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LISHEEN

By Rev. P. A. SHEARAN, D.D., Author of "My New Cousin," "Lisheen," "Lisheen," "Glimpses," etc.

CHAPTER XXV THE NEW OVERSEER

Hugh Hamberston and his ward had accompanied the mournful procession from Lisheen as far as the main road, when, on a sudden thought, the former wheeled round his horse, and both rode back to the farm-yard. The old people were still sitting disconsolate on the wreck of their little household furniture, and Hamberston approached them with a proposal to come over and settle down near Brandon Hall.

"You cannot stay here," he said kindly, "there is no shelter for you. Come with me, and I shall put you in a new cottage, and get work for you." They thanked him; but no! "Here I was born, and here my father and mother lived before me," said the old woman. "An' here I was married, and my children first lit the light. I cannot leave it now till I have it for the last time."

"But you have no shelter, no house room, please Hamberston. You cannot remain here to perish with cold and hunger." "No matter," was the reply. "God is good! We'll make a little bed for ourselves in the cow-house or barn—"

"But that will be illegal possession, and you can be arrested," said Hamberston, his British ideas of the supremacy of the law rising above every other consideration. "So much the better," said the old woman, "we can this go and line our poor children, and be all together again."

"Disappointed, and almost angry at such stubbornness, Hamberston was about to leave the yard, when he saw the solitary figure of Maxwell bent together in the growing mist. He rode over, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. "Come, my man," he said, "you have no business here any longer."

Maxwell arose. His face was so drawn and pallid from suffering, that Hamberston hardly knew him. "Yes, thank you very much. I will go," Maxwell said. "Then we'll ride over, and send a trap for you," said Hamberston. "No, no, I shall walk," said Maxwell. "It's only a matter of a few hours."

"But you look weak and suffering," said Claire Moulton. "We'll send the trap and you can be with us sooner than if—"

"No, no; thank you ever so much," he said. "The truth is, I am anxious to get away from this place as speedily as possible." "Very good, then," said Hamberston. "We shall send a trap for you ready for you. Go straight to Donegan's cottage. Donegan! You'll remember?"

"Yes, thank you. I shall be there before eight o'clock," said Maxwell. Hamberston and his ward rode away. Maxwell looked around the wretched place and picked out of the cottage debris his little valise, now much dilapidated. He went slowly across the yard, and accented the words, "I'm going away," he said humbly, "perhaps for ever. I cannot leave your hospitable house without thanking you for all your goodness and kindness to me while I was with you."

"And the devil's own had return you made," said the old man turning away. "You do not understand. Some day I will explain; and all will be cleared up," said Maxwell, in a pleading, humble way. "It will," said the old man, bitterly. "It will be cleared up that we kept a rogue and a traitor under our roof."

"As you say, Owen," said his good wife, "I'm sure, how do we know? In any case, it was for the love of God we took you in an' kep' you. An' 'tis for the love of the same God, we forgive you, if you have done anything agin' us."

"Then you'll say good-bye?" he said, holding his hand, the poor woman wiped her clammy hand on her check apron, and put it in his palm. "Say 'God bless you!' also," he asked. "Yes, good-bye, and God bless you," said the pious old woman. "Sure a prayer like that can harroun no wan!"

"God will reward you!" he said turning mournfully away. It was a long and weary road that led to the village of Caheroon, nestling under the mighty shadow of Brandon Hill, and touching the hem of the mighty ocean in the recesses of Brandon Bay. He had hardly gone a mile from Lisheen, when the hills sloped up precipitously, and he saw he had to make his way through a mountain pass or gorge that shelved upwards and upwards until it touched the summit, and then sloped down to the valleys through which the Owmamore makes its way to the sea. It was a lonely walk. The moment he entered the gorge, nothing could be seen but the blue stars glistening safely down, all their vast splendors shorn away by the distance, until they became but points of light in the illimitable blackness of space.

He was hungry and weak and melancholy, and it is these things that make medicine necessary. Maxwell's thoughts ran back to the problem he had suggested to himself some many years ago in Trinity; and, looking down on the past few months he had spent there in that lonely valley, and looking up at the heavens, so solemn, so sad, so silent, he heard himself muttering: "Yes, we are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

And the thought came uppermost: Would it not be as well, here and now, in this remote mountain valley, to lie down and seek the rest that is eternal? For old sayings, old songs, old utterances came upward, and he thought: "And if there be no meeting past the grave, If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest;"

Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that sleep, For God still giveth His beloved sleep, And if an endless sleep He will—so best."

