TWO

AILEY MOORE

A TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE TOGETHER WITH MAN STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., BISPOP OF LIMI CHAPTER III SHAWING HOW MURDERERS ARE MADE

IN IRELAND

The landlords of Ireland are curious race; they reap what they do not sow, and banquet sumptu-ously on their fellows' toil, but are so insensible to their happy fortune that, far from endeavoring to pre serve it, their labor is to accelerate golden eggs are destroyed by the dozen; and although every days' ex-perience proves that no hidden perience proves that no easure is to be obtained by the sacrifice, still they kill on.

It is a singular state of things, too familiar to be anomalous, that the great-great-grandson of some fellow who was able to chant a hymn or to who was sole to chain a hymn of to handle a drum stick can make a whole barony sweat out of their lives to drag him along in his car-riage, or starve themselves to feed his greyhounds; and will yet smite, scourge and curse them, unless they pull him along at a pace which human nature is not capable, or minister to him on a scale to which no exertion is adequate.

For our own parts, we are far from disputing the title which pimp, or parasite. or plunderer, may have parasite, or plunderer, may have won from the gratification or aid which he gave to royalty a century, or two, or three ago ;- nay, we are quite ready to admit, that he can transmit his privileges, with the meritorious qualities which acquired them ; but we may be allowed to wonder that he will thrust his claims forward for public scrutiny, and in-sist upon their predominance over ways of heaven and the capacity the earth. "Let well enough of the earth. alone," ought to be, with this class a principium palmare ; for really the community which makes legislators may take it into their heads that hundred years have paid sufficiently for the music of some piper or the diplomacy of some che particularly when the work was done, not for, but against, those who pay for it. We have been thus dreaming

while our eyes are fixed upon a sad but deeply interesting scene, to which the story of "Ailey Moore" at this period leads us.

beg the reader to believe that we play not the nurse to his imagin ation, nor do we essay merely to adorn a tale, while we indite the dark history of human ruin and wrong. Far, far from it. Here we only that of which we are cognizant, from a thousand sources to which the trader in busy romance We have can never have access. We have laid our hand upon the heart of misery, and felt its burning throbs. We have watched the scalding tear of gilt and wretchedness, until it wore furrows in the cheek of youth, and dried up the life of premature We have seen the conflict old age. of passion and penitence, on the wet straw and hard floor to which legalized ferocity and robbery had condemned the last days of gray. haired men, and, alas ! the last and first days of harmless innocence; and while we mingled our tears with the unhappy and doomed children of dependence, we blessed the provi-dence of Him whose law so frequently shields tyranny from vengeance.

Far away in the mountain, about his hand on the young man's shoulder; at which the other, of course, tremold castle, one of those strongholds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which stand like the milestones on Time's journey, marking the distance he has travelled. It is not all a ruin. The basement apartment, or whatever it may be called is still protected from the element by the massive floor on which, in times of yore, the rude chieftain rioted in conscious strength, on feudal offering or rich rapine. gateway crowns a ditch still deep and often filled with water, and is built up with loose stone and mortar, except one narrow entrance hole. Above the string course, window after window, or rather apertune after apertune, look down the eyeless socket of a monster skeleton upon the rude rocks below.

breeches, elastic tread, and bold breaches, ensure treat, and order bearing. His companion was hardly middle sized, looked very like a fellow, as the country people say, that had "fife thrown after him," he had so little of it. He shuffled on by an effort.

Come on-what the devil is the

"I assure you, sir, I'm doing my best!" was the reply. "Sha asthone, sir, 'mighty manner-

ly the mountain air makes wan-don't id, avic ?" Here he stopped just opposite the hiding place of the man of whom we

first made mention. He turned toward the rock—looked curiously at first it—took a pistol from his pocket and immediately the short, sharp clink was heard, that put it on full cock.

