[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.] TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

SERVICE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

The sun was setting slowly over the hills in the mountainous county of Westmoreland, and the dark green trees stood out in hold relief against the gold and crimson sky. To the right and left as far as the eye could reach lay vast fields of snow, touched here and there with gleams of the eplendour of the dying sun. Silence reigned supreme and nature was alone, except for the presence of a girl who was leaning against a wooden fence which divided one large field from another. She was apparently deep in meditation, and that of no pleasant nature, for from time to time was heard a low agonizing sob, and she muttered to herself in a despairing voice, "Oh, if I knew, if I even knew, even the worst—anything is better than this cruel sus-

Madeline Austin-for this is the name of the girl—is tall and slight, of about two and twenty years of age, not pretty to the casual observer, but possessing an attraction far greater than out possessing an attraction far greater than that of mere prettiness. Her chief and, to many, her only beauty is her auburn hair, of that peculiar shade that Paul Veronese and painters of his school loved to depict; her complexion is of the pale, clear type which generally goes with auburn hair, and her ever are gray in some lights her detractors are eyes are gray in some lights, her detractors say green, in others. She is attired in a long scarlet cloak bordered with dark fur and wears a fur tuque on her head. Her face is worn with grief and pale from sleepless nights and distress of mind, yet through all her grief and anxiety no tears had dimmed the clear steadfastness of Madeline Austin's eyes, for hers was one of those natures which can suffer and be strong. Even those with whom she lives, her father and brother, have no she lives, her father and brother, have not had the faintest conception of what she has suffered during the past three weeks, for she gives no sign but goes about her daily duties with the same energy as in her unclouded life before this great trouble came. I cannot help thinking how well it is for those happy mortals who can relieve their burdened hearts by tears, and how much less they suffer than those strange natures who seldom or never weep.

Presently a heavy step comes crunching over

the crisp snow and a loud voice says, "Good evening, Miss Madeline, a penny for your thoughts."

"Ah! Squire Marston," answers Madeline "I fear they are hardly worth even the pro-

verbial penny."

"Oh, no," rejoined the Squire with a laugh;
"I am the best judge of that; but stay, have you heard the news about Geoffrey Lyndon?" you heard the news about Geoffrey Lyndon?"
"What," says the girl, turning pale and stretching out her right hand to support herself against the fence. What—what about him?"
"Why, I'm surprised you haven't heard," goes on the Squire, prosily. "Judge Moore has found him guilty of theft and manslaughter, and has sentenced him to penal servitude for life, and served the young scamp." ho reply. A moment or two masses, and tha

No reply. A moment or two passes, and the Squire looks at his companion. She is deadly Squire looks at his companion. She is deadly white; her hands are grasping the rails of the fence convulsively and her eyes are full of horror and despair. The Squire is roused at last. "Why, Madeline," he says, "I had no idea you cared. The girl interrupted him quickly, and says, in a strange, far-away voice, "Don't speak to me now, please; indeed, I cannot bear it" and turning har heak on him walks slowly it." and, turning her back on him, walks slowly towards her home,

Squire Marton watches her retreating figure it is out of sight, then gives a long, long low whistle, which expresses volumes of compressed astonishment. I must say a word about Squire Marton. He is a typical English gentleman of the fox-hunting type—a man of forty-six—in person stout and of redium height, red-faced, with straight black hair and small, sleepy blue eyes, dimmed by much beer drinking. So much for the outer man, his character may best be described by negatives, for with one exception—
his love of fex hunting—he had no decided
tastes. He was not, as you doubtless have
guessed, overburdened with brains and the few
he did possess were lying dormant for want of
exercise, for having a comfortable income of
£5,000 a year and a good estate, he considered

all exertion quite superfluous.

Now John Marton had long cherished for re incapable of that in its highest and most bling sense. He, like the Laird of Cock "at his table head thought she'd weel." Madeline had loss hed Madeline Austin, a secret likeing. I cannot dignify it by the name of love, such natures as his are incapable of that in its highest and most look weel." Madeline had long been aware of his sentiments through the medium of her father, who was anxious to see his daughter comfortably settled, more especially that his son-in-law elect had promised to pay him (Austin) £3,000 on the wedding day. But Madeline's heart was given elsewhere. For the last two years she had been secretly engaged to Geoffrey Lyndon, a young man possessed of little as yet but talents and indomitable energy, and, with these, what is impossible? He had been for three years studying law in the Middle Temple in London, and was only in the neighborhood of W—— (the county town near which Madeline lived) at Christmas and during the long vacation. These holidays he spent with his widowed mother, who lived in a small dower house, not far from Austin Manor. Of course it was out of the question that Madeline and Geoffrey should marry for some years yet, but they were perfectly content to wait, happy in their great trust of each other, and sanguine of the good fortune which the future might bring However, just lately Madeline had been much troubled by hints from her father and brother concerning Squire Marton, and indeed Ivan Austin had gone so far as to tell her that she and she alone could save their house from ruin and themselves from disgrace.

