vividly just because it was and alone. And it saved me men, from a vicious life, fro sand and one temptations i

young man in a place wher

sions are let loose, and no or fear of God can restrain

"The moment your mothe I interrupted, "you should straight for Nora, and tal

GLENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., A VERY MEY. CANON F. A. SHERHAR, D. AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUK! DELMEGE," " UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC. CHAPTER XXI.

THE INEVITABLE. "But there were two friendships, that, without casting any light on the history of the past for me, brightened history of the past for me, brighted considerably my young years. The case was with the living, the other with the dead. Donal Connors was the intimate and particular friend of our timate and particular friend of our the dead. Donal Connors was the intimate and particular friend of our little family. Unlike other strollers, who came into the forge for a chat, or on business, he rarely spent much time in the forge, but he often visited the cottage, where he was always thrice welcone. I could see, even without any information on the subject, that there was some secret tie from the past binding him to our family, for he always assumed an attitude of familiarity which every one else avoided. He came in and out of the kitchen like a member of the family, and I noticed that, on all grave occasions, he was the only person ever consulted by my father or mother. I had heard, in a dim way, as of a far-off legend, of the tragedy that had taken place at Glenanar twenty years before. But my mother's connection with it was carefully concealed from me, and I was too proud or shy to inquire. But neither my father, my mother, nor I, ever visited that lonely cottage up there in the deep saddle of the hills. Of course I knew Donal's wife by appearance, and it was not attractive. But she never spoke to us, nor we to her. Now Donal was the only person who showed and it was not attractive. But she never spoke to us, nor we to her. Now Donal was the only person who showed his deep friendship for me by warning me against my too demonstrative patriotism. Sometimes, in a half laughing way, he would meet all my pas-sionate speeches about Ireland and England, by a joke or a smothered re-

"' If you don't keep yourself quiet young man, believe me, you'll get a hempen cravat some of these days, or make the acquaintance of Botany Bay.' "To which I would reply with flashing eyes :

Far dearer the grave or the prison, Illumed by one patriot name, Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who've arisen
On Liberty's ruins to Fame.

"I never trusted a man yet who

could quote poethry,' Donal would reply. 'You can't dhrive a pike wid yere tongue.'
"Then what about the speech of

Emmet or the speech of Meagher? I would answer. 'Isn't it these burning words that have kindled the fire of patriotism in the breasts of young Irish "Yes! But thin, Emmet and

Meagher did something theirselves be-fore they thought they had a right to tache others to folly them.'
"And as I done nothing beyond sharpening a pike-end, I had to be

"He must have spoken to my mother, too, to restrain me. For she, in her own gentle way, gave me sundry warnings to be cautious in my language, and to remember that loud talkers are al-

ways more or less suspect.
"Suspect? I cried. 'Who could suspect me? Isn't me life before the orld, and who can point to a blot or

stain on any one of us?'
"Then the hot blood would mount up to her pale face; but, of course, I never understood the reason. So blind

are the young, so fortunately blind. It is an ill hand that pulls the veil from their eyes. "The other friendship was with the

dead. Every Sunday, on returning from Mass, we had to pass by the old graveyard at Templeroan. How well I remember it, as, holding my mother's hand, we passed from the road through the iron gate, and got in under the shadow of the trees. Many a time called up the picture from memory, when I was far away—the old ruined Abbey, festooned with ivy, the most covered gravestones, leaning hither and thither, the great brown lichens on the walls—all things so ancient and time-worn and venerable. You might remember a single grave, Father, right You migh in the centre of the aisle of the ? The stone is now falling and the inscription is hardly legible, but in my childhood and boy-hood it was a fresh modern slab, in-scribed: Sacred to the memory of Edmond Conners, with date of death and age. Well, this was the shrine where every Sunday, as long as I remember my mother and I worshipped and prayed my mother and I worshipped and play to Here I had to repeat the Litany for the Dead, word by word, after my mother, and then I had to kiss the grass that feathered the grave, and the name or feathered the grave, and we went home together. I never asked questions until I grew to manhood. Then I learned that this old man bad given his life for my mother, and I sought to know no more until the whole revelation

"Meanwhile, I was rushing every day gaining strength and agility. I never knew the taste of fresh meat, 'butcher's mate,' as it was called or Succides and a bit of bacon and on Sundays we had a bit of bacon and at Christmas and Easter a fowl. But our daily diet, unless we had a visitor, one daily diet, unless we had a visitor, one of and not a successive to the successive terms of t was milk, home-made bread, and pota toes, and on these I developed thews of Anak.

