

Gloom

Of ill health, despondency and despair, gives way to the sunshine of hope, happiness and health, upon taking Hood's Sarsaparilla...

Sunshine

down stairs without clasping my hand over my heart and resting. In fact, it would almost take my breath away. I suffered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for...

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Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

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MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULLHOLLAND.

CHAPTER X. HOMEWARD.

Kilmartin had just returned from London, where he had gone to try to stir up a little interest among members of Parliament on the subject of the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act, which were in such a state that all sale was blocked, while some of his tenants were eager to buy what he would be as well pleased to sell.

The next morning he took the train as far as the train would carry him westward in the direction in which he wanted to go, and about the middle of the summer day mounted on horseback, to travel the fifty miles which still separated him from his little Connaught kingdom.

Whoever knows Ireland well knows the beauty of the land through which he passed, while the sun traversed the wide horizon from east to west over his head, taking the light from the lakes and giving it to the hills, stealing the colors from the mountain tops to spread them across the moor, and ever reversing the picture again as the breeze stirred and the clouds shifted.

Just as the cooler amethystine glow began to sweeten the atmosphere, he rounded a shoulder of steep mountain, and a scene of wild grandeur and beauty greeted his home-coming eyes.

There, on a little island, set low in a dark lake, rose the gables and chimneys of his mother's house. He could see the smoke from the hearth where presently he should sit, the boat lying still on the beach in which he was about to cross to the island dwelling.

From the further shore a huge mountain rose, rugged in outline, and so darkly purple in hue as to seem almost black, and against this looming background the whitened buildings of the little island twinkled.

He threw his horse's bridle over a post of the little gate that guarded the path leading down to the water, and, springing into the boat, laid hold of the oars. A bugle laid in the stern, and picking it up he blew a blast that went ringing across the lake and came back in a shower of echoes rippling, like musical laughter, round the margins of the lake.

A few minutes' pulling with the oars brought him near the shore of the island, where he saw a figure standing watching his approach, whose outlines, puzzled and surprised him. This was not the tiny form of his invalid mother, who rarely crept from her couch and could not have come so far from it without help, even to answer her son's bugle call by meeting him at the landing place; neither had it the extensive and elderly proportions of the faithful housekeeper who had followed her mistress in her reverses of fortune to this lonely retreat.

Small blame to us, if we suspect them of creeping through the keyholes to sit on our hearths while we are asleep, or waken early to hear the horns of the elfin hunt blowing, echoing thinly over the dawn-empurpled crests of the hills!

Bryan Kilmartin loved every huge boulder that hung out of the mountain over the path he travelled, every diamond like splash of water that blinked at him as he passed by bog and over moor, every forlorn tree that seemed to mourn a defunct forest at some desolate angle of the high road.

Sometimes as he had poked about in the gloaming at the home, while the plover wailed, and the bat flapped across his eyes, and it seemed quite rational to expect to see some rarified creature, with a certain semblance to humanity, step out of the clefts in the rock, or from under the screen of the waving bracken, he had told himself that if Irish waste lands were all drained, and Irish rents were low, the delightful edirch population of these lovely but famine-breeding wildernesses might arise and emigrate en masse to some now weilder region, some spot of earth where mists still exhaled from wet mosses growing nothing but brilliant weeds, and their fumes still got into the vision-seeking brains of hungry and languishing humanity.

At the first sprinkling of corn, wine and oil, no doubt the fairies would mount their phoobas and disappear, and though their landlord (for he accounted himself such to those of the tribe who lived in his brackens, or under, or over his barren gray rocks), would grieve for the elfin oxodus, yet willingly would he unbar the gates of the moor that let those go forth who require no food but the dewdrops, to make way for the footstep of the sower and the reaper, for the hand that would plant the potato where the nightshade had spread, and make two blades of grass to spring where only one had hitherto grown.

Towards the end of his journey he passed through all the wonders of sunset, while threading one picturesque valley after another, crossing gorges in the mountains, and skirting along a glen here and open moorland there. Like a gull's soul through the ordeal of fire he passed unscathed, amid flames that threatened to consume the green vales and melt the mountains to their base.

her ground, till springing up the rocks he stood by her side. Then she smiled and held out her hand, and Bryan saw with a confused sense of having been oddly tricked by his imagination, that it was not his benefactress of the Liberties after all, but poor Mrs. O'Kelly's interesting niece, who had so strangely made herself at home upon his island.

"You are surprised to see me here, Mr. Kilmartin—that is, if you remember me at all. We have met once before, at the Patrick's Ball."

"I remember," said Kilmartin, thinking it would be strange if he did not, all things considered. His mind was still occupied with the resemblance between the girl beside him and the girl who had befriended him, and with the curious chance which a second time had brought the one before his eyes while the other was in his thoughts.

"I have lost my friend," continued Marcella, in a low voice, anxious to account at once for her presence. "And Father Daly carried me off in a hurry, here, to Mrs. Kilmartin, who was kind enough to take me in till Crane's Castle be ready to receive me. Your mother does not expect you this evening, sir, and it was by accident that I met you on the rock, having heard your music—"

Bryan perceived at once how natural was the situation after all, and was surprised at nothing but the little word "sir" which had slipped out upon Marcella, in momentary forgetfulness of the drilling which poor Mrs. O'Kelly had given her. He looked at her with increased interest, as for a moment she became more closely identified in his eyes with the Liberties girl. However, he laid the little peculiarity of speech to the account of her foreign rearing.