Ivan Austin was a young man of about six and twenty, and his character lacked all those good qualities so highly developed in that of his sister; he was weak, cowardly and extra-vagant to the last degree. Always a delicate boy, he had never been denied anything he wished for, and now the trials and responsibilities of manhood had come, he lacked the stamina wherewith to sustain them. Just at present he was in dire distress, for, some three weeks previous to the beginning of my story, he ived a notice from a Jew with whom he had had negotiations, in the form of loans, to say he must pay within seven days time. Three days of the seven had passed in dire perplexity, and on the evening of the third he went to s large dinner party at Squire Marston's. As the thing men call fate would have it, the conversation at desert turned on the subject of the won derful fortunes some acquired in business and more particularly on that achieved by a Mr. Green, who lived a quarter of a mile from Marston Hall. This gentleman was a retired tea merchant and was immensely wealthy and very accentric. His chief peculiarity was that he positively refused, in spite of the advice of all his 'friends, to keep any money in the county his friends, to keep any money in the county bank. The bulk of his fortune was invested in three per cent. consols, but he always kept from two to three thousand pounds in gold and bank notes in his dressing case. This circumstance was well known in the neighborhood, for Mr. Green's housekeeper was a most inveterate

gossip.
The morning after Squire Marston's dinnerparty, the inhabitants of the quiet town were startled by the news that Mr. Green's house had been broken into the night before, that he had been found by the butler at 6 o'clock that morning in a senseless condition and that £2000 were missing from his dressing-case. The doctor had been immediately called in but pronounced the case hopeless, Mr. Green had been struck on the back of the head by some heavy object—he might linger for some days but re-covery was not to be looked for. Wild excitement prevailed all over the district and many were the conjectures as to the perpetrator of the deed. Geoffrey Lyndon had returned to London that morning by the 8 o'clock express, having heard nothing of the catastrophe. He was sitting in his room in the Temple the following afternoon studying some intricate legal point when he was disturbed by a hasty knocking at the door. Before he had time to open it three policemen entered, and one of hem walked over to where Geoffrey stood, laid his hard on his shoulder, manly rellance on self. -[Wordsworth.

saying in a peremptory tone, "Geoffrey Lyndon, I arrest you in the name of the Queen."
"What!" exclaimed Lyndon, "you arrest me.
What in the name of all that's wonderful or!
I am not a Nihiliat. You have mistaken your
man. What a joke? No! no! no!" "No
joke at all. wound man. as you will find to your joke at all, young man, as you will find to your cost. You are charged with manslaughter and theft, and I advise you to come quietly with us, for the more fuse you make, the worse it will be for you," "Manslaughter, theft!" said Lyndon, rubbing his eyes, "why, I must be dream-

for you," "Manslaughter, metc' and Lyndon, rubbing his eyes, "why, I must be dreaming. What—what do you mean?"

"Now, none of that," interrupted the officer of you, none of that," interrupted the officer of you, none of that," interrupted the officer of you, none of that, "interrupted the officer of you, none of that," interrupted the officer of you, none of that, "interrupted the officer of you, none of that," interrupted the officer of you, none of that, "interrupted the officer of you, none of that," it has tust of you will be hedders. She returned to her occupation of poking the hedges with a long wand, which have to put these pracelets on you (showing a have to put these pracelets on you (showing a pair of hand-cuffs) and you won't like that." There was no help for it; he had to go back to the result of you her gloves. They were in sight of the yard door, which stood wide open. Three which took place three weeks after his arrest, which took place three weeks after his arrest. Which took place three weeks after his arrest. They are door, which stood wide open. Three which took place three weeks after his arrest. They were in sight of the yard door, which stood wide open. Three was no help for it; he had to go back to the scene at which they are the year of you want the young the year. They were in sight of the yard door, which stood wide open. Three was no help for it; he had to go back to the scene at which they was under the year. This now brings us back to the scene at which my story opened. Squire Marston had then just told Madeline Austin the result of the trial.

It is a windy March morning; cold and cheerless; a biting east wind blowing over the West-moreland hills; but in spite of the unpromising state of the weather the little town of W—— is state of the weather the little town of W—— is on the slert; for is not a grand wedding to take place to-day? The bells of St. Agatha's (the parish church) are ringing out joyfully, and already (at half-past nine) the village achool children are ranged, dressed in white frocks, in two long years attacking from the gate to the two long rows, stretching from the gate to the church door, their aprons full of flowers to strew on the path of the bride. For Madeline Austin on the path of the bride. For Madeline Austin is a great favorite with rich and poor, but more especially with the latter class. You will, perhaps, not be surprised to learn that she has consented to sacrifice her own feelings in order to save her father and brother, though her heart is far away in that dreary Portland prison where Arthur Lyndon is dragging on a most miserable existence.

But hush ! there is a stir amongst the crowd But hueh! there is a stir amongst the crowd of rustics at the gate as Squire Murston and his friend, Sir Peter Leicester, walk into the church. Then come the numerous false alarms and whispers of "here she comes," "now I see her," "look, look," which are inevitable at every wedding. However, at last she does come, accomponied by her father and the vicar's daughter, who is bridesmaid, and very beautiful Madeline Austin looks. Although very pale, she is quite self-possessed and carries her head well up. Just as she enters the church door the well up. Just as she enters the church door the sun peeps through the clouds and lights up her sun peeps through the clouds and lights up her auburn hair gleaming through the lacy folds of her veil. Then the ceremony begins, and Madeline goes through it with a heroism worthy of a better cause. At length all is over, the register is signed, the Wedding March peals out triumphantly, and Squire and Mrs. Marston walk down the path through the rows of village children, who make practive appaches and acetter. children, who make pretty speeches and scatter choice flowers right and left. So the sacrifice is completed; and few even dream that it is

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS EVE.