'Stay a minit," said the fellow, as he presented the pistol, but with a voice so changed that no human being could recognize its natural sounds; stay a minit, till I kill a bokogh that's hidin' behind the rock there. "I'll be bound he's a robber, the vagabone; wan av these night-walkers that's disthroyin' the coun-

Stay!" roared the intended victim, in a voice of thunder, and alighting at the armed man's side by a fleet bound, he stretched his hand to seize him. But he at once drew

to seize him. But he at once drew back, looked in the face of the aggressor, and the two men burst into a fit of laughter. "Well, Shaun, Shann," cried our first acquaintance, "you are the d——1! How did you make that voice you had? Faith, I near had you be the threath are backed you."

you by the throath an choked you." "Mighty strong man you'd be, afther my purty bullitt tuk its recreation in your scatther-brain. You're mighty 'cute, ain't you, to go hide before a man's eyes. Oh, you'll soon be fit for a peeler or a justice o'

pace 'You've a gintleman wid you, l

'Yis; this is a friend of ours, mighty brave, courageous young man. He'll rise in the world, I'm thinkin'."

The young man shuddered. "The is Mr. James Boran. As for your name," he added, smiling, "you have so mighty many of 'em that there's no use in tellin' wan.

Daddy Boran's son ?" 'Yis, faith."

"The young priest ?"

"Oh, yis, or the young parson, maybe; Mr. James is in no ways ex-Oh,

"Oh," interposed Mr. James Boran for, in truth, it was the same accom plished gentleman.

Oh, come along, now. If you do your duty we may save your sowl, by ceeping you from Parson Salmer we'll make a man o' you, an that'll be doin' much—won't it, avic?" answered Shaun, with his own sarcastic emphasis. Mr. James Boran bit his lip, and

blushed in the darkness. He then followed the singular being, who will be recognized as the beggarman of the morning. The three men now silently pro-

eeded to the castle-Shaun a Dherl wrapped in his own thoughts, Boran vishing himself or his friends thousand miles away, and the third seemingly sufficiently engaged by anticipation to be indifferent to con-

They came to a turn in the road which led into a borheen, rough, irregular and rutty. Down this they turned, and in a short time they had come to the entrance of the ruin.

Shaun a Dherk paused. H turned full towards Boran, and looked into his face with that striking con centration of eye, which made his glance so like fascination. He laid his chest spread before him like a

THE CATHOLIC RECORD sellin' your some to the d-l; and, as for th' other affair - " "You said-" -it was said that within one month

.....

I sed you shud thry yer torthin' if she liked you, you should have my arm. If she liked me ?" Whoy, d'ye think I'd blacken the

light of an angel's heart, an' bury her fur ever agen her will, Boran ?" Boran looked vacantly on the in terrogator. "Confound the dog," burst forth aun. "What does he think ?--but pledge of a powerful soul.

Shaun. stay agra," he calmly said, subduing his whole voice and manner in an instant, and speaking in the bitter, eering manner so usual to him come along-do your bis'ness-a

good an' honest wan, tho' you're en-gaged in it. Come along." They now entered what might be called a cavern. The room was spacious, furnished with a blazing urf fire and one table, at which an intelligent young peasant was sitting reading some letters. Several others, ten or twelve, sat on fern, straw, o large unhewn stones, here and there in the apartment.

All the persons present were young, athletic, interesting-looking men They seemed in silent expectation of the arrival which had just taken place. They all rose to welcome Shaun a Dherk and his companion. 'Fine night, boys," said Shaun er he had shaken hands with those

after he had shaken next the door. "Glad to see ye all to time. That's the way."

"An' yourself," answered two or ree, "that never missed a minit or three, a man.' 'Whoy, troth, I begged my way like a sojur; an', although carryin' so many mouths wid wan," he said, pointing to his arms in his bosom, isn't favorable to the beggin' thrade I got on purty well. I had a long talk wid the new landlord o' Kinma-

carra, ye must know." "Arrah," cried the listners.

