

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"Stay where you are!" said Hardress; "and you, woman! do as you're bid."

He was obeyed. The lord, in vain annoyed, returned to his seat; and the bewildered Nancy laid on the table the materials in demand.

"Danny," said Hardress, filling out a brimming glass to his dependent, "when the winds of autumn raved, and the noble Shannon ruffled his gray pate against the morning sun; when the porpoise rolled his black bulk amid the spray and foam, and the shrouds sung sharp against the cutting breeze—do you understand me?"

"Is; partly, sir."
"In those moments, then, of high excitement and of triumph, with that zest which danger gives to enjoyment; when every cloud that darkened on the horizon sent forth an additional blast, a fresh trumpet amongst the Tritons to herald destruction; when our best hope was in our own stout hands, and our dearest consolation that of the Trojan leader—"

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

"Do you understand that?"

"It's Latin, sir, I'm thinking."
"Probatum est! When the struggle grew so close between our own stout little vessel and her invisible aerial foe, as to approach the climax of contention, the point of contact between things irresistible and things immovable. Do you understand?"

"But in those moments, my fidus Achates, you often joined me in a simple aquatic meal, and who not now? Major—We ought to drink together." And following up in act a conclusion so perfectly rational, the collegian (who was only pedantic in his maudlin hours) hurried swiftly out of sight the contents of his own lofty glass.

Danny timidly imitated his example, at the same time drawing from inside the lining of his hat, the letter of the unhappy Eily. Intoxicated as he was, the sight of this well-known hand produced a strong effect upon her unprincipled husband. His eye-lids quivered, his hand trembled, and a black expression swept across his face. He thrust the letter open, but still unread, into his waistcoat pocket, refilled his glass, and called on Danny for a song.

"A song, Mr. Hardress! Oh! dat I may be happy if I'd raise my voice in dis room for all Europe!"

"Sit in that chair, and sing!" said Hardress, clenching his hand, and extending it towards the recumbent, "or I'll pin you to that door!"

Thus enforced, the rueful Danny returned to the chair which he had once more deserted, and after clearing his throat by a fresh appeal to the glass, he sung a little melody which may yet be heard at evening in the western villages. Hardress was enchanted with the air, the words, and the style of the singer. He made Danny repeat it until he became hoarse and assisted to bear the burthen himself with more of noise than good taste or correctness. The little lord, as he dived deeper into the bowl, began to lose his self-restraint, and to forget the novelty of his situation. He rivalled his master in noise and volubility, and no longer showed the least reluctance or timidity, when commanded to chant out the favorite lay for the seventh time at least:—

I.

"My mamma she bought me a cam-let coat-gown,

Made in de fashion, wit de tail of it down,

A dimity petticoat whiter dan chalk,

An' a pair o' bow slippers to help me to walk

An' its Oro wishes, Dan'el asthore!

II.

I've a nice little dog to bark at my doore,

A neat little beasom to sweep up the floore,

Everything else dat is fit for good use,

Two ducks and a gander, besides an old goose,

An' its Oro, wisha, Dan'el asthore."

"Well! why do you stop? What do you stare at?" Hardress asked, perceiving the vocalist suddenly lower his voice, and slunge away from the table, while his eyes were fixed on

the farther end of the room. The collegian looked in the same direction, and beheld the figure of a young female, in a ball dress of unusual splendor, standing as if fixed in astonishment. Her black hair, which was decorated with one small sprig of pearls, hung loose around her head, a necklace of the same costly material rested on her bosom, and was, in part, concealed by the bright-colored silk kerchief which was drawn around her shoulders. On one arm she held the fur-trimmed cloak and heavy shawl which she had just removed from her person, and which were indicative of a recent exposure to the frosty air. Indeed, nothing but the uproarious mirth of the ill-assorted revellers could have prevented their hearing the wheels of the carriage as they grated along the gravel-plat before the hall door. This venerable vehicle was sent to set the ladies down by the positive desire of the hostess, and Mrs. Cregan accepted it in preference to her own open carriage, although she knew that a more crazy mode of conveyance could not be found even among the ships marked with the very last letter on Lloyd's list.

