THE IRISH BISHOPS ON IRE-LAND'S NEEDS.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATES ON HOME RULE, SOCIAL ORDER, AND THE LAND QUESTION.

DUBLIN, March 1.—The tollowing is the text of the letter addressed to Mr. Gladstone by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, acting on behalf of the Bishops of Ireland:-

" SIB-Your letter to Lord De Vesci, which was published in the Dublin newspapers, has been under the consideration of a large and representative Body of Irlah Catholic Bishops assembled here to-day on important ecclesias. tical business. The prelates so assembled substantially represent the whole Irish episcopacy. At the request of their lordships, I beg to lay before you, in response to your expressed desire, the views they entertain regarding the wants and wishes of the Irish people. There are, as you observe, three great Irish questions demanding the immediate care of the Government—namely, self-government, the settlement of the land question, and social

"First, as regards self-government, or home rule, it is our firm and conscientious con-viction, based, as we believe, on the fullest, most varied, and, at the same time, most reliable information, that it alone can satisfy the wante, the wishes as well as the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people. Those wishes and appirations have been expressed with unmistakable clearness by constituencies of the four provinces of Ireland at the recent elections. We venture to remind you that immediately before those elections you had appealed to the people of this country to speak out their mind on this great question, and that in doing so you clearly laid down the lines within which you believed it to be a question of practical politics. We regard the issue of the elections as the answer given by the Irish people to that appeal. We are fully satisfied that the demand for home rule thus put forward in no way transgresses the constitutional limits marked out by you. Its concession cannot trench either on the supremacy of the Crown or on the unity of the empire, nor can it in terfere with the maintenance of all the authority of Parliament necessary for the consolidation of the unity. This being so, we feel convinced with you that the granting of home rule within those limits will be not a source of danger but a means of averting it, as furnishing a new guarantee for increased cohesion, happiness and strength.

As regards the settlement of the land question, we have no hesitation whatever in stating that in our opinion, it now imperatively calls for a finel solution, and that this cannot he better effected than by some such measure as that which certain English journalists and statesmen have recently advocated—that is, the purchase up by government of the landlord interest in the soil, and the re-letting of the latter to tenant farmers at a figure very considerably below the present judicial rents. In addressing one of the foremost financiers, as well as one of the most enlightened statesmen of the age, we do not presume to enter into the details of this weighty and no doubt complicated project, but are perfectly satisfied to leave them to your own sense of what is due to the equitable claims of existing landlords on the one hand, and of the future tenants of Ireland on the other. We desire, however, to have it perfectly understood that the Irish people do not aim at the confiscation of any species of property, but only ask for tair play as between man and man, or what has been well described as the right to live

and thrive in their native land. Third, as regards "social order." we shall confine our remarks to two aspects of the case: public outrages -namely, what is called personal intimidation, or, as you otherwise on either head will, or indeed can, exist after basis just indicated, or on any other basis which supposes the utter effacement of that system of landlordism which has so long and so ruinously existed in Ireland. In point of fact, every disturbance of social order that has occurred for years among our people has arisen from the sense of wrong entertained by a large majority of the occupiers of the soil, owing to the remorseless exaction of needy or extravagant landlords. Even now the peace of the country is seriously imperilled by the fact that very many landlords, as if making a final but fruitless effort to collect impossible rents, have entered on an ill-considered course of eviction against their unfortunate tenants. We would therefore earnestly and most respectfully urge that, pending the final settlement of the land question, which we are confident is now near at hand, the power of eviction be suspended in Ireland; as the same time, that in the most impoverished districts some provision in the shape of remunerative labor be made out of the public purse to support the starving poor in the present and helping them on to better times.

"Wishing you every success in your renewed efforts to restore peace and prosperity to our long-tried and much-loved country. I have the honor to be, sir, your very faithful

"WILLIAM J. WALSH, "Archbishop of Dublin.