"After a little time the excitement about the Fenian rising had died away, and with it a good deal of our boyish enthusiasm. Then came the Gaelic Athletics and here I easily took the lead until I became cantain of our lead, until I became captain of our team in football and hurling and I became known over half the country.

"So you did," I exclaimed. "When ballads are written about a man, his fame is universal and secure."

'Yes! if it's worth anything," he "I'm not sure that it would not have been better for me to have lain low then, as I desire to do now.

"I don't think that's a manly senti-ment," I replied. "Everyone must give the world the best that's in him,

he replied. "I can never see why a man should not keep to himself, or for himself, whatever of great or good he "Because," I replied, "the reward

of genius is labor, and none other has it a right to seek after."

He was silent, brooding over this strange proposition. At length he

"I don't understand it. All I know is, that I flung myself into the thick of the fight and there I met the revela-tion of the past and the one great dis-appointment of my life."

He paused, recalling the historic incidents of his life, and summoning up the ghostly details from the past. Then

the ghostly details from the past. Then he went on:
"Of course, you cannot understand it," he said, "but like all other young fellows I fell head over ears in love. I cannot remember now how or where we met, but I think it was coming home from a great hurling match, where I was the laurelled conqueror. These things attract the notice of girls, and I suppose it was then I first met her, was the laurelled conqueror. These things attract the notice of girls, and I suppose it was then I first met her, whose face has been haunting me for a quarter of a century, and whom I have travelled three thousand miles by land and three thousand miles by water to see once more and be forevermore blessed or disappointed. But, whereever we met for the first time, we met again and again afterwards, and our trysting-place was a great wide white-thorn tree that grows down there by the road where the plantation of firscuts off the bare heat'er from the land that has been reclaimed. I have gone out a few times to see it since I returned home. It seems to have been blasted by lightning or cut away, for it is not half the size of the tree I knew so well.

" Our little affair was frowned upon, or Our little affair was frowned upon, of course. That is inevitable. I was but a blacksmith, and she was a daughter of a purse-proud, independent father, who expected to see his child married, as he used to say, to 'her own aiquals.' But she, poor girl, was true as steel. When I heard of her father's as succeived to release her, but objection I offered to release her, but she refused to be released. Then I faced him. I met him coming home from Mass one Sunday morning. We had never spoken before. If I had had experience I would not have spoken to

him then.
"'I beg your pardon,' I said. 'I
understand you have an objection to my eting Nora?'
'He looked me all over.

"He looked me all over.
"'Who the divil are you?' he said.
"'I am Terence Casey,' I said, 'the son of Redmond Casey, the smith at Glennar, and as good a man as you any day.

any day."

"He was speechless with rage.

"When he recovered himself he said with some show of deliberation:

"I don't know you, boy, but this I know. If any child of mine has had hand, act, or part with any of your breed, she has my curse forever and

"Tis true I'm only a tradesman, I said, 'but I can give her as good a life as a broken-down farmer any day.'
"This went home, for though he had the name of being rich, some people said he was stretching himself too much, and had to borrow money.

"' A dacent tradesman,' he replied,

is as good as any other man. 'Tisn't to your trade I object, but to yourself. I'd as soon my daughter would marry the divil as wan of your breed.'
"'That's your last word?' I asked, full of wonder at the objection to my

family.
"' The last word,' he replied, 'but not my last deed, as you'll have raison to remimber if you go anny further in that matther.'

I met Nora that evening. "" 'Tis to my family your father objects,' I said, 'not to meself. What fault has he to find with me family, I don't know. We held our heads as high as anny of our nabors. At laste, I never hard a ward agen us till now, did

you?'
"She hung down her head and said nothing.

