JACK CREAMER.

A TRUE STORY OF 1812.

The boarding nettings are triped for fight;
Pike and cutlass are shining bright;
The boatswain's whistle pipes loud and shrill;
Gunner and topman work with a will;
Rough old sailor and reefer grim
Jest as they stand by the cannon grim;
There's a fighting glint in Decatur's eye,
And brave Old Glory floats out on high.

But many a heart beats fast below
The laughing lips as they near the foe;
For the pluckiest known, though no man quails,
The lad beats a dead tattoo the rails.
Only one little face is wan;
Only one childish mouth is drawn;
Only one little heart is sad and sore
To the twinkling eye of the Commodore.
Little Jack Creamer, ten years old,
In no purser's book or watch enrolled,
Must mope or skulk while his shipmates fight,—
No wonder his little face is white!

"Why, Jack, old man' so blue and sad?
Afraid of the music?" The face of the lad
With mingled shame and anger burns.
Quick to the Commodore he turns:
"I'm not a coward, but I think if you—
Excuse me Capt'n, I mean if you knew
(I get it's because I'm young and small)
I'm put on the books! I'm no one at all!
And as soon as this fighting work is done
And we get our prize money, every one
Has his share of the plunder—*I* get none."

"And you're sure we shall take her?"
"Sure? Why, sir,
She's only a blessed Britisher?
We'll take her easy enough, I bet;
But glory's all that I'm going to get!"

"Glory! I doubt if I get more,
If I get so much," said the Commodore;
"But faith goes far in the race for fame,
And down on the books shall go your name."

Bravely the little seaman stood
To his post while the scuppers ran with blood,
While grizzled veterans looked and smiled
And gathered new courage from the child;
Till the foeman, crippled in pride and might,
Struck his haughty flag and gave up the fight.
Then little Jack Creamer stood once more
Face to face with the Commodore.

"You have got your glory," he said, "my lad,"
And money to make your sweetheart glad.
Now, who may she be?" "My mother, sir;
I want you to send the half to her."
"And the rest?" Jack blushed and hung his head:
"I'll buy some schoolin' with that," he said.

Decatur laughed; then in graver mood;
"The first is the better, but both are good.
Your mother shall never know want while I
Have a ship to sail, or a flag to fly;
And schooling you'll have till all is blue,
But little the lubbers can teach to you."

M'Ishpman Creamer's story is told—
o did such things in the days of old,
When faith and courage won sure reward,
And the quarter-deck was not triply barred,
To the forecastle hero; for men were men,
And the Nation was close to its Maker then.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

—In the Youth's Companion.

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD

BY RICHARD DOWLING

PART II.—TH WHIMS OF PLUSUT

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED)

When he wasn't eating or drinking, or sleeping, or engaged in buying for the people of Killard, or answering questions, he spoke very little and seemed content either to enjoy the sunshine or the heat of a friendly hearth, without caring to travel beyond the immediate limits of his own sensations. If he needed mental excitement he always found it in the subject of the imaginary injuries inflicted upon him by the spirit of his fears. To roast potatoes given him by one at the fire of another was sufficient occupation for him a whole evening. He took only a dull interest in the personalities of those around him. They were people with names, to be found in certain places, and some treated him more kindly and gave him more food than others; beyond this he felt little concerned in them.

If commissions were entrusted to him he executed them with the minutest accuracy; if anything prevented him from carrying out to the letter his instructions, he displayed no invention, but left the thing undone.

With respect to the family of the Bishop's Island, a different feeling had existed. In some strange roundabout way, utterly inexplicable to himself, he had recognized in the Lanes being separated from the rest of mankind as he felt himself to be. They lived outside the limits of the settlement, and outside the affection of its inhabitants.

With David Lane and he had been boys together, and they both had been adopted. David Lane by the gift of hearing and speech, he by the tenderness of the she wolf. There was one still alive in Killard dumb like Kim, by reason of the persecution he suffered. Out of this feeling and a dim, unreasoning, half sprung from gratitude, half of spaniel-like fidelity, Jim Lane had recognized a twin-brother in Plusut. Neither was like other men, and both were much together. He would have freely given his life for his friend's sake.