"Chairman of Episcopal Meeting." To this communication the following reply

has been sent :10 Downing Street, Whitehall,

February 20, 1886. My LORD ARCHEISHOP: I have the honor to acknowledge your Grace's communication to me on the 17th of the views entertained on pending questions with respect to Ireland by yourself and your episcopal brethren, and I request your Grace to accept my most sincere

thanks for this communication. W. E. GLADSTONE. The Most Rev. Dr. WALSH, Archbishop of Dubtin.

THE GREAT DISTRESS IN IRELAND. LONDON, March 10 .- The Government has placed gunboats at the service of Mr. Tuke in his work of relieving the distress among the inhabitants of the islands along the west-ern Irish coast. Indescribable distress has been developed among the people inhabiting the Arran isles, of Galway, who, besides having hardly anything but moss and seagrass to eat, are without fire and often without clothing and shelter. It is not rare to find girls of seventeen and eighteen years of age kept in enforced hiding during the daytime because bereit of every thread of clothing long ago bartered away for seed, potatoes or roots with which to feed the smaller children. It is feared that unless prompt relief measures are inaugurated, scores of these people will die of starvation.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Man-hood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. G

WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER IV.-Continued Poor Eilie's head sank down lower and lower, until she laid it on the table, which shook again and again with her sobar The priest waited quietly. He knew that it is very painful to people to have their faults expend, and none the less so when they are really seen by the person reproved, as he

hoped was now the case. A wound had been made; it was still raw and sore, and, like a good physician, he waited till the shock was over before he attempted to touch it again. In a few minutes Eilie looked up. sir, what must I do?"

Her tone was gentle, her voice humble and full of peace, as theirs will be who are faithful and true.

"I think, Ellie, you had better leave the castle; and what is more, I would advise you not even to return there again." "Not to return, sir ?"

"Not to return, Ellie. I have my reasons. I do not think it necessary or wise to explain them to you fully, and you must trust me. There are times when a priest must exercise all his authority to save souls, and this is one of them.

"But my aunt and the family! Oh, sir, what shall I do ?"

"Do God's will, Ellie, and leave the rest to Him. You know the story of St. Joseph, and how an angel told him to fly by night, and how he got up at once and set out on his journey without asking a single question. O Ellie, child! if we could all be like St. Joseph!

By this time the few people who attended the early masses on week days were coming out of the church; there were but few. To Father Cavanagh this was all the more reason why mass should be said. "Those who do come," he used to say, "deserve the privi-lege; those who remain away need the blessings which the adorable sacrifice alone can obtain for them."

It was time now that he should "go to the altar of God"—to the God who indeed has given joy to his vouth, the joy of being all His own, who had given honor to his manhood, and a crown of virtue to his old age. "But as you are not St. Joseph, Ellie," he

continued, after a pause, "it will be quite necessary that something definite should be arranged for you. Have you friends anywhere? I think you told me once of another aunt.

Yes, Ellie had another aunt: she lived in the county Wicklow, in a lovely little village near the world famous meeting of the waters. She was sure her aunt would receive her kindly, and she could remain there for the present.

"Good, Ellie; and now, my child, you must go. I will give you the money necessary to pay your expenses. Your aunt in Wicklow, you say, is comfortably circumstanced, so I suppose she can provide you with necessaries for the future ; and you must write a few lines now to the housekeeper at the castle, saying you have left the place, by my advice, for good and important reasons; that I wish her, if possible not to mention my name in connection with your leaving, as circumstances cannot at present be explained, and might, therefore, be misunderstood. 1 will take care to send your note to her by a careful messenger, but

Ellie had been well educated, and wrote a plain hand. This was her letter. We shall

I must see you off on a car first.

hear of it again :-"DEAR AUNT, -The priest has advised me to leave the castle at once, for particular reasons, which I am not to tell. Dear Annt. express it, he fulfilment of contracts and I am very grateful for all your kindness, and personal liberty of action. It is our delibito all the family, and hope you will believe erate opinion that no just cause of complaint | me that I have done nothing wrong.-Your

affect. niece, "ELLIE M'CARTHY. "Dear Aunt,—The priest" [here she had begun to write "Father C—," and got so far when she remembered, and blotted it over] says for you not to mention that he advised

me to leave. " Now, Ellie, I will leave you in charge of my housekeeper; she will give you a cup of tea at once, and see you off quietly down the lane on a car, as I am very apxious that no one should know where you are gone : and I can depend on her silence. I will spare you a tew minutes more if you like to come into the sacristy for contession."