"If you share your father's opinions, Nora," I said, 'let us part. If you think you lower or demane yerself and the part of the

by marrying me, in God's name, let there be an ind to the matther. We'll part good friends. She held out her hand. Ah! 'tis

well I remimber it. There never ye was a truer woman made by God.
"' Ted,' she said, ' I've promised to

be yours. Until you throw me off, no power on earth shall separate us.

"And I registered the same promise in my mind, but with the addition of a great oath. Ah, Father, don't wonder that I've crossed the ocean to see he once more. That night, and another night, I could never forget. Alas! I the revelation, and how terrible the separation that we deemed impossible.

Of course, I never spoke a word of this at home. this at home. Young men are shy about these things, and then, I really didn't know how it would be taken. My own idea was to leave my father's home, if I were married, and open a forge down there near Wallstown or the inity, where I was sure, as I thought, of plenty of customers, without inter-fering with my father's business. I dare say my father and mother heard of it, but they never alluded to it. My father had an Irish temper, and so had , and I think he deemed it wiser not to their time. And he was quite right.
But sometimes my mother would watch ne in strange, curious way, and the turn away with a sigh.

CHAPTER XXII.

REVELATIONS. "Although popular enthusiasm had more or less died out after the '67 rising, my own feelings seemed to be rather intensified. And, with all the thoughtless of youth, I was not slo thoughtiess of youth, I was not stowed express myself freely on those political matters which are best consulted for by silence. But no! I had read up Irish history, especially Mitchell's, and

my blood ran flame.
"It was Ireland, and Ireland, and Ireland, ever present to waking thought and sleep's dreams. How I raged without fear or hope of reward."

"I never could understand that,"

and sleep's dreams. How I raged against her persecutors, and how I

yearned for revenge! But all my fury was reserved for her traitors, from MacMurrough downwards through all her black history, and the words 'traitor,' 'informer,' 'approver,' seemed to hold me by a kind of obsession. But people only smiled. At home, they had long since ceased to remonstrate with me.

home, they had long sirce ceased to remonstrate with me.

"One Sunday evening we had a pitched battle, a great supreme trial of strength at hurling between the parishes of Gienroe and Ardpatrick in the County Limerick, and Kildorrery in the County Cork. I belonged to neither parish, but I was asked by the letter to an with them, and no objection neither parish, but I was asked by the latter to go with them, and no objection was made by the other side. It was a glorious evening; the whole country side was there, our blood was up, and we fought like demons for victory. So intense was the feeling on both sides that a big faction-fight was extended. both sides that a big faction-ught was ex-pected, and we were near it, and I was the innocent cause. After several un-successful tries, I had managed to get the ball within reach of the goal, and the ball within reach of the goal, and swing my hurley round my head for the final stroke. I made it successfully, and won the match, but the back swing had struck an opponent, a young lad, on the meuth, and had smashed in his front teeth. I was so excited that I never thought of looking around until I saw the black ball sailing out between the poles. Then I turned. The until I saw the black ball sailing out be-tween the poles. Then I turned. The boy had spat out his bloody teeth, and there was a crowd around him. I was instantly accused of having done it de-liberately, and you know how the pas-slops of an Irish crowd arise. I denied it, and accused my source.

affection and love that had surrounded my childhood and my youth, all the little marks of maternal solicitude that bad knit my own affections to closely to her that I would gladly have died to show my loyalty and love. But the words, 'Cloumper Daly's daughter,' 'Cloumper Daly's daughter,' 'Cloumper Daly's daughter,' and all they meant, would come up with all their loathsome associations, and do what I would, I could not conquer an indefinable contempt and dislike for one who had sprung from the lowest and most degraded of the species. All this seemed to me then and seems to me now the siops of an Irish crowd arise. I denied it, and expressed my sorrow. But be tween their rage at defeat, and the boy's sufferings, they could not be satisfied. Their anger rose every moment, until at last an ill-disposed fellow came near me, and relying on the help around him, he struck me and said:
"You did, you Sir! I saw you hit him, you b——son of an informer!'
"The hurley fell from my hand, as if I were paralyzed. The Kildorrery men, who had been grouping around me with the conviction that they were bound to support their champion,

graded of the species. All this seemed to me then and seems to me now the purest extravagance; but you know how we were brought up, and how dercely traditions of this kind take hold of Irish imaginations. Tainted blood, inherited shame, is a terrible havitage amongst a proper who extract bound to support their champion, slunk away one by one. I put on my coat without a word, and left the field. "Father," he continued, "there are certain times in men's lives when all things seem to be rushing together, and night and day, life and death, heaven and hell, seem all alike. That moment was one. It was a sudden flash that lit up all the past, and darkened all the future of my life."