Suppose then, he considered, I should now turn aside from this road, and lie down on the wet bracken or furze there in some mountain cavity, where the eye of man seldom rests; and suppose that in a few days or weeks some shepherd's dog should find me. There would be an inquest; and the verdict: "Tramp, died from hunger and exposure. Name unknown. Supposed deserter, etc.," and then all would be over. No more problems, no more speculations, absorbed in the Infinite like all the many millions before and after me! That is all.

It was but a fancy, a dream occasioned by hunger. But he shook it aside as a cowardly suggestion; and had he not a mission, growing every day more interesting and absorbing as he mixed more freely with his fellow-beings? He turned aside where a labourer's cottage fronted the road, across which the ruddy light from the fireplace streamed. The family were at their frugal supper. Baredheaded, the father sat at the head of the table, his children grouped around him. The good housewife was going about busily. It was a picture of life, social happiness, comfort, love, consecrated by poverty.

"God save you!" said Maxwell, in the country dialect. He had learned so much. "God save you kindly," was the response. There certainly was some reserve. Tramps were constantly coming round, and frightening women and children. And Maxwell knew his appearance was hardly respectable. "I'm weak with hunger," said Maxwell. "That's a disease that's easily cured," said the man of the house. "Here, Paudeen, get out o' that, and give your chair to the stranger."

Paudeen, with his mouth crammed with potatoes, reluctantly rose, carrying with him an armful of potatoes. Maxwell sat down, eagerly swallowed some home-made bread and milk, and turned to go. "You're in a mighty hurry intirely," said the man of the house. "I must be at Caheroon to-night," said Maxwell, taking up his valise. "That's where the grate gentleman lives," said his host. "Mr. Hamberston? Yes. I have been evicted with the rest of the family down there at Lisheen to-day; and am offered employment by Mr. Hamberston."

"Wishin', that's what you're doin' down and tell us all about it, man," said the host. "We had the eviction; but that's all. Tell us about it." "It was the smallest recompense he could make for the generous hospitality offered him. But he delayed only a little time, and soon got out again under the stars. His way now lay through a deep dell in the mountains, which rose black and threatening at his right hand. At the left side there was after a time a deep declivity broadening out into the plain; and he thought he saw the glint of the stars in a tiny lake, and heard the murmur of a river on its way to sea. That river he soon had to cross, and down on the level road he made his way swiftly forward till the lights of the hamlet broke across his way. He found Donegan's house empty, and a warm welcome. The first thing that struck him was the sense of comfort and perfect neatness all around the cottage, contrasting so strongly with the discomfort and sordid surroundings of Lisheen. The floor was tiled, and spotless, there was a large range whose steel shone in the lamp-light, the dresser was well filled with plates and dishes and tins, the children were gathered around the kitchen table reading by the light of a lamp, whose opal shades threw a golden light on their books. Donegan was a tall, thin, Celtic figure, sinewy, clean, alert, with deep blue eyes shining out from beneath black eyebrows. His wife was a small blonde woman, quiet, but carefully dressed. She came forward without any bustle, and taking the valise from Maxwell's hand, she said: "You must be both tired and hungry."

"I am both," he said cheerfully, his spirits rising by the brightness of the scene around him. "But I think I've come to the right place for both." "Well, sit down, and make yourself at home," she said. "I'll have a cup of tea and a couple of eggs for you in a minute."

"You come from the eviction at Lisheen?" said her husband, bending his keen eyes on Maxwell. "Yes," said Maxwell. "It has been a sad and a trying day." He said no more but looked vacantly at the range fire. After supper he was shown into a small, neat bedroom, poorly but tastefully furnished. There was a camp bed in the corner. The linen was spotless, the blankets soft and clean. The counterpane was of cotton with a heavy, honeycomb pattern. There was a washstand, a dressing table of deal, and a small strip of carpet near the bed. A few pious pictures decorated the papered walls. He crept swiftly into bed, and the sense of comfort on the hard mattress and beneath the cold, clean sheets kept him awake for a while. He thought of then and there was the beginning of a change in his fortunes, and the end of his trials. But his thoughts would revert to the events of the day just passed—the mournful horror of which was oppressive. He shook it off, as all troubles should be thrust aside by great thoughts. And great thoughts—thoughts of self-sacrifice and benevolence, thoughts of human fellowship cemented by noble actions, thoughts of a glorious surprise for the poor people with whom his life had been strangely linked, of their resurrection and subsequent life, freed from all lower cares forever; wider and nobler thoughts of the regeneration of a whole race to be effected by new methods on a broad scale of humanitarianism and justice—flooded his soul and seemed to fill him with a new sense of exaltation and happiness, under which he passed away into the realms of unconsciousness and happy dreams.