Ellie was very thankful. It was just what she wished, but she did not like "to make bold" to ask; and she dreaded the idea of going to a strange priest down at her aunt's place, though a little more experience of the world would have told her how truly kind and good priests were everywhere to those

who are in trouble. She came out of the confessional with her own, bright, sweet look on her face once more. And well she might. Cleansed, purified, and forgiven, she was strong again, and ready to do battle valiantly with the foe, and to strive fervently for the crown of eternal

life.
The good housekeeper saw her off as the priest had desired, and fortunately secured a a return car, so that the news of Ellie's flight could not be brought back by a thoughtless

driver. The priest said his mass, thankful that one of his flock was out of danger, as far as any one can be in this world of temptation. H little suspected what the consequences of his pastoral solicitude would be to himself. and even if he had suspected, he would have done his duty all the same.

CHAPTER V. FATHER AND SON.

"Is Mr. Elmsdale within?" "He was, my lord, hardly an hour ago."
"Say that I wish to speak to him
here; and, Barnes, see that I am not interrupted. You had better, perhaps, remain
near the door."

"Yes, my lord." Barnes went on his errand with a heavy heart. He knew there were likely to be high words between father and son.

He had ventured respectfully to hint to Mr. Elmsdale, once or twice, that Lord Elmsdale was getting old, that he might be sorry if he said hard things now which could not be recalled; but he soon saw that expostulation was useless. He was a man with very clear ideas of his duty in the state of life to which God had called him, because he had no schemes of his own to prevent him from seeing what was right. He knew if he attempted to pass beyond the sphere in which Providence had appointed his lot, that he would probably do harm, and certainly would do no good. So, when he found that the words which he could say respectfully as a servant were of no avail he held his peace as far as his earthly superiors were concerned, but he redoubled his prayers for the master whom he sincerely loved and respected.

Good old Barnes ! I believe A is fashionable to talk about the flunkeyism of modern servants, but I don't believe in it. Given good masters, and you are sure, with some rare exceptions, to have good servants. Lord Elmedale was a good master,—a better master than he was a father. A son requires more love than a servant, and more mani-

festation of affection. Barnes, knew that Lord Elimsdale respected him and relied on him; it was enough for him. Edward Elmsdale. in his young days, saw that his father did not love him; he loved his estate, his worldly advancement, his birthright, but he did not love him. The boy was too young to reason all this out, but he felt it. Ah I when will parents learn that their children feel what they never show !- that there are wonderful, deep, manuspected instincts of comprehension in childhood, wholly ignored because they are not manifested openly.

Edward Elmedale walked into the library.

with a sullen, defiant look. Lord Elmadale simply indicated the revolver which lay on the table. No word was said.

Lord Elmsdale would have given one half of his estate willingly, cheerfully, much as he loved it, if his son had spoken one word of acknowledgment of his guilt-had given even the faintest intimation that he wished to

Edward Eimedale would have done had been said to open the sealed fountain of his affection. How foolish people are! Why will they not try the force of hot, summer noons.
kindness when the torce of violence often Lady Elmsdale had not known anything of kindness when the torce of violence often fails?

There was a deadly, horrible silence.
Two guardian angels (they were both baptized, father and son) stood by, their beautiful faces shrouded with their white glistening wings: they were praying,—could nothing be done? Alas! no. God will not force the human will; He moves it gently at times, but men refuse to obey his touch. The angels looked up to heaven, and, in the light of God's great throne, they saw the futurethey saw what would happen if father and son quarrel.

There was a "roaring lion" in the room. The angels saw him-no one else. The angels, being pure spirits, can see spirits good or evil, We, being flesh and blood, cannot see them, but they influence us none the less.