He paused and gulped down his emotion, and my sympathies began to in-

tion, and my sympathies began to in-crease towards him at every pause in his parration.
"I had crossed two fields towards

home, when my humiliation gave way to a sudden paroxyism of passion that literally lifted me off my feet. I had taken for granted that there was some foundation for the ruffianty taunt.

Then the thought swept back upon me: what if the fellow is a liar? I ran back. The crowd had partly dis what if the fellow is a liar? I ran back. The crowd had partly dispersed, but groups of young men, see ing me return in such an excited state, began to gather together again, and they had formed a knot around the wounded boy (who was still spitting blood) and his champion. I strode up, and my face must have been a fright, for the crowd gave way. I burst into the midst of them and said to the fellow that had struck me:

""Grogan, you struck me a coward's blow a few minutes ago. I didn't mind that. But you said something at the same time that I do mind. Can you prove it?"

prove it ?'

ove it?'
"'Go home, Casey, with your iends,' he said, 'and let's hear no friends. friends,' he said, 'and let's hear he more of it now.'
'' By the living God,' I cried, in a fearful fary, 'you'll prove here and now what you said, or I'll ram the lie down you throat.'
'' I tell you, go home,' said he,

what frightened.

somewhat frightened. You have done mischief enough already. "" 'Tis a coward and a blackguard,' I exclaimed, 'who won't take back his words, or prove them. Now confess that what you said was a lie!" "I tell you, Casey, let well alone,' he said. "Don't mind a hasty word

said in a passion.'
'' I wouldn't,' I replied. 'But that was more than a hasty word. Come, quick, I'll stand no humbugging now! Say you told a lie, when you said I was the breed of an informer.' " 'I can't say it,' he said, holding

down his head. Then 'twas the truth ?' I asked.

"He was silent.
"'Come, you ruffian,' I said, now losing all control of myself, and seizing him by the collar. 'Deny what you have said in a lie, or, by heavens, I'll make you eat your words.'
"He tried to swing himself free, but I held him with a grin of iron.

I held him with a grip of iron. One or two fellows came forward to help him. I kicked them aside. Then he was badly frightened, and blurted out: "Bear witness, boys, that he is forcing me to do what I don't want to do.

" 'I only want you to tell the truth, and shame the devil!' I cried. Then the shame be yours, Ter Casey,' he replied. 'You know as well as I do, that your mother is the daughter of Cloumper Daly, the inence Casey,

your face so that your mother won't

know you."

"Unhand him, Casey," said an old man. 'Sure the boy has only said what every man in the country knows."

"Do you know it?' I said.

"'I do,' said he, 'an' everybody now you.

else,'
Then,' I said, lifting my face t heaven, 'may God help me, for the first time it was ever told me!' "As I left the field, the crowd understanding my feelings, gave way with a certain kind of pity and respect. They found it difficult to understand how the knowledge of the terrible secret could have been so long kept from me. But they evidently believed from me. But they evidently believed in my sincerity, and pitied me under the awful revelation.