Again it is Christmas Eve, but three years Again it is Coristmas Eve, tud three years later, and Time, with its levelling hand, has softened somewhat old grievances and explained away mistakes. Madeline Marston has been laid in her grave for nearly a year. Ivan Austin had died two years before, and on his death bed, filled with a tardy removes he had confessed to filled with a tardy remorse, he had confessed to the theft of £2,000 from Mr. Green. He said he had no intention of killing the old man, but while stooping over the dressing case he heard a movement, and looking up saw the tea merchant coming towards him. Without calculating the coming towards him. Without calculating the strength of his blow he caught up a thick walking stick he had brought with him and struck him on the head, instantly knocking him down, then caught up the money and rushed home with all possible speed. While going down stairs he took out a pocket-handkerchief, which he had borrowed from Arthur Lyndon at the dinner party that night, and in his excitement dropped it on the stairs. This handkerchief was found by the police next morning and, combined with Lyndon's hurried departure to London, helped

Lyndon's hurried departure to London, helped to fasten the guilt on him. So he (Lyndon) was tried and convicted, Ivan Austin all the while making no sign.

And Christmas-tide is here once more and the bells of St. Agatha's are ringing out a joylul peal for midnight service to herald the day of peace and good will. The church is brilliantly lighted and faint rave of nightness are thrown

MADELINE MARSTON, Aged 25.

Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord. But see ! a dark shadow intercepts the light and Squire Marston advances and stands bent head and drooping shoulders close to the tomb of his wife. His hands are clenched and his frame is shaken by deep sobs, and he murmurs brokenly, "Oh that I could atone! Oh that she knew! O, Madeline, Madeline, how I repent the course I took; I judged him harshly;

would I could make amends."

Suddenly, as if in answer to his wish, there stands before him, like an apparition, Arthur Lyndon,—but so chauged, so haggard and worn, that he is only a shadow of his former self, for two years of penal servitude. But the soul of the man is unchanged; the same upright, honest glance shines from his clear eyes, as he atretches out his hand across the grave of his lost love and says to Marston, "You were her husband; I forging." And just then, as if in glad answer to ould I could make amends. says to Marston, "You were her husband; I forgive." And just then, as if in glad answer to the words, the Christmas peals again ring out and the white-robed choristers of St. Agatha's chant these glorious old words of the angelic Bong:-

Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth, Peace, good will towards men."

Montreal, 1888.

AN OLD FAVORITE

that has been popular with the people for 30 years is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of summer complaints of children or adults. It seldom or ever fails to cure cholera morbus, diarrhox and dysentery

"Dress," said Smith, with all the force of an original idea, "does not make a man." "No," replied Jones, gloomily, as he fingered his wife's dress-maker's bill he had just received, "but it often hreaks a man."

FROM MANITOBA.

"I have been cured of chronic diarrhoea by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I used about twelve bottles of it and am now entirely free from the disease, McLaren, Clearwater, Man.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.—[Chesterfield.

A DOZEN YEARS.

"Dear Sirs,—For twelve years I suffered from dyspepsia and liver complaint and was so weak I could not leave my bed for eight months, and had itale hope of ever being cured. Three years ago I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and am thankful to say I now enjoy good health, and I advise all who are afficied to try B. B.

B. Mrs. Harriett Hobbs, Muir Avenue. Brockton, Ont.

There is hardly ever a complete silence in our souls. God is whispering to us well nigh incessantly. Whenever the sounds of the world die out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear those out in the soul in the sou us, only we do not always hear, because of the noise and hurry, and distraction which life causes as it hurries on.—F. W. E. oer.

To character and success, two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go to-gether—humble sependence and manly independence; humole dependence on God and

XXVI-(Continued) 'And,' pursued Gertrude impatiently, 'that it will take all her fine fortune to keep her in "fedders"—feathers, I mean; that was what Kitty said she heard in the town.'

wall of the great yard, which was unusually clean and tidy. The horses had been taken out and were stabled. Some old hens and chickens were running about excitedly, the rest were locked up out of the way. The house door was wide open, and a great stream of heat and noise seemed to come out as they approached. The Mauleverers stood for a moment before

the door as if uncertain whether to enter or not. Marion hung back unwilling, but their presence was soon observed, and Mrs. Ahearne came out in hasta to welcome them and lead them in.

The kitchen was full, and so was the passage, of people coming and going to the inner room. Into this Marion and Gertrude were speedily conveyed, to find themselves at once the centre of all eyes. Although it was daylight still, a great parafin lamp filled the room with its hot light and smell, this last all but drowning the ingut and smen, this lass an out drowning one fumes of the whisky punch; caudles burned on the chimney-piece and on the top of the piano.

'Miss Delanty!' hailed Mrs. Ahearne in a loud voice, 'this is Miss Maulever, who pays you the honor to call, and her sister Miss Carbude.' Tertrude.

Peter Quio, dressed in a blue body coat with brass buttons, moved to one side with an obsequious bow, thus allowing to be seen a tall youngish woman of twenty-seven or more, who rose from her chair and equaring her elbow in the most approved fashion, offered her hand boldly to both the newcomers. She was not ill-looking, but her face was hard and at the same time foolish. She wore a costly silk dress, elaborately frilled and trimmed; a gold watchchain hung closely over her shoulders; a huge silver-gill locket, and massive-looking fringed earrings—these last the gift of her betrothed completed the list of her decorations, unless a pair of kid gloves, the same colour of her dress, which she carried in her hands, be accounted auch.