On Lane's side the case had been different. He, a bold, daring man, the centre of a secret which all were curious to learn and when he was resolved to retain, living in such severe isolation that necessity for some person whom he could rely upon exercising no aggressive curiosity, who would, at the same time be useful to him. He had wanted the Fool for vulgar material [illegible]

But as time had gone on he felt towards Tom a sentiment as closely allied to friendship as could exist in his nature. All the love of his nature had been centred and lost in the boy. And once remorse for the boy's expulsion came upon him, the love came back, but not the object of it; and this love had bitten into his nature, devouring, not nourishing him.

Some time after Tom had taken up his abode on the island Christopher Cahill came early one morning, and as soon as Tom was stirring, called to him, got him to stand on the edge of the precipice and speak. But for all practical purposes he might have saved his breath.

Tom did not seem to care in the least for the society of the other, and nothing could induce him to divulge the simplest fact in connection with the place.

Cahill asked some questions about how and when he might see Tom in Killard or Clonmore, but in matters regarding his trust Tom was exceedingly acute, and he answered that whenever he went to either place he did not give the front-door or back-door key of the island to anyone; but that there were two good-sized bull-dogs always there when he was away, and that they were very fond of the calves and throats of stray callers.

As a matter of precaution Tom had added two ferocious bull-dogs to his establishment almost immediately after Lane's death.

Cahill retired, discomfited and dispirited.

Ever since the evening when Edward Martin visited the island and he had sat in the chimney-corner pleading to Mary, he had never been inside the door of Martin's house. He did not think Mary had told of his prayers; but he felt quite certain he had gone too far to renew his visits without danger of disclosure. and Edward Martin was the last man in all Killard to allow anything like interference with John's sweetheart while John himself was away. The girl had given her word, the fisherman and his wife had consented, and Cahill believed that no man of Martins straightforward character would allow anything now to intervene bytween the two except their joint wills.

But he had often come to the village and hung about, and now and then exchanged a few words with Mary in the same strange, pleading tone employed in the chimney-place! but the words themselves were always commonplace, having no reference whatever to the subject nearest his heart.

The girl's eyes were now fully opened to the extent of his sufferings. but what could she do for him? If she was civil and tarried when they met, it only made matters worse; it was so hard to see his eyes begging for a little more of her presence, to hear the deep pathos shaking his voice, and yet deny him so small a favor as a few words of civil commonplace. It would be unkind to be rude to him; to him who had never done her the least harm; to him who had brought Mr. Heywood to Killard and introduced her to the old man; to him whom she, through no fault of her own, had caused so much pain and disappointment.

So she always made him kindly answers, and showed, by her eyes, that she pitied him; thus the trouble in his heart grew worse and worse, and his life became a round of vacant days, and his nights seasons of unavailing sorrow.

Cahill's attempt to get some news out of Tom respecting the Island had been only an attempt to re-arouse the interest he had once felt in that place and its history, that he might put it in competition with the hopeless longing now wasting his days. For a great span of his life he had but one absorbing idea—the secret of the Bishop's Island; and so accustomed had he become to dealing with but one idea, that now he found it impossible to interpose anything between that girl and his hungry heart. He knew it would be best for him to avoid her; but what was knowledge and reason in such an untutored being as he? He did not pause to think if he were hoping for anything, or what it was he hoped for. He had only the one sovereign thought—that he'd give life and soul for the smiles of this fisherman's daughter, and that he could not banish her from his mind.

One bright, breezy, sunshiny April day, when round white clouds shone like satin in the sky, and larks were singing, and daisies showed their heads here and there, even on the inhospitable surface of the downs, Mary Martin put on her linen-bonnet, a shawl of fine red wool, and going down to the village, took her seat on an outside car, bespoken for the occasion. It was not often that the daughters of Killard drove to Clonmore in such state; a cart with a board across, upholstered with an empty sack, and some fresh straw spread on the bottom, was usually considered rather a stylish conveyance. But then Mary was an heiress with an independent fortune, and Edward Martin the richest fisherman in the village.

