The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER X Continued.

"Mary, I don't think that I shall last very long; I am quite an old man now, and my vital power is spent. As far as I could see my way I have tried to do right. I did my best for the little Mary before you, dear, Since I have known you I have tried to do my duty to you, by imparting such instruction as befitted your age and condition. Of course it could not be expected that I should be able to make you read the higher branches; but as far as I saw my way I did my duty."

"Indeed, indeed, sir, you did more than your duty. You owed me nothing whatever. I know I have been a great trouble and worry to you, and I ask you to forgive all the trouble and worry. I'm so sorry."

A little sob of penitence and regret for him came in here, and she thought it better to stop.

"I have nothing to forgive. You may have been a little wild now and then; but you did your best in trying to learn, that's the chief thing. There is another matter I wish to speak about. What o'clock is it?"

"Just twelve."

"So early! How strangely long the days grow, and the nights still longer. But how can the days and nights be both growing long? They seem to have stretched out ever since I came to lie down altogether. Both have not grown long, Mary dear?"

"No, sir, only the days. But it may seem long to you in the night, because you sleep so little."

"Ah, yes," wearily, "that may have something to do with the lengthening out of time. I'm sure I must have read long ago, perhaps in my little Mary's days, an account of such a thing, but it is dim now. What I wanted to say to you is that if my little darling—I mean my first one, for you are very dear, too—had lived, and I had died before her, I should have arranged that her future might be as well provided for as if I had lived. Now I own less than I did then; but what remains shall go to you, who have been the only happiness of my latter days; there is no relative of mine left alive. No relative—not one."

Later he often spoke on the same subject, when one May morning they entered the room and called to him in vain. they found all as he had promised Mary.

Four strong men of the village, Edward Martin being one and Maurice Heffernan being another, carried the coffin to the churchyard through the sweet May sunshine. As they lowered it into the dark dull grave a lark sprang up close at hand, and sang out blithely in the pale blue sky. Although they had come with hearts sad enough, for they had grown to love the grey withered old man, and his gentle ways and his interest in their boys and girls, they could not but raise their eyes and follow the swift erratic course and listen to the wild melody of that unintelligible rapture. For a while they stood idle, throwing no clay over the coffin, but listening and trying to see the rapidly fading bird; nor did they lower their glances until the songster had wholly disappeared in the light. Then some one threw a shovel of earth on the coffin. Again all paused to listen. They were well-accustomed to that untranslatable song, but the great final fact of life in which they were engaged made the lark's notes start out into vivid relief against the background of death. What brilliant utterances of unstained joy! What mystery of inscrutable sorrow.

"Like the voice of an angel," said a woman to another who stood by.

"Ay! Singing for joy that he has met his little Mary once more.

The people came away quieted, as though they had seen what the woman had said, and afterwards they often spoke of the old philosopher who had died among them; but they never uttered his name without thinking of his dead darling and the lark's song in the daylight of that day.

Mary Martin was very sad when she turned out of the graveyard. The way of life appeared to be rapidly narrowing. Already two beings on whom she had allowed her heart to dwell had passed beyond her view. It seemed as though henceforth she could do nothing but sit and wait for still more awful ravages of time. How long would it please Providence to leave father and mother to her? And when they had gone what should she do, alone, unfriended, without sister or brother, or relative of any kind? Her mother had been an only child, and her father's people if any still lived, of which he was doubtful, dwelt far away, near the great city of Dublin itself, where no simple village girl could hope even to go in search of them. But stay! Perhaps it would please a merciful Providence to take her first. Ah, that would be better. So much better! Yet wait a moment. How would it be with those left behind when she had gone. Ah, that would never do. They would break their hearts, poor mother! poor father! What a world it was! Things were no sooner arranged so as to satisfy than they began changing, and changing, and changing, until everything was wrong again. Would that some settled order could be relied upon. But not here. That was what we should enjoy hereafter. She could not bear to go back to the house just now, so she walked slowly and sadly up to the downs, and selecting the nook which had been a favorite haunt of the absent boy's, sat down with her face towards the calm blue sea.

At Killard, spring brought little more with it than long days, warmth and sunshine. There were no level fields of young green corn, no rose trees, no flowers or plants before the cottage doors, no warm woods, no pipe of thrush or whistle of blackbird, no chirp of robin or sparrow. Nothing but short stiff grass coming up under the sea-mists. The swallows and the lark found their way there, the swiftest traveller of the air, the sweetest messenger of music. Even in summer there was something forlorn and desolate about his part of the coast of [illegible] the majestic front of embattled cliffs, and the monotonous splendor [illegible] rolling ocean, lifted the thoughts above the want of woodland beauties, which would look in presence of this primitive grandeur to be no more than trivial detail.