One of these disturbed him much. It was just before the dawn. And it woke him up with a merry peal of bells, as Donegan burst into his room. "That's the midnight bell, you're not to mind it, the master said, this morning. I'm off."

He was in such a hurry that when he returned at twelve o'clock to dinner, Maxwell could not help interrogating him. "Oh, begor," he said. "If we aren't inside the works at the last stroke of the bell, it means a quarter's wages docked for this day."

"Smart practical!" thought Maxwell. "But," he said, "you have excellent wages!" "A divil a better!" said Donegan. "I found a week, house free, two tons of coal at Christmas, and a quarter of garden. This herself aims a few shillings by washin', an' all round we are fairly treated enough!"

"An' quite satisfied, of course?" said Maxwell. "Well, ye-es," said Donegan. "There was a wella wanted to make a fortin all of a heap; but begors he came to grief. I'll tell you the story to-night. But the master would like to see you to-morrow."

"Where?" said Maxwell. "At the works?" "No. Up at the grate house," said Donegan. "He said about three or four o'clock. I shall be there," said Maxwell. "It was an eventful interview, and the most eventful feature of it was, that Maxwell noticed on his entrance into the dining-room, to which he was most reluctantly introduced by the diverted footman, that he was treated with some deference, although Hamberston addressed him brusquely and that Miss Moulton seemed unable to rest her eyes on her work, but was watching him intently. It was the first time since he left Dublin that he was in a room that recalled by its surroundings old associations, and everything in the furniture, the hangings, the sideboard, the glass and silver, the noblest of the dervish, smite his senses with eager and pleasant suggestions. The contrast between such elegance, and between the whole appearance of this gentleman and lady and his own shabbiness, smote him with sorrow, hardly able to read, and un- easily with his worn and broken hat. "Sit down," said Hamberston. "Are you all right after your journey? Was Donegan all right?"

"I feel well this morning," the Donegans were very kind. "Look here, Maxwell," said Hamberston, playing with a paper-knife, but watching his visitor keenly, you're a bit of a mystery, you know. At least, it is quite clear you don't belong to the people around here. By the way, Claire, isn't Maxwell our landlord's name?" "Yes," said Claire. "That's his name."

"And a d-d bad landlord he is," said Hamberston. "I had the devil's work to get a lease from the fellow or his agent for this place. He had as much fuss over it as if we were buying land in his own country. At least, it is a mystery, but you have an indefeasible right to keep your own secrets, and I'm the last man in the world to break in on your privacy. You're not strong, so I have determined to make you time-keeper and overseer in these works. Bells go at seven, twelve, one, and six. Half-time on Saturday. Every man must be inside the gate at the last stroke of the bells or lose a quarter. Do you understand that, a warm welcome."

"The first thing that struck him was the sense of comfort and perfect neatness all around the cottage, contrasting so strongly with the discomfort and sordid surroundings of Lisheen. The floor was tiled, and spotless, there was a large range whose steel shone in the lamp-light, the dresser was well filled with plates and dishes and tins, the children were gathered around the kitchen table reading by the light of a lamp, whose opal shades threw a golden light on their books. Donegan was a tall, thin, Celtic figure, sinewy, clean, alert, with deep blue eyes shining out from beneath black eyebrows. His wife was a small blonde woman, quiet, but carefully dressed. She came forward without any bustle, and taking the valise from Maxwell's hand, she said: "You must be both tired and hungry."

From cook-crow to sundown, it was work, work, and work for themselves but for another. Whence came of talking about the resurrection of a people until you remove the stone from the door of their sepulchre? You cannot have a nation without manhood; you cannot have manhood without education, you cannot have education without leisure and freedom from sordid cares, and you cannot have the latter until landlordism is removed wholly and entirely from the land. We are Protestants in some shape or form. But I tell you, we would have succeeded in making our Catholic countrymen brutes were it not for the saving power and grace of their religion. Don't wonder at my heat, Mr. Hamberston, Miss Moulton. If someone doesn't speak, the very stones will cry out against us."