Mary Martin was going to Clonmore to give an agreeable surprise. No one had been appointed to meet her there, and she had business of no kind to transact. She was simply driving over to Clonmore to give an agreeable surprise.

Her face showed how pleasant her mission must have been to her, for it was lighted up now with a quick bright smile, as she turned her head around and let her eyes wander through the sunlit air blowing inland over the downs, now with motionless features sat placidly contemplating some creation of the imagination.

It was a day made of bright things for bright thinking. The soft blue sky, the soft white clouds, the soft green turf, the soft fresh breeze, full of sweetness from the cool ocean, all lightened the heart and drove the blood swiftly through the veins. Somehow, although there were many clouds in the sky, they kept away from the sun, and the radiance never left the land all the way.

But before half the distance between Killard and Clonmore had been mastered, the radiance suddenly departed from Mary Martin's face; for just as she reached the fifth milestone a man sitting by the side of the road beckoned the carman to draw up, and Christopher Cahill came to her and shook her hand and spoke to her. He told her he had wandered out for a walk, had seen her coming along the road and thought he'd just stop the horse to bid her good-morning. He thought in his heart he had never seen Mary Martin looking so lovely.

She was glad to see him and hoped he was well.

Not particularly well; in fact, he had found the few miles rather tiring and had sat down to rest.

What was the matter with him? Nothing of any consequence, she hoped?

Well, of late, he had felt rather queer, but he did not know exactly what was the matter with him. He had sat down to rest and was thinking of getting back, but felt a little tired still.

She looked at the man more closely and perceived that he was not quite as full-colored or stout as usual. Still she did not like to make the offer he would, she knew be only too ready to accept. So she said:

'It's nothing, Christie Cahill; a few days like this will cure you.'

'I hope so,' he said wearily. He did not wish to damage his chance by going any further just now. After a moment's pause he added:

'Would you mind giving me a lift part of the way. I'd get down a mile outside the town.'

The humble pathos of the man's tones subdued the girl, and there was nothing for it but ask him to take the other side of the car.

He got up. Each sat at the end of a seat. He turned in and rested his elbow on the cushion of the well, so that he could see her without moving his head. She sat upright with her face slightly turned towards him.

For a time neither spoke. In the end she became afraid of the silence, afraid he was maturing some words. It would be best to talk about something—anything.

'Is there any news in Clonmore?' she began in a timid voice. She did not at all like the situation, and she hoped they might meet no one on the road.

'No,' he answered absently. 'That is, I don't know of any. I'm not much good for news. I'm too stupid to remember it when I hear it, and that's the truth.' The dogged misery of his voice touched her keenly, but she made no reply. He went on, in a low monotone:

'I usen't to be this way long ago. But something is the matter with me that no doctors can cure. Something that will be the death of me, I know.' He did not look at her, but kept his eyes fixed ahead.

'Don't say such things. You ought not. It's very wrong.' She was not uncomfortable, but unhappy. Was it not a pity that this man, who had always been kind to her, should be so afflicted for her sake, and she quite powerless to succor him!

'It's the truth,' he said firmly and somewhat sternly, adding, 'and there's no harm in telling the truth. But I don't care.'

'The worst you could say is that you don't care. You should care You should try to get well, and a doctor could do you good.'

'No; not all the doctors in Ireland. They would be of no more use than so many cows.' He looked at her now, a spasm went through his frame, and his eyes filled with tears.

'Mary—'

'Don't! Christie Cahill, don't!' she cried in frightened voice.

'Mary—'

'I can't! I can't! You don't know all.'

'All what?' he asked wildly, with his tearful eyes fixed on her in passionate entreaty for a hearing.

'You don't know what's bringing me to Clonmore to-day,' she answered, covering her face.

'What?' he demanded, with a great attempt to steady his voice.