Marion shrank away, awed by her bold scrubiny, and made her way to Mary Abearne, who was sitting in the window near Mrs. Quin and her daughter. Honor Quin was fully conscious of a much stiffer silk and finer gold watch chain, although hers was not so obtrusively dis-played as the bride-elect's ornaments. She sat very stiffly and decorously, limiting her conver sation to replying shortly to the salutations of

the young males among the company.
Peter Quin's face were his customary fixed smile, and his cuoning little eyes were making an inventory of everything while he exchanged the most complimentary and amiable speeches with Delanty, a shopkeeper in the same line of business as himself. Lake scemed rather pleased than otherwise. He was a central figure, and playing an important part, which circumstance alone put him in goodhumor. Miss Delanty was not much to boast of in the way of looks, true; but she had a for-tune of fifteen hundred pounds. He chose to call it so: in reality the sum amounted to only twelve hundred, which the town talk had magnified into two thousand. His staunch friend Mat had declared his intended to be a fine clever (big) girl, and had during the course of the day, cut of pure good-nature, reported a variety of complimentary remarks which he alleged that he had overheard at mass. Luke, aneged that he had overheard at mass. Luke, in his own mind, was persuaded that he had good looks enough for two. He was handsome; his blue satin tie seemed to repeat the color of his tyes and lead golden reflections to this blue of the was the mathem careed on the blue golden reflections to color or his eyes and land golden reflections to his blonde curls. His mother gazed anon at him with pride, and then let her glance turn with something of discontent to the swarthy countenance of her intended daughter-in-law. But to this would succeed a mental picture too often before her mind's eye of late—the horrible cabin in River Lane and Helen Talbot's fate and she choked down her incipient dislike, and murmured a praver of future was secured. Conversation among the young people was

seemed to grow thicker and thicker every mo seemed to grow unicker and thicker every mo-ment, had perhaps something to do with the dull constraint which lay upon them. It was time now for the Delantys to leave. The car was at the door, and profuse and elaborate leave-taking be-came general. Marion and Gertrude slipped can supposited and made their way into the came general. MATION and GATTITUDE SUpped out unnoticed, and made their way into the garden. Godfrey had long ago preceded them, and was strolling under the beeches with Jim Cadogan and a couple of young farmers. Their figures could just be discerned among the tree tigures could just be discerned among the tree stems, for the twilight was now falling. The girls, who did not wish to be seen by them, slipped into the shadow of the great yew-tree, and looked over the broken wall into the yard. Father Paul's housekeeper, Miss Johnston, had just arrived with a message that his reverence was coming along the road and bringing a young gentleman, and the departing guests were delayed in order to be duly presented to him.

Miss Delanty gave herself some additional

The air, which

very stilted and difficult.

airs and graces, which sat very ill upon her, for she had by nature a brusque, rough manner. Miss Johnston, as usual, imitating Miss D'Arcy, attempted to patronize her. Like Marion, however, she was put out of countenance by the bold black eyes of the stranger, and beat a retree t discomfited. After some clumsy minauderies with her intended, who told her to expect him the next day—whether it was done out of bravado or calculation Luke had, as the evening advanced, assumed a most love-like bearing to wards his betrothed—Miss Delauty departed with her father, whom a conversation with Peter Quin had destined to benefit by at least a couple of hundred pounds. That worthy had managed to convey to Delanty an impression that he was being over-generous in the matter of the fortune. The fine to be exacted by O'Malley for renewing the lease of Lambert's Castle would not be so large as was stated by the Ahearnes. Peter hinted that he had good reason to know this, and made it apparent to the rather behused mind of his brother-trader that he held his information from better authority than that of the Ahearnes.

You know, Mr. Delany, sir, we are not always so poor as we state to be. A dig in the ribs carried this innuendo home with effect. It was said openly before old Ahearne and his wife, who believed Quin to be speaking in their interests and on their side. He intended them to think so, but Delanty and he attached a very different signification to

The car with the Waterford party was rolling The car with the Waterford party was foling away down the boreen now, and reter Quin was standing a little apart by hinself, apparently surveying the old walls of Jambert's Castle the end of the farous of Marion and Gertrude could see him do incity from their coisn of vantage among see dark branches of the yew. of vantage among we dark branches of the yew. His perpetual sade excanded to a broad grin that was not sactly pleasant to behold, and he

what was not saled to getter.

'Who is that Peter Quen thinking of,' whisperd Gertrude; 'laughing all to himself?
Look. Mation! Horrideld man!'

It was impossible for him to hear her, but he tested as shough he heat willed no his con-

started as though he had, pulled up his coast collar suddenly, and taking a pinch of snuff regained the company in the kitchen. Luke Ahearne was receiving the congratulations of his friends, and stood with a sheepish foolish face, the centre of a noisy throng. Mat was prominent among these, both his hands full of candles, for they were going to dance in the barn. Now that the formidable visitors had left, all tongues and hearts seemed brisker and lighter. Miss Delanty, although she had imposed on no one, had awed everybody. Her airs and pretensions, finery and jewellery, had had all the effect in the way of creating a barrier between herself

'family,' not to mention 'old stock of the country side' or 'blood, she was nobody and nothing.
'Betty Delanty, wisha!' sneered a Capel.
'Mrs. Ahearne was a Kitzmaurice, and had a cousin a bishop in America, and Luke Ahearne—sure, everybody knew Ahearnes of Fiddieratown—they were as old, God keep ye, as the fields itself.

