## SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IS COMPLETE FORM OF THE RARLY LIFE ANY ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'DONELL KNOWN AS "SPANISH JOHN.' WHEN ' LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST JAMES OF THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN THI BERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OFERAT

BY WILLIAM M'LENNAN.

How we supped with a thief, and the outco

There were one or two ragged crea tures near by watching us as we landed, but though we shouted to them and made signs, they not only relused to ome to our aid, but made off amongs the rocks as we advanced.

Well, Giovannini, is your heart bursting with pride over your country and countrymen?" asked Father O'-Rourke, in Italian, as we struggled and panted with our loads over the rough track up the hillside under the hot

spring sun.
"Indeed, this is none of my country, "Indeed, this is none of my country, thank God! This only belongs to the McKenzie," said I, ashamed somewhat of the reception we had met.
"Oh, indeed! and to what particular the belong?" he

of cattle do they belong?"

asked.

I stopped short in my way and dropped my portmanteau, determined to put an end to his nonsense at once.

"Now, Father O'Rourke—"I began, but he interrupted me with :
"Captain Lynch, if you please, Mr.

McDonnell, and your superior, remem-ber, as regards rank!" drawing him-self up to his full height. He looked so droll standing there in his fine uniform, with his sword and cocked hat and bag wig quite à la mode de Paris, that not help bursting out laughing.

He waited until I was done, and then said, very gravely, "Well, 'pon my word! but I'm rejoiced that I've found my way to your funny bone at last. But if the sight of a fist like this and a foot like that are the only approaches to a Highlander's sense of humor-and ound to apply the back of the one forced to a jest-I take it, my bette part is to make poor Captain Lynch a sad dog like yourself."
"Mr. McKenzie," he ran on, ad-

dressing our guide, who, it was plain to see, was much puzzled at our behaviour, "are you much given to humor in there ire you much given to humor in these

No sir," he answered, "none that I ever heard of."

Then why in the name of the Isle of Man did you take up with that creature you brought on board ship?"

Seeing the poor man was bewildered I explained that his companion, Mr Graeme, was meant. Och, him-he would just be coming

Dearg with the others after "Is that old Colin Dearg, Laggy?

None other," he answered; " and

it is to him, very probable, that Ard loch will be sending you." Ardloch, I explained to Father O'-

Rourke, was a Mr. McKenzie, to whose place we were bound, and Colin Dearg, or Red Colin, another, both staunch

Jacobites.
"Well, well, 'tis a puzzlesome coun try this, where the men not only do without breeches, but throw off as well the names their fathers gave them; had I known more, I needn't have used such punctilio in borrowing the Captain's. Would not O'Rourke of Breini, or just Brefni, tout court, have a grand sound : seeing it wouldn't be decent for me to go in petticoats, and I am anxious to

make a good impression?"
But I would not answer him, for I could see he was in one of his most provoking humors; so I shouldered my portmanteau and trudged on, and he

was forced to follow.

He was not abashed, however, and tried to draw out McKenzie; but the latter was shamefaced and could hardly answer to his follies, so I had to be him to desist, as the poor man could not understand his funning. "I don't find him different from the

rest of his countrymen," he returned ;

Ardloch received us warmly, and gave us a hearty meal, with good whiskey to follow, and then proposed we should hire a boat—leaving Mc-Kenzie behind, as it was better Father O'Rourke's transformation should not talked over-and go up Little Lo Broom to Laggy, where we would find number of officers, fresh from the rince, who might give us some directions where to look.

Do you look upon everything as ?" I asked him, at parting.