'I'm going—I'm going—' she paused.

'What for? Tell me, Mary Martin—tell me, girl.'

'To meet some one.'

'To meet some one,' he repeated; at the same time his face became quite rigid and his voice hard and grating; but he never removed his eyes from her. 'To meet some one. Who?'

'Some one you know.'

'Some one I know.' He imagined by his voice that she was treating him badly in not giving him all the information at once. 'Some one I know. And who may that be?'

'You know.'

'I don't.'

'John Lane.'

'John Lane. Damn John Lane!' he cried wildly, his sternness broken down all at once, and a fury of jealousy carrying him beyond all control. 'He comes of a cursed race, Mary Martin; and if you won't give him up, maybe you'll be sorry some day, when the curse falls on him as it did on his father before him.'

Cahill was standing up when he uttered the last word, and as soon as it had left his lips he sprang off the car, and leaping over the low stone fence, struck off at a furious rate across the down in the direction of Clonmore.

The driver looked around and saw Mary weeping.

'Why didn't you tell me he was bothering you, Mary Martin, and he'd very soon find himself on the road without any trouble to himself.'

'No, no,' she answered through her tears, 'he wasn't annoying me.'

'Faith!' ejaculated the driver to himself, as he turned round, 'there's no knowing women. They're never easy until they're uneasy, and they have no comfort in their lives until they have some one that treats them badly.'

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN OF THE HEIR.

Early in the afternoon Mary Martin arrived in Clonmore. She had been greatly distressed and shaken by the interview, and the man's last words had helped to tear up much of the tender toleration with which she had formerly regarded her second suitor.

Why had he threatened her? And if he really loved her as he professed, how could he utter such words? He was so selfish that he would rather calamity should fall to John and sorrow to her than that she should be happy away from him.

That was too bad. He was a heartless man, and, she feared, a bad man; and no matter what her obligation had been to him she would think no more of him, but cast him off and decline to speak to him. Why should she trouble her head about him?

She loved John and John loved her, and if this other man cared for her it was because of no encouragement she had ever given him.

Suppose for a moment she loved John and was not loved in return, could she wish him evil? No; she would make any sacrifice for his sake. Suppose John loved some one else while she loved him, what should she do? Feel hardly towards the other girl? No. Why should she? Who that knew John could help loving him? No one in the whole wide world.

John, her brown haired, strong, faithful darling, and he'd be here soon, soon, soon—this very day, in an hour or a little more!

He'd be home, never to go away again. He would not even follow the dangerous business of her father; but live securely on the firm land, in the sunshine. Oh, what delicious long summer days they should spend together on the beach and downs of Killard. How happy she should be when, once more, she was by his side, and could feel his strong arm and know that they were to be separated no more.

She would do everything he wished, down to his lightest desires. It would be a paradise on earth, almost too happy for endurance. In a little time her own John would be standing there. She should look into his eyes and feel the pressure of his hand.

The car had set her down in the yard of the Clonmore Arms, the hotel at which the coach John Lane was to come by stopped.

She asked the bandy legged ostler whether people usually got down outside in the street or in the yard.

'If they have luggage,' answered the man, 'they get down here; if not, they get down outside, that's generally.'

So she resolved to wait in the yard. It was quieter than outside. John did not know she was coming to Clonmore to meet him. She had asked her mother if she might, and her mother had consented, declining to go with her on the ground of making preparations to receive the traveler; but really because she thought the young people would be quite enough for one another, and would not object to being alone for the first few hours.

Mary was not glad that David Lane had died, but somehow, ever since his death, she had breathed more freely. She had a morbid horror of the Bishop's Island. She was not free from the superstitious feelings with which the people of Killard regarded it, At least she thought David Lane had been a cruel, unnatural father to drive his only son away from him; and she believed that he had come by the gold in some unfair manner.

John himself had over and over again derided those ideas about Darkness; still there was much which could not be explained by anything known to the people around, and although she did not accept the general belief, she could not rid her mind of the thought that there might be something in it. But as far as her John went it counted for nothing.