Marcella, keenly aware of her slip, turned aside her head to hide the blush which a sudden fear that she was betraying herself called to her face. She had a double reason for desiring to hide forever the fact that it was she who had sheltered this gentleman from the pursuit of the police.

To her own desire to spare him a possible humiliation, and perhaps a sense of uneasiness at her possession of his secret, was now added the wish of her dead friend that the extreme lowliness of her antecedents might remain unknown to all save Father Daly. The priest had simply said to Mrs. Kilmartin that the girl had lately lost her father, who had been in anything but prosperous circumstances.

"Do I understand you to mean that Crane's Castle is for the future to be your home?" asked Bryan, having first expressed his pleasure at finding that his mother had been enjoying Miss O'Kelly's companionship in her lonely retreat.

"Yes. Does it not seem strange? It seems that I have simply stepped into Mrs. O'Kelly's place."

"And I already feel the burden of the responsibility. Father Daly has assured me that you will help me with my people."

"I am not sure that it was fair to you, under the circumstances, to bring you to us," he said presently. "Of course Father Daly acted for the best, from his point of view. But there are many sides to the question. My mother and I have struck out a peculiar line of conduct for ourselves in the troubled times, and have thereby incurred the censure of our own class. Whether we have done much good by our efforts to get on what we have considered the right track remains to be proved by time. Meanwhile we live, as you see, remote from the world and in a very simple way. And I question very much if one so—so fitted, as I might say in society as you are ought to have your lot thrown in with ours, while yet you are in perfect ignorance of the possible consequences to yourself of such an accident."

"You mean that Miss Julia O'Flaherty will not care to make an intimate friend of me. She has been here, and down on the rocks yonder, gave me a very solemn warning, I shall not grieve much about Miss Julia O'Flaherty."

"There are others of a much better order whose acquaintance you might not like to forfeit, and who would naturally feel interested in the heiress of Distresna."

"Lady Villiers Blake, and Mrs. De Laey French, for instance. Your mother has described to me all the advantages which would result to me from their sympathy and patronage. They have not taken me into their homes, however, when I was friendless and homeless, and with the friends who have done so I will choose to remain."

"They have not had the opportunity. They are motherly women with daughters of their own, and their countenance would be desirable for you out in the world, even if you think you can get on without it here. My mother is incapacitated both physically and by circumstances from ever doing you such service, and you will be singularly lonely in that respect if you

persist in identifying yourself with us."

Marcella obeyed his signal and held

main force by Lord Lucan's bailiffs from burying his son there lest the dispossessed tenant should attempt to set up any shadow of a title to his evicted lands through a grave at Letterass.

Scenes of this kind are but incidents in the widespread and cold-blooded conspiracy which the Irish landlords and English subordinates formed after the great famine to extirpate the remnants of the small farmer population whom

HUNGER AND THE FAMINE FEVER had spared, and to replace them with a handful of wealthy and God-fearing Scotch colonists. I have lately discovered the genesis of the great clearances of 1845-54 in the West, set out with the utmost candor in a book published by the Scottish agriculturist, Mr. Caird of Baldoon, who was sent over by Sir Robert Peel in 1850, to prospect as to the advantages of the West "as a field of investment" for Scotch farmers to use the brutally frank title of the book in pursuance of a "plantation scheme" in which that eminent statesman, following or preceding so many of his countrymen from the days of Raleigh to the days of Oliver Cromwell, and from the days of Cromwell to the days of T. W. Russell, found salvation for the woes of Ireland. Mr. Caird's mission was apparently to ascertain whether the terms offered by the Irish landlords as the price of ridding them of the inconvenient aboriginal population were such as ought to tempt his own law-abiding but canny fellow countrymen.

In a word, he was the Caleb dispatched for the purpose of spying out the milk and honey of the promised land. "His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, ever watchful for the good of the people over whom he has been called to preside, was considerably pleased to countenance the author's object and to secure for him many facilities." In short, he was shown around from the house of one landlord desirous of exterminating his native tenantry to another, and questioned then shrewdly as to the terms they were prepared to bid for enterprising Scotchmen to take the "consolidated" farms of their hands. Mr. Caird relates his experiences with much honesty, and apparently with many acute suspicions of the worthlessness of his landlord hosts and of the amount of human suffering involved in their pitiless schemes of "consolidation."