"That depends on what you mean by 'everything,'" he answered, slow-ly. "If you mean any attempt to bring the rebellion to life again now, I would say yes. But if you mean to keep the fire alive, then no. The clans cannot all be scattered as yet, for nothing goes to pieces in that way, and I doubt not there will be some for making a stand in spite of all. But money m e had to keep them together. have been out since August last, and have been out since August have, and no Highlander will stay away from home loar even for fighting. 'Tis against long, even for fighting. 'Tis against all custom. What plunder they got is long since gone, and they will be weary ing for home. For home! God help them, many will never see it again! But money, Mr. McDonell—if money can be had, men can be had too, and the Prince can, at the worst, be safely covered until the time opens for es-

Then my heart rose within me for the first time, for in my hands lay the pos-sible means of safety for the Hope of your life!

at once proceeded, and before nightfall reached Laggy, where we were met by old Colin Dearg, a burly, bearded ruffian with a great shock of red hair, Big William McKenzie of Killcoy, a major, and Murdock Mc-Kenzie, a lieutenant in the Earl of s Regiment, with about sixty men, and thought ourselves as safe as

in the heart of France.

We learned that some were still in arms for Prince Charles, especially the regiment of Glengarry, in which were my kinsmen and friends, and that of Cameron of Lochiel. So we begged

for an early supper, and engaged guides and a borse that we might set ut at once to join them.

Our baggage and little stores we had carried up from the beach, but I was oyed at hearing one of the men, on lifting my portmanteau, remark it was "damned heavy."

was "damned heavy."
"Do you think we are such fools as to travel without powder and ball in time of war?" said I, and hoped it had passed unnoticed; but the fellow threw it down outside the house door, saying lead would not suffer for a little fresh air, at which old Colin Dearg laughed and said :

"No doubt such gentlemen will have their ruffles there. I will carry it in

myself."
"Don't think of it," said I, much put out, and, raising it, I place a corner of the room where I could easily keep my eye on it, and wished from the bottom of my heart we could et off.

Old Colin Dearg was most offensive, although pretending to an extreme courtesy. He disclaimed having seen Creach, or Graeme, since the day fore, but we were certain this was a blind, as we could see he knew who the supposed Captain Lynch was, and kept supposed Captain Lynch was, and Rept pushing him with questions about the Imperial service, until I feared for the latter's temper. But nothing could move Father O'Rourke when he had not mind to it, and he rattled on a

though he noticed nothing.

The old man pretended to rate the women who were preparing our supper but I knew well it was all a pretext though why he was anxious to keep us I could not make out. At length when he could delay no longer, we sate down in a great room, but to my dislike, in total darkness, save for the little blaze on the hearth and what light could reach us through the open door. This was bad enough; but on sitting down with was to be of our company, the room was speedily filled with the riff raff of men idling about, who took their places behind us.

Colin Dearg would not sit down with us, but pretended to busy himself bustling about and shouting out orders to the women and encouragements us to eat heartily of his fare, which he called by all the wretched names in the world, though it was good enough was most uneasy, but Father O'Rourke eld the company with his talk, while I quietly assured myself that my portmanteau was safe, though I chafed sadly at the precious time we were wasting. At length I put ceremony aside and insisted we must be whereupon we drank a single from our store to Prince Charles' health and better fortunes, and I rose from

the table and went to the corner where I had left my portmanteau, and my heart almost leaped into my mouth when I saw it was gone; the same time, old Colin said but at the same time, old Commune, "Never lear, McDonell! lose nothing here; I have fastened your things on the pony myself.

So out we went into the starlight, and there found the pony loaded with our belongings, and with short fare-wells set off with Mr. Gordon and our guides on our night march.

We could not speak of our feelings pefore Mr. Gordon, but I knew Father O'Rourke had enjoyed our entertain ment as little as myself; so all night long we tramped, gathering such news as we might from our companions of the battle, which was vague but disheart-ening enough. At daybreak we arrived at a very considerable house indeed, a gentleman's seat—which Mr. Gordon informed us was that of Mc-Kenzie of Dundonald, to whom we were recommended by old Colin Dearg, who was his uncle. Dundenald was at Inverness, whither he has gone that he might not be suspected of favoring the geance on every McKenzie in Prince's cause, but his lady was at

and there unloaded him, where Mr. Gordon declared he could accompany

us no farther, his shoes being worn out.
"Very well," said I, "after we have a nap I will provide you with a second

pair I have in my portmanteau."
But no; he would have them now, he might try them on, and accordingly, to humour him, I undid the upper straps of my portmanteau. Scarcely had I done so than I saw the leather had been slit.