Yis, faith, an' I did considherable toward pacifyin' the counthry with Justice Hangall; an' not to be exposin' the saycrets of the state. must end my speech by makin' known to ye Mr. James Boran, a man very anxious to join ye, partiklarly if th

bis'ness is dang'rous. Welcome," answered all. "I have to say that the young master of Kimmacarra will make empty houses and broken hearts, boys," added Shaun. "He has a grate notion intirely of savin' the sowls o' the tinants by Parson Sal. mer's rule. Lases will be wrote accordin' to a man's Bible readin' an' desait, an' accordin' as he's pliable ir sellin' the sowls av his childher."

O murther!" echoed the hearers Yis, faith, an' he'll have substan-

tial men on the land, an' make the farms fine an' big, be my sowl, an' he'll throw down all the cabins an give every mother's sowl a pound note that throws down ihe house himself an' goes." demanded the conclave. Where ?

"Ob, to a mighty good place-to neaven, if they starve wid patience, to be sure; to the poorhouse if they ike, or to cook landlords, or to the

A sad day for Kinmacarra," said

all. An' a sad day for the man that makes it so," said Shaun, while his broad brow bent and his eye lashed the fire of his bitter feeling. But the bis'ness of the night, said the young man at the table ; and

he rose up as if even additional life had just then entered his frame. He was a fine young fellow, too ; ome one or two and twenty years he had seen. His eyes and hair were

bis'ness of the night-dark, black, cursed, ought to be the end of the man that killed the sowls an' bodies of the craythurs God put in his power. He may as well say his death prayer that won't sthrike home when sint upon this araand," and he took the finely mounted pistol from his pocket. "May the Maker of the pocket. "May the Maker of the land an' say sthrike me here and hereafther; may the livin' spurn me an' spew upon me, an' the dead wither up the green grass in my way. Oh, curse on me !" he cried with dread ful energy, kissing at the same time the barrel of the instrument of death; "curse on me if I would not kill him, at the foot of the cross of the Lord

the journey where justice raises up his arm.

she had grown gray. Mick Dowling held her by the hand—indeed, almost supported her. The firmness of the preceding half. hour seemed a little shaken. His Amen." Pardon, Shaun," said Mick Dowling, rising up. "This ought to be my place. Skerin has killed my love, and broken my heart. I am for the lip quivered slightly, and his eye was moist. Poor Mick Dowling was sur-rounded by sweet and bitter memorroad.' No," replied Shaun. es ; the sweet ones softened his man

" I ought," said Dowling. "It cannot be," said Shaun. "You hood. The tear of a good heart is no the message of weakness, but the are the first man to be suspected. You will live to do some good; here Not a word was spoken until they had passed to the middle of the floor. you would die almost for nothing.

woman was accommodated with the only chair possessed by the gathering, and Dowling stood behind an' - you've sworn. Stay, boy's, there's one who must do his work. My reason no man here will ax ; 'tis a good wan. I never desaved you. Come here, Mr. James Boran ; come, She, the widow, was very poorly clad—was pale and emaciated. Her hair had escaped, and hung dis-hevelled on her face. Her head fell upon her breast, like one who had sir, you are the man to kill the Crom-wellian Skerin."

"You. An' look-your life is gone

TO BE CONTINUED

The cottage is roofless now. The roses and honeysuckies and sweetscented brier are dead. The un glazed windows gaze across the glen like sightless eyes. The yellow walls resemble a tear-stained face from trickling moisture of moldering thatch. Grass-rank and soddengrows on the threshold and adown the winding avenue to the river's bank. Weeds have choked life from the shy pansies and tender violets. The once neatly-clipped hawthorn hedge is prickly and unkempt. The garden is a wilderness. Desolation meets one at every turn-desolation and sorrow, and the mute reproach of dead things, as if the very wallsnature even-mourned for her who once walked there, and now is no nore.

