herself and Doctor Forbis—or, rather, Doctor Forbis' remarkable mare—will attract a good deal of attention. She sees her other admirer become frantic again—a crowd of sportsmen spurring hastily outside the limits of the figure of eight to which he confines himself while the fit lasts. And though last, not least, Miss Evans sees Captain Dawson leave the marquis' side and canter across the lawn to the gate, which he holds open for them. Miss Evans holds out her hand, and the captain presses it sorrowfully. Ye powers, how beautiful she is! Captain Dawson rides slowly to his post, considerably damaged.

Miss Evans saw the effect her parting look had produced, and the smile of triumph was in her eyes and on her lips; yet her thoughts went back to that St. John's eve. She replied to the doctor's commonplace remarks about the weather without understanding them, and did not even evince any extraordinary interest when he showed her Matt Hazlitt's old gander, the same that beat the old fox to which Tim Croak alluded a while ago, in a fair fight which was supposed to have lasted three hours and a half.

And the devil's own fox he is—begging your pardon. Miss Evans, observed Doctor Forbis, remembering the many doleful stories he was every day hearing from one or other of his patients concerning reynard's predatory habits—said doleful stories being meant as apologies for non-appearance of certain feathered bipeds, which, if it were not for the fox, would gladden the heart of Mrs. Forbis, and chase the cloud from the brow of Mrs. Forbis' maid-of-all-work, and have a brightening effect upon the Forbis household generally. "The devil's own old fox," said Doctor Forbis, shaking his head severely and solemnly as he thought of a certain basket in which there *should* have a fat turkey, but, when the lid was raised, was found to contain only six heads of cabbage and a hunk of mutton. Doctor Forbis consoled himself with a pinch of snuff, and rode on in silence. Miss Evans could not get St. John's eve, and the bonfires, and the poor school-master, out of her head. Here was the very spot where the school-master handed Brian the manuscript, and went away without speaking. Higher up she sees the smooth rock upon which they sat while Brian read the story.

To be continued.

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