"As for myse!f, a whole crowd of "I turned swiftly and saw—and, oh, my God! the vision will never leave

my brain—neither Donal Connors, although he was within a yard of me, nor anything else in God's universe, but the pale face and the staring eyes of my mother. She had come out with Donal to call us in to dinner, and had heard my insulting question. She said horrible thoughts, recollections, fore bodings, sensations, swept every vestige of reason and common sense away. I was a sheer madman, if madness is the inability to control one's imagination or feelings. I did not return home that night; I quietly made up my mind never to sleep a night under that roof again. I went up among the hills, seeking out one particularly desert and savage spot, which seemed to have been never trodden except by the feet of goats. There I wandered round and round all that terrible night, a prey to every kind of humilhorrible thoughts, recollections, fore-Donal to call us in to dinner, and had heard my insulting question. She said nothing, only looked at me with speech-less sorrow, and I could have gone down into hell with shame. And yet, standing there in all my self-loating I could not forgive her for the shame she wrought on me; I could not forgive her for the blameless disgrace she had inherited. Mark you! If she had been a fallen woman morally, and had been raised by the consecration of marriage to a new and honorable life, I could easily have forgutten it. But here it was blood that was tainted, and I hated her, as well as myself. ored round and round all that terrible night, a prey to every kind of humiliating and shameful thoughts. If I rested even for a moment on a red boulder, or a clump of heather, I was up in a moment again. There was no sitting or standing still under such a fever of thought as was stinging my brain to madness. The worst and most painful recollection was, that I had been actually courting shame and humiliation all these years, by my fierce denunciations of the class whose blood ran in my own veins. I now recalled with untold agony the smile that ran around a whole circle of auditors when I was unusually vehement in my patriots.

heritage amongst a people who attach supreme importance to these things. And the words I heard nearly a quarter

And the works had not been do a century ago in that field near Kildorrery, the breed of an informer, have haunted me all my life, and will

have naunted me all my lile, and will haunt me to my dying day."

He stopped again, and I didn't interrupt him. I perfectly understood all that this meant. A loss of caste amongst the Orientals would be nothing to the entailed shame of which he

was so painfully conscious.

"You remember my anxiety about concealing my identity here," he continued. "You thought it unreasonable:

"I think," I said, " that the people

now, under more enlightened circum-stances, and better education, are free

ing themselves from many of these old prejudices. At least, you don't hear any references to them in ordinary life."

Impossible," I said.

thought this quiet little place could have produced such a romance and such

a tragedy." he continued, "I came

wect on with my work.
" After a few minutes, my father

said: "What was the row about that

"I said nothing, but went on work-

ing.
"After a few more seconds, he again

asked:
"'It must be a mighty sacret whin
you can't answer a civil question of
your father."
" and con-

your nature. "I flung the sledge saide, and con-fronting him, I said, with very ill con-cealed fary:

" 'Lave me ask you another question.

What the divil possessed you to marry the daughter of an informer?'

CHAPTER XXIII.

PARTED.

" My father did not answer, although

I saw his face draw down and whiten, and I expected a burst of fury; but

a voice just behind me, which I knew to be that of Donal Connors, said

"Because he was a better and a

with a hoarse savageness :

Who won?'

Donal spakes of ?'

her, as well as myself.
"'Come in to dinner,' she said, and turned back into the house.

"I went straight to my bedroom and commenced to pack up every little thing I possessed in this world. Even then, my good angel whispered to me: Go down, and clasp your mother's knees and beg her forgiveness and get her kiss of peace. But the devil whispered: Claumper Dalu's Daughter i Claumper and beg her forgiveness and get has his so of peace. But the devil whispered: Cloumper Daly's Daughter! Cloumper Daly's Daughter! and I listened to him. I took up my wretched bundle and came to the door. I could see by a glance the two men sitting at dinner, the white table, the big pile of potatoes, the red salt meat, the cabbage, and the porringers. My mother stood at the door. She said quietly:

"'Ted, where are you going? Aren't you comin' to year dinner?'

"I said nothing, but tried to pass her. My father cried out:

"Come in, Nodlag, an' let that fellow go to the divil, where he'll be welcome!' was unusually vehement in my patriotism. How these men, who held my secret, must have despised me! What a hypo must have despised me! What a hypo crite they must have deemed me! But this was not the worst. The worst was that I, who so loved my gentle mother that I almost worshipped her, began to loathe and hate her. I struggled against the hellish feeling a long time. I tried to recall every little incident of affection and love that had surrounded my childhood and my worth, all the little

welcome!"
"My mother stood aside and I passed
out. About a hundred yards down the
road I turned to get a last look at the
old place. She was standing in the
doorway again, and when she saw me,
she stretched out her hands towards
me. I turned away." me. I turned away."

