or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.

WEEKS THINKS HIMSELF VERY ILL TRET ED, AND THE IRISH THE MOST SAV-AGE, BEGGARLY, "VARMINT IN ALL CREATION."—HE IS CONDUCTED TO A WEDDING, AND HAVING TAKEN A GLASS OR TWO, UNDER PROTIST, DANCES AN IRISH JIG, TO THE GREAT DELIGHT OF THE COMPANY.

It was now within a short hour of midnight, and Weeks, drenched and weary, still plodded his lonely way over the hills of Benraven. The night was very stormy, and Mr. Weeks very much out of sorts. In truth, he was troubled exceedingly, both in mind and body—especially in the latter, for he had unfortunately lost his cap in his rencontre with Nannie, and was obliged to use his pocket handkerchief instead. It was a poor substitute, to be sure; but what else could he do? He had already drawn his coat tails over his head, found it impossible to keep them down on account of the vio-lence of the wind. Still, the wind and the rain together, though bad enough were not the worst he had to contend were not the worst he had to contend with; the darkness was the great difficulty, for he could hardly "see his finger before him," nor tell whether he was going to Crohan, or back again by some circuitous route to Arabeera Head. Twice, indeed, he had the good fortune to meet with benighted tra-vellers like himself, who seemed to know all about the roads, and took, as know all about the roads, and took, as he fancied, very great pains to set him right. They kindly informed him he had lost his way, and gave him strict caution to take the left hand road, which, curious enough, was the very thing he intended not to do. But he was a stranger in the country, and of should take the directions of better acquainted with it than Yet it was now nearly two hours since he met the latter of the two parties, and still, strange to say, he was as far from Crohan, for aught he knew, as ever. On he went, not-withstanding—on he drove through the pitchy darkness, butting his bare head against the pitiless storm, and seeing nothing but the lightning flash as it shot across his face. Many a lusty malediction did he vent, that night, on Ireland, and the unlucky day he first took it into his head to speculate in matrimony on her barbarous shore. At last, he topped the summit of a hill, last, he topped the summit of a hil, which must surely, he thought, be Benraven Scalp, and had begun to de-scend the opposite side, when, much to his relief, he heard a voice shouting through the storm,—
"Hoagh!"
"Hilloa! who's that?" he cried,

turning round; "who goes there?"
"Hoagh!" was again repeated.
"Come nearer," bawled Weeks.

"Come nearer;" bawled Weeks,
"come nearer; can't hear you with
this infernal whistling." And no wonder, for in turning, the wind blew the skirts of his sporting frock about hi cars, which kept flapping so rapidly that he could hear nothing at all.
"Come nearer," he repeated, "come nearer; I'm here on the middle of the

' Hoagh ! hoagh !" "Tarnation to your 'Hoagh!' Hain't ye got English enough to tell what's the matter ?'

"O, darn your gibberish-you're the

most confounded barb—
"Hoagh! hoagh!"

"That's it; go it again. By thun-der, he bellows like an ox."

"Well, there! By crackie, if you're

"Well, there! By crackle, if you're sick, it's not with the lung complaint, I reckon, any how. But hold on—you may have got into some fix—hold on. I'll find you out, I guess." Weeks, actuated by compassion for the sufferer, as well as by the hope of the sufferer, as well as by the hope of gaining some information respecting his whereabouts, began to grope his way towards his companion in distress. He felt quite sure, the unfortunate man could not be far away, for it was

impossible for human lungs to ma voice tell at more than a few yards, in the teeth of such a furious gale. this notion in his head, he commenced his search along the road side, floundering, as he went along, through the water tables, and tripping occasionally over the slippery rocks which had fallen from the banks into the ditches. As it was impossible to see any thing in the was impossible to see any thing in the darkness, his only alternative was to keep sweeping both hands out before him in semicircles, like a swimmer, with the expectation of at length uching something with life in it. In this manner, he searched up and down, both sides of the road, for a consider able time, calling loudly to the man in distress, but receiving no reply, and was at last on the point of abandoning the poor wretch to his fate, when he fancied he heard a heavy groan, as of some one in his last agony, and stretching out both hands again, to feel in the direction of the sound, stumbled once more and fell forward.