The angels were moving away,—the devils were coming nearer. The two men had free-will, and they willed the devils to come nearer to them. The angels would not resist their will, tor God had left them free to choose.

The angel had pleaded so fervently with the father : "Oh, say one kind word to him? Tell him you will forgive him if he will even now begin a new life. Point out to him quietly, gently, as a father should, the shame, the disgrace of his conduct. Ask him to tell you the truth about that night. It may not be as bad as you think."

The angel knew that the night's work, bad as it was, had not been quite so bad as the father feared. But the angel could not tell. him, because if God allowed us to know everything as these spirits know it, our free will would be unduly influenced, and we should not have the same merit.

The son's angel pleaded with him. If he would only tell his father all, tell exactly what had happened. His father had a right to know the truth, had a right to demand an ecount of his conduct.

He would not listen.

The angel folded his silver wings. He had done all that God wished him to do. The devils clashed the glittering scales of their wings, once so beautiful, now so horrible. They were sure of their prey. They

had only to wait, and look on.
"Yours?" Lord Elmsdale pointed to the rcvolver.

Edward vouchsafed no answer. "Guilt is silent. I did not think a son of mine," he groaned-was he going to relent ?was he going to say one kind word ?-the angels came forward a little-"would degrade the name of Elmsdale as you have done.' "I am the best judge of my own actions,

Rir. "And I am the best judge of the disposal of my property. The estate is not entailed, as you are aware, and if"-

father. Lady Elmsdale entered. Barnes had kept his watch faithfully, but he thought it would be safe to allow her in.
He had his doubts as to the result of the

Edward was blind, mad with rage.

interview. The mother looked from the father to the son, from the son to the tather. Happily, she had not the very slightest suspicion of

he truth. She only knew that there was some grave, terrible breach between them. There was the guiltiness of despair in both "Edward, what is the matter?"

"Elmsdale, what has happened?"
It is doubtful if Lord Elmsdale had seen

the action of his son, or, if he had seen, he had not thought what he intended; what he thought can never be known now. Perhaps, even if the mother had not entered, the unhappy young man might not have finally carried out his fatal purpose. Lord Elmsdale replied in a cold, distant

"Your son is defuing his father."

"Surely, Edward, this is not true." "I am old enough to be my own master,

and to judge of my own actions.' "Yes; but never too old to honor and respect your parents. But what has caused

this disturbance?" "I am in utter ignorance. My father does

not condescend to explain."
"The explanation should come from you, sir," replied Lord Elmsdale, in a tone of bitter and indignant contempt. "No son of mine shall alarm this bouse after midnight, and try to tempt an innocent servant to her destruction. I have told you," he continued. 'what I shall do."

"And i defy you, sir," exclaimed Edward, leaving the room, and shutting the door with crash which resounded through the build-Barnes was still in the hall. He had heard

the voices in the library becoming louder and louder, because more and more angry in their tone. He heard these last words. CHAPTER VI.

WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

Dead 1 But how was it done? No one knows-he was found just as he But why do they not remove the body

Barnes will not allow it to be touched until the police come. Yes; the true-hearted old man was half-

sitting, half-kneeling by the dead body of his master. No word did he speak, but if any one attempted to come near the corpse, he motioned them away with a gesture which no one dared to gainsay.

How did it happen? Everyone was asking the same question, except the few who were too awed and frightened to say a single word.

If he could only speak-oh! if the dead could speak !-how many things they would tell us! It was thought once that a photograph of the murderer could be taken from the dead man's eye; that the image of the last person he beheld would remain fixed on the retina. How easily, then, would the criminal have been discovered! But God leaves man to work out his own plans and ecceptable such intelligence would be to his traordinary cases, human justice is obliged to have recourse to ordinary means to discover the guilty. How few would commit this

victim; and yet there is an Eye which has beheld the commission of the crime, an Eye whose detection they cannot escape.

Barnes's face expressed more than sorrow; it told of sorrow and dread. He knew what had happened some hours earlier—no one else did; and he could not avoid having terrible suspicions.

to a distant farm about noon. He often took stopped suddenly,—"O Lord!" He did not long country rambles. There was no reason' say it irreverently, but in the very depth of long country rambles. There was no reason why he should not do so—a good landlord is always safe amongst his tenantry. A man must have done some open, deliberate act of injustice to be unsafe in Ireland.