Recognizing his cousin, Hardress endeavored to assume towards Danny Mann an air of dignified condensation, and maudlin majesty, which formed a ludicrous contrast to the convivial freedom of his manner a few moments before.

"Very well, my man," he said, liquefying the consonants in every word. "Go out now, to the kitchen, and I'll hear the remainder of your story in the morning."

Danny fell cunningly into the deception of his master, to whom he now evinced a profundity of respect, as if to banish the idea of equality which the foregoing scene might have suggested.

"Iss, please your honor!" he said, bowing repeatedly down to his knees, and brushing his hat back until it swept the floor. "Long life an' glory to your honor, Master Hardress, an' 'tis dat would be lost if it wasn't for your goodness. Oh, murder, murder!" he added to himself, as he scoured out of the room, describing a wide circuit to avoid Miss Chute, "I'll be fairly flayed alive on de 'count of it."

"Well, Anne!" said Hardress, rising and moving towards her with some unsteadiness of gait. "I—I am glad to see you, Anne; we're just come home; very pleasant night; pleasant fellows; very, very pleasant fellows; some cap—capital songs; I was wishing for you, Anne. Had you a pleasant night where you were? Who—who did you dance with? Come, Anne, we'll dance a minuet—minuet de la cour."

"Excuse me," said Anne, coldly, as she turned towards the door, "not at this hour, certainly."

"A fig for the hour, Anne. Hours were made for slaves, Anne, oh, Anne! you look beautiful—beautiful to-night. Oh, Anne! Time flies, youth fades, and age, with slow and withering pace, comes on, before we hear his footfall!" Here he sang in a loud and broken voice—

"Then follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure!
There's no drinking in the grave!"

Oh, Anne! that's as true as if the Stagyrte had penned it. Worms, Anne, worms and silence! Come, one minuet! Lay by your cloak—

"And follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure!
There's no dancing in the grave!"

"Let me pass, if you please," said Miss Chute, still cold and lofty, while she endeavored to get to the door.

"Not awhile, Anne," replied Hardress, catching her hand.

"Stand back, sir," exclaimed the offended girl, drawing up her person into the attitude of a Minerva, while her forehead glowed, and her eye flashed with indignation. "If you forget yourself, do not suppose that I am inclined to commit the same oversight." So saying, she walked out of the room with the air of an offended princess, leaving Hardress a little struck and sobered by the sudden change in her manner.

Lifting up his eyes after a pause of some moments, he beheld his mo-

ther standing near, and looking with an eye in which the loftiness of maternal rebuke was mingled with an expression of sneering and satirical reproach.

"You are a wise young gentleman," she said; "you have done well. Fool that you are! you have destroyed yourself." Without bestowing another word upon him, Mrs. Cregan took one of the candles in her hand, and left the room.

Hardress had sufficient recollection to follow her example. He took the other light, and endeavored, but with many errors, to navigate his way towards the door. "Destroyed myself," he said, as he proceeded. "Why, where's the harm of taking a cheerful glass on a winter's night with a friend? A friend, Hardress? Yes, a friend, but what friend? Danny Mann, alias Danny the Lord, my boatman. It sounds badly. I'm afraid I did something to offend Anne Chute. I am sorry for it, because I respect her; I respect, you, Anne, in my very very heart. But I am ill-used, and I ought to have satisfaction; Creagh has pinked my boatman, I'll send him a message, that's clear; I'll not be hiring boatmen for him to be pinking for his amusement. Let him pink their master if he can. That's the chat! (snapping his fingers). Danny Mann costs me twelve pounds a year, besides his feeding and clothing, and I'll not have him pinked by old Hyland Creagh afterwards. Pink me, if he can; let him leave my boatman alone! That's the chat! This floor goes starboard and larboard, up and down, like the poop of a ship! up and Hallo! Who are you? Oh! it's only the door. I have broken my nose against it. And if I break my own nose without any reason, at this time o' the day, what usage can I expect from Creagh or any body else?"

