

## IRISH KATHLEEN ;

OR,  
TRUSTED AND TRUE.

KATHLEEN, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I would discharge you if I found you indulging in that foolish whimpering any more?

Poor Kathleen O'Neil had been dusting the elegantly furnished drawing-room, and she stood before an exquisite painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes set in gold-green shores—with a sky beyond like liquid amber—stood with her apron to her eyes and her ruddy cheeks deluged with tears.

"I couldn't help it, ma'am," she sobbed, "but it puts me in mind of home."

"Home!" scornfully echoed Mrs. Arnott. "Your home! A shanty in a bog. It isn't likely you ever saw such a spot as that."

"Deed did I, then ma'am," answered Kathleen, "and many a time. For we lived byant them same green shores when—"

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Arnott, coldly; "I don't care to hear about any reminiscences."

Kathleen did not understand the five-syllabled word, but her quick nature comprehended the sarcastic tone. The tears were dried in their fount—the scarlet spot glowed on her cheek.

"She looks down on me as if I was a dog!" Kathleen thought to herself. "An' sure it's the same flesh and blood God has given us both. How would she like it, I wonder, to be in a strange land, and niver a kind word spoken to? Oh, but if I could see mother, and little Honora, and Teddy, that's but a baby yet; but it's the blue sea rolls between us, and it's all alone that I am!"

Poor Kathleen! the sense of desolation came upon her with sickening power just then as she stood before the sweet Irish lake, with wet splashes on her cheek; and Mrs. Arnott's cold, hard voice sounding in her ears.

"It's a great pity to be obliged to do with these wild, untutored Irish."

Kathleen was just bringing up the tray, and Mrs. Arnott's words sounded distinctly in her ears as she paused on the top step for breath.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Arnott sympathetically, "they are bad, thoroughly bad, the whole lot of them. I'd send them all back to their native country if it lay in my power."

"I wish they were at the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Arnott, "and then perhaps we would have a chance to employ Swedes, or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you Kathleen? Why don't you bring in the ice-water at once, instead of standing there?"

Kathleen obeyed; but the dreary homesick feeling that thrilled thro' her pulse can hardly be described.

"If I was at home again, she thought, 'where the poorest and meanest have a kind word for each other! They scorn and hate here; and sure, I have tried to do my best, but the lady has a heart of stone, and even the little children in the nursery, with their French maid, make fun of Irish Kathleen.'"

And the lone exile wept herself to sleep on her solitary pillow that night. It was a mere closet of a room, without light or ventilation, that she occupied. Mrs. Arnott thought it was good enough for Kathleen! The bed was hard, insufficiently provided with clothing, but as Mrs. Arnott carelessly observed, 'twas no doubt a great deal better than she was accustomed to at home. And she had just paid a large sum for draping her drawing room windows with lace and brocatelle—so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comfort of her servants.

"Is Kathleen sick, mama?" little Julia Arnott asked one day. "She cries so much and looks so white."

Mr. Arnott, a stout built, good natured man of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his paper.

"What does the child mean, Laetitia?" he asked. "I hope you look a little after your girls."

"Of course I do," she said, sharply. "Kathleen is a silent, sullen thing and I shall discharge her next month. Natalia has a sister who wants the place."

"Has she any friends in the country—Kathleen I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Seems to me I wouldn't discharge