Fair to the eve she was, and fair of soul, too. Soft were her eyes of hazel, beseeching as a collie's, tender as moonlight on a balmy September night. Slender and stately her figure: gentle her face, shaded with nut-brown curls—gentle and softly rounded as a child's, albeit twenty ummers had passed over her head Sweet and gracious in the glory of her dawning womanhood ; sweet as the roses she touched so tenderly, so Dan Clune first saw her as he passing by the way and stood transfixed at the sight, even as a hero of the Fiana might have been at first

sight of the woman of his dreams. In the neighborhood of the cottage Mary Mrs. Grundy had not as yet even been heard of. Formal etiquette had not yet taken the place of kindly hospitality. Suspicion of the stran-ger would be refused a place in those hearts of rare metal. If Kate blushed as she looked up from her flowers on hearing the handsome "God save you Miss !" stranger's : was merely the blush of innocent youth prompted by the kindly hought.

"God save you kindly !" she and swered modestly. "The day is hot," Dan affirmed

thirst in his eyes-thirst of the soul which no nectar compounded

"It is surely. You will take a bowl of milk—goat's milk only have we but it is rich and thirst satisfying." she said simply. "Thank you kindly, Miss," Dan re

plied, taking a step nearer the river' edge. "Maybe you will come in and rest

while you drink," the girl went on, noting the stranger's fine, manly figure and measure of good looks, as girls will do, and have done ever since Eve stood entranced at the sight of her mate wons agone in the

looking at Kate, in hopes that she would assist bim in solving a riddle created almost in that instant within his own brain—towit, on what pre-text could he renew a visit to the

text could he renew a visit to the cottage. Slowly he sipped his milk. Quickly, to him, the bowl was em-tied. Unwillingly he departed, leav-ing his blessing and his thanks. But within a brief spell Dan solved the riddle. He came again - not once, but often. On one pretext or another his tall form darkened the deorway of the cottage almost mathe

another his tail form darkened the doorway of the cottage almost week-ly. To day it was a straying heifer he sought. The next week a distant relative, lately discovered, lay ill a league beyond. In time he gave no excuse, and suspicion took up a per-manent abode in the midenia manent abode in the widow's eyes

Sometimes he rode a mountain pony; oftener he came on foot, or which occasions he tarried long — too long for the widow's peace of mind.

In those bygone times afternoon ten had not yet come into fashion, but there was abundance of buttermilk and laughing potatoes, and oaten bread and fancy griddle cakes made by Kate's own delicate handsat least Dan thought them delicate at least Dan thought them delicate, because they were so white and soft and slender; but, in reality, they were strong, capable, and willing. The neat aspect of the cottage, both inside and outside, was traceable to their tireless industry. Neither the dibles in the cade on the delicate edibles in the garden nor the flowers peeping through the hedges, cling ng to the cottage walls, or clustered around the porch, would have ar-rived at such luxuriant growth were it not for her energetic weeding and noeing and training. Dan never saw her at work, for the very simple reason that while still very young she had learned the art of good housewifery-or, perhaps, she was a born housewife The sun and sh were on the best of terms, and directly that luminary peeped in at her uncurtained window every morning, the girl was wont to jump out of bed so as to keep pace with him. In this wise she had her day's work finished and her second toilet made about 11 a.-m., a line of action many house-wives in Ireland to day might copy with advantage. If Dan called early in the day, Kate always had leisure to devote to him. If the afternoon witnessed his long, swinging, eager stride adown the winding road, she was never too busy with her flowers to note his coming, even while yet some distance away. Altogether he had not yet dared to voice his love, the gladness in her eyes and the soft blush mantling her cheeks told their own tale, to the joy of the man's heart and the sorrow of the mother's.

Thus the months went galloping by drawn by love's chariot, until Dan could possess his soul no longer, and was perforce obliged to lay his hopes and wishes before the widow and her daughter. Kate's heart was singing glad song. Almost from the first she had known what was in her lover's mind, and had but awaited his words to voice their reciprocation; ut, for the widow, the tale had a very different significance. To her t meant loneliness and sorrow-the severance of the one tie left to her on earth. Dan wasêa younger son, and beyond what he could make by what is locally called "jobbing," i. e., buying cattle and selling them at a profit, he had no visible means wherewith to keep a wife-not to mention such a trifle as abouse to shelter her. If be married her daughters severance was bound to follow, as she had no intention of sharing the cottage with son-in-law. A half-spoken wish of late's anent the latter solution o the difficulty, was flouted angrily.