Just as he had expected, Weeks felt something warm and hairy under his

open palms. "Well, there!" he exclaimed " the fellow's got corned and fell in the I swow he has, and lost his hat drain. too, for his hair's as wet as the very grass. Say! what's the matter?' he continued, shaking him. "Say! wake up, if you don't want to die here right off."

No answer came. No answer came.

"Look here!" and he pulled him by the hair of the head, to make him speak. "Look here! you've got drunk

hain't you?"
At this moment, and just as he had inserted his right arm under the helpless creature's head, to raise him up, a flash of lightning illumed for an instant the person of the prostrate sufferer, and revealed to the astonished eyes of Mr. Weeks the face and form of a young steer, quietly chewing his cud under the shelter of a projecting rock.

"Heavens and earth, what's this!" he exclaimed, snatching his arm from under the animal's neck, and jumping on the bank at a single bound. "Well,

there! if that ain't the darndest sniggle
-I swonnie, if I didn't take the there! if that ain't the darndest sniggle — I swonnie, if I didn't take the critter for a drunken Irishman, shouting for help all the time. O, Ireland, Ireland; if there's such another country in all universal space—well—if there be, I'd like to see it—that's all."

"Not so fast, my fine fellow, not so fast," shouted somebody in his ear; "you've driven that baste far enough. I'll take charge of him now, if ye plaze, and yerself too, into the bargain."

"Me?"

"A v in troth honey just your yery."

"Ay, in troth, honey, just your verself. You're the queen's prisoner."
"The queen's humbug—for what, should like to know?"

"Stealing that yearling."
"Stealing! You don't say!

I do say."

You're mistaken, ain't you? Not in the laste, my good man." Well, I kinder think you be." "Kinder think. Exactly — that's one of the tokens; you're a Yankee, it

seems."
"Well, I always reckoned so—hap-pened to be born in New England, any

"Just so-in Ducksville."

"In Ducksville! — why, how the thunder came you to know that—eh?" "Niver mind—I know more than all that, my fine fellow. I know you've stolen three more of this same stock from Benraven Mountain, within the last fortnight, and this one makes the

"My dear man," said Weeks, "let me tell you again, this is a great mis-

me tell you again, this is a great mis-take—I'm a private gentleman."

"Feth, may be so. Hilloa! come on here, Tom Henley—come on with the lantern;" and as the latter came up, the speaker raised the light to the face of his prisoner, and deliberately scanned his nerson from head to foot. scanned his person from head to foot.

Let me see—six feet in height, slender figure, knock kneed, long sandy hair, gray frock and trousers, several gilt chains, rings, brooches, &c. Very good—you're rings, brooches, acc. very good—you re just the person I've been searching for these three nights past. Come, my lad, you must trot to Mr. Johnston's.' "Well, I'd rather not," coolly re-plied Weeks. "I sorter think I'll sleep

to night at my cousin's, Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle's."

"Not till you see Mr. Johnston, first.
I'm his bailiff, and must do my duty.
Come sir, no more palaverin about it."
"Look here!" exclaimed Weeks, as the bailiff laid his hands roughly on his shoulder; "look here—hold on a minute—don't you think you're carry-ing this joke a leetle too far? I told you already I was Mr. Hardwrinkle's

ousin-german "What, of Crohan?"

"Just so-precisely-that's another

token. You've been trying hard to pass for the foreigner visiting there."
"Trying to pass! My dear man, I'm that very individual himself, and was on my way to Crohan, from Ara-heera lighthouse, when I heard that

"Ha, ha! a likely story, indeedon your way to Crohan—here, on the very top of Cairncrit—three miles farther from Crohan than when you left the lighthouse, and the very animal we're lookin for, too, in your custody."
"Well, I reckon I must have been directed the wrong way."
"And how did you happen to get in

company with the stirk?' Why, I heard the critter bellow,

and seemed to think it might be an Irishman shouting for help."

