---

At dawn next morning the whole household was startled from slumber by the sudden appearance of police in the yard. They had heard the rumbling of cars in a kind of half dream, and the cars in a fine of half dream, and the swift orders of officers; but the half-dream became a dread reality when, on looking out through the half pane which served as a window, they saw the rough frieze coats and the glazed caps of the officers of the law. Debbie was the first to realize the situation; and Maxwell, in his settle bed, awake from heavy slumber to see her half-dressed form in the kitchen, and hear her shout to

Pierry in the loft:
"Pierry, Pierry, get up; get up! the place is full of police!".

And in an instant there was a furious knocking at the door and the stern

the night before, she at once associated the presence of the police with the crime of Maxwell; and it was with a

ice are lookin' for some wan!" She was swiftly undeceived when, on opening the kitchen door, two brutal fellows, clearly bailiffs, rushed in and began at once to take possession of the place. Utterly heedless of protestaplace. Utterly needless of protesta-tions and appeals, they commenced flinging out into the yard everything they could lay hands on, utterly regard-less as to whether it was broken or not. Chairs, tables, the settle, the ware, tins, dishes, pictures, the wheel-bellows at the fire, the dried meat over the fireplace, the irons that held the heavy pots —all were flung out, whilst Pierry and Maxwell and Debbie looked on as if paralyzed. Then the latter rushed into the room where her parents were. The balliffs were following, when Pierry rushed forward and planted himself be-

'My father and mother aren't up yet,"

by an angement with Longmans, Green & Co.
All rights reserved.

LISHEEN

BY REV. P. A. Sherenan, D. D.
Author of "My New Curate," Luke Delmege,"
"Lisheen," "Glenanaar," etc.

The decree seemed to be irrevocable that the family should not enter on their land again. The dense crowd outside began to show symptoms of excitement, when the wild cries of the old people reached them; and a stray stone was dropped on the thatch where the bailing around a more miserable man. dropped on the thatch where the bailiffs were at the work of destruction. The night-shades, too, falling, and the officer looked anxious. He had a long journey before him; and how could he conjecture what might happen under the cover of night, and passing through a hostile country? He looked anxiously at his watch; and again Hamberton approached the sheriff, annaemtly to remostrate the sheriff, apparently to remonstrate with him on the altogether unnecessary with him on the altogether unnecessary demolition of the little home. He appeared to be prevailing, and the sherif had put up his hand to stop the dismantling of the roof, when again Maxwell interfered, and said something that apparently induced the officer to decide otherwise. It was such gross, uncalled-for treachery that even the patient old man said aloud:
"Dom your blood, you secondre! "Dom your blood, you scoundrel! Isn't this a nice return for takin' you aff the road and makin' a dacent man av

But the old woman interfered:
"Lave him to God, Owen? La And Pierry said, and he threw hi

voice out from the midst of the posse of police that surrounded him:

"Yes; lave ruffian to God, and the hangman's rope, that's swinging for him this many a day!"

Maxwell flushed up as he saw public attention thus drawn toward him, and then he grew suddenly pale as he saw Hamberton's and Miss Moulton's eyes bent on him in surries. But there was Hamberton's and Miss Moulton's eyes bent on him in surprise. But there was no longer time for sentiment. The night was falling; the bare rafters of the little home at Lisheen were now letting in the fading light on wreck and ruin; the window had been long since smashed; the door hung on its hinges. The evil work was done. The Inspector looked arain at his watch shock bands. looked again at his watch, shook hands with Hamberton, raised his hand in salute to Miss Moulton, pulled up his scabbard, and ordered his men to fall

Maxwell, looking wistfully at the two prisoners, seemed undecided what to do. Then, under a sudden impulse, he strode over to where Debbie, who had been sitting on a cart surrounded by police sitting on a cart surrounded by police, was standing up to accompany her captors to gaol. She looked him straight between the eyes in her fearless way; and his face fell before her gaze. But he had to say something.

"Don't judge me too hard, now," he pleaded. "I cannot explain. Some day you will understand and foreive."

Service for the service for th

CHAPTER XXIV

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS In the snug, well appointed drawinga small but very select party of Dublin fashionables was gathered at the close of fashionables was gathered at the close of a cold evening early in the March of this year. The lawn in front sloped down to the sea; and on a summer evening the view across Dublin Bay, down along the coast, to where Bray Head juts out and frames the picture in green and gold. would be almost ungreen and gold, would be almost unrivalled. This evening, with the cold east wind blowing back to the shore the plumes of smoke from cross-Channel steamers, the lawn looked gray and sad in the glowing twilight; but in the large bay-window that jutted over the basement in the villa, there was a pretty picture that lent a little light and beauty to the scene. A fair tall woman picture that lent a little light and beauty to the scene. A fair, tall woman in evening dress was turning over the pages of an album or pictorial story book for the delectation of a little boy, whose yellow ringlets ran over his dark blue velvet dress, and hid the broad collar of fine lace that covered his shoulders and breast. The child looked intensely pleased with the amusement. The lady looked tired and weary. But suddenly that aspect of sadness disappeared, and she appeared to make a violent effort in e appeared to make a violent effort in she appeared to make a violent effort in the transformation, for she drew herself up to her full height, smiled softly, and gently toyed with her rings, when a gentleman came forward, spoke a few pleasant words, drew the boy gently aside, and pulled down the blinds, against which instantly shout the soft ruby light from the chandelier inside.