Mary's eyes rested on the pale sea, and gradually, as if borne down by the impressive persistency of the long regular swells, her spirits sank below any depth they had hitherto reached. No definite images were in her mind, but a deep desolation of melancholy gathered all round her. It appeared as though she were fated to be the only wanderer in a silent, trackless, shadeless desert, and as if she should so wonder all her life long.

The villagers who had been at the funeral gradually dispersed, and Killard resumed it ordinary dull-looking aspect. The women knitted, or scoured their pots and pans, or washed at the open doors; the husbands mended their nets, or sat talking to one another and smoking in the sunshine. All at once there arose a sudden stretching of necks and questioning. A car had driven up to Pat Casey's house, and a stranger had gone in. Presently the stranger came out, looked deliberately round the one street, and began to ascend the slope of the southern downs.

Who was he? No one knew. Perhaps some gentleman come down for a day's fishing or sailing. He'd be a welcome source of profit to some one, for times were not very good just now. Rather a fine man, to judge by his back, square-shouldered and light of limb.

He went up the hill as freely as though it was the level beach. He must be going to Martin's. Some one about the old man's property, no doubt. Ay, that was it. There he has gone into Martin's now. An attorney, any one could tell by the look of him.

But he had come out again. Where was Edward Martin? Down on the beach spoke shaving that mast, his wife sitting on the edge of the curragh mending that sail. But it couldn't be the Martins he wanted, after all, for he had turned away from the village and disappeared on the downs. He must be only a sight-seer who went in to ask the way. It was, perhaps, as well after all; it would look bad for an attorney to be so condescending as to come to poor people like the Martins, though they were the best off in the village, and now the daughter had property. How lucky she was!

The stranger went only a little way, approached the head of the cliff, looked down, and started back, saying to Mary:

"I beg your pardon. Do not let me disturb you."

She had risen. She was about to leave the place.

"I beg of you," he said, "not to go. I will go instead."

They both stood still looking at one another. She did not wish to enter into conversation with a stranger, and he seemed so polite and kind that she did not like to pain him by making him think that she had been driven from the place by his approach.

She saw he was a hard-featured, handsome man with very large dark eyes, a short glossy beard and moustache. His face and hands were quite brown.

"What hair that girl has!" this man thought. "I don't remember ever seeing such perfect golden. Then she has those wonderful blue Irish eyes that people not of this country so rave about. She's tall, too, and in a few years her figure will improve much. She's too thin now. Who can she be? She does not belong to this place, I am sure. I'll try.

"Do you know this place well, may I ask?"

"Yes. Very well."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"But you are newly come here?"

"No. I was born in this village."

"And have lived here ever since?"

"Ever since."

The man examined her very closely and somewhat suspiciously.

"Do you know any one here of the name of Lane?"

"I know David Lane of Bishop's Island."

"Any one else of that name in the village?"

"No. No one else."

"But he has relatives in the village, or somewhere else about? Has he not?"

"No. He has no relatives."

"No relatives?" in astonishment.

"But I heard he had a son, and it's about that son I've come here."

"Oh! yes, he has a son, but he turned him away when he was young, and he's left Killard, the son, I mean, this long, long time.

"Ah! How strange you should say that a man had no relatives, and yet you knew of a son of his."

Mary did not care to go into family matters with a stranger, and she was little disposed to talk at all after that sad morning. But this man had spoken of their John. Could he know anything of their John?

"Did you know John?" she asked.

"I came over here about him to-day. I want to see some friends of his, the Martins."

"Oh!" she cried, turning eagerly, "I'll show you the house. I'm——"

"Thank you," he interrupted her, "please do not disturb yourself. I've been there. I found no one in."

A great light of interest was now in the girl's face, the blue eyes shone and she shook back the golden hair from her white smooth forehead, and white round neck, as she spoke in glad haste.

"Come with me. I'll show you where father and mother are."

"But—but may I ask who are you?"

"Mary Martin, the daughter of Edward Martin." She was in such a hurry to be off, she had gone a few paces, crying: "Come on; I'll show you where they are." She did not notice his start or his looks of incredulous astonishment.

"A moment!" he cried, "a moment." She returned unwillingly. "But I understood Mary Martin had chestnut hair?"

