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The Dead Son.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

The boy was in the clay. The mother was weeping still From dawn to evening grey. When stars looked over the hill. Between the dawn and dark. The night and day between. About the stillest hour of mirk. Oh, who is this comes in?

He did not lift the latch. He came without a sound. He stood within a moonlit patch. A space of holy ground: His robe was to his feet. All of the fair silk line: The gold curls were soft and sweet That she was used to twine.

But on his hair of silk. There was a drift like rain: His robe, as white as milk. Did show a piteous stain. "Oh, mother, mother!" he said. "Your tears have wet me through; I am come from the blessed dead To try and comfort you."

"The other children play. But when I would rejoice. Oh, mother, I hear from far away The crying of your voice! Your tears are heavy as lead. I cannot run or leap; Oh, mother, mother, mother," he said. "I pray you not to weep!"

The red cock and the black crew, and her lamb was gone; She rose and set the widow back And welcomed in the dawn. She swept the sauced floor. And made the fire to burn. With all her weeping done and o'er. God comfort them that mourn. —The National Observer.

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER XVII.

BARRY LUTTRELL'S OPINIONS. As Fermanagh passed out of the enchanted rose-garden and let the little gate swing behind him, the click of its latch sounding as dismally on his ear as the reverberation of the iron gates which severed Orpheus from Eurydice, he found himself almost face to face with Barry Luttrell.

Perhaps Barry Luttrell was the last man whom Fermanagh would have cared to greet at that moment.

Luttrell's languid, lazy disposition was in itself a complete opposition to Fermanagh's eager, strenuous, determined nature. Besides, Luttrell had deliberately severed himself from any connection with the movement to which Fermanagh was devoted heart and soul.

He had declared that for him the unopposed exile of Mitchell ended the struggle, and he meant to keep aloof—and indeed he did keep aloof—from any share in the agitation from that moment.

There had never been much in common between Brian and Barry Luttrell, even at the time when the latter was most in accordance with the popular movement, and was working as actively as he ever worked at anything to advance its cause and secure its success.

Fermanagh did not distrust Luttrell; there was nothing in him to distrust; but he did not rely upon him, and he regarded his withdrawal from the party after Mitchell's arrest as a proof that his doubts of Luttrell's capabilities were well founded.

But even had Luttrell been amongst his dearest friends, been his most devoted colleague and companion in the common cause, Fermanagh's heart would not have rejoiced to meet him just then.

He was too much occupied with his own bitter thoughts, too terribly crushed with pain and grief to wish for any companionship. He longed only to be alone with his fighting soul, until he should have forced himself to accept his life under its new conditions, and to face as bravely as he might the new and loveless world now awaiting him.

So he nodded slightly to Barry Luttrell, and would have passed him swiftly by; but Luttrell stopped, and held out his hand, and called him by his name.

There was no help for it; so Brian stopped too, and took the outstretched hand, and waited.

The ghastly paleness of his face startled Barry Luttrell for a moment out of the bland composure upon which he prided himself.

"Good heavens! man," he said, hurriedly, "how ill you look! What is the matter?" And then, as he spoke, he recognized the house from which Fermanagh had just emerged, and being kindly-hearted, he cursed his own folly for having spoken so.

Fermanagh smiled wearily. "There is nothing the matter with me," he said. "I have been a little overworked, and tired, and want rest perhaps. That is all; nothing more."

"Overwork," said Barry Luttrell, half to himself. "I don't quite see what work there is to do now. However," he added, with a shrug of the shoulders, "we won't argue about that. That may be left to time, like most other things. Did you ever read a little French story about two people who parted from each other quite broken-hearted, and who met years later, when their hearts were whole again, and agreed together, in kindly recollection of their lost passion and their lost pain, to build a temple to Time, the Consoler?"

Luttrell meant well. He thought by this allusion to the consoling powers of Time to hint to his friends that he, too, might in time find consolation.