Dan looked at the twain, the em-

part to meet no more.

"Ah! he'll come back," chimed in

ing to see Kate is always-always in

"A man should work for his wife and shelter her, too," she said fiercely, tapping her stick on the earthen would have made Gurthiniska in less time had he essayed to walk it. floor to emphasize her words. "An' that I'll do, too, without a Arriving at the wayside station as the shadows were lengthening, he doubt. All I'm wanting is Kate's promise to wait for me while I'm workin' for the home," Dan retorted chartered the only jaunting car ply ing for hire there. vith equal spirit. " Mrs. Casey's—the widow Casey's of Gurthiniska," he said. "Oh, I'll wait for sure, Dan! Don't be frettin' at all about that," put in "Casey? Never heard the name. Kate. sir," the jarvey answered, rubbing "And where and how may you be his poll in some perplexity. "Gurthiniska — up by Thobair intendin' to work for my Kate ?" in-

FEBRUARY 21 1914

It is a hard condition, ma'am " Take it or leave it my son." "Mother! Mother," wailed Kate wringing her hands in anguish.

"There be men with the gay laugh and light heart who kiss a maiden and forget, and there be men with the deep heart who remember always If your Dan is one of the last, you won't have to wait, asthoreer. A mother's right is to save her child from sorrow," the widow answered

anmoved. So the lovers parted, for prayers ntreaties, and tears were all in vain, Mrs. Casey was adamant. The next week Dan sailed, and half a small silver coin suspended from her slen-der white neck was all the visible token Kate Casey had of Dan Clune's ove. Dan got a job the day he touched

American soil, but he was used to farm work only and soon left the city for the wild west, where cattle ranged and oxen ploughed, and men worked like slaves half the year and froze the other half. His wages were high, but so were his expenses; and with the utmost frugality, each yearand found him so ill-equipped in a monetary sense, to return to his love, that he put it off yet another year. At first he was sorely tempted to break his word to the widow, but in time self restraint became a set habit and although his love abated not a whit, Kate began in some strange way to recede from him as the long silence closed around his heart. It was like being in some strange, dark prison, although the prairie breezes blew around him—this ceaseless longing for the news of her he dared not ask for, until by imperceptible degrees, she became lees and less human and more and more a dream maiden. 'As Beatrice was to Dante, so Kate Casey was to Dan Clune-a vision leading him to better things, forever purify-ing his path with a tender bond of a weet memory, but as far from him as the stars. As the years went by he ceased to long as mortal men long when they love, although he though of Kate always, and other women were to him as if they were not. Gray threads began to mingle with his raven locks, crows' feet left a net-work of wrinkles around the once merry eyes the mobile mouth became set in stern lines, the shoulders drooped with the weight of an inde-finable sorrow ; still he worked, and he said each year to his own heart: "For sure I will see her next year;" but the next year came and went even as the last, for the red gold (that was to make a rainbow bridge across the Atlantic on which to journey to the land of love and happiness, accumulated slowly, slowly.

He was approaching middle age and still dreaming of a cottage embowered in roses, and a slim, youthful maiden who was now half saint, half woman, when the unexpected happened. The master, whom he had served so well and faithfully, died in the full ness of time, leaving Dan a large share of his worldly possessions. On hearing the good news he felt as dazzled as Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' nap. He woke from his dreams, and the years were but as one since the day he left the cotas one since the day tage, vowing eternal fidelity to Kate Casey. Age suddenly fell from him like a worn-out garment and he felt as light hearted and giddy as a boy in his teens. The next week the angry waves of the herring pond were seething and boiling around the gallant ship that bore him back to love and life. Too eager to get to his journey's end, he tarried not a moment when he landed at Queenstown and chafed much at the cross country journey, which necessitated so many changes he said to himself he

