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The Mystery of Killard.

PART I.—THE RACE OF LANE.

Chapter VIII (Continued).

Some saw in the dozen and a half hake a new handkerchief. Here, in this score of mackerel, was a new pair of boots for little Jack. Those four fine cod could not do less than obtain the material for a pair of serge trousers for the man of the house.

There was much talk and laughter among the men as they smoked their short clay pipes while the women sorted the fish. But the women had weighty matters on their minds, and spoke little, and resented badinage from the men with a kind of proud displeasure.

A little distance from the group of men and women a curragh lay high and dry, bottom up, on the sand. While the business of sorting the fish was at its height, this curragh began to move without any exterior aid. Looks and exclamations of surprise ran round.

Presently a pair of large flat hands appeared, and then a head, followed by a clumsy ragged body, and after a little wriggling and spluttering, a pair of legs came into view, and a man scrambled to his feet.

"Is that you, Tom?" cried several voices at once, as the Fool, rubbing his eyes, confronted the little crowd.

"Faith, Tom," said Mrs. Martin, "it's careful you are of your complexion, to make a sunshade of a curragh when you're taking your morning stroll on your all-fours like an elderly crab."

"Whist!" cried Tom angrily; "don't be talking like a foolish woman. Mind your work, and sort the fish." He did not seem disposed to take jests pleasantly.

The woman laughed good-humoredly. "Your early rising won't do you much harm if your long fast doesn't spoil your figure."

"I tell you, stop; don't be talking." "I think there must have been a crooked straw in your bed last night," she continued, pointing to the upturned curragh; "you got up so cross." There was a general laugh.

"You'll be wanting goose grease for sore lips yet, and won't have the price of it if you waste the skin of your tongue like that."

This time the laugh was against Mrs. Martin, but the success of the sally did not in the least diminish Tom's bad humor; if anything, it made it worse.

"Don't mind them, Tom," cried Edward Martin, in a soothing voice, as he approached the Fool, "Here's a garnet for your breakfast. Go up to Pat Casey's and roast it at the kitchen fire."

"May you never, Edward Martin, want for garnet or grace either here or hereafter. And may—"

He paused suddenly and looked around in wild alarm. A slight reverberation had floated over the water.

"What's the matter, Tom?" demanded Martin, observing the Fool's expression.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked, growing white.

"Yes; some sound coming from the southward."

"A gun?" he enquired piteously.

"Yes, it might be a gun. Some one shooting gulls on the downs."

"No, no; not the downs—the Bishop's. The dummy bought a gun last night, but I didn't know he had either powder or shot; and he told me when he asked me to go with him, that he hadn't any; and—"

"And what?" cried several. They were all now standing around Tom, listening eagerly.

"And if that she-wolf didn't give it to him, who did? and if she didn't put thoughts into his head, she that has a spite against him and his, because they're my friends, no one else did."

way it skims over the waves rather than cuts through them. On the Shannon and other rivers, the prong is chiefly used for shooting rapids. It has a flat bottom and flat bow, and by this bow being raised out of the water there is less danger of the craft swamping when it rushes headlong into the white foam.

The long heavy swells of the Atlantic on this coast are so many rapids to be climbed and shot, and the light tarred canvas curragh, with its round blunt bows and its unresisting keelless bottom, enabling it to be spun swiftly this way or that to meet the eddying sweep, is found to be the safest and most serviceable model. Two men can carry it with ease, but not more than one man in all Killard could by himself lift it and carry it, arms up, and this one man was Edward Martin. All the villagers had seen him to do it.

Two years before this morning a bet was made. A number of fishermen subscribed twenty shillings, and laid the money against him. He, the best of fishermen in Killard, put down his pound, raised the curragh in his huge arms, and carried it aloft five hundred yards, amid the cheers of all, of even those who had lost.

When he lowered the curragh, he sat down on it to rest and wipe his flushed, steaming face. Pat Casey, who had arranged the bet and held the money, came to him, and, stretching out his hand, said cordially:

"Well done, Edward Martin! You won fairly, and deserve the money. Take it, for no other man in this parish, or the next one to it, could do the like of that."

Martin did not reach out his hand, but continued to wipe his face and neck.

"Take your money, man!" cried Casey, in a tone of exhortation. Casey knew Martin did not like the idea of the bet.

Martin turned to his wife, who stood beside him. She was weeping with joy at the triumph of her husband.

"You would not think," she was saying to her heart, "that he had the strength to raise an arm when he takes our little Mary in his arms; and look at what he has done to-day! But strong as his arms are, his love is stronger, and his goodness as strong as ever was goodness in man. My husband!"

At the crowning thought that he was hers, she gave a sob of gratitude, and sitting down beside him, put her arm on his great shoulder, just as he turned to speak to her.

"Mary," he said, "take the money, you. Take the money from Pat Casey, and I'll tell you what to do with it by-and-by."