Edward Elmsdale had left the house some time before—in fact, immediately after the quarrel. Barnes had seen him leave, and noticed the way he went. He did not go down the broad, elm-lined avenue, but had turned to the right, down a narrower drive, a cross country village. He went ten miles which was hung over in summer time with or at least would have promised, all fragrant blossoms. It was called the Lime and summer, cold and wet, heat and snow, his father could desire, if one kind word Walk. Gentlemen used to go there to smoke all the same, and received the munificent in the evening; the ladies used to walk up remuneration of one shilling a day. He had and down under the pleasant shelter in the but one halfpenny in his pocket and his cruzi-

what had happened in the night; she had up to the convent and see one of the ladies, gone to bed very wearied, and had slept who used to lend him a book sometimes. soundly. Her husband told her what he suspected after the scene in the it in the dead man's hand. It was done so library, but he did not know the real facts of gently, so reverently, so tenderly, that poor the case, -no one could do so except the three that Ned Rusheen had been in the house.

The visitors had arrived about four o'clock in the morning, and went to their rooms after taking some slight refreshment. Lady Elmsher daughter's room, but found her sleeping, and would not disturb her.

The boys had come down very early, in been allowed to go out shooting with Ned without their father or elder brother-their first act of independence, and they prized it accordingly. Their proud mother had waved her hand to them as they passed from the

door, with a pardonable exultation, and the exclamation—"My noble boys!"

Freddy came home first. What a contrast between the going out and the coming in! He had bounded down the stairs with just two leaps; he went up it now ghastly pale, tottering at every step, and sobbing wildly.

He was looking for his mother.

Lady Elmsdale was in her morning room All the elegances and pleasures of fashionable life surrounded her. I will 'not describe them, for I leave descriptions to those who are obliged to fill up their volumes with unnecessary pages; here we need every page, every line, to tell of events. She sat window, with her back half-turned to the door; a splendid greyhound-her only pet besides her boys—lay at her feet. She knew Freddy's step, and thought there might be some bad news, as he came in so slowly - so contrary to his usual custom. Still it never occurred to her that anything was seriously wrong., "Well, Freddy?"

She did not turn her head. She expected every moment he would come closer, and throw his arms round her neck.

But he did not come. A groun of auguish that he could not suppress broke from his tips, and he sank almost insensible on the uenrest chair.

Ludy Elmsdale turned round enough now.

"O Freddy, what has happened?" Still he made no answer, in truth he was incapable of speech. How could he tell her—how could he ever break it to her! Boys have not much tact in delicate cases, but they have, unless cruelly spoiled by a bad education, kind, warm hearts, and their hearts led them, in moments of great trial, to do just the wisest thing. But the lad was so absolutely stunned with pain now, he could not face again. seized the revolver, and levelled i. . his be a pause, that Lady Elmsdale should get

In a moment it occurred to her that one of those accidents which she had always been foreboding had happened; never spoke a that a gun had gone off at the would not fail. wrong time, in the wrong way; that perhaps "You had -but it seemed too terrible that perhaps fled to her for comfort, and Rusheen was per-

haps bringing home the other. She rung the bell hurriedly to order preparations for receiving him, and get some stimulants for Freddy. She tried, mother-like, to comfort him, while her own heart

"My boy, look up; take this."

He only mouned out, "O mother, mother!" "Freddy, one word-you must answer me

one word. Is he dead?" He moaned the more. How was he to tell

her ? Another ring summoned the frightened footman. He had heard all. Barnes had "Immediate," which had arrived not ten minutes after he left the castle. He, too, had heard the shot; in fact, he had heard two shots in quick succession, and, with a presentiment of evil, he ran rapidly along the road. Even at a distance he recognised the body of his master.

slight movement of the eyes. At first appear less than trifles.
there seemed no cause for death. It might This might be a clue to the murderer, or it have been a swoon. A moment more, and as might be wholly unimportant. In such he tried to raise his master in his arms, he matters, an intelligent man takes the safe notice a thin line of blood trickling down side, and makes all necessary inquiries, as if through the hair from under the left temple.

to remain where he was until some one came by. The road was a public one, and it was never long before a cart or a carriage or some country folk passed along it. He could not bear the idea of leaving the body. To stay by it was all he could do now, and his very fidelity prompted him to remain.