lost all memory. The young man came closer. Every eye was bent upon the wreck of human hope and happiness. No word was spoken. The crackling of the turf o the earth was almost painfully distinct. watch you." as if nothing should intercept the communings of the souls that spoke in their common feeling. Even Boran caught the contagion of sympathy,

won't

At length Shaun called the poor voman by her name-

Mrs. Ryan !" She started, looked up, and around from face to face, but did not seem to recognize any one. Her head was falling back upon her breast, when Dowling presented himself. Him she examined curiously, like one whom he should, but could not, call to mind. After some time, her look of child like wonder relaxed—her eyes began to fill with light. She started up, and seizing Dowling by the arms,

"Sit down, Mrs. Ryan, sit down

you are wake an' worn ; sit down, and remember you're with your friends an' neighbors," said Shaun a Dherk Dowling was unable to articulate word.

a word. "I'll tell you—Ab, Mick, Mick !— ah, Mick Dowlin'! Whisper—come here! Mary, Mary! Oh, shame on here how her you-don't you remember how her thrue heart used to bound, and the red blood flash all over her hand some face, at the name of Mick Dow lin'? Och. shame! Go out of m Mary Ryan isn't the girl for sight ! you! Whist! Whisper, Mick-shure Mary is dead. Dead! No; she's not dead ? My curse on any one that says—Ab, God forgive me, why should dead ? I am a sinner.'

I curse any one ? And she paused. Mick," she resumed. "I curse. Oh, no; maybe is near me; an' oh, she could not bear a curse—you know my darlin', our darlin' Mary? But, Mick, she got so pale! the cowld went through her, Mick, and she hadn't a bit to ate. She sowld everything, and used to purtend she ate herself, when she fed her little brother an' sisters-the brave little

fellow you loved so, and the bright-eyed colleens. Mick, acushla, Mary fed 'em all, an' watched 'em in the fever. Cowld an' lonely — cowld an' lonely, an' hungry was the girl that loved you. They said you went to England for your hire. An' Mary was glad you didn't see her in her want. Mick, darlin', come here to me. I wronged you. I thought you wouldn't do for my heart's life. Gi' me pardon for the sake o' Mary.'

She looked around wildly. Och, how she laid out the angels

an' she pale an' wake herself! An' how she laid 'em in the green churchyard, when I warn't able to lave the lop of straw! An' how pale she came an' havin' no fire, no light nothin' only the cowld, cowld wather ! Where was I? Mick, did Mary die, die of starvation? No, no : 'tis a lie! We owed no rent! 'Twas the other man-his name was in the lase. What ! turn me out-turn me out--out o' the house my father built-where the father of my childher loved me first, an' died! Turn me out-out of the place that all the labor o' the livin' and the dead is side. growin'! Turn mean' Mary, an' all out to die in the ditch ! Ochone, Mary-she lay down! Oh, may the curse of the great God, and the vengeance

But I don't care for life." Your friends are the best judges

' Me !"

as Mary Ryan's, if the murdherer be not executed before to morrow's midnight. I'll point the place—an' among the dead—I'll be there to

THE WAITING

To this ruin, to which the peasant would hardly venture a hurried glance as he passed by on an evening. some men, one by one, and at considerable intervals, had for some time been directing their way.

It was in the twilight, nearly night. The sheep started, paused, and flew; the oxen lowed : and the wild birds rose from their restingplaces by the rocks, and screamed as the echo of footsteps disturbed their repose. A sharp, strong wind hissed through the herbage, poor even in summer's richness, and heavy dark voung moon. A strong heart and heart; from the mother time bore you, head would feel solemn on such an you to the poor girl that trusted you, you made nothing of 'em all, only for you made nothing of 'em all, only for in the midst of such a clouds hid the first glances of a scene.