John's disposition did not in the least resemble his father's, and the son was free from any physical defect such as his father labored under. In other respects, too, her John was so unlike. He had gay spirits, pleasant words, was fond of being with people; whereas his father had been dark, morose, would associate with no one, own no one but the Fool.

There was no taint or flaw in her darling John. His heart was whole and all here, as hers was his; and he would be here presently—here, standing with her, with his arms around her, as in the days long ago.

'I'll sit where I am,' she thought, on the bench in the shadow until the coach in the yard and the horses are stopped. I'll never raise my head the whole time until the horses stop, and then I'll look up and see him, and he'll see me, and then—'

She uttered a long low sigh of happiness, clasped her hands in her lap, and keeping her eyes on the ground, listened for the wheels.

There were two or three others also waiting in the yard, but they took no notice of her, and she was left to her listening and her dreams.

In the street fronting the hotel there were people, too, expecting the coach. It wanted half an hour of the time appointed for its arrival when a low sized, stout man, with a rather red face, came quickly down the street and entered a public-house directly opposite the arch-way leading to the hotel yard.

On the right hand side of the shop was a door. This the man opened, and went into a small tap-room, and struck violently on the table with his clenched fist. A boy appeared in a moment.

'Two glasses of raw whiskey,' he ordered. When it was brought he swallowed it at two gulps, then approached the window and looked out through a narrow slip between the top of a high zinc screen and the blind.

From his position he commanded a view of the hotel and the loungers in front of it. He could also see up into the yard, the people there waiting for the coach, and Mary Martin sitting on a stone bench in the shadow of the wall. The tap room was empty, and the boy had closed the door when he left.

The man breathed heavily through his dilated nostrils, caught the top of the zinc screen in his fat red hands, and fixed his eyes on the figure of the girl.

A quarter of an hour passed without the slightest alteration in either his or the girl's attitude. Then he turned round and again struck the table with his clenched hand.

The boy appeared.

'Two glasses of raw whiskey,' he said slowly.

These he swallowed as he had the preceding ones, and when he had finished and the door was shut, went back to his former post and old occupation.

In a little time he looked at the clock over the gateway; it wanted still five minutes of the arrival of the coach. Again he left the window, again summoned the boy, gulped down two more glasses of the fiery spirit, and with a gurgle in his throat and a wild, red glare in his uncertain eyes resumed his watching.

At length the rumble of approaching wheels could be heard. The hostler came out and stood, full of importance, looking up the street, shading his eyes with his hand.

The boots, in his shirt sleeves, was on the steps leading up to the hotel, and in the door-way appeared the burly, bland proprietor, prepared to receive any who might desire to put up at Clonmore Arms.

Four smoking horses came in sight; the leaders were seized by the hostler, the boots opened the coach door at the hotel side, the bland proprietor smiled at the travelers as they went up the steps. There were several outside passengers, most of whom alighted.

Three retained their seats, an elderly woman with a child, and a young brown-bearded, sunburnt young man in a blue cloth pilot-coat and straw hat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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In the last issue of The Monist, a quarterly magazine published by the Open Court Publishing Company, the following paragraph appears: "The publishers and editors of the Monist are not Roman Catholics, and we suppose that the majority of our readers are not either. But all the more it appears to us necessary to state as a matter of Justice that the Roman Catholic publications (i. e. those which avowedly and confessedly represent Roman Catholic thought,) are far superior to their analogous Protestant contemporaries. The latter are debating their particular sectarianisms and do not seem to be interested in the progress of their times. They do not heed the discoveries of science or the views of philosophers they live in a world of their own. It is different with Roman Catholics. * * * They have thinkers among them who keep abreast of the time. It is true that there is more discipline in the camp of the Roman Catholic, * * * but with all this discipline goes along a broad-mindedness in attacking the different problems of modern science and philosophy and bringing them into harmony with the Roman Catholic faith." Such a judgment coming from an unbiased critic is certainly a high compliment to our Catholic journals.

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