"She had, but it faded to yellow since John went away. Won't you come? You can't believe how much they will like to hear all you have to say."

He did not move, but stood with his eyes very steadily on her. She kept her glance fixed on the way she was in such haste to go.

"Stop a bit," he said, "I'll tell you one thing about John Lane before we set out—I am he."

She sprang from his side, and raised her face and hands and looked.

"You?"

"Yes."

"Our John? But you're not a bit like him. I can't believe—oh, no! You are only joking, and it's a cruel joke."

"Well, Mary, there's your ribbon, and here's the purse I bought in Limerick."

He held both up.

"Oh, John! oh, John!—our John!" she cried hysterically, as she flung herself into his arms, "you are so changed!"

"And so are you, Mary, you have grown to be very lovely. I never could think it."

"But I'm a woman now."

"And I'm a man. And, Mary, the change has improved you so much. You don't seem to think I'm changed for the better?"

"I don't know yet, John. It's all so wonderful and so good. Oh, come to father and mother! They will be glad."

And away these two young people ran down to the slope, and through the village towards the beach.

The self-same lark that sung the requiem over the old philosopher was now high in the heavens again, but the ears of the two, as hand-in-hand they flew through the street, were dulled with the hurry of happy thoughts, and they did not hear the raptures of the bird.

This lark that had sung for the return of a wanderer from the skies, a while ago, now sang for the return of a wanderer from the seas.

CHAPTER XI.

A SUMMER SAIL.

That evening a long talk was held on the bench outside Martin's cottage. The villagers had learned who the strange man was, and came to welcome him home, and hear accounts of foreign parts. All were astonished at the alteration of John Lane. He had left Killard four years before, a long, lank, awkward, uncouth, abrupt, gloomy, taciturn lad; he had come back a broad, bronzed, bearded, handsome man. That was wonderful. But more wonderful still was the change in his manner. Now he was full of animal spirits, could make a joke and take one, told stories that caused the solemn, sad-mannered fishermen to laugh, and sang a song composed by a fellow-digger, for he had been "up after gold."

He had seen a great deal of life in these four years, and, young as he was, his quick impressive nature had penetrated the heart of the world, and he knew man pretty well now. He had spent the latter two years in the gold-diggings, the former at sea. He had not learned to despise mankind or scoff at the world. He held that men were good in the main; bad only, as it were, by unlucky accident.

While a boy he had been greatly addicted to extreme ideas; as a man he had learned moderation. He did not laugh at the world, or sneer at it, or praise it rapturously; but he laughed rather than carped, smiled rather than sneered, and praised as much as he could.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Little Girl's Trouble.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St. Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a cobbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful, and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally, St. Jacob's Oil was used. The contents of one bottle completely [illegible] the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

ROMAN LIBRARIES.

The Rich Store of Books at the Vatican—The Archives Containing the Secret History of Europe for Centuries.

While Rome is richest in monuments and works of art, she is also rich in libraries. In printed books, especially of modern date, her libraries are behind those of Paris, Vienna, Munich, Berlin, and the British Museum in London; but in manuscripts, dating from the fourth to the sixteenth century, she is absolute them all and will continue to be, for her manuscripts contain the most valuable documents of Oriental, Greek and Roman and mediæval literature down to the invention of the printing press. They may be copied, like statues and pictures, but the originals cannot be bought for any price. You have to resort to Rome for the best codices of the Greek Testament and Septuagint, of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Lactantius, Augustine, Dante, and the great heathen and Christian classics. Some are most handsomely written, richly illustrated and luxuriously bound with gold and silver clasps.

First in age and importance is the Vatican library in the Vatican palace. It was founded more than 800 years ago by Pope Nicholas V. who occupied the chair of St. Peter for seven years, 1447-1455, a few years before and after the invention of the art of printing in Germany. Nicholas was one of the best and most useful of Popes. He was not an author himself, but a friend of authors, and the most liberal patron of learning and art among the 250 successors of the illiterate fisherman of Galilee. He was willing to spend all his income for books and buildings. He cared more for scholars and architects than for monks and theologians. He gave them employment as transcribers, translators and Papal secretaries, and paid them liberal salaries. He made Rome the literary centre of Christendom. He sent agents to all parts of Italy and other countries, even as far north as Prussia, to buy rare books. He had them copied on parchment and richly bound in Russia leather. He collected the works of Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, Polybius, Diodorous Siculus, Appian, Philo, Judæus, the Latin classics, the Greek and Latin Church fathers and probably also the invaluable