An athletic man, rather comfortably clad paused and listened for a moment—looked towards the castle, and then slowly surveyed the country round. After a few seconds, he started. Some one approached. He cleared the small hedge at a bound,

And was immediately hidden by a wayside projecting rock. Not one—two men advanced to gether; one a little before the other. He was a heavily-formed, muscular figure, with body coat tightly fitting,

a smart hat lightly worn, knee-

bled from head to foot. "Pshaw," said Shaun, "what are ye afeared of? We're come to the spot where ye'll do th' only good

ction of your life, bar'n the lavin' o' college. Don't start, avic." He then looked around as if mus-ing, still, however, keeping his hand on Boran's shoulder. At length, again looking him full in the face, he

James Boran-a bad man ought to have an iron heart, a heart like the castle rock there; the child will play about it, an' 'twill dash out the prains of a bodhagh, and look all just the same. Now, James Boran, you're a bad man and a coward. an' that's a ery poor commendation." Here Shaun turned to the third

party, and told him to pass on.

You are in my power, Boran," he said, "and in more ways than one, you know ; your life is on your conduct this evening."

"I'm ready. I - have not followed you here twenty miles for nothing. "Bouldly sed, Mr. James-bouldly

sed. You did not, sure enough, fol-low me here for nothin'. Murdher! if I gev you up for the mane low robbery I caught you in, or for the forgery, or exposed your dirty talk wid the parson, or-come herethe ruin done on the widow's only child. Ah, Mr. Boran, you may have many a face, but only one bad, bad heart; from the mother that bore your stomach an' your dirty ways. No, it wasn't for nothin' you followed me. You followed me for your neck for your name, for your vanity an vengeance—an'," he softly added, "for my pistol. Ha, ha—faith 'tis thrue enough, 'twasn't for nothin' you followed me."

"And are all your promises forgotten, Shaun ?" half muttered the writhing victim. "Are these the—".

'Och, see how he does thravel, ejaculated Shaun.

"Why, you omadhawn, I'll make you rich enough to save you from

the man that wud go back of his duty!

Amen !" was the universal re joinder.

"Wasn't the widow to be here? said one of the men, addressing the young person to whom we have referred, as introducing the last con versation.

She was, and she is," answered the person appealed to.

Whereupon he left the room. "Poor Mick!" said Shaun a Dherk.

'twas a sorrowful day to you !"

"Thrue for you," replied a man with an accent which marked him as having come from a distance. the colleen well, an' him. know'd The sun never shone upon two more ikely made to make one heart an home They looked in one another' face as if their life 'ud mingle, an their souls come out to kiss one another. An' then they hard the Sunday mornin's blessed, peaceful mass, and you saw 'em kneelin' side by side at the time they done the Christmas an' Aister duty ! Well God is good, an' Mick Dowlin' will

have pace and the Ryans will have instice vet.' "Hush !' chimed the company

with the feeling so characteristic of the Irish peasant. "They're comin." And just then there tottered across

the threshold a woman not old in years, though her hair had whitened

of His Holy Mother-' In a paroxysm of agony the widow Ryan fell upon the floor.

Well, men," calmly spoke Shaun a Dherk, "who is the man to kill Skerin? Who puts the hand of justice upon the neck of the murdherer ?

He pointed to the woman, and looked round upon his companions. Simultaneously all called out,--I! I!I!

"No, it must be the work of wapno more. Listen, now - I know his road to-morrow. I know where he is to be to morrow. I know where he is to be to morrow's midnight. I could dhraw his shadow upon the ground this moment. A man'll be

there wid a gun that never desaived a man's hand. He can put the muzzle a'most to the villain's neck." Hurra !" cried the excited outlaws

The graves of three innocent children, and a noble neighbor's childthe broken heart of the poor woman that's lyin' afore ye, will be in the man's mind!

"Yis, yis, yis." "Fear, nor mercy, nor the dead, nor the livin,' won't turn yez from

your road ? No, no, no."