Here the poor fellow was simply choked with emotion and was silent for

several minutes. He resumed, as soon as he could steady his voice:

as he could steady his voice:

"They may say as much as they like about drink, and 'tis bad enough, God knows! And there are other things worse! But far and away the worst devil that can occupy the heart of man is pride! And yet, see how things work. That last look at my mother, and my own all worse also my salvage. and my own sin, were also my salva-tion. You know, Father, that when you go abroad you hear lots of queer things you never heard of in Ireland. Well, many and many a time in miners' camps in Nevada, in drinking saloons in California, in rough huts in some canon of the Rockies, I had to listen to many and many a word against God and religion from men who had no be-lief in either. And these things make an impression. But the thought of my an impression. But the thought of my sin, and my mother's patient face, banished the temptation, and I prayed God to leave me my belief in Him and His great world beyond the grave, it only that I might have the chance of going down on my knees and begging torgiveness for my one great sin. I never saw her face again. I heard far away in the Rockies that she died soon after my departure, and that she was buried side by side with the old man who had been her lifelong friend. "And I," he replied, "had grown to the age of manhood before I ever heard of my mother's shame. Then it broke on me like a flash of lightning."
"That's quite true," I said, "but at least it argues a more rational and a more Christian frame of thought, that who had been her lifelong friend.
There I made my first pligrimage on
my return to Ireland. There I knelt
and prayed as I had never prayed before. And so terrible was the flood of the wretched business was never flung in your face for so many years." fore. And so terrible was the nood of anguish that came down upon my soul that I tore up the grass above her grave, and cried aloud in my agony. You'd hardly believe it of a cool, calculating Yankee. But there are hot springs in the human heart that never leave to the surface till they are bored "That's quite true," he replied.
"But would you believe, it followed me across the coean, and embittered

"Impossible," I said.
"'Tis true," he answered. "I have never yet met but one, and you, Father, who did not shrink from me at the moment of revelation. And how can anyone wonder that I have sought her across sea and land, and shall find no rest till I find her, if haply she is yet living?"
"That was the young girl you spoke
of, whose father objected to your marriage with her?"
"Yes! And his words were not the efore at the hurling what had been revealed at home, that my secret was the world's secret, and that there was no question of my facing Yes! And his words were not the the acquaintance of my youth a least bitter that came back to me that night beneath the stars, when I rememhood again. I made up my mind to change my name; then I saw that my bered them, and recognized their meaning. But I must go on to the end, if I father's name was unsoiled, and I thought I would cling to it, and go out to the New World, to make my fortune ing. But I muse so am not tiring you."
"By no manner of means, my dear fellow," I replied. "I am deeply in-terested in the narrative. I never or fail, like so many more of my coun-

one face only I should see before went, one hand I should grasp, and then liberate forever, as I couldn't offer her mine. I sent her word, and offer her mine. I seek her word, sha she came to me at our old trysting place beneath the aged whitethorn. It was one of those lovely spring or early summer evening, that haunt you "Weil," he continued, "I came down the following morning from the hills and entered the forge, and, without a word, flung off my coat, and put on my apron. My father and myself worked steadily on, without exchanging a word, until just about dinner time, when Donal Connor came in. He said: 'I heard ye were near having a big row at the match yesterday, Ted. Who won?' forever, especially if associated with some tragic or pathetic event in your life. She saw at once, with a woman's swift insight, that something serious had occurred. My bundle of clothes and heavy stick indicated this. But she said nothing. She allowed me to speak. I said simply:

"I have come, Nora, to say good-" 'We won,' I said, laconically, and

bye! and forever! Her eyes filled with tears.

said:
"You have heard something?"
Then I said: "I answered yes. Then I said:
"It was not kind of you, Nora,
never to tell me this all these years."

"She looked up and said:
" Unkind? I though I was doing enough when I was prepared to take you, for good or ill, in the face of the world!