"Ha, ha! upon my conscience, now,

that's mighty flatterin; heard a stirk routin under the rain, and took it for an Irishman in distress."
"Isn't he might cute, intirely?"

said Henley.
"Wonderful—but tell me, Tom, didn't Lanty say the fellow generally carried a fishin rod with him?"

"Ay, did he; but who the deuce cud carry a fishin rod with him such a night as this, when the strongest of us can o, as for that, you needn't be storm? the laste afeerd in life; he's the very man yer lookin for, as sure as your name's Ned Griffin."

"Say, what Lanty d'ye mean?" inquired Weeks: Lanty Han

"Niver mind, it makes no difference to you who he is."
"Well, not much, I guess, but if I could see him just as well as not, I might save you further trouble on my account. Let me see—he lives in this here neighborhood, somewhere don't

"Come, come, my good fellow, this Come, come, my good leinew, tanks hoodwinking won't take just at present. You may be very smart, and cunning, and all that, but I have had some twenty years' experience of gentlemen of your profession. So, come on ; we'll take you down here to one of these houses in Ballymagahey for the night, and carry you before Mr. Johnston to-morrow. You can then call on Lanty Hanlon to give you a character, and as many more as you plaze. Lift your feet and they'll fall themselves," he added, grasping the unfortunate Weeks by the collar. "Come away out of this rain; come, trot, my customer, trot you've legs enough if you only use

"Trot h-Il!" vociferated Weeks at last, losing patience; "if you don't let go my collar this instant, I'll blow your brains out. Away you ignorant, beggarly savages—darn you, to take me for a cow thief. Away — make tracks

this minute, or by-"Be aisy, my valiant fellow, be aisy," said the bailiff, still gripping him by

the collar. "No, I shan't—let me go—I'll not put up with this, no how."
"Don't fret—we'll put you up, and

in lavender, too; never fear.
"I tell you once more, I'm Ephrain
C. B. Weeks, cousin german to the
Hardwrinkles of Crohan."

"O, thin, bad scran to the much ye need boast of the connection," replied Henley, helping the bailin to drag him

wn the hill.
"Unhand me, villains, unhand me I'm a stranger here-I'm a foreigner. And sure we're only helpin to send you to foreign parts again. O, faith,

honey, we'll accommodate ye that way, and welcome."
"Look here—hold on," vociferated

Weeks, as they ran him down the hill; "I want you to understand who I am—
—I'm a citizen—a free-born citizen of the United States, under the protection of the stars and stripes, and I protest against this violence—I command you in the name of my country to let

me go."
"Bedad, that's very alarmin; Nedisn't it?

isn't it?"

"Ha, ha! mighty alarmin, intirely,"
responded the bailiff. "He speaks like
that Yankee fellow, in Dublin, last
week, who threatened the magistrate
with the stars and stripes, because he
fined him five shillings for spitting
tobacco juice on a lady's dress."
In this way the bailiff, assisted by
Tom Halley continued to drag the un-

In this way the bailift, assisted by Tom Henley, continued to drag the unhappy Weeks down the south side of Benraven Mountain, despite his solemn protest against the outrage, and his frequent assurance of his innocence, and finally succeeded in conveying him to a house in the little village of Ballymagahey, where, late as the hour was, a light was still burning.

As the party approached the house, and the location of the solement where were heard within, some

As the party approached the house, several voices were heard within, some speaking loud, some laughing, others singing, and now and then the squeak of a fiddle breaking out at intervals.

Without pausing an instant, the bailiff knocked loudly on the door, and the next moment pushed in before him Ephraim Weeks, haggard and torn, and

dripping like a water god.

The fiddle stopped short in the middle of Miss McCloud's reel, and the affrighted dancers fell back, and left the floor clear to the new comers.