"True my young friend, true. I wish to Heaven your namesake, Maxwell, was a good rule to you. Meanwhile, it is a good rule and do it. I'll place at your disposal all the books you need."

CHAPTER XXVI DEPOSITIONS The trial of Pierce and Debbie McAuliffe was swift; the judgment summary and vindictive. There were the days when Ireland was governed by satrapic rule, when the law was stretched to the utmost against agrarian offences of every kind. The resistance to eviction was grave enough, the standing of the officer made it heinous. The two young people were sentenced to six months hard labor, and then to find sureties for good behaviour for twelve months afterwards.

Young and healthy, they bore bravely the rigors of confinement for some weeks. Then the meagre food brought to tell on constitutions used to plentiful, if hard, fare. Pierce bit his lip and made no complaint. But after the lapse of a couple of months the want of food weakened Debbie's mind, and losing all her pride of being a victim of English law, she began to brood over her sorrows and losses. The dread solitary confinement, too, began to affect her mind. With no intellectual resources, hardly able to read, and un- thrown in upon herself, and the mind, like a mill without grit, began to grind terribly upon itself. Strange hallucinations would arise, dreams within dreams of the waking moments; and the centre of the horrible maelstrom of thought was ever and always Maxwell.

By degrees the angry thoughts that would come uppermost against him, and which in the beginning she suppressed with an effort, began to conquer him, and she sagged in silence against him, all her smothered and untold affection torn into unrecognizable tatters. At last one day a visitor told her that Maxwell had been the prime favorite at Brandon Hall and had been transformed from the aspect and condition of a tramp or laborer into the decent costume and appearance of an overseer. Nay, he had been actually seen out at sea in a boat, and had been good as dead from the aspect and condition of a tramp or laborer into the decent costume and appearance of an overseer. Nay, he had been actually seen out at sea in a boat, and had been good as dead from the aspect and condition of a tramp or laborer into the decent costume and appearance of an overseer.

"I want to see the Governor," said Debbie, doggedly. "I want to see the Governor?" echoed the warders, doubtfully. "Yes," said Debbie, excitedly. "I want to see the Governor, and at once."

"Very well," said the warden, locking the door carefully and departing on the strange errand. She returned quickly and informed Debbie that the Governor would see her after dinner. "I don't know what I want him for, he'd see me now," said Debbie. "I may change my mind."

"Come, then," said the warden. The Governor sat at his desk in the little office near the front entrance to the prison. "I want to see the Governor," said Debbie, like one who had had much responsibility and had been well schooled by experience. He beckoned to the girl to be seated, and ordered the warden to remain. "I want to see you alone," said Debbie, with an air of defiance. "That cannot be, my good girl," said the Governor. "You have something to say, or some complaint to make, and we must hear it."

"When the gentlemen come around, they see the prisoners alone in their cells without any witnesses," said Debbie. "True. But that is for complaints against the work. If you have any complaint against Warden Hickson, I shall take it in his absence."

Debbie moistened her dry lips and rubbed her clammy hands on her check apron. "I have no complaint I have given any of you," she said. "This a murderer that I want to get what he deserves."

"Do you mean a man who has actually committed a murder," said the Governor. "I mean a man who's done well, who ought to be in gaol?" "I mean a man who killed a girl," said Debbie, "and whose conscience is troubling him, night and day, over it."

"That is a very serious charge, my good girl," said the Governor. "You understand the consequences, and that you will be bound to appear against this man?" "It has been the dream of my life," said Maxwell. "It is why I am here," said Hamberston. "How did you succeed with the poor people over at Lisheen?" "I dared not even attempt it," he replied. "Dared not?" "Yes—dared not," said Maxwell, with some heat, that glowed through his eyes and face. "How could I speak of such things to a people sunk in all kinds of degradation, with the help of the bailiff over on their doors, and the awful shadow of landlordism glooming over all? What time had they for such things?"

"Yes, Lisheen," said the Governor. "Now an inmate of Her Majesty's prison at Frickley," he continued writing. "Now, what is the name of the man?" "Robert Maxie," said Debbie. "Very good. Trade, or profession, or business? What is he?"