"My brave girl!
"'Then,' I said, 'you always knew
the horrible taint in my blood?" 'I knew about your parents,' she ied. 'I knew nothing of yourself, replied.

except—'
"That with all you knew, and in spite of the opposition of your parents and friends, and in face of the world and friends, and in face of the world despite you. You were still that would despise you, you were still prepared to take me?'
"'Yes,' she replied, modestly, but

firmly. "Then, Nora,' I exclaimed, 'I

Terence Casey?' she said.
"'It does,' I replied. 'Don't ask
me to repeat what you know already,
that I think more of you than of any
one else on the face of the earth, and
if I were a free man, I should marry
you, and no one else, though she was
Queen of England. But how can I
take advantage of you, and bring you
to shame before the world?'
"'You are going away?' she mid-

simply.
"Yes,' I answered.
"'Where are you going?' she asked. " 'To America,' I replied.

"'What can they know of you or me in America?' she asked. 'Let us go abroad, as man and wife, in the face of the world. And who cares, or will care, about our history, in America?'
"She looked up at mers she spoke,
It was the hardest temptation of my

There was truth in what she sai but there was also the stinging truth that no one, least of all an Irishman, entirely cuts the cords that bind him to his motherland. And if there were no shame for her or me, there would be the reflected and keeper disgrace on those she left behind. I made up my

Your people would suppose that I acted shamefully towards them and you. They would never forgive me you. They would never forgive me and they would never forgive you.'
''I'm prepared to bear that, if you are prepared to bear the same,' she replied.
''I don't mind my own shame,' I

replied, 'but I mustn't ask you or your family to share it.'
'' 'There!' she replied. 'I mustn't

"There! 'ahe replied. 'I mustn't be throwing meself at you any longer. Good-bye, Terence Casey!"
"Good-bye, Nora! I leave you free, as there was a hand and word between us. But will you promise me one thing?"
"What is it?"

"" What is it?"
"' I want you to go and see my mother some time and think of me when I am far away. Perhaps, but—there's no use of thinking of those things! See her sometimes, Nora, and tell her, will you tell her from me, Nora? Will you tell her—-?"
"" What? she said.
"' I want you to tell her,' I said, sobbing, to tell her from me—-"
"There I stopped. I couldn't go further if I had an offer of half the world.

world.
"'There, good-bye, and God bless you !' I turned away my head, took her hand in mine, and dropped it instantly and strode away. I had gone a few yards, when she cried after me:

"I turned round and looked. The full sunset was on her face and hair, as she stood in her Sunday dress there beneath the blossoming thorn. She held her hands clasped and fallen down before her. I dared not look further, or I would have gone back and dared the world and the devil with her. I waved my hand in a parting farewell it was the last I saw of the face that has been haunting me all these years—the face of Nora Curtin."

"Thunder and turf !" I exclaimed, "Thunder and turf!" I exclaimed, and it wasn't that I said either, but something more expressive; "what did you say, man?"
I had jumped from the chair and was confronting him.
"Nora Curtin!" he said, almost

"Nora Curtin!" he said, almost alarmed at my excitement.
"Of where?" I said, forgetting grammar and everything else.
"Of Glenansar, or if you like, Ballinsles," he replied. "Don't you remember how reluctant I was about your widowed-nurse from Glenansar?" "But, my dear fellow, that was Nora Curtin, and she's not twenty yards in a

Curtin, and she s not twenty state to bee line from you this moment."

"Then," he said, rising up, "I go straight to seek her."

"Oh, you won't," I cried, pushing him back into the chair. "Do you

want to give the little woman a fit? He became quite excited. "Father," he said, ste

"Father," he said, steadying his voice, "just listen to me for a minute."
I let him talk on whilst I was making an my mind what to do. up my mind what to do. I knew he had a certain vision before him, the vision beneath the whitethorn in the sunset, and all the et ceteras of youth and beauty. I knew also that time and sorrow had wrought changes, and that age with its et ceteras might not seem even to so faithful a soul so attractive as he to so tatement a sour so servace magnificent chance for that good little woman, in whom now I felt an increased interest, and for her two dear children whose future looked so difficult and uncertain. It was a chance not to be thrown away.
There were, I knew, great probabilities
of disappointment, but the fear of them ded as I listened to him.