"O, hierna!" cried some one in a stage whisper; "he's mad—see how his eyes rowl in his head—he'll tear us in

The young females, hearing this, took alarm, a and ran out of doors, screaming for protection; the elder ones ran afte to bring them back; the men shouted to the runaways to stop in twenty different voices, till in a shoater time than we have taken to describe it, the place was a scene of unutterable confusion. Nearly all the females had disappeared one after another. The hunch-back fiddler jumped through the window with his instrument under his arm and, to make the din still more intoler able, the house dog set up such a howling outside as if the world had actually come to an end, when the bailiff, seein now matters stood, stepped on a chair began to address the company, assuring them the man was not m any means, but a notorious cow thief he had arrested in the act of stealing Mr. Johnston's cattle from the mountain, and then proceeded to give the details of the capture.

Whilst the bailiff thus endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of the females Weeks stood stock still in the centre of a curious and wondering group—his hands thrust down as low as he could drive them into his breeches pockets and his eyes wandering round and round in search of some one to recognize him-but alas! the faces he sav there were all strange faces to him.

It was some time before the bailif's repeated guarantee of his prisoner's sanity of mind and peaceable disposition could induce the females to return to the daning some and when they do. the dancing room; and when they did, each fair one, as she entered, was seen to cast a fearful glance as the tall stranger, and press closely by the side of her partner. Last came the little fiddler, looking twice as big as when he fled through the window but a moment before, and swearing all kinds of anathemas against the bailiff and his prisoner for exposing his instrument to

the rain.
Still, amid all the noise and bustle. Weeks stood there as calm and solemn as an undertaker. He was no longer excited—that state of feeling had given way to a calm, contemptuous, silent in-dignation, He felt precisely as an un-fortunate Irish Catholic feels in New England, when arrested for robbery, and happens to reflect he is the only stranger in the township, and without a friend to say a word in his favor. But we must not stop to moralize; we can only say—to borrow a line from the

"We have seen lsuch sights, but must not cal

Suddenly, however, Mr. Weeks's attention seemed to be attracted by the entrance of an active, curly-headed, humorous-looking fellow, wearing a rabbit-skin cap jantily set on the side of his head, and supporting a laughing, dark haired girl on his arm.

"Say, hold on there, you," cried Weeks, at length breaking silence, and motioning to the new comer.

The individual made no reply but astened to escape further observation by esconcing himself behind a door in a

remote corner of the room.

"Look here!" persisted Weeks,
breaking through the group, and holdhis hand in token of recogni look here !-how do, old fel got into a sorter spari here, and glad you turned up to see me out."

"Why, yes-you're Lanty Hanlonain't you

Ay, that's my name."

"All right; I knew you by your cap as soon as you entered. Well—I want you to clear up a mistake. This here bailiff, or constable, or whatever darned thing you call him, has arrested me for stealing a steer, up thereaway—ha, ha!—and won't believe I'm Mr. Ephraim Weeks, no how you can fix

"Mr. Ephraim Weeks!" muttered our friend Lanty, slowly repeating the words, and looking up in affected wonder in the man's face; "Mr. Ephraim Weeks—you're a stranger in

these parts."
"Why, what d'ye mean?"

"No offence in the world, only you've the 'vantage of me."
"Advantage! How's that?"

"Why, I don't remimber iver to see you afore.

"You don'teh? Look at me again."

"I do."
"Why, darn ye, hain't ye seen me
every day this month past?"
"Me! bedad, may be so. Whereabouts, if it's a fair question?"
"Now, you go to grass," cried
Wooke. "you know me as well as I

"Now, you go to grad Weeks; "you know me as know myself."

" Faith, and that same mightn't be much to brag of aith

much to brag of aither."

"Why, tarnation t'ye, hain't you sold me two dozen flies, last Thursday, at Kindrum Pond?"

"I sell you flies? Ha, ha, ha! Why, upon my conscience, my good fellow, you must be ravin."

"Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks, looking at the imperturbable Lanty as if he could run him through; then drawing a fly-book heatily from his drawing a fly-book hastily from his pocket, he pulled it open, and holding the flies before Lanty's face, demanded to know if they were of his dressing or

not.
"Mine—begorra, it wudn't be aisy to tell that in the state they're in now, any way."
"Ladies and gents," said Weeks

appealing to the by-standers, "I vow I bought these flies from this here fellow last Thursday. And, what's more, he stuck me in them too, to the tune of twenty-five cents apiece."