But Fermanagh was not in a mood just then for Barry Luttrell's thin philosophies.

"I must be going," he said. "I have much to do. Good-bye."

Luttrell still detained him.

"What is the matter with MacMurchad?" he asked, "that the bright eyes of this English girl have so completely conquered him? Let him look to himself. You are his friend, Fermanagh, and perhaps you might take chance to warn him. If I knew anything of women?"—and here Barry Luttrell smiled softly, with an expression that implied that he believed he did know a

good deal about them—"if I know anything of women, poor Murrugh may live to regret the day when he ever met Miss Geraldine. Besides, Mountmarvel is fiercely jealous. He is madly in love with the girl, himself I believe; and if what I am told is true, and you know I am not often mistaken"—here Barry smiled again, self-caressingly—"he is moving heaven and earth to get MacMurchad arrested for treason-felony. I should not be surprised"—here Barry Luttrell grew slightly graver—"I should not be surprised," he said, "if at this very moment a warrant from the Lord Lieutenant were on its way from Dublin Castle to lay our young friend by the heels, and remove that picturesque rebellious rival from Mountmarvel's path. If you see MacMurchad you might warn him upon one or other of these points, as seems best to you; I seldom see him now, as you know, and, besides, it would come better from you."

Fermanagh had made a movement to shake himself free from Luttrell when Luttrell had coupled the names of MacMurchad and Lillias Geraldine together. He was angry at the suggestion that he should interfere in MacMurchad's love affair—angry, too, because it reminded him of his own unhappiness, and the unhappiness of her who was dearer to him than life.

But when Luttrell spoke of the danger that threatened his friend he took patience, and listened, and was grateful.

So he simply said, "Thank you, Barry; I shall see that MacMurchad gets your warning. Good-bye."

Then he shook Luttrell's hand more warmly than he had done at first, and walked rapidly away in the direction of the ferryboat, which took the people from that part of the town to the busier world on the opposite side of the river.

Barry Luttrell stood in the middle of the avenue, looking now at Fermanagh's retreating figure, and now on the roses in Mary's garden.

"Poor Brian!" he murmured to himself. "Poor Murrugh! What a pair of fine madmen! There they both are, helplessly in love; and the one worships a girl who cares nothing for him, and the other woos a stranger who will break his heart; and the adorned of the one adores the other. Was there ever a more marvellous or more melancholy melody? I could laugh at it were it not that, like Sir Hugh Evans, 'I have great dispositions to cry.'"

"Lucky for you, Barry Luttrell," he went on, apostrophizing himself gravely, "lucky for you that your emotions are so well regulated, and that you are never likely to make a fool of yourself about any woman."

He paused for a moment reflectively, and flicked the dust before him with his riding-whip. Fermanagh had just disappeared from sight at the end of the long avenue.

"I wonder," he said again to himself thoughtfully, "if I am so lucky after all! If I am so much better off in my fancied philosophic security than those two brave hearts who believe so passionately, and who love so well, and can be so loyal to a flag or a watchword or a woman's face."

He shrugged his shoulders, and turned on his heel, and walked rapidly to the other end of the avenue.

Here he found two horses waiting in the custody of his English groom. Luttrell was a man of means; and although he was an Irishman, and in his way a patriot he owned some property in England, and affected to believe that Englishmen made the best keepers of horses.

He vaulted lightly into his saddle and drew the reins in his hands. As he was about to start off a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and, looking round, he addressed his servant.

"Digby," he said, gravely, "what's your opinion of woman as a factor in the problem of man's existence?"

Digby sat bolt upright on his horse, stolid, stiff, imperturbable, and did not appear to be in the least amazed by his master's question.

He paused for a moment, rubbing his chin with the butt of his riding-whip, thoughtfully, and then observed sententially, "Women is women!"