"He was working in a desalter from the army, but I know he's a gentleman." "Gentleman?" said the Governor, laying down his pen, and looking searchingly at the girl, and then at the warden. "Yes," said Debbie, seeing his incredulity. "Maybe as you have me tell me about it, you will have me tell you, cross-hacking, you'd get at the truth sooner."

"A very well," said the Governor, taking up his pen again. "But be careful, my good girl. This is more important than you think. What do you suspect?" "Well, some says he's a deserter from the army, but I know he's a gentleman."

"Mother of God in Heaven, he's a deserter from the army, and he's been in the army, because he looked like a soldier, but I knew from the beginnin' that he was a gentleman—"

"How do you know that?" asked the Governor. "He's inside flannels and fine linen when I was washin' 'em," said Debbie with a blush. "Well?"

"There were other reasons, too," continued Debbie, "but they were neither here nor there. At all events, he stayed with us, workin' a little until about Christmas, when we had, he took it into his head to go away. He was gone out the gate with an ax and a bundle, and he said he was goin' to work in a desalter, but he came back, he didn't say a word, but he kept on workin' as if he was a gentleman."

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ness was gathering around the lonely girl in her whitewashed cell, and all the phantoms of a highly strung imagination began to assemble around her and torment her. The strong affection she had conceived for Maxwell—the tenderness, of which she was unconscious when she called him back from the road, and which grew into a deeper feeling from the sense of the help and protection she had given to the sick man—now revived, as she dwelt on every particular of their lives. His gentleness, his courage, his unflinching urbanity; the long evenings around the hearth, when he had whiled away the weary hours by stories and such interesting conversation, his deference towards the old people, his politeness with rough food and homely bedding and the hardships of rural life; above all, his demure towards herself, treating her with the respect due to one of high rank, and never resenting her practical jokes and stinging allusions—all came back to the lonely hours, until she passed her cell with long, fierce sobs, and something like madness seemed to mount into her brain.

She flung herself upon her bed, and tried to calm her agonized brain. In vain she tossed from side to side, rose up, and paced her cell again and again, until she fell into a fitful sleep, and awoke, this time, in the doorway, in through the aperture in the door. She swallowed it half-unconsciously and only because the pangs of hunger were irresistible. At last, when the hour for retiring came, she knelt down by her bed and began to pray. The old familiar prayers came to her lips, but now without meaning or unctious, and she started up, almost shrieking: "Mother of God in Heaven, have pity on me this night!" and commenced pacing her cell again.

At midnight she lay down undressed, but her restless brain throbbled back over the past, recalling with terrible distinctness all that had happened, but her conscience kept asking, What business is it of hers, if Maxwell had committed murder? Were there not police and detectives, whose business it was to discover these things? And why should not for evermore be branded as an approver? And how could she stand in a court in her prison clothes, and give evidence? And evermore her brain kept repeating, Too late! Too late! You had taken a step that cannot evermore be retraced.

After some hours of such torture, the wearied brain stopped its wild workings for a moment, and she sank into a troubled sleep. In the morning she awoke, and she again all the inglorious preparations that were being made, and she became sub-consciously, and she had some fearful dreams, rushing wildly without sequence or cohesion into each other—a panorama of horrid and repulsive pictures, broken, dim, and only dimly seen in their hideousness, as they glided into each other. In the last, she stood before the drop, side by side with Maxwell. She was to die with him. She saw all the inglorious preparations that were being made, and she became sub-consciously, and she had some fearful dreams, rushing wildly without sequence or cohesion into each other—a panorama of horrid and repulsive pictures, broken, dim, and only dimly seen in their hideousness, as they glided into each other.

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She rose instantly and violently jerked the bell. The night-wadess appeared. "I want to see the Governor," said Maxwell, "I want to see the Governor, immediately," said the half-dressed girl. "Go back to bed, and keep yourself quiet," said the warden. "No, no, no," said Debbie. "I want to see him at once. I would a lot of times yesterday, and maybe I'll get an innu- cent man hanged."

"Well, he can't be hanged to-day," said the warden. "You can see the Governor after breakfast. Lie down, an' try to sleep."

"God help me! There's no more sleep for me," said the poor girl, as the warden drew out the prison-door and locked it. After breakfast she saw the Governor again. "I want to tell you," she said abruptly, "that I would a parcel of lies yesterday about that man. I was mad jealous, when I hard he was keepin' company with another girl over there at Caheroon."