More whiskey punch was made. A fiddle began to make itself heard from the barn, and

one by one the company straggled across the yard, to where a great fitful glare of light began to grow yellower and yellower in the thickening twilight. More neighbours came in, and among them appeared a guest whom luke Ahearne had little welcome for, and whos face appeared to him now like some not quite pleasant surprise—his old flame, Essie Rooney! A sprightly, resy-cheeked little girl, scarcely twenty years of age, stepped info the kitchen, followed by a tall constabulary man. When Luke saw his mother shake hands with this man he guessed at once what had happened. Essie was married, or going to be. All the blood in his body seemed to rush up to his head, and stifling with difficulty the execution which rose to his lips, he flung out into the yard, not daring to remain. In the yard be found him-self suddenly face to face with Father Paul and a gentleman, whom in the half light he did not first recognise. Luke held out his hand to Father Paul, who expressed his regrets at not held to come sooner, adding

being able to come sooner, adding,—
'I hope to make Miss Delanty's acquaintance
this day week, and, Luke, this young gentleman has come with me to drink a glass of wine to your good health and your young lady.

Mr. Ansdale, this is Luke Ahearne—a fine product of the county Cork, is not he? I baptized him, sir—and I deem it a great hardship that I may be to marry him sir.

am not to marry nim, ar.
Gorral your reverence, replied Luke with greatseeming heartiness, 'you must share a good thing sometimes. A turn about is only good thing sometimes. A turn about is only fairness, you know. I'll promise you the jub of burying me, sir.'

Chichele turned away; he had recognised in Luke the man who had told him that 'a comment would not appear the Manlayers.'

am not to marry him, sir.'

man name would not answer the Mauleverers. He remembered the day well, wandering by the mill-house, which lay all shrouded in apple blossoms, hungering so keenly for news of its inhabitants that he envied the very bird that might fly across it its roof, that he felt forced to speak her name aloud to any chance comer, were it only the groom, the beggars, or the hinds on the road. He must say it aloud even to them. so did it possess him like a charm. His eyes wandered new hungrily from Luke's face to those of the hystanders in search, hardly of Marion herself—long and hope as he did, he scarcely dared so much—but of some token of her presence, some guide or indication. Nor was he disappointed for long; Gertrude's lovely brown curls caught and reflected the light from the open door, as she ran forward to meet Father Paul.

'Why are you so late? Oh! and you, Mr. Ans —,'she had forgotten his name, or was too excited to say it. 'Miss Delanty is gone, too excited to say it. 'Miss Delanty is gone, and oh! Father Paul, she was so grand and fine—you ought to have been here. I say, I want to dance in the barn. Come and look at want to dance in the barn. Come and look at the dancing. And, do you know, there are two brides—really two—a Mrs. Moriarity, such a pretty nice girl. They are all admiring her; and she dances a jig on a door. I hear nobody can beat her or tire her. Don't you like a jig on a door, Mr. Andale? Oh! I always missay that strange Euglish word—your name. I do her your nardon?

beg your pardon,'
Chichele scarcely heard Gertrude. out his hand amicably to her, but she never noticed it. She was hanging on Father Paul's arm and pulling him towards the barn, whence the scraping of the fiddle and the rhythmic movement of the 'step dances' could be dis-tinctly heard. He divined that Marion was not there, and began to pace up and down the yard impatiently, watching every figure that came and went, listening vainly for a sound of her presence. At last he spied in the half light a thick-set figure, which he recognised as that of the 'girl from the village,' Miss Quin, passing through a tumble-down door at the far end of the yard. Impelled by some instinct he followed her quickly, and found himself in the garden among a tricket of heavy overgrown laurels. He stood still for an instant, and allowed her to come herers him into a ducky allowed her to go on before him into a dusky weed-grown alley that opened among the trees. Presently she called alond, 'Mary Abearne, Mary! where are you?' The utterance was harsh and coarse—he remembered it at once.

'Here!' answered a plaintive weak voice. It iar away am other side of the old lawn. Chichele watched, and saw presently a black hooded shadowy figure cross the ploughed portion of the lawn. as it came nearer, proved to be Mary Ahearne. · Where is Miss Maulever?' questioned Honor

Quin; and why are you out here, Mary Ahearne? My mother wants to see you. Well, answered Mary Ahearne reluctantly, 'I suppose I must go in. I'll go back for Muse Mauleverer—she is beyond.' She turned and

retraced her steps.

Chichele turned also on hearing this, and ran as fast as he could round the garden to the point from which she had come, and plunged among the trees on the drive. He came up with Mis. Mauleverer before Mary Ahearne He came

arrived.
'You here !' she cried, rising startled from her seat.
'Yes,' he said, seizing both her hands; 'it is I, Marion. Marion, they want you to go. Don't, I beg! I must—must say something to

you! Here she is.' Mary Ahearne's pale face enshrouded in he black shawl was now before them.

'Miss Maulever,' she began trembling, for she saw and recognized Chichele, 'Honor Quin is wanting me in the house. Would you be pleased—maybe—you would rather—whatever you would like to do, miss.'

'I will come directly,' returned Marion. speaking with Chichele's eyes con her face.
Tell her—in a minute, Mary. I am going home with Father Paul. I shall follow you in a moment. That will do! This last was thered with a tone befitting Miss D'Arcy herses. imperial almost.

Father Paul and Gertrude entered the barn together, she pulled him by the sleeve. She wanted tokee the dancing, and, child-like, enjoying it herself, wished him to see it also, A dance was just over, Jury Foote, the famous blind fiddler from Newmarket, was screwing up his violin preparatory to makink a fresh start. Essie Rooney is going to dance a jig. Here comes Essie l'shouted Harry Capel.

'Manners, Harry !' said Father Paul reprovingly.

'Give the decent woman her name,

f you please, young man! She is Mrs Moriarity this very day.