When they were walking together, he said:

"If I could afford to lose that pound I betted, I can afford to give it away. The men who betted against me have not as much as I, and they cannot as well afford ten shillings as I can my pound. Tell me, but go to Father Murtagh, and let him know all, and give him the money Pat Casey gave you, and ask him to keep it until (and may it be a long time off!) some poor fellows are lost, and their wives and children are in want; then ask him to do the best with the money, for the poor widows and orphans."

The next Sunday Father Murtagh preached on charity, and said, without mentioning names, that one man present understood what charity was, for he wished better to succor the afflicted than to blazon his name, and he desired to serve his fellows on earth, and keep himself out of their gratitude on earth, which was the proper way to secure their gratitude, and the approval of God, when all meet in heaven.

By some subtle instinct the people suspected who the charitable man was, and looked at him. His wife could not refrain from tears, and this confirmed the suspicions. From that out the presence of Edward Martin always calmed and soothed and elevated the villagers like a prayer.

On the August morning, Tom the Fool and his little group of volunteers set out for the Bishop's Island; the face of Edward Martin, usually grave, wore a sombre look.

"I hope there's nothing wrong at the Island," he said to Tom.

The other men followed at a short distance. Martin held a little aloof from the villagers. They looked on him as a superior, and, therefore, the men now kept behind, allowing him and Lane's great friend to lead.

"I hope not, Edward Martin; I hope not. But I have had my doubts some time. Lane is a madman when put out. He's not a fool like me, but mad like a storm, without any sense or reason in his legs or arms, or head."

"I hope nothing has happened; for, Tom, now I'll tell you what you must speak of to no one."

"Not to a soul? Not even my friends on the Bishop's?"

"Not them; not them most of all, for it's about the boy, and it would put the father in a rage if he knew."

"Anything against the boy? any harm that is comin' to him? That's if the worst harm hasn't—" he paused, did not finish the sentence, but muttered "Ugh!"

"No, nothing that will bring or has brought harm to any one."

"Tell me."

"I'm the boy's godfather."

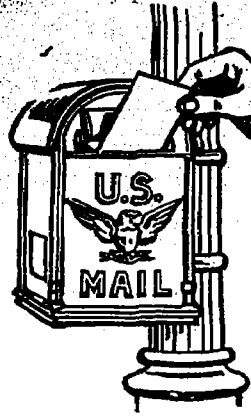
"Godfather, Edward Martin! What do you mean? Do you take me for a fool? He never was out of his father's sight ashore, and no one was ever on the Island but myself. Who christened him?"

"Father Murtagh in Casey's stable. You may take my word for that. Well, I often thought Tom, that I ought to try and do something for him. You know I promised then, and when I make a promise I mean what I say—"

"You're a good man, Edward Martin, and you gave me a garnet this morning, and here it is."

"Well, I often thought," continued Martin, "that if anything happened David Lane I'd take care of the boy, and get him taught, as far as one of that family can be taught, what I promised for him ten years ago."

"You're a good man, Edward Martin; but is that all? Between them and all harm, including the she-wolf—bless the hearners! but if any harm came to Lane, the boy would die. Would you do anything but teach him?"



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"Yes, I'd do more. I'd take him, and do for him."

"You would! you would!" cried the Fool, bounding and capering around the fisherman. "Hoorah! hoorah! My friends have another friend at last. Hoorah! and that," snapping his fingers, "for the old she-wolf now. With Tom the Fool and Edward Martin, I'll laugh at all she can do against me or my friends."

They had by this time got more than half-way. The downs stretched away quite flat, with no wall or shrub of any kind to obstruct the view. Martin was by far the tallest of the men. When Tom became quiet once more, a man in the rear called out, "Mr. Martin, you're the tallest; I think I see something on the mainland, near the Bishop's! Do you?"

"Yes, I see a figure lying on the downs."

"Which?" screamed the Fool.

"The boy. Let us run." And they dashed off at the top of their speed.

(To be Continued.)

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It is proposed to consolidate in this new institution of the institutions now under the control and management of the Manhattan College. The property that has been purchased was sold by Mr. Cyrus W. Field to John Jacob Astor a few years ago, with restrictions against schools. Mr. Field, who owns property adjoining the plot purchased by the Brothers, says he will fight against the establishment of a college there. The purchasers, however, think that they will have no trouble in pushing forward to completion the proposed university.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

At the trial of Michael Eyraud and Gabrielle Bombard for the murder of Notary Gouffe, at Paris, Eyraud persisted in his statement the Mlle. Bombard conceived the details of the crime and that she passed the noose around the victim's neck. Mlle. Bombard denied Eyraud's statements. During the proceedings Mlle. Bombard was seized with a violent fit of hysterics and was carried screaming and kicking to a cell. When she returned to the dock later she was very pale. Garanger, with whom Mlle. Bombard fled from San Francisco, replying to a question from Gabrielle's counsel, said he had repeatedly hypnotized Mlle. Bombard, who was a remarkably impressionable subject. Eyraud was sentenced to death, the woman to twenty years imprisonment.

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