Having arrived at this wise conclusion, he sallied out of the room, rubbing with one hand the bridge of the afflicted feature, and elevating in the other the light, which he still held with a most retentive grasp. As the long and narrow hall, which lay between him and his bedroom, formed a direct railroad way, which it was impossible even for a drunken man to miss, he reached the little dormitory without further accident. The other gentleman had been already borne away unresisting from the parlor and transmitted from the arms of Mike to those of Morpheus.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW HARDRESS ANSWERED THE LETTER OF EILY.

"You have destroyed yourself," Mrs. Cregan repeated on the following morning, as she sat in the breakfast parlor in angry communication with our collegian. "If you have any desire to redeem even a portion of her forfeited esteem, now is your time. She is sitting alone in the drawing-room, and I have prevailed on her to see you for a few moments. She returns in two or three days to Castle Chute, where she is to spend Christmas; and unless you are able to make your peace before her departure, I know not how long the war may last."

"Yes," said Hardress, with a look of deep anguish, "I shall go and meet her on the spot where I dared to insult her! Insult Anne Chute! Why, if my brain had turned, if lunacy instead of drunkenness had set a blind upon my reason at the time, I thought my heart at least would have directed me. Mother, don't ask me to see her there; I could tear my very flesh in anger; I never will forgive myself, and how then can I seek forgiveness from her?"

"Go, go! That speech might have

done much for you, if it had been properly addressed. Go to her."

"I will!" said Hardress, setting his teeth and rising with a look of forced resolution. "I know that it is merely a courting of ruin, a hastening and confirming of my own black destiny, and yet I will go and seek her. I cannot describe to you the sensation that attracts my feet at this moment in the direction of the drawing-room. There is a demon leading and a demon driving me on, and I know them well and plainly, and yet I will not choose but go. The way is torture, and the end is Hell, and I know it, and I go! And there is one sweet spirit, one trembling, pitying angel, that waves me back with its pale, fair hands, and strives to frown in its kindness, and points that way to the hills! Mother! mother! the day may come when you will wish a burning brand had seared those lips athwart before they said—'Go to her!'"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Cregan, with some indignant surprise.

"Well, well, am I not going? Do I not say, I go? continued Hardress. "Is it not enough if I comply? May I not talk? May I not rant a little? My heart will burst if I do these things in silence."

"Come, Hardress, you are far too sensitive a lover!"

"A what?" cried Hardress, springing to his feet, and with a fierceness of tone and look that made his mother start.

"Pooh! A cousin, then; a good, kind cousin; but too sensitive."

"Yes, yes!" muttered Hardress; "I am not yet damned. The sentence is above my head, but it is not spoken; the scarlet sin is willed, but not recorded. Mother, have patience with me! I will not, I cannot, I dare not, see Anne Chute this morning." And he again sank into his chair.

Mrs. Cregan, who attributed all those manifestations of reluctance and remorse which her son had evinced during their frequent interviews, to the recollection of some broken promise or boyish faith forsaken, was now surprised at their intensity.

"My dear Hardress!" she said, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder—"my darling child! you afflict yourself too earnestly. Say what you will, there are few natures nursed in an Irish cabin, that are capable of suffering so keenly the endurance of any disappointment as you do the inflicting it."

"Do you think so, mother?"

"Be assured of it. And again—why do you vex your mind about this interview? Is it not a simple matter for a gentleman to apologize politely to a lady for an unintentional affront. If you have hurt your cousin's feelings, what crime can accompany or follow a plain and gentlemanly apology?"

"That's true, that's very true," said Hardress. "There is a call upon me, and I will obey it. But politely? Politely! If I could stop at that. It is impossible; I shall first become a fool, and, by-and-by, a demon. But you are right, and I obey you, mother."

So saying, he walked with a kind of desperate calmness out of the room, and Mrs. Cregan heard him continue the same heavy, self-abandoned step along the hall which led to the drawing-room door.