It was the evil quarter-hour before dinner—the pars gelidabefore that daily dinner—the pars gendancere that daily holocaust of society, when the guests are frozen by first introductions or limited acquaintance; when the hostess is frozen by frightful anticipations of spoiled viands, kitchen catastrophes, yawning intervals between courses, and all the other freed coestibilities of the dinner-table; when the waiters are frozen into frigid icicles of propriety and decorum; and probably the only frozen into frigid icicles of propriety and decorum; and probably the only warm person under the roof is the cook. Mabel Outram, who had just returned from the darkness and screened lights of the window, where she could toy with a boy's curls and forget, herself, now put

such consummate subtlety in the drawing-room, whether she did not admine revery much a spray of illies of the valley, which sparkled across the delicate background of a clump of maiden-hair ferr; and a magnificent bunch of chrysanthemums, a name which the old lady feigned several times to forget, although lost in admiration of the superb prowns and coral reds of the winter flower. The second was a startling statement made by a young lady that she had a pet poodle that would easily fit into, and be decidedly comfortable, in one of the raby flager glasses on the table. The third was an animated discussion that was going on at the further end of the table within the circle dominated by the hostess, and limited to Outram and the professor. The latter had never got over his surprise at the naive explanation of British supermacy in India that had been given by Outram; and, as he reflected during the pourse of the pauses of the dinner courses, he became convinced that either Outram; and as he reflected during the pauses of the dinner courses, he became convinced that either Outram, at like many other Anglo-Indians of whom

came convinced that either Outram, like many other Anglo-Indians of whom came convinced that either Outram, like many other Anglo-Indians of whom he had heard, was profoundly ignorant of the bearings of the vast question propounded by himself, or else was deliberately mocking him. This last idea gradually became a certainty, as he observed the cynical manner in which Outram seemed to treat every question, social or otherwise, that came up for discussion at table; and being a man of profound erudition and enjoying a European reputation, he was much annoyed at the contemptous flippancy of this officer. He had a swift revenge. A young girl, questioning Outram about Hindoo life and manners, hinted her idea that the Brahmins were a class of men distinguished by rare holiness of life and detachment from all earthly things. This was quite enough to

life and detachment from all earthly things. This was quite enough to awaken all the angry contempt of Outram for subject races of any kind.

"There is no measuring the depths of ignorance," he said, "that exist amongst all Europeans on this subject. Books are written that deserve only to be burned by the common hangman. You will see articles in the Fortnightly and Nineteenth Century that should not and Nineteenth Century that should not

gaily.

"Quite true. I did not deem it sufficiently interesting to speak of it before. It was a remark of Professor Masson's that elicited it. If the narrative has a leaden ring in it, blame the professor

ot me."

He was silent for a few minutes, as if

pondering over the incident. Then he said:

"It occurred in the Mahratta country, during one of these periods of famine that recur so frequently in India. The Mahrattas are a fierce warlike tribe, with whom we have hed some toouble..."

Mahrattas are a fierce warlike tribe, with whom we have had some trouble—"

"I beg pardon," said the professor, forgetting himself for a moment. "Did you say the Mahrattas were—I beg pardon. Yes! Yes! you are quite right."

A young lady, during the awkward pause, was heard murmuring:

"Where, in wild Mahratta battle fell my father evil-starred."

"Where, in wild Mahratta battle fell my father evil-starred."
"Well," continued Outram. "The Mahrattas, as I was saying, are a fierce warlike tribe. There would be no finer class of men in India than the "Desh" Mahrattas, were it not for these wild Brahmins, who would corrupt the unfallen angels. But they are superstitious, believe in the existence of gods, and all that kind of thing. And as a result, they are sometimes cruel. Well, and Nineteenth Century that should not be written by a clerk in a London counting-house. Brahmins pious? Brahmins disinterested? We will soon hear that a Jew hath a conscience; or that a Fakir is clean."

The professor was gently toying with his dessert-fork; and he looked up with a smile of bland satisfaction mantling his rosy face, framed in silver-white whiskers.

"I fear," he said, as if about to answer some foolish question put by a beardless undergraduate, "that Mr.

cried out to its internal content of the content of "Oh, no, not at all," said the professor. The admission generally brings abuse the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook back the child, and kept her in his cook with a left seven are a keept the child. In the end the good man subjected to such obloguy and call the professor was subjected to such obloguy and call the end the could not be answered; inquiries we made that could not be a

was more."

"But the story, the story, Mr. Outram," exclaimed the ladies. "What
became of Satara?"