Barry Luttrell laughed, gave spurs to his horse, and galloped off into the country, with his philosophic and misogynistic leanings behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOUNTMARVEL MEANS MISCHIEF. Barry Luttrell was right enough when he gave Fermanagh warning of Mountmarvel's menacing intentions with regard to MacMurchad.

At this particular moment the young nobleman detested MacMurchad with all his heart. They had always been enemies. The old family feud, which had lived ever since the last century died in the Crown Yard, had not been suffered to die out by either of the young men; but the smouldering ashes of traditional hatred were now fanned into fury in Mountmarvel's breast with all the strength which such passions as love, rivalry, and jealousy can afford.

Mountmarvel was in love with Lillias Geraldine.

He had fallen in love with her against his will, for it had been his first thought to make her fall in love with him, and he had tried and failed—utterly failed. For almost before he knew how completely he was conquered, he found that Lillias Geraldine was dearer to him than anything else in the world—dearer than his horse, dearer than his dogs, dearer than Mountmarvel itself, or the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

All the things which up to now he had most prized and most cherished seemed well-nigh insignificant when compared with his new emotions.

For probably the first time in his life Mountmarvel's thoughts were occupied by anything besides himself.

Hitherto he had regarded himself, serenely enough, as the central sun of his little world, round which all other things must be contented to circle in an admiring orbit.

Now, however, he was painfully conscious of a disagreeable sense of inferiority. He felt sure that Lillias Geraldine did not admire him at all, and was not in the least prepared to pay him the homage to which he had been accustomed since his boyhood.

She was very pleasant to him always; she appeared to have forgiven and forgotten his folly at the meeting; but he knew well enough that she felt an interest in MacMurchad which she did not affect to feel for him.

Her very indifference, good-natured as it was, inflamed his passion. He was startled out of his equanimity to find that he was hopelessly in love with Lillias, and that his one object in life was to win her for himself.

But MacMurchad was a dangerous rival. Mountmarvel saw with all a jealous keenness that the Young Irishman was as devoted to Lillias as he was; and though he did not believe that Lillias herself was in love with MacMurchad, he greatly feared that she might become so.

A handsome young rebel, with a Velasquez face, sprung from an ancient house, was the very man, Mountmarvel admitted, to charm the romantic mind of Lillias Geraldine.

This point being given, the rest of the problem shaped itself simply enough in Mountmarvel's mental globe.

MacMurchad was Miss Geraldine's lover; Miss Geraldine's lover is in my way; therefore, MacMurchad must be got out of the way.

Such was the train of Lord Mountmarvel's reasoning; and on those thoughts he promptly proceeded to act. To do Mountmarvel justice, if he acted on the principle that all is fair in love and in war, he was also convinced that MacMurchad was a rebel was an enemy who deserved no mercy.

The first thing was to get MacMurchad, if possible, arrested; the next to get the Geraldines, father and daughter, to pay a visit to Mountmarvel Castle, where MacMurchad, even if he were still at liberty, could not possibly visit them.

His plans for carrying out the first project were soon found and acted upon.

He made up a little compilation of MacMurchad's recent speeches and writings, and sent them to the Viceroys in a letter expressing his own opinion, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, that MacMurchad's immediate arrest was essential for the peace and well-being of the district.

He supplemented this manifesto by various private epistles to Castle officials, friends of his own, in which he made it quite clear that the prompt arrest of MacMurchad was of the greatest importance for the safety of the locality, undetermined as it was by sedition.

He knew well enough that his official friends had vast powers of persuading any viceroy to adopt their views, and he hoped for the best results for his little manoeuvre.

He did not know that Barry Luttrell had a friend, too, in the stronghold of English rule, and that he generally knew as much about what was going on in the Castle as the Viceroy himself, and often knew a great deal more.

Mountmarvel's other scheme for getting the Geraldines to visit him seemed to promise even more feebly.

They had both been to the Castle to lunch, and Mr. Geraldine had looked with a scholar's eager eyes at the stores of Oriental manuscripts which the young lord's father had collected.