Nothing could have been more propitiatory than the air of mournful tranquillity with which the young collegian entered the room in which his cousin was expecting him. It might resemble that of a believing Mussulman, who prepared to encounter a predestined sorrow. He observed, and his pulse quickened at the sight, that his cousin's eyes were marked with a slight circle, of red, as if she had been weeping. She rose as he entered, and lowered her head and her person in rather distant courtesy, a coldness which she repented the moment her eye rested on his pale and anxious countenance.

"You see how totally all shame was left me," said Hardress, forcing a smile; "I do not even hide myself. Will any apology, Anne, be admissible after last night?" Miss Chute hesitated, and appeared slightly confused. She did not, she said, for her own sake, look for any; but it would, indeed, give her pleasure to hear anything that might explain the extraordinary scene on which she had intruded.

"You are astonished," said Hardress, "to find that I could make myself so much a beast? But intoxication is not always a voluntary sin with people who sit down after dinner with such men as Creagh, and Connolly, and"—he did not add "my father."

"But when you were aware—"

"And when I was, and as I was, Anne, I rose and left the table—I and young Geoghegan; but they all got up to a man and shut the door, and swore we should not stir. They went so far as to draw their swords. Upon my honor, I do not think we

could have left the room last night sober without bloodshed. And was it so unpardonable, then? Cato, himself, you know, was once found drunk."

"Yes, once."

"I don't think that's deserved," said Hardress, coloring slightly; "I have often trespassed a little in that way, but never, till last night, became as drunk as Cato. Nor even last night; for I was able to ride home at a canter, to rescue my poor hunchback out of a dilemma, and to bring him hither on my saddle; whereas, Cato was unable to keep his own legs, you know."

"I heard that circumstance this morning, and I admit that it affected the posture of the transaction very considerably. But did those gentlemen who drew their swords upon you make you promise to continue drinking after your return, and to bring Danny to the drawing-room to join you?"

"And to insult my cousin?" added Hardress. "No; there my guilt begins, and unless your mercy steps into my relief, I must bear the burthen unassisted."

"To tell you the truth, Hardress," said Anne, assuming an air of great frankness, "it is not the offence or insult, as you term it, of last night alone that perplexes and afflicts me. Your whole manner, for a long time past, is one continued enigma—one distressing series of misconceptions on my part, and on inconsistencies—I will say nothing harder—upon yours. Your whole conduct, has changed since I have met you here and changed by no means favorably. I cannot understand you. I appear to give you pain most frequently when it is farthest from my own intention, and I cannot tell you how distressed I feel upon the subject."

Hardress fixed his eyes upon her while she spoke, and remained for some moments wrapped in silent and intoxicating admiration. When she had concluded, and while a gentle anxiety still shadowed her features with an additional depth of interest, he approached her and said:—

"And is it possible, Anne, that the conduct of so worthless a fellow as I am should in any way affect you so deeply as you describe? Believe me, Anne, I do not mouth or rave, while I declare to you, that I had rather lie down and die here at your feet, than give you a moment's painful thought, or seem to disregard your feelings."

"Oh, sir," said Anne, looking more offended than usual, "I cannot sit to hear this language again repeated. You must remember how painfully those conversations have always terminated."

The intoxication of passion is not less absorbing and absolute, than that which arises out of coarser sensual indulgence. Hardress was no more capable of thought or of reflection now, than he was during the excesses of the foregoing night. He yielded himself slowly, but surely to the growing delirium, and became forgetful of everything but the unspeakable happiness that seemed to thrust itself upon him.

"Anne," he said, with great anxiety of voice and manner, "let that too be made a subject for your forgiveness. Shall I tell you a secret? Those perplexing inconsistencies—the solution to that long enigma of which you have complained I can no more contain it than I could arrest a torrent. I love you! Does that explain it? If you are satisfied, do not conceal your thoughts. Say it kindly—say it generously! I do not ask you to say anything that can even make you blush. If you are not displeased, say only that you forgive me, and that word will be the token of my happiness."

