

## SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

BRIAN PURCELL raised himself upon his elbow and yawned. His eyes wandered lazily over a landscape which, though familiar from childhood had not lost a single charm for him. It was a secluded valley, with nothing grand or striking about it. But it was green and peaceful, suggestive of comfort, and quiet, and home; and it was Brian Purcell's native valley.

Having drowsed over the scenes before him for some moments, Brian Purcell glanced at his dogs, then at the sun, and then at his watch. When he flung himself down among the fern on the mountain side, the greyhounds flung themselves down too, panting violently, with their tongues lolling out; the sun was struggling through the mist that rested upon the opposite hill; and his watch pointed to half past six. Now the greyhounds were coiled up at his feet, breathing as regularly as if they were on the hearth-stone before the kitchen fire; the sun was mounting high above the cloud banks piled up around the horizon; and the watch told that it was half-past eight o'clock. From which indications Brian Purcell very naturally came to the conclusion that he had slept two hours among the fern on the mountain side. On leaping to his feet and looking round he saw that he was not alone. A pair of bloodshot eyes, set in a large, yellow, stolid face, glared at him. They belonged—the face and eyes—to a gentleman whom we shall call Oliver Grindem, Esquire, a lordland, and one of her gracious majesty's justices of the peace. Brian Purcell stretched out his arms and yawned again. Then taking up a brace of hares tied together by the hind legs, he swung them over his shoulder, whistled to his dog, and bounded down the mountain. Having reaching the foot of the hill, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the right up a narrow by-road that led to a neat, whitewashed, thatched house, with very tall hollyhocks growing up high above the cave at one end of it.

"Is that the work you're at, Connor?" said the young man gaily, as he entered the house, "rocking the cradle?"

"Oh, Mr. Brian, is that you? Where were you this seven years? 'Tis then the work I'm at. Their mother is gone down to the cross for something or other, an' here I must stay to have an eye to Number Five till she comes back."

"Your landlord is out shooting to-day," remarked Brian.

"I wonder did he see you coming in?" and Connor Shea's look, as he asked the question, betokened something like alarm.

"I dare say he did, for I left him standing above the well."

"I may as well tell you the truth," said Connor Shea; "he says I must summons you."

"Why, what call has he to the mountain any more than I have?"

"We all know that; but where's the use in talking? You know he's my landlord for the few acres, I have, barring the house and haggart, that happens to be on the commonage; an' though I have a lease, the rent is so high I'd never be able to hold only for what he allows me for the caretakin'."

"I'm glad you have explained this to me, Connor; and when I've the dogs with me I'll keep as carefully out of your way as if you were as great a rogue as himself."

"That's a bully hare," said Connor Shea, after a pause; "an' for all I'd bet a thrifle the little chap mads a bitter run."

"You may say that," replied Brian; "Bran was dead beat, and, after no less than a dozen turns, single hand, the little chap as you call him, was just getting in among the rocks, when Gazelle took him."

"What did I tell you? And didn't I always say, since she was a month old, that Gazelle 'd be all their daddies?"

"I have her entered for the next coursing match," said Brian.

"Well," said Connor, as he eyed the graceful hound with a knowing look, "I will be a good one that'll bate her."

"Do you think so, Connor?" asked the owner, evidently gratified.

Before replying, Connor Shea, with the air of a man who does not wish to com-

mit himself rashly, carefully passed his hand and over Gazelle's points, then resuming his seat, he commenced rubbing his chin, with a contemplative look.

"She takes it," said he. Having uttered this in a somewhat oracular tone Connor Shea left off rubbing his hands, and commenced to operate upon his pole, glancing all the time from the corners of his half shut eyes at the greyhound with that peculiar expression of countenance, which (when seen in an Irishman's face) may be vernacularly translated: "My darling you wor."

At this moment a fair haired girl, of about five years old, accompanied by two curly-headed, rosy-cheeked urchins, of the respective ages of three and four, came running into the house.

"Father," said she, looking abashed on finding he was not alone: "Father, the school-master is after passing down, an' we'll finish picking the stones in the evening."

"Very well; get your books, an' be off; but first wash the blackberries off o' that fellow's face. Take your finger out o' your mouth, you young rascal;" and Connor shook his fist threateningly at one of the curly-headed, rosy-cheeked urchins.

"You ought to be a happy man, Connor," said Brian Purcell, "with such a fine family; and getting on so well in the world, too."