CODEX VATICANUS

of the Greek Bible—the oldest and most important of all manuscripts of the Scriptures. He kindled a feverish enthusiasm for the translation of Greek authors among the best scholars. He paid 500 scudi to Laurentius Valla for a Latin version of Thucydides; 500 new Papal ducats to Nicholas Perotti for a translation of Polybius; and offered 1000 gold pieces for a translation of Homer. In the case of Homer, however, he was disappointed, for Marsuppini translated only two books of the Iliad, and Valla the first sixteen books in prose. His reign was a jubilee for the humanists, who were as enthusiastic for the discovery of classical manuscripts as modern Egyptologists and Assyriologists are for the discovery of hieroglyphics and Babylonian bricks.

Nicholas collected 9000 written volumes, and these formed the foundation of the Vatican library. He intended it for the common use of all scholars—*pro communi doctorum virorum commodo*—an intention which was not carried out by his successors till the year 1880, when the present scholarly Pope, Leo XIII., introduced a more liberal policy, and made those treasures accessible to scholars of all nations. To this Pope we also owe the 100 facsimile copies of the Vatican codex of the Greek testament, which he allowed to be photographed last year. The Vatican library has been gradually enriched from time to time by donations and purchases, and embraces now over 32,000 manuscripts, which were written prior to the art of printing, and are kept in closed cases behind iron grates, and about 100,000 bound volumes, which are distributed in the various rooms of the Borgia apartments. As a daily visitor for several weeks, I can bear testimony to the courtesy of the chief librarian, who gave me all the books I asked for and allowed me to examine the Codex Vaticanus to my heart's content.

Distinct from the Vatican library, and under separate management, are the Vatican archives (*Archivio Segreto della santa sede*), which are kept in a different part of the Vatican and are no redilficent of access, it being necessary to get special permission from the Pope or from the cardinal-librarian (Dr. Hergenrother) on written application.

THESE ARCHIVES

contain the Papal correspondence, encyclicals, regesta and other documents relating to the curia. The bishops of Rome kept a library and archives from the time of Damasus or earlier. The first mention of them is made by Jerome in the fourth century. But the repeated sieges and destructions of Rome were disastrous to books. There are no earlier written documents extant than one from Gregory VII., two from John VIII., and these are mere copies. From the time of Innocent III., A.D. 1198, the Papal regesta are unbroken. The use of this immense collection of MSS. is difficult from want of proper catalogues. There is, however, a little Latin manual of a list of Papal regesta from 1198-1605, prepared by D. Greg. Palmieri, one of the scriptarchinariads, printed at Rome in 1884 (xxviii. and 175 pages). I found it very useful as far as it goes. We have not space to do more than mention some other important libraries of Rome. The largest in printed works is the national library of Victor Emmanuel, in the College Romano near the Corso. It has over 800,000 volumes collected from various convents, and is liberally administered by the royal government. In connection with it is a reading room, where the most important periodicals (except theological) are kept. The library of the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, near the Pantheon, is very rich in patristic and mediæval literature, and now likewise under government control. The library of the German Archæological Institute, in the Casa Tarpeia, on Capitol Hill, was formed by Niebuhr and Bunsen, Prussian ambassadors, and formerly belonged to Prussia, but now to the German empire. It has about 80,000 volumes, is open daily useful for students in archæology and artistic studies, and most liberally administered. It is a delight to study in the rooms of the institute, on the hill, which for so many centuries was the centre of the world.

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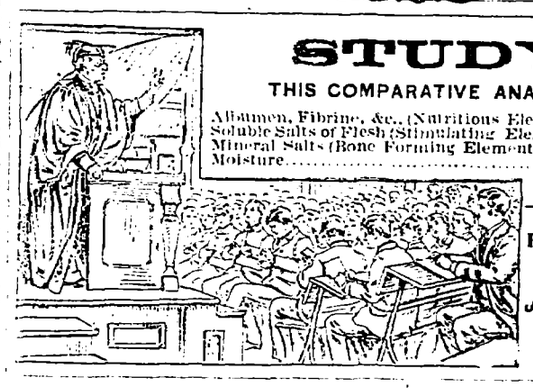

STUDY

THIS COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS.

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Albumen, Fibrine, &c., (Nutritious Element)	22.10	none
Soluble Salts of Flesh (Stimulating Element)	33.40	58.50
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Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas

Gout, Rheumatism,

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*