He paused, and Anne Chute, turning away her head, and reaching her hand, said in a low, but distinct tone: "Hardress, I am satisfied—I do forgive you."

Hardress sunk at her feet, and bathed with his tears the hand which had been surrendered to him. "One moment, one moment's patience, my kindest, my sweetest Anne!" he said, as a sudden thought started into his mind: "I wish to send one line to my mother; is it your pleasure? She is in the next room, and I wish to—Ha!"

A sudden alteration took place in his appearance. While he spoke of writing, he had taken from his waistcoat pocket a pencil and an open letter, from which he tore away a portion of the back. The hand-writing arrested his attention and he looked within. The first words that met his eyes were the following:

"If Eily has done anything to offend you, come and tell her so; but remember she is now away from every friend in the whole world. Even if you are still in the same mind as—when you left me, come at all events, for once and let me go back to my father."

While his eyes wandered over this letter, his figure underwent an alteration that filled the heart of Anne

with terror. The apparition of the murdered Banquo at the festival could not have shot a fiercer remorse into the soul of his slayer than did those simple lines into the heart of Hardress. He held the paper before him at arm's length, his cheek grew white, his forehead grew damp, and the sinews of his limbs grew faint and quivering with fear. His uneasiness was increased by his total ignorance of the manner in which the letter came into his possession.

"Hardress! what is the matter? What is it you tremble at?" said Anne, in great uneasiness.

"I do not know, Anne. I think there's witchcraft here. I am doomed, I think, to live a charmed life. I never yet imagined that I was on the threshold of happiness, but some wild hurry, some darkening change, swept across the prospect, and made it all a dream. I think it is my doom. Even now, I thought I had already entered upon its free enjoyment, and behold, yourself, how swiftly has it vanished!"

"Vanished!"

"Ay, vanished, and for ever! Were we not now almost one soul and being? Did we not mingle sighs? Did we not mingle tears? Was not your hand in mine, and did I not think I felt our spirits growing together in an inseparable league? And now (be witness for me against my destiny), how suddenly we have been wrenched asunder! how soon a gulf has opened at our feet, to separate our hearts and fortunes from henceforth and for ever!"

"For ever!" echoed Anne, lost in perplexity and astonishment.

"Forgive me!" Hardress continued in a dreary tone. "I did but mock you, Anne; I cannot—I must not love you! I am called away; I was mad and dreamed a lunatic's dream; but a horrid voice has awoken me up, and warned me to be gone. I can never be the happy one I hoped—Anne Chute's accepted lover."

(To be continued.)

COULD NOT SLEEP ON ACCOUNT OF HEADACHES AND PAINS IN THE SIDES.

The Sad Condition of a Bright Little Girl Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue.

Many young girls, seemingly in the best of health, suddenly grow listless and lose strength. The color leaves their cheeks; they become thin, have little or no appetite, and suffer from headaches and other bodily pain. Such was the case of Bessie, youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. Cobleigh, Eaton Corner, Que. Speaking of his daughter's illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Cobleigh says:—

"Up to the age of eleven, Bessie had always enjoyed the best of health, and took great pleasure in out-of-door play. Suddenly, however, she seemed to lose her energy; her appetite failed her; she grew thin and pale; slept badly at night, and complained of distressing headaches in the morning. We thought that rest would be beneficial to her, and so kept her from school, but instead of regaining her strength, she grew weaker and weaker. To make matters worse, she began to suffer from pains in the side, which were almost past endurance. At this stage we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a couple of weeks, the good effect of this medicine was decidedly apparent. Bessie became more cheerful, her step quicker, her eyes were brighter and she seemed more like her former self. We continued giving her the pills for several weeks longer, until we felt that she had fully recovered her health and strength. I honestly believe had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, our daughter would not have recovered her health and strength, and I shall always have a good word to say for this medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles that arise from poverty of the blood or weak nerves. Among such troubles may be classed anaemia, headache, neuralgia, erysipelas, rheumatism, heart ailments, dyspepsia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, and the ailments that render miserable the lives of so many women. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The United States has granted 3,500 patents to women.