"We ought to be thankful, Mr. Brian; moreover, when we see so much poverty around us. When I look down at all them bare walls below, an' think of ould times, an' the dance an' the hurlin' match, an' the ould neighbors that wor hunted like wild bastes, 'tis enough to break the heart in a man, so it is. But here's the mather comin' in, an' if he sees me talkin' to you, an' them lads hangin' on the back o' the chair, these's no knowin' what the end of it might be."

Connor took a peep at the cradle to see that Number Five was asleep, and slipped into the bed room.

Mr. Oliver Grindem, who was corpulent and unwieldy came stamping and puffing into the house. "Any one here?" he exclaimed, rolling his red eyes, around. Brian did not feel bound to reply to the question, but taking from his pocket a volume (his inseparable companion in his mountain rambles), he began to read. Mr. Grindem abstracted a flask (his inseparable companion) from his pocket, and taking a teacup from the dresser, nearly filled it from the flask, and gulped down half a pint of whiskey at a draught. He was about leaving the house, when he caught a glimpse of Connor Shea's wife approaching it. He drew a chair towards the fire and sat down.

Sally Cavanagh was a remarkably fine specimen of her class. Like all her old acquaintances, we prefer calling her by her maiden name. For Sally Cavanagh had been the belle of the "mountain foot," and so great a favorite was she with gentle and simple, and so familiar had her name become to old and young, that we doubt if her own husband heard any one talk of "Mrs. Shea," or even "Sally Shea," whether he would not be under the impression that the person so designated was outside the circle of his acquaintance.

The glow upon her cheek, and the joyous light in her expressive brown eyes, told of mountain air and exercise, and of a heart untouched by care or sorrow, and unsoftened by even a thought at which the most sensitive conscience might take alarm. Having smiled a welcome to Brian Purcell, who looked up from his book, and returned the salutation without speaking, Sally Cavanagh bade "Good morning, sir," with a low courtesy, to the landlord. Then swinging off her cloak with a peculiarly graceful movement, and tucking up the sleeves of her gown, thereby revealing a pair of exquisitely moulded arms, she commenced to occupy herself with her household duties. Mr. Oliver Grindem followed her movements with a stare of admiration which there was no mistaking. Sally Cavanagh was painfully conscious of it—for a truly modest woman never read admiration in the eyes of a libertine without pain.

Brian Purcell had only reached the corner of the house on his way home, when he was seized by the arm.

"Well, Sally, what's the matter?"

"Don't go, sir."

"Why, is it anything you have to tell me?"

"No, Mr. Brian; only come in an' sit down for another start." And half embracing him, she tried to draw him towards the house.

Brian had known Sally Cavanagh since

his boyhood. He danced with her score<sup>s</sup> of times at the rustic merry-makings of which she was always the life and soul! She had been the confidant of his own unhappy love, and when she whom he loved with his whole heart had proved unworthy, he knew that Sally Cavanagh shed tears of indignation at the thought of what "poor Mr. Brian" would suffer. He knew that when he was a hunted outlaw, after the failure of '48, his escape from the ban-dogs of the law—set upon his track by Mr. Oliver Grindem—was principally owing to Sally Cavanagh and her husband. He slept many nights at their house, and when this became unsafe, and he was obliged to keep higher up the mountain, Sally Cavanagh was often by his side at the dead of night, with letters from his friends, or some necessaries of food or apparel. Devotedness like this—free from all selfishness—is by no means uncommon among the peasantry of Ireland.

Brian knew all this. But the flutter of her bosom and the look of confusion which she strove in vain to conceal, contrasted so strongly with her usual free and open manner, that, in spite of himself a half-formed thought of to him, a very painful nature, crossed his mind. But it was instantly dissipated by a glimpse of Connor Shea's honest face, who was evidently enjoying the scene from a little window behind the hollyhocks.

"And why are you so anxious that I should go in again?" he asked.

The blood rushed to her face, suffusing even her neck and forehead, as she dropped her eyes, evidently greatly embarrassed by the question. After a moment's pause she raised her eyes with a frightened look, and said, while the glow deepened upon her cheek:

"I don't like to be by myself while he is in the house."

It would not be easy to analyze the emotions which this reply shot, as it were, into the heart of Brian Purcell. Admiration and affection for her were mingled with shame and remorse for having doubted her goodness and virtue even for an instant.

"You know, Sally," said he, "that I would risk my life to save you from insult or injury. But there is no danger of one or the other now. There is one near enough to protect you. And, Sally, I will confess to you that I wish to avoid a quarrel with this worthy landlord of yours; you saw how he attempted to kick my dog a while ago."