My cry of dismay brought Father O'Rourke and Mr. Gordon over me at once, and with shaking hands I undid the straps and threw it open. larger canvas-bag, which held the the

sand guineas, was gone!
"O God in Heaven." I groaned. sinking on the ground, "that there was such damned scoundrels in this scoundrels in this world!" And for the first time since

child I could not restrain myself, and burst into tears. Father O'Rourke turned over the things, but I knew it was useless, and

then said, in the strangest, dryest kind of voice "Well, I call on you to witness this happened in Scotland, and in the High-

Stop, sir," I cried; "this is intolerable! None of your insulting reflec-tions on countries. There are more tions on countries. There are more rogues hanged in Ireland than ever ex-

isted in Scotland. "Yes, we find the quickest end to

put them to is a rope's end.' "Look you here, sir, you have done nothing but insult me from the day you met me, and had you any right to the sword you carry, I would read you a lesson that would last you to the end of

"Thankful am I," he returned, as cool as ever, "that I never was under such a school-master. But let us spare our iron for those scoundrels, and especially for that smooth-tongued, red headed, black hearted Colin Dearg. If could only have my left hand comnot need the other to feel his pulse with. Cheer up, Giovanni! If we've any luck we'll have it safely back, and ou'll hand it to the Prince yet. Cour-ee, my lad! Surely old compaigners age, my lad! Surely old compaigners like you and me are not to be outfaced

having forgotten all my rage—and I believe now Father O'Rourke only pro-voked me to distract my attention from my trouble—"I'll lay my soul that scoundrel Creach is at the bottom of

"Like enough." he answered, "for "Like enough," he answered, "for he had been back, though that smooth-tongued for denied it. And what's more, Giovannini, I'd be curious to know if the Prince ever received the money he carried. I doubt it "
"So do I; but let us get back. First though, I must put the rest of our money in safety. I must see Lady Dundonald."

Faith, I don't suppose her ladyship is thinking of stirring for hours yet."
"Never mind, she must stir this time, for I cannot stand on ceremony."

So I sent a message to her chamber, with Captain McDonell's compliments my rank as Lieutenant commanding nanding

my tac Company entertains to stand the title—and saying that he must instantly have speech with her.

She very civilly returned that I might use the freedom I asked; upon which I went to her bedroom, where I found her maid in attendance.

"Madam, only the distressing circumstances in which I am placed wil excuse my intrusion, for which I offer my apologies." Thereupon I told the circumstances of the robbery.

"I return at once with my comrade, Captain Lynch, and, please God, will recover the money; but I am quite aware, if circumstances so fall out, these rescals will not hesitate to add murder to robbery. Therefore, madam, I place these five hundred guiness in your honourable keeping. If I am killed, I bequeath them to you to be handed on to one you know of "-not caring to be more particular, for in such times, "least said is soonest mended"—" if not, I will return to claim them. The only satisfaction I have is that we discovered the theft on arriving at your house, for I must cer-tainly have blamed your people and not those passing under the denomination of officers and gentlemen. Madam may God be with you, and I wish you a good-morning.

So I bowed myself out of the room handing the gold to the maid.

I found our guides refused to return and evidently Mr. Gordon had no stomach for the business, though he was clearly innocent. However, we was clearly innocent. However, we offered so high a figure that at length one volunteered, and, wearied though

we were, we set out. We wasted neither time nor words by the way, until we came in sight of Laggy, when we called a council of

"My advice is to send the man in, call out the officers—particularly Colin Dearg, whom 1 would shoot on sight—and then make inquiries," said Father

O'Rourke.
"You're learning the ways of the country quickly," I said, with some raillery, "No; we'll tax Colin Dearg with the theft, and pretend we do not suspect the others in the least, and so can urge them to use their influence with him to return the money. Much may be done by an appeal to their honour, if they think we don't suspect them.