The old man looked at her keenly, but compassionately. He then touched the bell. "Send Mrs. Hickson here," he said. "The warden appeared. "Mrs. Hickson, has the doctor called yet?" "No, sir. He'll be here at eleven."

"Well then, let him see this poor girl first. I think she is a case for infirmity treatment."

"I'm not sick," said Debbie. "It's trouble of mind. Av you tell me that that man—that Maxie won't be hanged, I'll be all right again."

"I think I may promise that," said the Governor. "But you must see the doctor and get examined. Please see to it, Mrs. Hickson."

And Debbie was placed in the infirmary that evening. Meanwhile, the one most interested in this little drama was pursuing his own course with a singular degree of success, and some happiness. He soon perceived that the conditions adapted to the social and intellectual resurrection of the people were here realized—that is, material comfort and well-being were secured without the nervous dread of being removed or destroyed. This constituted the element of safety, the one element that has always been unhappily absent from nearly every department of social life in Ireland. For Hamberston, though a strict disciplinarian over his men, was very just, and even generous with them when he saw there was a disposition to act fairly towards him. Towards Ned Galwey, and such schemers, he was inexorable; and yet even after Ned's dismissal from the works, Hamberston contrived to perform many a secret act of kindness towards him.

Here then was the foundation for the very work Maxwell had set out to perform, and he threw himself into it with energy. In a short time he had completely gained Hamberston's confidence, and could count on Miss Moulton's co-operation. By degrees, little shelves of books made their appearance in the cot-

tages—pretty, little cheap editions of standard authors, suited to the people's capacities; the sounds of accordion and concertina; were heard every night through the open doors; little dances were got up, and as the days grew longer, once or twice, little picnics were held away up on Brandon Hill, or out on Brandon Point. Then, one day, Maxwell induced Hamberston to give him the upper loft of his store, where specimens of rare marbles were kept. This he turned into concert room with a splendid, wide stage at the end, and here he proposed to give lectures, hold the penny readings, and give dramatic entertainments the long nights of winter.

He, too, became an ever-interesting object of interest to Hamberston and his ward. His gentlemanly bearing, his quiet, unostentatious work, his solicitude about the men and their families, made him not only a useful but most interesting co-operator in their work. Sometimes, under pretext of business, Maxwell was invited to lunch at Brandon Hall, and after Hamberston had discovered that a well-stored mind he had and that a knowledge of books and men, he often asked him up to spend the evening at Brandon Hill, where they talked over all manner of things—the world of their nobility, the eternal surprises that awaited everyone who made a study of them—greatness of spirit where one would least expect it, the hardness and brutality where one would look for the highest and loftiest principles of conduct.

One evening the conversation turned on Gladstone's treatment of Gordon at Khartoum, and Maxwell broke through his usual calm manner and flared up against the treatment of the hero. "So he is a hero of yours also, Maxwell," said Hamberston. "You know Gladstone keeps a lamp burning before his picture, as they do before the Elkins of Russia."

"Yes, he was a rare silent spirit," said Maxwell. "A man who could endure much, who could fight and never lose his humanity, and who had the deepest and most real interest in the very races which he subdued. To have power and not to abuse it seems to me the rarest of all virtues."

"I wish he were at Lisheen the other week," said Maxwell. "You had an object-lesson in Irish landlordism."

"Yes," said Maxwell. "I wish Gordon had come to Ireland, and looked at a taking up of a thousand pounds to see an Irish landlord come down from his high estate and live a few months amongst the farmers, and as one of them."

"Maxwell's pale face flushed, and then grow more pale, as he looked questioningly from Hamberston to Miss Moulton. But he saw nothing in their faces to lead him to think there was any subtle allusion to himself. "I should say," he murmured at length. "And yet where's the impossibility of the incongruity?" said Hamberston. "Even as a novelty, or an experiment, it would be worth attempting. Coriolanus tried it, Tolstoy is trying it over there in Russia, there was an al fresco amongst the Arabs. Why should not Irish landlordism, barren of every other good, produce at least one hero?"

"You hardly know them," said Maxwell, musing. "True, I'm afraid Miss Moulton will die an old maid, for she says she will marry the impossible hero, whenever he comes her way."

"But I won't promise to wait for him," said Claire. TO BE CONTINUED.

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