The telegram had fallen from his hand to the ground unnoticed. What matter about it now? There is no hurry in eternity. It was a message from a lawyer in London, say that a friend of Lord Elmsdale's had died very suddenly, that he had left him his executor, and begging he would set out at once for Norfolk to be present at the reading of the will. It was supposed, also, that Lord Elmsdale was to inherit a great part of the pro-perty, and the lawyer knew very well how acceptable such intelligence would be to his

neglected, simply neglected, and the very

neglected, simply neglected, and the very neglect not even noticed.

Barnes was praying,—praying with the whole fervor of his heart,

Larry Murphy, the postboy, came up the road whistling. How could he whistle? The sound went through Barnes like a knile. The boy certainly would not have whiatled Lord Elmsdale had left the castle to walk, if he had known what he was coming to. He fear and amazement. He did not ask a question. He knew the face too well. He was too terrified to ask how it happened, or even to think. He stood perfectly still and silent. Then he put his hand into his pocket to feel for a crucifix. A nun had given him one the day before. He was a good lad, and supported his old, widowed and came back ten miles the same day, winter fix. The nun and his old mother were his only friends; his only pleasure was to come Larry Murphy took the crucifix and placed

old Barnes nearly broke down; but he dashed persons concerned. He had not the least idea | back his tears, he knew he could not afford to give way to grief now. The boy could not wait; it would have

probably cost him his place and the loss of his miserable pay, if he had been seen dale had not seen them yet; she went into loitering a moment with the mail bags. He swung them over his shoulder again and prepared to start. At the same moment, to Barnes' infinite relief, he saw wild spirits. It was the first time they had two policemen coming up the road; they were not on duty, but had come for a good walk on this cold, frosty day.

As they came nearer the body they both ran. Men of quick, sharp sight, even at some little distance they saw who it was.

They knew Barnes well-everyone did. For a moment, perhaps, they suspected him: suspicion was natural to them-in some sense it was their duty. Larry had gone on. They knew him too by sight, and did not ask any questions about him. They looked very grave, as well they might.

"How has this happened? has it been an ccident?" saked the elder man. His name was Egan; he had been in the force a long time, and was much thought of by his superiors.

"God only knows," replied Barnes. He spoke very gently. "Has he been long here? when did you come ?"

Barnes told him all he knew. "We must get him removed as quickly as possible. I see he is dead; yes, quite dead, Egan continued, gently touching the wrist. All this, it must be remembered, passed very quickly. Perhaps not ten minutes had

elapsed since the shot was fired. Freddy Elmsdale came running up. "What's the matter?" he asked, breath lessly.

One of the men had worn a large, round cape; he had taken it off quick as thought when he saw Freddy in the distance, and threw it over the face.

"There's been a bad accident, sir," replied the younger man, O'Brien. Barnes was too miserable to say a word; he tried to turn his head away. The movement caught Freddy's attention. He had not noticed the servant at first.

"Barnes—my father! where's my father?

Dear Barnes, it's not poor papa?"

He made a movement to get at the face, but Egan held him back.

"Better not, sir." He knew now who it was, and he knew too that he should never see his father's living

some idea that there had been a terrible calamity, before she was told that she was a Do, sir; you will never he some idea. have courage to let her know it gently before she sees it."

Freddy turned quietly homewards. He never spoke a word; but the men knew he

"You had better go into the village for help, O'Brien, and I suppose you may send one brother had killed the other. If so, her out a doctor; it's no use, but the family may poor Freedy had been the survivor, and had wish it-and see there is a message sent to the coroner; of course there must be an ioquest."