He moistened his lips, and went on:

"You see, Father, it is this way. "You see, Father, it is this way. I carried with me in my exile a vision of two women—one whom I loved and had wronged, the other, whom I loved, but could not sacrifice, even for my own welfare. These two haunted me for the quarter of a century I have spent abroad; and when I say haunted me, I mean that they was a present to abroad; and when I say haunted me, I mean that they were ever present to my mind — always in my waking moments, and sometimes in my sleep. In the beginning, the excitement of looking for work and falling to obtain it sometimes blurred that vision. But then, when I began to reach some certain degree of success, they came back more vivid than ever. If I lay awake at night, as often I did, too tired even to sleep, I saw them on my right hand to sleep, I saw them on my right hand and on my left — my mother always is the old listening attitude, as if she were hearkening for some far away voice, and I knew it was mine she de-sired to hear; and on my left. Nors. sired to hear; and on my left, Nors, always as I saw her in her blue serge dress there beneath the thorn in the sunset. Then when I began to gather gold and the yellow dross soiled my hands and my dross, I said, I do not value it but for them. For them I shall hoard it, and keep it, and go back some day and — there I left the future and should be the meanest man on the face of the earth, if I took advantage of your love and loyalty to bring you to shame and sorrow.'

""That means you are giving me up, which is the future and advantage of your love and loyalty to bring you to shame and sorrow."

""That means you are giving me up, vision remained, but it came more

straight for No.", and married her." "I would have done so," "but for one thing. You an understard, how the ho known and pursued by the my shame did gradually dis my sname did gradually dis the excitement of my new i so, that I had almost forge had begun to reason tha right, and that I should h to her suggestion, when incident occurred that he whole thing again, and farther from civilization to

shows how small is the wo I must despair of ever go this horrid thing that wi to my grave. TO BE CONTINUE

A MIXED LOV The clash had come - t clash of opposing forces.

The beautiful dream ca Gilbert Vane had lived for months had tottered as su structures will. He sto stern and startled, Miss

stern and startled, Miss facing him with scarlet flashing eyes. "This ends all," she ately, "Fortunately you your true colors in tim your superstitions."
"Whims! Superstition "Great heavens, Nettie

only understand me."

"I do understand — o
she answered. "My cho
my wishes, are as noti
comparison with the un mands of a mediaeval Ch "Unreasonable! No, swered. "Nettie the I Church in this matter most reasonable, consis claim she makes upon

obedience and loyalty sacred to her law." "I do not see it, I do answered the girl. ing, too willing, to yield matters, but every wo queen and mistress of riage. The details below family, and I will not give ege.

"It is your privile "It is your privile Gilbert Vane answered, there are times when yield to principle, Net you, dear, as you ack is no principle involve there is. To be much the laws of mine, to cut the property of the proper its communion, to turn faith of my fathers e turns his back on his co by an open act of dislo you, dearest, to be marr

nome by a priest."
And I refuse," she "I refuse positively.
poor, cran ped little
this," and she swept a and she swept a about the dainty, I no style, in such an affi planned it all, all the flower-decked char crowded with our f ad set her heart on th event of the season, an Alden buried her fac

and burst into tempest '' Don't, " she cried him, "don't mock me of love. They mean but selfish exaction." "Selfish exactionmy life for you, Nettie "Your life!" she re "your life! When y " your life!

the one hour of whi dreams as the bright the holiest, of her you deny me what my claims as her right." "I thought," he with an effort, "I been all settled, I "To do all that you

ask of your wife-thing; even that I have no prejudice contrary I see much wonderful, in its his But such alavish sub will not turn my shabby, forlorn mak publish my weakned courtesy to all my married how and who at all—not at all."

"Do you mean t tone she had never had a ring of steel, unguessed forces, was striking blindly a woman's q veered changed her attack tear-stained her hands upon h tender, beseeching

"Do you mean asked tremulously hat we have grown -after these beau have been paradis all our dreams, ou Have you won my to cast it aside like Cast it aside "Nettie, Nettie, c the thought of losi beloved."

"Then you will n pleaded, " you will pleaded, "you will a monkish law, a p so little—so little, o ward you shall be