

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

THE FOURTH JURYMANS TALE

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED

At last came the joyous wedding day, and with it, from far and near, the guests came gathering to the merry house of the bride.

"What's the matter with you, darlin'?" exclaimed Maggy, terrified at the change which came over him.

"I'm not well, indeed, your reverence," replied Phelim, recovering himself.

"You're an honest and a sensible man, Phelim," observed the priest, and I admire your behaviour very much in any of this strange business.

man? the pig that I reared from a bonfire? 'Tis my own hands, yes, two hands, I look at em, not so white as Maggy's may be, but belonging to Mrs. O'Rourke for all that, thankie.

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er, who was hanging drowsily over the dying embers on the hearth-stone.

"Think o' that Davy," uttered Phelim faintly, and squeezed the hand of his friend.

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side or his own. A gentleman by birth, a foreign education had added to his natural benevolence a costly demeanor, under which, if I might say so, he used to disguise his fundamental stubbornness.

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self to religion. The care of this he left in the hands of a younger brother, one of the most unprincipled ruffians that ever set foot upon the earth.

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lying at anchor off Ahanish of a wint'her's night, when the Pounder an' his men (if the likes could be called men) boarded her an' the crew asleep, an' murdered every one o' em!

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for her home over the sea. Suddenly she became aware of some one standing by a lamp-post she was approaching, and looking searchingly at her.

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HOW GOD REPAYS

The factory gates were thrown open, and the throng of toilers poured out, pressing on with the eager, though weary feet to where a spell of well-earned rest awaited them.

Nora was the orphan daughter, the mainstay and support of her dearly loved mother. Separation was a cruel trial for both, but Nora had resolutely faced it.

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