" Kneel down around the mother o' the dead, an' join hands by the blood o' the murdhered."

They did so. "Now, may the red curse of the Lord brand the sowl of the coward that, sent to do this deed, pauses on

garden of Paradise. "I would be more than thankful Miss," Dan answered, doffing his cap involuntarily, and tripping lightly over the stepping stones to the girl's

As he stooped his broad shoulders terpolated the widow. to enter the cottage, a woman-old and feeble, with snowy hair and bodiment of perplexity. Although for weeks his mind could hold no snowy lace cap—bade him welcome, but her looks belied her words. Her thought save marriage with Kate, face was tense, her eves eager with the need to find a house to tarry in suspicion. Kate was her only daugh after that happy event had not troubled him at all. With the widow's eyes looking fiercely into his, ter, the child of many prayers. Alone, the twain had lived together since the fever had untimely carried a speedy decision on the matter was off a husband and a son many years necessary. "I'd better try America. There before. Handsome young strangers found no more favor with her than isn't much chance for a man in this

the susceptible young farmers around, who sighed at a glance from Kate's country," he replied weakly, discerning economic salvation no nearer soft eyes, and mooned along the river's bank on summer evenings in than the other side of the globe, like many an Irishman before and since. hope of a nod or a "God save you!" from her ripe young lips. voice was strange, Kate's voice strung

"Thank you, ma'am; and God save all in this house!" Dan replied as he seated himself on a creepy stool, which always stood in the rose embowered porch.

"Have you came far ?" the the widow sarcastically. Her faith in men was not of the strongest. queried, anxiety in her tone. "Over the hills, ma'am, from S-

" I give you my word-my oath that I'll come back when I've earned enough to keep Kate in the style she Dan replied, meekly endeavoring to keep his eyes from straying from her wrinkled face to the young vision who stood obediently beside her has every right to expect," he said humbly; but there was anger in his heart, which he suppressed for Kate's mother's chair. "Ah !" she ejaculated with a sigh

sake. He was not of the men who of relief. Suspicion was dying. S- was a long way off - many make promises to break them. "I take your word, Dan Clune, and eagues, if this too frankly admiring Kate will wait till you come for her stranger abode there, he would trouble neither the cottage nor its on one condition," said the widow. An' that condition, ma'am ?" "That ye have no letters coming inmates often. "It is a hot day," he affirmed, backward and forward between ye. You'll be giving your mind all the better to your bit of work if the long-

hoping to gain her attention. You do not walk so far often ?

she queried irrelevantly. "I have never been in these parts

your heart, and there is no way of satisfying it but bringing the money before, and I may never have an excuse to come here again," he replied, home for the wedding."

Surely you know that way?" "Ach! I know the way right.

enough. 'Tis the name I'm trying to call to memory, sir."

"Never mind the name, then, but jog along. I'll soon find the place I want," Dan said with a proud smile, a mental picture of Kate standing by the river or under the flower festooned porch in all her youthful grace presenting itself to his inward

Yes, un that road : the cottage is just by the river. The garden runs down to the water's edge, and the

avenue-" Dan began. "You must be makin' a mistake, 'But you'll come back, Dan?" The sir. There is an ould fallen house up to a note of wild misery, with the sudden fear that she and Dan might where you say, sir; but naither a garden nor yet an avenue," inter rupted the jarvey.

" Drive on man." said Dan testily. feeling, but refusing to believe, that he had just had a severe nervous shock.

"I tould you so, sir," the jarvey began apologetically. He was dimly aware that his fare was suffering some sort of torture by the strange convulsive working of his face.

An old woman, hobbling along with the aid of a stout stick, stopped to eye the stranger and incidently glean any stray bit of news.

"'Tis Miss Casey-Miss Kate Casey. She lived a short time ago with her mother-the widow Casey," Dan said, half interrogatively, half in monologue, his face asher white.

"Ah! sir, maybe you bees the young man that left her here years back, with a promise to make money an' marry Kate?" she queried.