"Then they've the finest sense honour for a lot of truculent cowards lever met with," he answered.

"Now there you are mistaken, Father O'Rourke; a Highlander may be truculent, but he is not of necessity a coward, and it is rarely that his sense of honour entirely deserts him.

"Not even when he is a thief?"
"No, not even then—if you know how to take him. And besides this, remember, if my people are still in arms, we will have that money where the country. As it is, no one knows of my return as yet, and if we are killed We led our pony into the court-yard, these scoundrels have only to produce the letters which they will find on me from the Duke of York, and not only escape all punishment, but probably claim a reward as well." "Well, well, I agree. You know the breed better than I," he said; and so

we came out in front of the house and sent our man in with word to Colin Dearg and the officers that we would speak with them.

With a little delay they appeared, and after them treeped out about thirty men, all armed.

"The top of the morning to you, gentlemen! What service can I and my poor house render you? sneered that old scoundrel, Colin Dearg.

We saluted the officers, but took no notice of him or his words, and adressed myself to them.

" Gentlemen, I have been robbed of one thousand guineas as we supped with you in this house. Were it a trifle of money of my own, I would rather lose it than bring any honourable man under so vile an imputation but I was entrusted with the money for Prince Charles, God bless him

know I can rely on your aid in its re There was not a move, and I looked at each face in vain for some response but they only glowered at me as if

I had never spoken. Then throwing all pretence aside, I went on : "Do I need to urge that with this money men can be kept together, who will otherwise scatter, if not for safety, at least to provide for families helpless ? That this money will keep their post? That each and alone ? them at guinea of it may mean a drop of the Prince's blood? And that the man who has robbed me of it to day may be as guilty of murder before his God as if he had pistolled the Prince with his very hand? Gentlemen! Gentlemen! I would not plead for myself! I plead for one who has the highest claims over us all that one man can have over fortable on his dirty throttle, I would another. I ask your help in the name not need the other to feel his pulse of God's anointed king, and in the name of the Prince, his son !" And there I stopped, for I had no other

words in my heart. Old Colin Dearg immediately broke like you and me are not to be outfaced by a lot of sneaking blackguards like these!"

"I'll lay my soul," I said, slowly, a thing happened to a McKenzie; and

it was a black day that ever brought such a tale to his old ears, and so on He would search the house till not a stone remained standing; he would strip his people of their skin, if need be, rather than such an imputation should lie against his honour, and that of his name; and forth with disappeared mong his people, pretending to

and question them. allowed this empty work to go on antil he saw fit to return with that the money could not be found.

"No, it cannot be found, you lying, red-headed, old scoundrel," said I, because you think yourself safe now a day will come when you will wish your thieving fingers were burned to the bone before they touched the Prince's gold, you double-dyed traitor!"

" Fine words! Brave words!" sneered, planting himself well in front of his following, with arms a-kimbo. A likely story that the likes of you, two broken men, skulking over here from France with baggage loaded with stones, trying your foreign thieves' tricks with quiet gentlemen, should have a thousand guineas! I don't be-lieve a word of it!" And thereon ho turned off into the house with a good show of carelessness, no doubt thinking it unwise to trust our patience any

further. "Now, gentlemen," said Big William Killcoy, "the country is unsafe, and you are far from home, but your road is Killcoy,

open before you!"
"The game is up," I said to Father
O'Rourke, in Italian, "we had better beat a retreat," which we did with sor hearts but in good order; and the said not a word further, nor did the attempt to molest us as we once more plodded the bitter miles that lay be ween us and Dundonald

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A SOLITARY.