But they were too many for Mr. Geraldine to obtain even a passing glimpse of their contents and value. Mountmarvel offered to let him take away any he liked for closer study; but even to make a selection of any service to him would have taken Mr. Geraldine a considerable time.

Mountmarvel had then suggested a visit to the Castle for a few days, and Mr. Geraldine had seemed much pleased at the suggestion, and promised to accept when some other personal business, about which he had come to Ireland, should be concluded.

That business Mountmarvel had reason to believe was now of Mr. Geraldine's mind, and he determined to lose no time in getting him and his daughter to come to Mountmarvel Castle as his guests.

Under his own roof, and out of the dangerous proximity of MacMurchad's rivalry, Mountmarvel hoped for the best for his own suit.

He accordingly wrote a formal and courteous invitation to Mr. Geraldine, and despatched it by one of his own servants on the very morning on which Barry Luttrell and received his warning of the danger in store for MacMurchad.

CHAPTER XIX.

MACMURCHAD'S WARNING.

On the evening of the day on which the events we have already described took place MacMurchad quitted the Crown Inn, and walked slowly through the streets of the city in the direction of the river.

The young leader's face wore an air of more than usual gravity, and he walked with the lingering, uncertain pace of a man who is revolving many thoughts in his mind, and who is striving to decide upon the wisest of many ways of action that lay before him.

MacMurchad had been spending a large part of the day with the Geraldines. He had accompanied them on a little expedition to the ruins of a familiar old historic castle and abbey which stood some miles outside the town, and he had seen them back to the inn, and had taken a brief farewell of them there.

As he was quitting them, Lillias, whose interest in the Young Irishman appeared to deepen every day, asked MacMurchad to come in again in the evening if he had nothing better to do, and the Young Irishman had eagerly accepted.

Now, as he was walking slowly through the streets, he was asking himself if should obey at last the imperious commands of his own heart, and should on that very evening tell Lillias in words what he could hardly doubt she knew already indeed, that he loved her.

Yet there was much in the circumstances in which he was placed which rendered the saying of these simple words a matter of exceptional gravity.

Had he the right, with feverish, impatient iterance, had he the right to offer this fair young girl the love of a poor, almost proscribed man, to ask her to share with him his ruined fortunes and his desperate future?

The cause itself, too. Was he serving the cause truly in allowing his thoughts to stray from it at all in pursuit of any other passion, no matter how ennobling or honorable.

Up to this time the cause had been his one consuming purpose. He had given all the years of his young life to it. He had thought of nothing else; he had worked and hoped and struggled for it, and it alone. Now for the first time wholly new and singular emotions were awakened in his breast, and were causing a cruel conflict there.

Could he be as loyal, could he be as useful to the cause, he asked himself, if he allowed the passion which was preying upon his heart to take definite shape and purpose? That passion once confessed would, like the genius in the "Arabian Nights," break from the compass of his own control and overshadow his life with its giant influence.

Had it not already done so? What spell was there, what power, like that lurking in the seal of Solomon in the Arabian legend, which could conjure down and conquer this rebellious passion?

It would be idle to deny that his love for Lillias lay deep in his heart and permeated his whole existence. All he asked now was whether he could be true to her and true to the cause in declaring himself her lover, and in seeking for her love in return.

Thus musing, thus wrapped up in melancholy meditation, MacMurchad's steps led him half unconsciously, to the steep and narrow street in the distant part of the town which led down to the little landing place where the ferry passed between the two banks of the river.

That ferry-way was a familiar one to MacMurchad. The opposite point of landing lay just below the long poplar avenue on the other side of which Mary O'Rourke dwelt.

MacMurchad had been accustomed to consult her on all questions that ever troubled him since his childhood, and it was in obedience to a natural impulse that he found himself now standing on the little landing-place, resolved to cross over and pay Mary O'Rourke a visit. He had no definite intention of telling her the thoughts that troubled him, but he felt a kind of vague trust that somehow he must obtain good counsel from her lips.