"That's true, sir," said she. "I forgot that; 'tis better for you to go away." And she returned to the house with slow and reluctant steps.

"Shame upon me," exclaimed Brian Purcell, as he wended his way homewards. "Shame upon me for that unworthy thought. The rill that ripples over these rocks is not more pure than the heart within that graceful form, nor are the rocks more firm than its virtue."

Connor Shea saw his landlord pass the little window, frowning savagely. He heard him mutter to himself—"I'll see you tame enough yet."

When Sally Cavanagh saw her husband coming out of the little room, she turned pale, and covered her face with her hands.

"Why, Sally, what's the matter now?" said he, trying good-humoredly to remove her hands. "Don't you know he goes on that way with every woman he meets?"

Oh! he did not know what a martyrdom she was enduring, and how hard was the struggle to keep down that proud, true heart of hers. He did not know that it was the dread of his discovering this, and felling her tormentor to the earth on the instant, that made her cheek blanch when she saw him coming out of the room.

"Sally," said he, in a grave tone, "may-be you think it was watching you I was."

"Oh! no, no, Connor," she hastily replied; "but what would become of us an' the childer, if we did anything to turn him against us?"

But oh! the agony she suffered, trying to keep that proud, true heart from openly revolting against the insulting persecution!

Connor gazed on her with a sort of admiring astonishment at her forethought and anxiety for their welfare. "The not a wan of me can help laughin'," said he, "when I remember how they used to say to me, 'She's too wild an' foolish for you, Connor; take a friend's advice, an' marry a studdy, sensible girl.'"

"An' so I was wild an' foolish afore I met wid you."

"But I must finish cuttin' that spot o' hay. An' as this is a half day, when the

childer come from school, do ye all come out an' give it a turn. I'd like to have it in grass-cocks, to-morrow being Sunday."

A few minutes after this, Connor Shea's voice might have been heard, while he whetted his scythe, rolling up the mountain as he gave melodious utterance to the history of a farmer's daughter,

"Whose parents died, and willed her five hundred pounds in gold."

And in the evening it was a pleasant sight to see the manly peasant, the week's toil over, with his infant in his arms, followed by his wife and his children, slowly returning from the meadow to their happy though humble home.

To be continued.

## To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

"Where are my suspenders, now?" shrieked a Jefferson avenue belle to her mother across the up-stairs hall.

"Your father borrowed them while I mended his," was the answer.

"I can't find my four-in-hand tie."

"Your brother Tom wore it last night. You will find it in his room."

"But, maw, where's my silk yachting shirt?"

"Algy wore it to the regatta."

There was a brief silence. Then the voice wailed across the hall again:

"Maw, I can't find my riding trousers."

"Charles has them on," was the response.

Then a tired looking young man who had been waiting unannounced in the hall below rose up and softly stole away.

"She might want my boots next," and no one knows why that engagement is off.

## WORSE AND WEAKER.

GENTLEMEN,—For twenty years I have suffered from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, etc., and received no benefit from the many medicines I tried, but after taking five bottles of B. B. B. I can eat heartily of any food and am strong and smart. It is a grand medicine and has made a wonderful change in my health. Mrs. W. H. Lee, Harley, Ont.

In laying down rules for the young, one has to be very careful or they will be taken too literally. A case of this kind occurred recently with a result that put the parent decidedly out of countenance.

"Johnnie," said his mother, "what did you mean by making me call you over and over again, when you heard me the first time?"

"Why, maw," was the staggering reply, "you always told me never to interrupt you."

## RICH PLUM PUDDING.

This delicious confection is nicely calculated to produce dyspepsia, heartburn, biliary troubles and headache. Burdock Blood Bitters is equally well calculated to cure these troubles and has proved its power in hundreds of cases. B. B. B. regulates and purifies the entire system.

A bright youngster succeeded recently in getting even with his father in a very telling, though unconscious manner. His father was reproving the little fellow's table manners. "Don't do that," said he, "or we'll have to call you a little pig." The warning seemed to be lost, for the fault was repeated. "Do you know what a pig is?" was the inquiry, put in a solemn manner. "Yes, sir." "What is it?" "A pig is a hog's little boy." The lesson in etiquette was suspended.

## Dr. A. T. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest.—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son.

"Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me."

"What's the matter pa?"

"You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age."

"No, pa, but you have grown a heap since."

## Many a Young Man.

When from over-work, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.