"Why, don't they ketch?" inquired

"Ketch—no, guess they don't ketch—they're the darndest things ever fell in water. Why, I never could turn a tail with them, if I fished till dooms-der."

day."
"I admit," said Lanty, "I sold files to a gentleman of the name of Weeks; the gentleman that's on a visit to Hardwrinkes, of Crohan."
"And thunderation to ye! ain't I

that same Weeks?"

"You! ha, ha, ha! Begorra, that's capital—you Mr. Weeks."

"What! will you dare deny me to my face, you scoundrel?"

"Deny you? O, holy patience, did man or mortal iver hear the like?" that same Weeks ?"

"Shut up, you lying rascal," shouted Weeks, gesticulating at his innocent-looking tormentor; "shut up, you un-

principled scamp; you know in your soul who I am—if you have a soul—but you hain't—dang the one you have!" "O, my poor man," responded Lanty, looking at his victim with all the gravity of a judge about to pronounce sentence, and shaking his head sorrewfully as he spoke,—"my poor man, how hardened a sinner you must be, to pass yourself off for the good, innecent, modest gentleman that's now

innocent, modest gentleman that's lyin sound asleep in his vartuous bed!' "Well, if there be a devil on earth," exclaimed Weeks, "you're that in dividual, or his nearest relation, that's sartin. You stepped out from the lower regions to-night to get a cooling, and met me some two hours ago on th mountain. You're the person planned and played this here trick—no mistake

"Isn't he bowld spoken to be a thief?" said one of the bystanders, nuding his neighbor's elbow.
"Ay, and purshuin to him, see how

innocent he tries to look," replied the other.
"O, the dear be about ye, man; one i' them fellows that's used to it'd chate

"Whist! whist! boys," remonstrated

Lanty, waving his hand for silenee. "Let him alone, let him alone; we shud niver rejoice, ye know, in another's misfortune. Mey be, if you were like him yerselves, ye wuldn't care to be

in yerselves, ye watch the observations of the ballanghed at."

"Come, come, my good fellow," interposed the bailiff, "you're only making matters worse. Go somewhere and get rid of them wet clothes."

"Ay, do, Mr. Stranger; take a friend's advice," said Lanty, "and don't expose your precious health. The truth will all come th' morrow. If yed innicint, so much the betther; and if yer not, why, ye'll only be thransported two or three months afore yer time; so take courage, and don't be unaisy."

Lanty's cool impudence at last so provoked the Yankee that he could hardly restrain himself. Once or twice, indeed, he hitched up his shoulders and showed symptoms of battle; but his resentment as often cooled down again without further mischief. Like poor Bob Acres, Mr. Weeks could never get his courage up to the fighting point; some how or other, it always escaped through his fingers' ends, like that of illustrious prototype. Well, ladies and gents," said he at

length, falling back, as a last resource, on his soft sawder, "well, I must confess I feel a kinder disappointed. Now I do; that's a fact. Why, it's just like this—I always heard the Irish cracked up all over creation for their hospitalup all over creation for the ity to strangers. At hum, in New ity to strangers tip top in that line. Well, they're about as hospitable folks, I guess, as you can scare up any where between Maine and Georgia. We get along with them slick, I tell you. And as for extending them the right hand of fellowship, why, golly, we love them

'Phew!" cried Lanty; "just listen to that. He's puttin his foot in it deeper and deeper. O, faith, my fine fellow, it's aisy seen ye niver was much in New England, or ye'd know a little betther how the Irish are thrated