Hurroo!' cried Harry; 'mora power to you, Father Paul! Luke Ahearne, the door, the half door, till we has Essie's jig. Essie! Essie! who will stand up to you? Say me! Essie, ah do!' he pleaded, 'now do!'

'Go long wit.' you, Harry Capel. The impidence of you indeed !' raplied Mrs. Moriarity, advancing with great dignity into the middle of Essie had an established kenown as a dancer

She was a trimly-built, bright-looking girl, and was a with a springing light step. She had in truth been married shat morning by Father Par, who had made up the match himself with Tom Moriarity, and had made matters straight at the coentabulary man with the sub-inspector. She was exceedingly pretty, bright, rosy, and sales, with a curly mass of yellow hair and brilliant I ght blue eyes. There was a gleam of missief in the said eyes now, as she watched lask thearse, her old admirer, lift down the half door of the barn, and carry it in for her to does her famous jig Polthogue on. She looketall round the barn a wicked glint in her eyes as she stepped up on the half door and march, with a funny semi-sedate air all round march with a funny semi-sedate air all round it, as if to pick out the best position. Jury Foot placed a few preliminary bars. The word had gone abroad that Essie Rooney, was 'up,' and Mrs. Ahearne, Miss Johnston, old Mrs. Capel. eve to Judy, all througed in, as with Tom Morestry, himself an accomplished artist, Essie took to floor. Luke Ahearne, who remembered be provess but too well, was leaning

Essie, to do her justice, knew nothing of poor Luke's financial embarrassments, of the terrible necessity laid upon him to marry money. She had been in love with him, and she thought him a cur tied to his mother's apron-strings because he ceased to 'talk' to her, and became engaged to a Waterford woman clder than himself, all for the sake of money.

She thought herself jilted for the sake of Miss Delancy's fortune, and she despised Luke thoroughly therefor; not a trace of her old feeling for him remained. Her constabulary man was handsomer, bigger, better-looking, a sober man, too, she reflected, and well come; and he had married her for pure love of her, having seen her dance at a wake up in Newmarket. She would show Luke how little she cared for him, so brimful of this laudable intention, she began her jig. She had pretty tiny little feed, encased in smart shoes which Tom Moriarity had got her as a present from Cork, and she had got her as a present rom cork, and she kilted her neat frock in such a way as showed them properly. Tom Moriarity, no mean preformer, began his step. He was a fine straight-built young fellow, and murmurs of approbation made themselves heard all round.

'That's what I call a real fit match,' said a neighbour farmer to old Ahearne; 'a fine hand-

some boy and girl.

'Father Paul, sir, dat is the best-locking pair
I see dis long time.' said an old woman to his
reverence, 'It reminds of de good old times reverence. It reminds of de good old times when we had real handsome people in dis country, your reverence. I do not like at all to see a fair young boy lose himself wit's girl dat is not his equals. Such a skin as she have—and de hair of her-she is like a young kid, so she is,

to see her dance.'
'Just so, ma'am, just so, indeed,' repeated
Father Paul, justly proud of his own deings
'Well done to you, Tom? Well done to you,
Essie! It would have been a sin to spoil two houses with you.
'Hurroo!' whooped old Ahearne, half crazed

with excitement as Essie began the double shuffle and sidled round the half door with the grace and lissomeness for which she had earned her reputation.

her reputation.

'It is lovely—beautiful! Luke!' said a bystander; 'is she not a grand girl?'

Luke was gazing at her with eyes in which a
light not unlike that of madness was shining. He had cared for Essie Rooney with all the feeling such a nature as his, poor and shallow, was capable of, and now she added to her old power of fascination a new one-the most potent of all to such men as he. He looked round the assemblage; every eye was strained on her; every face wore the same expression of admira tion; from all lips burst forth encouragement and applause. Even his father stood there open mouthed, half drunken with delight, following every movement with rapture. What a woman envied by all, applauded by all! 'That was the wife for me, thought Luke in his heart, raging with bitterness. 'That was the wife I ought to bave had.

Essie was triumphant—she saw Luke's face the other faces—Jury Foot was doing his best, and she was doing him justice. The wicked spark glistened brighter than ever in her pretty eyes, as she capered and skipped round her peeler,' and when that particular 'step' came mits due time, she threw her arms around Tom Moriarity, and instead of slipping her head down past his face, or on to his shoulder, or tucking it under his arm, as the other girls did in the jig, she kiesed her husband full on the mouth with a smack that made the rafters of the barn ring and raised a responsive yell of sympathetic delight from the impressionable

Old Ahearne forgot everything. He stood and razed at her with a feeling of intense enjoy nent. It was as delightful to him as the Cork Park racss. Even Father Paul's Milesain blood worked up and stirred in him. Gertrude stood as if entranced, making mental vows to coax somebody to teach her that particular jig. Mrs. Ahearne's eyes were fixed on her son's face, which was now ghastly white and now red, with a look of anxiety which she felt to be needless. Essie was married, and was going to Galway with Tom Moriarity the very next day. Had she not known that she could not have asked them to the festivity. Luke's face had a terrible wild look. Luke indeed was in his heart wishing it were possible to utterly annihilate Tom Moriarity and Betty Delanty at one stroke. No one could admire Betty; she was a coarse-looking thing, and she was swarthy, and she was, if not old, 'getting on,'—she was five years older than he was—she could not All these thoughts ran through poor Luke's dazed brain as he watched Essie. The dance ended, old Ahearne ran forward and lifted her right off her feet.