There was a difference of twenty between the brothers, yet, to ook at them, it might have been more, Patrick, the younger, was florid and hearty; the elder, James, was unpopular — a gray, withered old churl, who carried written on his face the record of his life's failure His conversation, when he made any, was cynical. When he came into a room where young people were enjoying themselves, play ing cards or dancing, his shadow came before him and lay heavily on the merry-makers. Fortunately, he did not often so intrude; he was happier in his room at the top of the fine house, where he had his books and his carpenter If one of those young people tools. whom his cynicism withered could have seen him at his carpentry, how differ ent he would have seemed! would have seen him with his grimne relaxed and his gray face lit up with interest, and would have been amazed to hear h s low, cheery whistle full and round as the pipe of a bullfinch; at night, when his telescope swept the stars, and he trembled with the de

of the visionary and the student, he was a new man. He was a clever man, born out of his proper sphere, and with only so much educa-tion as he had contrived to get at dur-ing a hard life. What came to him he assimilated eagerly, and every one of those books in his cupboard, rare old had been read over a hundred times.

He ought to have had a chance in his youth, but his father was the last man in the world to encourage out - of - theway ambitions in his sons. Father and mother were alike-hard, gasping, and The father, on the wh ungracious. was a pleasanter person than the mother, her long, pale, horse face and ready sneer; he was only uncompromis ingly hard and ungenial to all the world.

There were other children besides

these two, all'long since dead or scattered. Two of the boys had run away and gone to America; their first letters convent, after a horrified glimpse at the home-life of her parents when she had returned from her boarding-school, She had been sent away to a convent in a distant town while still a mere child. She had come and gone in recurring vacations, still too childish to be more than vaguely repelled by the unlovely rule of her home. But at sixteen she came home "for good;" very much for evil, poor little Eily would have said, as she realized in its full sordidness the grinding manner of life which was to be hers. No wonder she wet the pillow night after night with her tears for the pure and gentle atmosphere of the convent, for the soft . voiced and mild-eyed nuns, and the life of the spirit which shone ideally fair by this appalling life of the world. time, she had her will and escaped to the convent.

James could never understand why he, too, had not broken bounds and run off to America with Tom and Alick Perhaps he was of a more patient nature than they. Perhaps the life held him down. It was indeed, such a round of hard, unvarying toil that at night he was content to drop down in his place like a dead man and sleep as the wornout horses sleep, dreaming of a land of endless green pastures beyond men's harrying. Alick and Tom were younger. They had broken They had not had time to get broken to hardship like him, and Patrick was yet a baby.

Friends or social pleasures were be-yond their maddest dreams. Their parents' idea of a life for them was one in which hard work should keep them out of mischief. James could never re member in those days a morning when he had risen refreshed; he was always heavy with sleep when following the plough horses, or feeding the cattle. Food of the coarsest, sleep of the scan-tiest, were the rule of the house. Joy, or love, or kindness never breathed be

Meanwhile the father was getting old, and a time came when he sat mor old, and a time came when he sat more and more by the fire in winter, sipping his glass of grog and reading the country papers, or listening to his wife's acrid tattle. Mrs. Rooney hated with an extreme hatred all the good, easy-

going neighbors who were so soft with their children, and en souraged dancing and race-going and card playing — the amusements of the Irish middle classes. She had a bitter tongue, and once it was set a-going no one was safe from i not the holiest nor purest was beyond it defilement.

It was about this time that the labor ers began to think the young master rather more important than the old one; but their connivance James Rooney could never have been drawn into Fer ianism. The conspiracy was just the thing to fascinate the boy's impressionable heart. The poetry, the glamor of the romantic devotion to Mother Country fed his starved idealism; the mid-night drillings and the danger were ele-ments in its attraction. James Rooney ments in its attraction. James Roomey drilled with the rest, swore with them their oaths of fealty to Dark Rosaleen, was out with them one wintry night when the hills were covered with snow,

and barely escaped by the skin of his teeth from the capture which sent some of his friends into penal servitude. Mrs. Rooney's amazed contempt when she found that her eldest son was among 'the boys" was a study in character The lad was not compromised openly and though the police had their suspice ions, they had nothing to go upon, and the matter ended in a domicilary visit which put Mrs. Rooney in a fine rage for she had a curious subservient ambi tion to stand well with the gentry.