After reviewing at some length Mr. Caird's exposures of landlordism, Mr. O'Brien shows that

among the people of Ireland the cruel tyrants might have been checkmated. He concludes his interesting article as follows:

The Scotch planter who grasped at the rural paradise which Lord Sligo so kindly pointed out to Mr. Caird among the noble hills around Duloch did not thrive, for all his docks and herds. Last year or the year before he left the country altogether. Sir Robert Peel's plantation scheme ended in a *saive qui peut*, and the land was there idle—48,000 acres of it—a standing warning against the big-grazer system, and an irresistible invitation to the congested districts board to parcel it out among the congested villagers who were on all sides looking down on it with hope from their huts in the remote hills. As soon as the farm fell vacant I urged publicly that an unrivalled opportunity had arisen for finding cosy farms for hundreds of families who were the very types of the evil the congested districts board obtained their £12,000 a year to remedy. I believe the board did sincerely and strenuously try what could be done to acquire these 48,000 acres for the congested population. One of the landlords to be dealt with, the present Lord Lucan—who has shown some signs of a progressive spirit—had already divided up an evicted grazing tract near Castlebar among the small tenants, at the instance of Father Lyons, P. P.; and another grass farm at Ouchy, among the Drummin mountains, at the instance of the late Rev. Bernard McDermott and myself. The pecuniary result to the landlord have been, I think, more cheering than his Lordship's dealings with the Scotch planters. He might have been induced to go further. But more fatal than any self-deceit in the rent office was a VILTRIOUS SWOOP OF LANGRABBERS upon the vacant lands, and, humiliating to say, among them men vaunting and trumpeting their own nationality in shining contrast with the poor Whiggery of those who, in their antiquated way, supposed nationality to consist not with exciting the enthusiasm of the rent office and enjoying popularity with the bailiffs. But the shame rests upon all sections, and ought to burn into all our hearts. Nobody supposes that it can cause anything but a pang to decent Farnellites to think that, for their own purposes, and as a result of their own calculations, it is towards the disciples of Redmondism that the sinister favor of the landlords and their dependents leans. The fact is, at all events, uncontestable. Given a vigorous and united popular organization, it is as certain as anything human can be that these 48,000 acres would have lain untenanted until they were partitioned among the congested villagers. But a grabber and landlord know that the people's forces are at sixes and sevens, that the man who strives in any practical way to hold up the old flag against the enemies of Ireland is sure of encountering fiercer abuse, calumny and misrepresentation from his brother Nationalists than either the landlord who grinds or the gombey man who grabs, and that in the general demoralization no man can now commit a deed of treachery so base that he can

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THE ROOM is that local of struck dumb by remedy count high places of en and enlarge which give the ic throughout to pooh-pooh of the people's backing and desperate task a square sides, and from of things does loves our Irish conscience it is pitch of nation us to the dang drifting. I pu resection in p is common to be the remedy tion is to red engine of the being the jest pleasure hours his bailiff's rid

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A WORD OF HISSING as long as human pity lives in gentle breasts. At the head of the Duloch Pass, not far from the schoolhouse at Craighanna, the tourist will find the rude mountain cemetery of Closhkeim. Amidst its rocks, without cross or inscribed stone, are buried practically the whole population of the glen, who assembled there for relief works in the time of "the great famishing," and sank down starved and frozen to death one night in a snow storm. Among them all, when the government officials proceeded next morning to count the dead, there was found alive but one infant, the thought of whose dead mother was to fold it up so under her breast that the little creature outlived the blasts that slew strong men by the hundred. The famine pits of Closhkeim are a sorry sight, but there is a still sadder, nearer to Leenane, the disused cemetery of Letterass, over which the bullocks graze: for in this cemetery there has not been an interment for forty years past. Those whose fathers sleep there disappeared in the great evictions, and the only one of them who held his ground in the neighboring hills was prevented by

A TALE OF TRAGEDY. The Penalties of Disension Set Forth by William O'Brien.

William O'Brien contributed a second interesting article on "The Penalties of Disension" to the Dublin Freeman's Journal of recent date. In opening, he says:

A couple of years ago, under the heading, "Undiscovered Connaught," I directed public attention to the shadowy grandeur of a gap in the mountains of Lower Murrisk, which remained as destitute of road or bridge as the day when the Elizabethan soldiery of Brown and Bingham first cursed it with a visit. Since that time, I am glad to say, the congested districts board have been induced to transform the rocky bridge path through the Duloch pass, with its occasional disappearances into a river, to re-appear in a faint track scrambling down a precipice into a massive roadway, winding through native woods towards the gloaming lakes and right through the ranks of purple clothed mountain giants towards the breezy seas of Old Head. The noble proprietor who derives £20,000 a year from the territory through which the Duloch road runs did not, of course, contribute a stiver, nor so much as a "God bless it," towards the project, but the grand jury, which obeys his noble family's nod, has in its bounty graciously agreed to take over the road, now that it is really bridged and metalled. Next year or the year after, no doubt, it will be the favorite tourist route from Leenane to Clew Bay. Questionable as are the advantages of corrupting our virgin valleys with a flood of tourists such as make the English traveller the least beloved of mankind, tourists of a finer strain will find in the glens unlocked by the Duloch road materials of more absorbing human interest even than the mystic shadows on the lakes or the solemn statuary of the shapely peaks of Mullree and Bengorm and Glencullin. The heads of the noble houses of Brown Bingham might well have conspired to bar the inquisitive stranger out of this mountain labyrinth, for within its Titanic walls was enacted within the memory of men whose lips have told me the tale of a tragedy such as, if it stood alone, would make Irish landlordism

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