Egan had been looking with a keen and practised eye all round the place where the body lay, though he never moved. He felt very much for Barnes, but duty was duty, toll them. and he knew it must be done. It was most important that he should be able to give all

forced some wine between his lips. "Surely the evidence possible at the inquest. it was an accident, however terrible." "I will not go out of call." he as "I will not go out of call," he said when O'Brien had left; but Barnes did not seem to know that he had made any remark.

He leaped lightly over the hedge, and saw tracks of feet on the frosty grass, but they were too indefinite to afford any clue as to the exact size. Still he determined to leave one of the men to watch the place, to prevent sent on a messenger to tell the servants, and it from being trampled on when they came it was he who had sent Freddy home. He with O'Brien. The property was Lord Elmscould not bear to let the boy stay and look on dale's at both sides of the road. This side, the the dead face. He thought, too, he could side near which the body lay, had been planted break it best to Lady Elmslale. No one had by Lord Elmsdale when he first came into the seen Harry, but Freddy had heard the fatal property. He had very excellent ideas about shot fired, and had been at the scene of the improving his estate; but he little thought murder almost as soon as Barnes. He had the wood, about which he was anxious, might followed his master with a telegram, marked | prove a place of concealment and protection for his murderer.

Egan did not make any discovery, and did not like to go farther. He was about to spring back over the hedge again, when something aught his eye. It was very small, so small that anyone else might have passed it unnoticed; but the sight gets very keen when a The body lay along the road, quite close constant watchfulness is required, and when to a thick hedge. It was still warm; it is obliged to notice the merest trifles—indeed, Barnes fancied he detected a things, in fact, if we might say so, which

the matter were of importance. What he Barnes felt the hands; they were quite found was simply a little piece of knitted warm: but it needed no medical skill to see wool, with a thread or two of fringe fastened wool, with a thread or two of fringe fastened that this was death. He determined at once to it. The piece was not more than an inchlong, and, with the fringe, perhaps two inches deep. It was a curious color. The fringe was white, or had been; it was very dirty now. The little piece of knitted stuff had some green and some olive threads. Egan looked at it very carefully. He saw, on closer inspection, that there was a line of fine gold silk run through the bottom where the

fringe joined the thicker part.

He began to think over all the men he knew, and he knew every one for miles round. He could not remember having seen any kind of woollen scarf or comforter like this on any of them. He was sure this was part of some wrap of the kind. Then he remembered that he had beard of some of the men say that Miss Callan, who kept a kind of general shop in the village, had got some

dreadful, this most diabolical crime of taking lay on the ground unheeded. No one even had any left; at all events, if possible, to the life of a fellow-creature if they were sure cared to lift it up. It lay there just as find out to whom she had been selling them of being at once detected by the eye of their worldly wealth will lie at the Last Day. He leaped back over the hedge, but first marked with a stone the precise place where he had found the bit of woollen stuff, and bent down the little branch in the hedge from which he had taken it. He purposed to come back again, and measure the height from the ground. It might be very

important. Several policemen had now come up with O'Brien. In a few moments there was quite a crowd. Where do crowds come from! Given an accident in the remotest country place, and you are sure to have a crowd in ten minutes. There were many observations made, many conjectures, all very wide of the truth, as is usual in such cases. Some conversation such as that recorded at the commencement of this chapter took place, People will talk, but the police were professionally silent. Men with an eye to future advancement looked about them carefully, and examined every inch of ground around the body. They might have spared themselves the trouble; they made no discoveries, for the very excellent reason that there were no discoveries to be

Egan had got the only real clue to the mystery, but he kept that matter to himself with more than his usual prudence.

Une of the men was about to spring over the hedge. He called him back: "Not now, Jones, stay here. After we lift his" --- He was going to say his lordship, but the title seemed so incongruous, under the circumstances, that he paused and said no more.

They had lifted up the body, and placed it on a litter. Egan looked carefully under it and around. There was nothing to be seen, only a piece of torn paper with some writing on it. Clue No. 2; only it led Egan for a time on the wrong scent.