However, soon after that, as she pottering about the fowl yard one bitter day-she would never trust any be to collect the eggs from the locked hen-house but herself—she took a chill, and not long afterwards died. If she had lived perhaps James would never had the courage to assert himself and take the reins of management as he did. But with her going the iron strength of the old man seemed to break down. He fulfilled her last behest, which was that her funeral was to take place on a day, so that the farm hands should not get a day off; and then, with some wonder at the new masterful spirit in his son, he gave himself up in an easy

This independence in James Rooney was not altogether the result of his Fenianism. As a matter of fact, he had fallen in love, with the overwhelming passion of a lad who had hitherto lived with every generous emotion re pressed. The girl was a gay, sweet, yet impassioned creature who was the light of her own home. At that home James Rooney had first realized what a paradise home may be made; and coming from his own gloomy and horrid surroundings, the sunshing of hers had almost blinded him. In that white house among the wheat fields love reigned. And not only love, but charity, hospitality, patriotism and religion. There was never a rough word heard there; even the household creatures, the canary in the south win dow, the comfortable cats, the friendly dogs, partook of the general sunniness

Among those admitted freely to that loving circle, James Rooney was one held in affectionate regard. The man who had been the means of bringing him ther', Maurice O'Donnell, was his Jonathan, for to him young Rooney had given all his hero worship. He was, indeed, of the heroic stuff, older, graver

James Rooney spoke to no one of his love or his hopes. Ellen, kind to every one, singled him out for special kind-He had seen in her deep eyes ness. something thy and tender for him. For sometime he was too humble to be sure he had read her gaze aright, but at last he believed in a flood of wild rapture that she had chosen him.

He did not speak, he was too happy in dallying with his joy, and he waited on from day to day. One evening he was watching her singing, with all his heart in his eyes. Among people less held by a great sincerity than the people were at the time, his secret would have been an open amusement. But the father and mother heard with eyes dim with tears; the young sisters home remained unanswered, and after about the fire flushed and paled with one or two attempts they ceased to write. The one girl had slipped into a

and their eyes were far away. Suddenly James Rooney looked round the circle with the feeling of a man who awakes from sleep. His friend was opposite to him, also gazing at the singer; the revelation in his face turned th younger man cold with the shock. When the song was done he said "good. night" quietly, and went home. It was earlier than usual, and he left his friend behind him: for this one night he was glad not to have his company; he wanted a quiet interval in which to think what was to be done

Now, when he realized that Maurice O'Donnell loved her, he cursed his own folly that he had dared to think of win-ning her. What girl with eyes in her head would take him, gray and square-jawed, before the gallant-looking fellow who was the ideal patriot. And Ellen

-Ellen, of all the women living, was best able to appreciate O'Donnell's qualities. That night he sat all the ight with his head bowed on his hands thinking his sick thoughts amid the ruin of his castles. When he stood up shivering in the gray dawn, he had closed that page of his life. He felt as if already the girl had chosen between them, and that he was found wanting. That was not the end of it, however

If he had been left to himself he might have carried out his high, heroic re solve to go no more to the house which had become Paradise to him. But his friend followed him, with the curious tenderness that was between the two, and with an arm on his shoulder, drew his secret from him. When he had told it he put his face down on the mantel piece, by which they were standing ashamed to look O'Donnell in the face because they loved the the same girl. O'Donnell spoke, and his voice, se from being cold and angry, was more

tender than before.
"So you would have taken yourself off to leave me a clear field, old fel-

ow!"
"Oh, no," said the other, humbly "I never had a chance. If I had had eyes for anyone but her, I would have known your secret, and should not have dared to love her."
"Dear lad!" said O'Donnell. "But

now you must take your chance. If

she chooses you rather than me—and, by heavens! I'm not sure that

by heavens! I'm not sure that she won't—it will make no difference, I swear, between us. Which of us shall try our luck first?"