The ferryboat was not at the landing-place. Glancing across the gleaming river, MacMurchad saw that it was close to the opposite bank, to which it was making in order to take on board a solitary passenger who appeared to be waiting for it.

The river is not very wide at this ferry-way, and MacMurchad's keen eyes saw that the man who was standing on the opposite shore was Brian Fermanagh. Brian Fermanagh at the same moment recognized MacMurchad, and waved his hand and shouted some words which MacMurchad could not hear, and got rapidly on the ferryboat.

A few vigorous strokes brought the wherry to where MacMurchad was standing, and Fermanagh leapt on shore and caught his friend by the hand. MacMurchad was not so much engrossed in his own pains and perplexities as to fail to perceive the marks of strong and bitter emotion on his comrade's face.

"What is the matter?" he asked involuntarily, much the same as Brian Luttrell had asked some half-hour previously. This time, however, Brian Fermanagh had a reason to give his questioner.

"You are in great danger, MacMurchad," he replied hurriedly, as they moved away out of earshot of the ferryman. "I have received sure warning that a warrant has been issued from Dublin for your arrest for treason-felony. It may be in the city at this moment!"

Master of himself though he was, MacMurchad could not refrain from an involuntary start at these tidings. He had believed all his recent actions in connection with the movement to have been so securely secret that hoodwinked authority had no suspicion of his plans and purposes. Such a danger, therefore, at such a moment was indeed a fatality.

He caught Fermanagh eagerly by the wrist. "How do you know this?" he asked, anxiously.

"I met Barry Luttrell not half an hour ago," said Fermanagh, "and he gave me the warning most explicitly."

MacMurchad dropped his friend's hand and shrugged his shoulders.

"Barry Luttrell!" he said, scornfully. "I thought you were speaking seriously."

"I am speaking very seriously," Brian replied. "You may not admire Barry Luttrell, but his warning is worth relying on. You know as well

as I do that, somehow or other, he gets information of what is going on at the Castle; and though he is not a very impassioned patriot, he is a good enough friend to be trusted in this matter."

MacMurchad made a gesture of impatient dissent, and Fermanagh perceiving it, continued.

"Take my advice, Murrugh," he said. "If you will not take Barry Luttrell's. Keep out of the way for to-night, and if needs be for the next few days. You know how fatal it would be to our purposes if you were to be arrested at this moment. For the sake of the cause, if not for your own safety, therefore, I conjure you to run no risk. Even if Barry Luttrell is wrong, you will do no harm by being careful. If he is right, you will have done great harm by rejecting the warning. Believe me, the danger is serious. It comes from Mountmarvel. He has applied for your arrest."

CHAPTER XX.

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW."

Late on the evening of the same day MacMurchad emerged from the doorway of Brian Fermanagh's house and stood for a moment on the threshold, holding his friend's hand tightly grasped in his.

"To-morrow," said Brian, in a low tone; and "To-morrow," MacMurchad answered, in a yet lower tone.

Then the hands unclasped, and the friends parted. Brian went back into his dwelling, and MacMurchad walked rapidly away, at a pace of feverish impatience, in the direction of the Red Tower.

Brian lived almost in the suburbs of the city, so it was some little time before MacMurchad found himself in that part of the town where he lived. As MacMurchad made his way rapidly through the complicated network of dim streets his mind was so much occupied by his troubled thoughts that he was unaware of certain eccentric phenomena which marked his course.

As he walked through street after street mysterious forms rose up, one after another, from the dusk behind him. From dark doorways, from the gloomy recesses of deserted arches, from lurking-places at the corners of sombre alleys, from the faintly-lit entrances of small and forbidding public-houses solitary figures emerged, and proceeded noiselessly on the track of the Young Irishman.

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