Weeks suddenly drew in his hornsto use a homely expression. He saw, in an instant, he had touched a delicate subject, and the sooner he dropped it the better. Like many of his countrymen, he fancied the Irish he saw about him never could have an idea in their heads above the pick or the spade; a ragged coat and an Irish brogue being in his mind synonymous with consummate ignorance and absolute barbarism. He now felt he had gone a little too far, and that any attempt to deceive his tormentors by such barefaced hum bug as he was then attempting, would only make matters worse, since, to all appearances, they knew as much about the persecution their countrymen suffered in New England as he did him-self. The broad grin that overspread every face as he went on to speak of the love which the citizens of New England cherished for their Celtic brethren assured him of this, even before Lanty could say a word in reply.
Affecting, therefore, to disdain further conversation on the subject, after hear-ing the laugh with which Lanty's humorous but cutting rebuke was received, he turned to the bailiff, and demanded to be taken forthwith to some resting place for the night.
"You'll get comfortable quarters,"

"never fear: but av said Lanty; "never coorse you'll take coorse you'll take dhoch in dhorris (Stirrup-cup) with us, afore ye go, to the health of the new-married couple."

"What's that?" something to warm ye, after "Why, somet the cowld rain."

'Don't drink," said Weeks.

"Nonsense."
"No, sir, I'm a Washingtonian."

"No, sir, I'm a Washingtonian."

"A what?"

"A Son of Temperance."

"Pshaugh—son of botheration. I'm ashamed of ye. Hilloa there! Hudy Branagan, bring in the bottle."

"You may bring in a hogshead," said Weeks; "I shan't taste it."

"And you in that condition! Why, the heaven he about us: d'ye mane to

the heavens be about us; d'ye mane put a hand in yer own life?" "None of your confounded business. shan't drink your darned liquor—

that's all. "Well, ye'll die if ye don't—and that'd be a burnin disgrace to the country, if ye were even as great a thief as James Freny himself. Hoot, man, what'd yer people say of us if we let ye die here in ould Ireland for want of a glass of stout potheen? Here, take this, and swallow it, like a sen-

"Away with it," cried Weeks.

"Be aisy, avorneen, be aisy. "Take it away, or by thunder I'll break your bottle and glass in pieces;" and making a plunge, he attempted to force a passage through the crowd, but was again driven back into the centre

of the group.
"Let me out." he shouted, now com pletely excited; "let me out, ye beggarly Irish vermin. I despise your spit upon you and your nation, for you're both as mean as dirt."

"Ha, ha! there now," cried Lanty, laughing, with the bottle and glass in his hands—"there now, that's more of yer New England friendship. niver mind; if ye were a Yankee fifty times over, wo won't thrate ye the worse for that. Come, take this drop you'll be the betther of it.'

"Let me out."
"Whisth, man; sure it's all for year own good. Arrah, don't refuse to drink to the bride and groom. It's as much as yer life's worth to refuse it. Take it; it'll warm ye-taste it, any way—it's the deuce i' the barley—it's the rale ould Innishowen,'' broke out from several voices, each rising higher than the other, till poor Weeks knew not what to say, nor what side to turn to. Still he obstinately refused to

"Well, boys," said Lanty, at last,
"take hould of him, and lay him down,
since nothin else will save him. Whatsince nothin else will save him. Whatsomiver the craythur is, we're Christians sure, any way, and can't let him
die fur want of a thrifle i' medicine.
It's a liberty we take, my good man, to
be sure, but still it's betther do that,
than have yer death on our sowls, the
lor between us an harm."

"The sorrer hate him the snalneen."

"The sorrah take him, the spalpeen," said one of the bystanders; "isn't he nice about it? feth, ye'd think it was a physic he was goin to swallow.' Begorra, I niver heerd the like of

"It's a bad sign to see him refuse

the liquor anyway."
"Indeed, then, Andy, it's the truth
ye're tellin; so it is; for in troth it's
not much depindince iver I had in the man 'd refuse a glass in dacency.'

"O, there's a bad dhrop in him; ye may take yer oath iv that; Lanty, Ned, just luck at his face—as sober as if it was cut on a tombstone. Did ye iver see such a born devil in al yer life?"
"Well, Lanty had it in for him, any

way. And, begorra, he desarves all he'll get and more, for he's niver aisy, they say, but when he's running down the Irish."