By the Lord Harry,' he shouted, oblivious of Father Paul and Miss Gertrude, 'you are a grand little girl, Essie, you are I Tom Moriarity, are you not proud of your wife? Come wit' m dis minute till I drink both your healths. Luke, where are you?'

Luke, man ! why Luke !' he began. Luke struck at and cursed him savagely, and buried his head in straw. Mat sighed and whistled, then he got up and shook himself, and made straight for the kitchen. Here he found without trouble that of which he was in search, and seazing a tumbler, he half-filled a jug with whiskey, and once more on consolation bent, repaired to his unhappy master. This time he was welcome, and before long Luke was in a state of blessed oblivion, covered comfortable in the litter, forgetting and forgetten, but not altogether alone, for from the next stall, and divided from him by a thin wooden partition only, came a regular and monotonous trumpet note, the professed cook soi disant—Juggy O'Leary berself. She had roasted the last chicken and baked the last pie, claimed her due, and got it ungrudgingly, and there she was, her only companions the melancholy turkeys, whose domains she had invaded, all perched above her head staring at her in wakefulness and re-

pining.
Essie's dance over, and the excitement caused by it having somewhat subsided, people seemed to have a consciousness of some fiagging in the entertainment. Luke was missed, and some others of the young men seemed to have also de-parted coverbly. There was not the same go parted covertly. There was not the same go and spirit among the daucers, upon whom the shadow of Mrs. Moriarity's superior performance seemed to rest. By degrees the greater number moved back into the house again. A large table was covered with food, and some of the visitors who had come a long way beiged themselves to some refreshment in the way of solid food. But sweet biscuits and current loaves were the staple attractions, and 'sherry wine' for the women and girls, with porter and whiskey for their male relatives, were lavishly provided. The male relatives, were lavishly provided. The more select guests sat in the inner room, Mies Johnston of Chapel House, Mrs. Quin, Mrs. Cadogan, of the post-office, and some stranger farmers wives. Father Paul walked about at large from the kitchen to the room and thence out into the garden and yard. He talked to every one, and especially to the people who came from the outlying portions of the parish. It was growing late, and was now almost completely dark.

Mary Ahearne left Chichele and Miss Mauleverer standing together under the lime-trees, and retraced her steps to where she had left Miss Ouin.

'Well?' questioned the latter, without moving from her post.

'She will come presently—directly,' said Mary. That young gentleman is over there speaking with her. Sure, we can wait.

with her. Sure, we can want,

'Yes,' returned Miss Qnin: 'I saw him come
here with Kather Paul, It is more than strange, ac it is." She had suspected the motive of Chichele's

presence, and had determined, part from envy, part from inquisitiveness and natural love of meddling, to watch Marion that evening. Knowing her to be in the garden she had repaired thither, shrewdly guessing that Chicagle would make his way there also Nor was she disappointed; in fact her expectations were so quickly gratified as to confirm her half-formed suspici as into certainty.

1 will not go in, she continued, rai-i: g her

hand to her eyes, and peering fr in under it agrees the g rden. It is a pitty Father Paul dosen't know this. He little thinks what a going on, or pour old Miss D'Arcy either. There, I can just see them walking up and cown, den'.

and the Ahearnes' friends that she wished and on the wall just where the light of a hoop of intended, but every one knew that in point of Essie, to do her justice, knew nothing of poor burning sin, and anyhow that is a Personal Control of Essie, to do her justice, knew nothing of poor burning sin, and anyhow that is a Protes

that gentleman.'

Well now, Honor, that is true, but all, what harm? Don't think against charin.

Sure, he is a friend of Father Paul's.

'Sit down here,' said Honor. 'Will the bench hold? No; here is a stone,' She turned up her black silk skirt carefully as she sat down here had bench hold? No there is a stone,' She turned up her black silk skirt carefully as she sat down see us. I think they have gone out of the walk Listen to me, Mary Ahearne. I know who that gentleman is. Flinn, that is house steward the some old lord that has no children, and he is to succeed him. He will have an estate and title and do you imagine he would dream of mary. The likes of those Maulevers'?

'The likes of those Maulevers' echoed Mary Ahearne. 'Oh Lord! Oh, Honor Quinn! what is it you mean by talking that way?'

'What do I mean? arsgh!' sneered Honor Quinn! what

Abearns. 'Oh Lord! Oh, Honor Quinn! what is it you mean by talking that way?' What do I mean? arsgh!' sneered Honor Quinn contemptuously. 'Sure, you well know what they are! What is the good of Father, what they are! What is the good of Father. Halley are, and they should be when Tighe O'Malley is, and if they are not, they's not, and no more about them, It is all humbug! gentleman is going to be a lord could marry the likes of her. What are you looking at?' Its like be is thinking of anything of the sort. After all, maybe she has the bad drop in her like her father and mother.

This was pure malignity, although it was worldly wisdom too, and Mary Ahearne was revolted.

'It is you that have a bad black drop in re-

revolted.

'It is you that have a bad black drop in your heart, Honor Quin, and long I have known it You res a jealous creature in your mind. There is You rea a jealous creature in your mind. There is not one in Barrettstown would say what you have said here to night. Take care it does not come home to you. You should be ashamed to let such words cross your lips. I am grateful to leave such a world of deceiv and threachery.

She was from her seat, and shock out here She rose from her seat, and shook out her dress, as if to shake off the contact of her com-

dress, as it to snake oil the contact of her com-panion. Miss Quin rose also. She was fright-ened and a little ashaned, for she was suddenly seized with the notion that Mary Ahearne might go to Father Paul.