They ended by drawing lots, and it fell to O'Donnell to speak first. A night or wo later he overtook James Rooney as the latter was on his way to Ellen's house. He put his arm through Rooney's and said. "Well, old fellow, I've had my dismissal. I'm not going your way to night, but I believe your chance is worth a good deal. Presently I shall be able to wish you

They walked on together in a silence more full of feeling than speech could be. At the boreen that turned up to the white house they parted with a hand class trat said their love was unchanging, no matter what happened. That night James Rooney got his chance and spoke. The girl heard him with a rapt, absent-minded look that chilled him as he went on. had done she answered him : "I can never be your wife, Jim. I

have made my choice. But-" stammered the lad.

"I know what you would say," she answered quietly. I gave the same answer to Maurice O'Donnell. Why did two such men as you care for me two such men as you care for me? I am not worth it, no girl is worth it.

'Tis the proud woman I ought to be and am, but I can't marry the two of you, and perhaps I can't choose.' She laughed half sadly. "Put me out of your head, Jim, and forgive me. I'm away to the convent at Lady Day."

And from this resolve imaginary.

And from this resolve it was impos sible to move her. From that time neither O'Donnell nor Jim Rooney was seen at the white house, and in the harvest time Ellen as she said she would, entered St. Mary's Convent. Jim Rooney never loved another woman, and when, in the following year, Maurice O'Donnell went to Ne eans to take up a position as the editer of a newspaper, Jim Rooney said good-bye to friendship as lastingly as he had to love.

The old father died, and left what wealth he had to be divided between his two sons. For all the pinching and scraping it was not much; there seemed something unlucky about the farm, poor, damp and unkindly as it is. Jim was a good brother to the was a good brother to the young lad growing up. He kept him at a good school during his boyhood and nursed his share of the inheritance more carefully than he did his own. They had the reputation of being far more wealthier than they were, and many a girl would have been well pleased to make a match with Jim Rooney. But he turned his back on all social overtures, and by and by he got the name of being a sour old bachele "a cold-hearted naygur," going to way of his father before him. But t going the rule on the farm was very different, every one admitted; to his men James

Rooney was not only just but generous. Presently the young fellow came home from school, gay and light-hearted, He was a tall young giant, who presently developed a fine red moustache, and had a rollicking gait well in keeping with his bold He was soon as popular as blue eyes. James was the reverse, and his reputation of being "a good match him welcome in many a house full of daughters.

One day the youth came to his brother with a plan for bettering him-self. He wanted to draw out his share from the farm and to invest it in a general shop which was for sale in the country town close by. Now, Jim Rooney had a queer pride in him that nade the thought of the shop very distasteful. The land was quite another thing, and farming to his mind, as ennobling an occupation as any under heaven. But he quite understood that he could not shape the young fellow to his ways of thinking. He said, gently: on leaving the farm and bettering yourself?

The young fellow scratched his head awkwardly and gave one or two ex-cuses, but finally the truth came out. He had a fancy for little Janie Hyland and she had a fancy for him, but there was a richer man seeking her, and, said the young fellow simply, "I am thinking if the father knew how little came to my share he'd be showing me the door.

"Does Janie know, Patrick?" asked

the elder brother.
"Oh, divil a thing!" said the younger, with a half-shamed laugh. don't trust women with too much : but if I had Grady's, I'd soon be a richer man than they think me. Old Grady cut up for a lot of money, and he was too old for a lot of money, and he was too old for business. 'Tis a beautiful chance

for a young man."
"Well, Patrick," said the other at last with a sigh, "your share won't buy Grady's, but yours and mine to-gether will. I'll make it over to you, and you can keep your share in the farm too. I'll work the farm for you if you won't ask me to have anything to do with the shop. Tut, tut, man!' he said, pushing away Patrick's secretly delighted protests; "all I have would come to you one day, and why not now, when you think it will make you happy?"

Patrick bought Grady's and So brought home Janie Hyland. prospered exceedingly, and makes the lavish display of his wealth which is

> No Breakfast Table complete without

## PPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme a valuable diet for children.

## The Most Nutritious

and Economical.

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