'So, I'm tould. He think no one in the whole country fit to spake to him. As for the Doghertys, and Curran's, and Johnstons here, why, they're not fit to tie his shoes."

'Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Lantes and generally exclaimed Lanty, stepping up on a bench, and still holding the bottle and glass in his hands, "I'm goin to give ye a toast, and may the man's heart niver again

it."
"Silence, there, silence-till we Stop that fiddle there, and listen

to the spaker.' Here's then to the honest man, cried Lanty, raising his glass—"here's to the honest man all over the world, and confusion to the narrow-minded knave who'd make religion or birth-

knave who'd make religion or birth-place a test of friendship; " and toss-ing off the bumper, he ordered the company to pass the bottle. Round went the toast, and off went the glass with many a loud hip, hip, hurrah. There was shaking of hands, hurrah. There was shaking of hands and touching of cans, accompanied by snatches of songs suitable to the teast and pledges of friendship to one another, not forgetting long life and happiness to the bride and groom; all seemed joyous and happy as they could wish to be, Weeks alone excepted, who still stood in the centre of the crowd, looking silently on the noisy enjoy ments of the company, and obstinately refusing all participation in the hilarity

of the occasion. "Where, in the name of patience, were you born at all," demanded the "that you won't drink at a bailiff.

'He's an unnatural-looking thief,

any way," exclaimed another. "Stand aside boys" commanded Lanty, waving his hand from his elevated position, "and let us give the stranger fair play. He's all alone here amongst us, and we mustn't be hard on him. Jenmy Bragan, fill that glass, and offer it to him again. And now, my good man," he continued, addressing Weeks, "you heerd the toast, 'the honest man all over the world, and bad luck to the knave who'd make religion or birthplace a test of friendship will you drink it?"

No," replied Weeks, "darn me is Then, gentlemen, lay him down

and administer the midicine. Four or five stout fellows now laid hold of the unfortunate Weeks, and

were deliberately proceeding to execute Lanty's orders, when a new actor suddenly appeared on the scene, and commanded them to desist. It was the andsome, dark haired girl

ing the room, leaning on Lanty's "Shame! shame!" she cried; ye men, to treat a stranger in this

ye men, to treat a stranger in this way?"

"Don't be onaisy, Mary," replied Lanty; "we don't intend him the laste harm in life."

"Well, you've carried the joke too far already, Lanty Hanlon; let him some with me—I'll take care of him."

"Why, Mary, it's only a bit of a frolic he brought on himself. He tould me a dozen times the Irish were no betther nor savages, and we jist want

betther nor savages, and we jist want to show him how much he's mistakea.'
"And you do this to a furriner, not month in the country; paugh ! pretty hospitality that !"

"He's green, you know, Mary, and we want to salson him."
"Tut, tut! shame, shame!" "Tut, tut! shame, shame!"
"It's for his own good—saisonin in time will make a dacent man iv him."
"Hould yer tongue, now, Lanty; ye'd provoke a saint; hould yer tongue, and let us out. I must go and find some dry clothes for him, or he'll die in this condition. Stand back, gintlemen, if ye plaze, and give us room to pass."

room to pass."
"Bedad, Mary, I'm afraid to trust ye with him; feth, may be'd take a fancy to ye, and cut me out."
"Whist, now, and let me go. That

tongue of yours 'll hang ye up on the gallows yet, some day;" and taking Weeks familiarly by the arm, in she led him unresistingly from the crowd, and disappeared through one of the inner doors of the apartment.