'It is not deceit,' she retorted. 'I have a

you consider the second of the second of the second right to make a remark. Who is there here that would see what we have seen and not say as much and more? Every one in Barrette. Say as much and more of the second of the seco town will say it to-morrow or next day.

not, since they have cause:
At that moment the sound of approaching voices and steps fell on their ears. Honor Quin seized her companion's arm and dragged her seized her companion's arm and dragged her behind the laurel clump, where both stood in silence. They heard a firm light step breaking the twigs and dead laurel leaves on the path, then the result that followed Marion's trailing dress as it passed over these. A sort of breath moved the dark damp air, a branch of the big tree that sheltered the two spectators stirred as his shoulder touched it: then a double shadow clided by—a shadow to Mary Aheane, but his shoulder touched it: then a double shadow glided by—a shadow to Mary Ahearne, but Honor Quin's sharp eyes saw more than hers. His hands were clasped behind him; he was alosa baside he was leaning slightly forward, close beside Marion, She was a little in advance, half a step per

haps. You will—you will write to no more. The two voices died away on the night air. The rustle of their footsteps ceased, and all was again still ; for a minute or two she could only hear her own and Mary Ahearne's breathing.

There now !' she said, vicious and exulting,
'Will you believe me ! What have you to Mary Ahearne for sole answer began to cry

quietly.
You are a fool! observed Honor, whose voice had now a perceptible ring of complacency,

voice had now a perceptible ring of complacency.

'What is the use of crying? But she is a great one—a great deal indeed. Let us go in. Come along, Mary; leave them here.'

'I will not, then,' retorted Mary angrily.

'Go in yourself, Honor Quin; I'll do nothing so disrespectful. You are forgetting yourself altogether. I'll wait here until Miss Maulever changes.'

She sat down again on the beach, and Honor resumed her place sulkily beside her healter half an hour had elapsed Marion and Mr. Chichele passed again, having once more made the circuit of the garden, and this time Miss Mauleverer took cognisanance of their presence. 'Oh !'—she stopped so suddenly that her companion had to turn back, - Mary, I have kept you waiting. I am sorry; we had better

Chichele had stepped on in advance. 'Not yet—a moment,' he pleaded, ignoring the presence of the two girls. 'You don't want to go in yet. Father Conroy is not going before ten. We are all going home together. Don't go in. I shall tell him I kept you here.'

'Oh! I must. I think, Mary, I am keeping you—both of you,' she added, noticing Miss.

Quin's presence.

Oh! not at all, Miss Mauleverer, added this last, in her most subservient amiable tone. We will wait for you as long as you like. It is so Lice out here in the air. I would rather be her than inside.

Neither of the people addressed took any nobice of this sincere declaration. Chichele nuried Marion away impatiently, and a few steps took

'You don't want to go? You cannot go into that crowd. Stay here,' he whispered to her. 'Stay with me a minute longer.'

The bitter sweet of the cherry-laurel blossoms filled the air; the drowsy chirp of some draming birds made itself heard from the thicket as they brushed against the boughs of the ever-greens, and the little bloosoms of the spikes of flowers drooped on their path, carpeted as is was by velvety moss and lichens. Chichels took Marion's hand in his, and led her onward. They passed the front of the old house. It looked like the ghost of a house. The empty win lows were perfectly black, and through one or two of them, the ruined wall behind having disappeared, the sky could be seen. Melancholy by day, at night it was sepulchral-looking, and the great lonly yew-tree with its drooping trunk and long trailing branches, that stood at one end of the deserted front, was like some solitary watcher mounting and faithful to the last. It was clear, though dark, and the night air that avept across the fresh ploughed land, and through the budding trees and hedges, was full of the very breath and essence of the spring. A far-off cobo of Jury Foote's violin seemed to float overhead, a mere vibration, just audible now and again, as the night wind that sighed at intervals through the trees brought it to them. He was playing a wild plaintive air. Some one was singing—only a faint echo of the voice reached them. them. How and again they both stopped to listen. Floating thus on the wind the quaint weird notes had the dreamy industrictness of an Eciian harp, full of sweetness and some undeined sadness.

Presently the music ceased, and through the open yard to which they were now close cames hoarse cry of applause, clapping, and stamping. You don't want to go there? he said no voice which plainly evinced disgust and impationes. Come, take one turn more with ma. How and why are you here? he asked her abrupally.

abruptly.

'I came with my brother and sister, answered Marion simply, 'because it was the last even-ing that Mary Abearne was to be at home. She is to enter the convent to morrow, and her

brother's intended wife was here, and—'
But what have you to do with these people and their affairs? Does your aunt——' He stopped. The mention of Juliet D'Arcy brought stopped. The mention of Juliet D'Arcy brought before his mind's eye the picture of that quest room in the Quaker's house; and the crippled faure of that strange old woman appeared before I im in all its melanoholy quantizers. Poor old broken-winged brd! he thought What can she do for these creatures? Then he thought of Tighe and Indy Banche, and their share in the matter of the Maulever-players and degradation. Poor again what poverty and degradation. But again, what could they avail? Father Paul was excellent and did his best according to his lights. How was it all to end? what a world this was! He thought or London and its eno mous whire and then the courrest between it and this ourious forgotten nook tetween box and river talled Barrent-town, lying at the gare of O' Malley's rouse and living its own life for away and apart from altithe world benide. He had never before I can just see them walking up and down, don't thought of B resistor a save as a plac whire you? Look between the trees and you will see one posted letters and gave cop ers to the beg