"Oh, Satara! Well, she grew up
rapidly under her British protector and
developed extraordinary powers. She
could do what she pleased with her
wonderful hands—string beads and
corals, arranging colors in a way that
would make Europeans despair: she corals, arranging colors in a way that would make Europeans despair; she could carve metals in a kind of repousse work that was a miracle to behold; she could cut intaglios and raise cameos on all kinds of stones; and shape and polish alabaster and other vases until they shone like precious stones. And she interwove with all her work a kind of symbolism, never allowing the smallest thing to pass from her hands without some mute lesson or warning conveyed in a sign, sometimes almost impercepin a sign, sometimes almost imperceptible, but always clear to the initiated.

tible, but always clear to the initiated.

Where she learned that symbolism no one could tell. Probably in the mountain under Poojarees or Thibetan Lamas, who had strayed across the frontier, and who seem to know all that is worth knowing about the other world.

"Well, things went on in this way for some years. Various attempts were made to kidnap the girl; but she was safe under the English flag. Then a strange thing occurred. Unknown to himself, Satara had contracted a very strong affection for her protector; and one day, in a fit of jealousy, she upraided him in terrible language for some imagined slight. He resented it and turned her from the house. Then

The third time she came again, pur- exclaimed.

"The third time she came again, purring and fawning around him, like a wild cat; and again he drove her forth. She went away meekly, having first deposited the ring on his dressingtable with a few kind words of farewell.

But next morning, when he awoke, he found himself all coated as with silver. He was a leper from head to heel."

The ladies cowered together and uttered little shrieks. But Outram went on:

Elizabeth looked enviously at her

"He came down to Madras, where I met him. For six months the doctors were dosing him with all kinds of medicine; and at last he was partially cured. Some fakirs offered to cure him wholly by incantations; but he would have none of them. When I was coming home, he gave me the magic ring."

The old man smiled indulgently, "Mary hasn't had that temptation, or whans see would not walk more exercise; but it is so much easier to ride, and I can always have the machine when I want it."

The old man smiled indulgently, "Mary hasn't had that temptation, or whans see would not walk more. Papa

much interested in Mr. Shea and me,"
she thought rather peevishly, "She
makes herself a bore. Of course, he is
a fine fellow. I am not so blind that I
can't see that. Why he should care for
a butterfly like me is a mystery. Even
father thinks that I—" and her face
grew sad and wistful.

Suddenly the car stopped far from
any station. The conductor hurried
forward, and he and the motorman talked

any station. The conductor hurried forward, and he and the motorman talked earnestly for a moment or two earnestly for a moment or two and ex-changed a few remarks with a man who ran down the track toward them.

"Wreck ahead!" the conductor an-nounced laconically, to the curious pas-sengers. "We'll be tied up here for at

sengers. "We'll be tied up here for least three hours—maybe four or five Elizabeth was dismayed. The ear twilight was beginning to fall.
was no house within sight wher
might have been able to telephone
taxicab. "How far are we from to

taxicsb. "How far are we from town?" she asked, anxiously.

"Four miles," the conductor called back, as he and the motorman left the

some imagined slight. He resented it and turned her from the house. Then he relented and brought her back. She used to hang around his room, chanting strange poems in her native dialect:

"What has this slave done to anger thee, Son of the Priests of the Sun! All night long have I iain flat on my face on my bed; and there was no one to give me food or drink. Who was the Mighty One that saved me from the anger of Siva and the teeth of the serpent of the desert? Who was raised up by the full speech of the gods to be to the catch their drift, he stepped to her side. "Pardon me, madam," he began, lifting his hat, court-eously—his manner was that of a gentle-enan—"the ear will soon be cold and it will be as dark as night long before it lave determined to walk to the city if you will accompany us. If you feel that it would be too much for you, of course, we glad to wait with you. We won't leave you stranded here alone."

Elizabeth was looking up into a face younger than the man's gray head and

anger of Siva and the teeth of the serpent of the desert? Who was raised up by the full speech of the gods to be my father; and who hath taken the place of Medudu, my brother? And shall I be cast away from before the face of my Lord; and never more break his bread and wait upon Him?"

"This was all very well; but again the same awful jealousy broke out, and again she was dismissed."

leave you stranded here alone."

Elizabeth was looking up into a face younger than the man's gray head and been shoulders had led her to think him —a face grave, kindly, careworn—an ideal face for a poet or a musician, but without a trace of the sterner stuff that makes business men, financiers. After a moment's consideration the anxious look faded from her eyes, and she smiled gratefully. "How kind you are!" she gratefully. "How kind you are!" she exclaimed. "I never tried to walk four

Elizabeth looked enviously at her "He came down to Madras, where I round rosy cheeks and lithe, erect form

he rattle stand it great job what he times M would ea Oh, we h was at h 9 or 9.5 together them out and the whose p honor at had time East for man was

MAY

colorless word) " Louis—we there only the mortg for a lifet

Poor M hurt her openly of

whose ap The fa

had no lose an "You ca hated to

deeply in getting of from the

was the "We parlor fir tell the f I often la stop."

stop."

ings.

For so dead, an never o for so li

Again

surprise

heavenl

his step to keep be fine turning planati him toword fr "I do little si lights ten mir Eliza the oth during walk fe

rison's where ing for taking tion be many e A we beth t old bef ders had en of whose strugg strung made i love for ing present whose prefer

her fat countl

ting emitted Mr. S that a solved a sing hearin reason "Ol ball," had a