The dance was now resumed, and mirth and music made the time pass quickly and merrily for the next hour. Lanty danced with every girl in the room, and when he could no longer find a partner, danced a hornpipe himself on a door, amid the shouts and cheers of the party. Every one seemed to share in the general joy. Even the grandparents of the happy couple, old as they were, took each other's hands, and went through some ancient salutations to the great amusement of the younger spectators.
On went the mirth and up rose the

song, and the little hunchbacked fid-dler had just tuned his instrument once more, and commenced to rattle away at a country dance with renewed ardor, when, all of a sudden, a shout was heard at the door, followed instantly by bravos, bravos, echoed and repeated, till at last, in the midst of a wild hurrah, in drove Ephraim C. B. Weeks, dressed in an old blue swallow-tailed coat, and pantaloous that descended but an inch or two below the knees, dragging in the young lady who had so kindly rescued him from his late tormentors, and in rather unsteady ac-cents, commanded the fiddler to "fire up, and let him have something to dance to." Everybody now crushed and crowded round to welcome him back. Those who but a short time before were disposed to mortify him to the very utmost, in revenge for his insolent abuse of their religion and their country, were the first to call for three cheers for the "bould Amerithree cheers and foremost among the first can ;" was Lanty Hanlon, who clapped him lustily on the back, and ordered the fiddler to strike up something with a "sowl in it, to shuit the taste of the jolly Yankee."

It is needless, dear reader, to describe what followed. Weeks seemed to have abandoned himself entirely to the excitement of the moment. How that excitement was brought about, however, no one could tell. He drank, and drank freely,—as was evident the moment he made his appearance at the door,—but whether at the solicitation of his fair friend, or merely to preserve his health after so long an exposure to the storm, was never discovered; cer-tain it is he was completely fascinated by his lovely partner, and danced with her as long as he was able to move a foot-swearing all the while by his was the finest gal in all creation, and went through her figures like a real thorough-bread Yankee, "no mistake about it."

Here, dear reader, we must stop, the finale of this scene to your own charitable imagination; for a description of our friend Week's position on the stage, as the curtain more than we should dare attempt. One thing, however, we ought to mention, just to relieve your anxiety: he was conveyed safely home that same night, and awoke in his own comfortable bed next morning in Crohan able

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR REASONS THAT ARE INTER-ESTING.

The School Board of the local Episcopal church purposes turning one of its girls' schools over to "a sisterhood of the Episcopal Church." The reasons for the transfer, as given by a local clergyman of that Church, are interest-

ing:
"The school can be more effectively managed and accomplish the purposes for which a church school distinctively exists better under a sisterhood of consecrated religious women, whose fives are an unselfish devotion to educationa and religious work. The women in this sisterhood give their lives to the work of the Church, without any compensa tion whatever, because of a love of the Church and its mission to mankind. is just that deep, spiritual interest with which we desire to surround the girls who are committed to our trust to edu cate, without sacrificing the scholastic work in any particular, but keeping before us the duty of endeavoring to mold a beautiful character as well as to give an accomplished education.

"It is scarcely possible for secular intense interest in the girls as the consecrated women of the sisterhood."
—Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Ore.

No Protestant can prove that the Bible contains all the doctrines of Christ.

MARCE THE P

A STORY O By I It was a Fa Day indeed, i was foul enough was concerned in the drench iguous to the the trampl cattle, the hysterical sq voices of men

ing, laughing and selling— a big event town was floo on such a day Besides the business in street acroba o-the-loop n tribe of tink nd ever on On this day in Carrick than usual a no way, so concerned, f but his voice was pleasing rolled forth above in qua tations" wh in trade. kept up a co and commen with the ha printed on le arks deligh of idlers who

min and we

if ye'll ju

couragemint

I'll sing ye

ye. Or may be axin'? man dear, Reilly.' G the ' Mouri Madden'—v fine hearty a wake. W Whisht, nov none o' ye : Fears to Sp Now, suc the lips of a ticularly at for it was a of the bo conspiracy spread itsel over the co soul looked soon and after verse ordinarily v upon such a Among t to the wor

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his ballads "Come couple o' 'Tis morti bawlin' th this. In s mighty di widin', be girls. Bu Here's ' F thers goin grand ba penny api begor, the yeu, sir. the darli great tow Thus he

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tions were him again It was nelly tu better to side wa a messa more star

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Waterfor that, but Fennel port of A few reto be a pof freedo hunted into a pand des of those hundred the ulti His farr had a go

stabled. tell was gatherin derry. Arriv