The mournful procession was coming near the castle as Lady Elmsdale rang the second time. The footman saw it from the very oriel window on the landing where Ned Rusheen had seen Edward the night before.

The night before! why it seemed now years away. How could it be only twelve hours? The man did not feel sure if his mistress knew what had happened. He exclaimed-"Oh, my lady, keep from the window. They are coming in now, and Mr. Harry is with them."

"Henry, Henry!" she cried : "then he is not dead !

She had gone near the window, and saw s crowd, several policeman vainly trying to keep back the sympathetic people; and she saw also a bier, or rude litter, on which something was borne, which was carefully covered She knew she was a widow!

Never a word did she say, never a tear did she shed. She felt a painful, choking sensation in the throat, but she scarcely noticed it. She stood quite motionless for perhaps a minute, and then, as the procession came near the house, she went down-stairs quietly to meet it. A low wail arose from the crowd when they saw ber. She did not appear to notice it, but pointing to the dining room, said—"In there."

As they passed in, the medical attendant of the family, who had just arrived, took her gently by the arm, and half led half compelled her to cross the great hall to the library. At the same time Mary Elmsdale and some of the party came hurriedly into the hall.

"O mamma! what has happened !- has there been an accident?-who is hurt?" Poor girl! she had no idea of the truth. Dr. Kelly motioned to her to come into the library, and pointing to one of the police, said to Colonel Everard, one of the guests, "You

can ask him." "There has been an accident, Miss Elmsdale." He paused, and looked very grave. The daugnter must be told; and he hoped, in telling it to the daughter, to move the

mother from her stony insensibility.
"Who?" She could say no more. "One of the family, my dear young lady;" and seeing she turned very pale, he added, "Your poor mother will need all your help." He used a sign which she understood. She went over to her mother, and flung her arms round her. Lady Elmsdale pushed her

away gently but firmly.

"U mother let me love you! Poor, poor These deary, familiar words unlockpapa!" ed the floodgates of her heart. She might say that word again, but never to him. agonized burst of weeping followed; and the mother, touched by what she saw, gave way to what she felt.

The good doctor was satisfied, and now he must go still further. He addressed Miss Elmsdale: he could not say what must be said to the widow.

"I suppose your visitors will leave this at once. You know, of course, there must be an inquest. Colonel Everard will probably A faint flush rose upon Mary's pale, tear-

stained face as he mentioned the name. " So it is as I thought," the doctor said to himself; but to her he continued-" I think you had better persuade Lady Elmsdale to go to her own room; nothing more can be lone. Poor Lord Elmsdale was found quite dead, shot by the roadside." He said the words slowly and deliberately. It was an act of real, wise kindness. They must know the trath soon, and it was best they should hear it now, and from him.

Mary Elmsdale's pale face grew just a shade paler, and she fainted away without a word. All the mother's heart was roused. It seemed to be more than a common faint-Dr. Kelly feared so, and he thought it as well Lady Elmsdale should think so. Anything that might be the means of getting her away could

scarcely be regretted.

He rang the bell. "Pardon me, Lady
Elmsdale," he said, courteously, "out there is not a moment to lose; I tear this is more than a common faint: we had better have Miss Elmsdale carried to her room at once. He knew the mother would follow, as she did. For the time she was too much absorbed in efforts to recover Mary for much notice of

other things. She was carried up carefully on a mattress almost as much like a corpse as the body which lay so still and cold under the very

same roof. It was long before she recovered con-sciousness, and then she was so weak, so utterly prostrate, that Lady Elmsdale could

not leave her. Dr. Kelly went to the dining-room as soon as possible. He met a famous Dublin surgeon there, who had chanced to be in the neighborhood, and had been summoned by one of the police. They proceeded at once, having closed the room, to make a post-mortem examination. It did not occupy very much time, the cause of death was sufficiently

apparent. "There can be no doubt," observed the Dublin surgeon, "that he was killed by the first shot. The question now was-Who fired the first

CHAPTER VII

shot?

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The coroner was abtent holding an inquest on a man who had been killed while drunk in a drunken fray. It was believed, however,