HRONICLE.

WHY WILLY REGAN WAS AN OLD BACHELOR.

A NARPATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY ULLIN.

I had no eyes for the beauty of the spot. the village with an empty basket.' The fading trees, golden in the autumn sunset, the liquid melody of the flowing river, the songs of thrush and blackbird ringing out in thrilling music on the still air, the perfume of the fresh hay from the newly-mown meadows near, had no charms for me. For I was tired from a long day's angling, and vexed at its total want of success. I had not a single trout in my basket, and had been whipping the stream from morning until now, when I sat down fatigued and fretful on the soft sward in a lovely valley studded with lime and ash trees, without the excitement of a single rise or nibble. I had changed and cursed my flies a hundred times, in the course of the glowing day, and included in the malediction the shopman who had sold them to me. I had tried captured by the river's bank. But all was futtle—the trout would not take. Those who have for. vainly angled will understand and sympathise with my ill temper, when I gave up in despair winter. Don't you shoot as well as angle?" towards seven o'clock in the evening. After resting for some moments, looking sulkdy at the ten in my line.

Don't do that,' said a voice near.

I looked up, and saw an old man leaning on a stout ash stick quietly observing my impatient proceedings.

Don't destroy your tackling that way-have

patience and you'll disentangle it." I made no temark.

· Had you good sport?

'No.' 'There's plenty of fish in the river for all

. There may be.

Maybe your flies are no good. Let me have a look at 'em, will you!

He came to me without weiting for a reply,

and took the flies in his hand. 'There isn't a trout in the river would look at

'em, even if the day was good.' There were some crumbs of consolation in

this, as blame to some extent was cast on other things besides my want of skill.

'Have you no others but these humbugs?' gave him a box containing all the thes I had. He sat down near me, and spread them out on some paper, with an air of criticism that

would have charmed old Isaac Walton.

'This hare's ear and yellow would kill may be, tied 'ent, was it?'

' No, I bought them in Dublin.'

with them. Anyhow, 'twas too bright and hot. 'Twill be first-rate after sunset : if you're not in and have a glass of grog with me, and after sun-set, I'll warrant you, I'll give you some flies that will kill.2

'Thank you, I'll go with pleasure. I am not m a hurry as I have nothing to do. I am staying in the village for a few days, and passed yesterday and this day fishing. I am not a good angler, but never before was so miserably unsuccessful as to-day.2

'I think you'll do better after the sun goes

down. Come, this is the way. I accompanied him through a newly mown neatness and order. Its porch was tastefully their chilled feet on the iron sod. embroidered with roses and woodbine, and the scented by the perfume of mignionette and wall duck and woodcock shooting, and Willy Regan, looked upon a pretty garden to the rear. I was in his band, left his warm cottage and crossed fluids with an angler's appetite.

we had eaten and drank enough.

furs and feathers for tying flies.

These are the things for this season after mind, as he paused a few moments on the emi- heaps, fast past stark trees, and dismal tre-prise! But he was from the day of the outful a changed sunset,' said he, handing me a tin box containing | nence referred to-they made him sad. a number of differently colored flies. 'And

We went down again the sloping meadow to the river, put up the flies, and in the course of my companion three dozen of fine trout .--

surely kill plenty, as I have flies and baits to suit every hole in the river.'

'I must leave the village to-morrow,' I replied, and explained the reasons my stay was you have gained me.'

worm and grub, and a variety of strange insects for fishing, and was only glad to meet one to go

"You must have good shooting here in the

He staggered as if I struck him, and muttered to himself, Do I shoot? O good God! O good river, I began to until my tackling, vexedly God? Then he turned away from me, walking scapping it whenever it chanced to tangle, and | quickly. He stopped after going about a dozen breaking hooks whenever they chanced to fas- yards, looked around, and said abruptly. Good night,' and then resumed his rapid walk. I lookme in the gathering darkness.

which I was fodging, I could think of nothing but cock sprang from a furze broke near imm-he amised the wound. my strange companion. Was he abittle insane? was carrying his gun under his arm uncocked, so what was the reason there was no trace of any was not properly to fire ere the bird was out of relations whatever in his neat cottage? why range; he stopped and looked after it. should so old a man be living alone, as his man- . Willy, Willy, he's landed in the dylie below hers and conduct in his house gave abundant evi- the road, called a man from a height hear him dence? why such extraordinary conduct on my |-it was Ellen's father. asking the simple question, did he shoot? If 'Go straight on the road, While, and you'll tried in a variety of ways to answer to myself put him up. these mental queries, but could arrive at no sa- Willy could both barrels of its gun, and consult the waiter, and began to carrate my ad- | ed the road, the woodcock spring again. The freedom from exchangert. venture, beginning, as I have done in this sketch, gun was runed and a barrel discharged inby saying how I met my enigmitteal companion. Stantly, bringing down the luckless eresture can. The oracle stopped me at once.

'Lord, sir, that's Willy Regan, the old ba- Another helor.'

me acquain ted with the story I here relate.

sodden and stained. There was a mist over the threshold, and an odor of savory viands floated lannscape like a pall, though the sun shone; but out to meet them. it was coldly and without brilliance, like a dull moon. There was no wind, and sounds from with a laugh. Ellen laughed also, and disenafar off were heard with startling distinctness gaging the band which Willy was pressing to his through the death-like stillness. Birds were silent, and the leafless branches of the stark trees and bushes drooped sadly. The brooks and rivers struggled feebly through the broken ice .meadow, sloping upwards from the river to his Peasants, with hair white from the freezing at screamed and fell. house. The house was small, but a picture of mosphere, paused often in their work to stamp

flowers, floating through an open window that the best shot in the parish, took his fowling piece somewhat surprised to meet no hospitable look- the fields towards the neighboring moor, where ing housewife or cheerful daughters, as the ap- both abounded. His way lay over an eminence pearance of the cottage, as we approached it on which he paused a while, to look down on the from the meadow led me to expect. There was wintry prospect. It was hard to conceive the to trace of woman about the place, save a mid- dreary frozen country below him as it used to dle aged servant who was spinning in the kitch- appear in summer weather. Those ghastly frost en, and who merely rose and curtesied when she encrused bushes growing by that iron road, were saw me enter with her master, and then quietly the fragrant hawthorn brambles that cast such resumed her employment. My companion open- sweet perfume on the warm air, where Ellen and ed a cupboard in the wall, and produced some he wandered in delightful converse, or more decold meat and bread, with a bottle of fine old lightful silence, along the same road, shiny and

now, as the sun is gone down, let us go back to the frequent reports of his fowling piece soon re- by miserable cabins whose inmates without fire being the keenest sportsman and best shot of the the river, and I'll warrant you won't go back to sounded through the lifeless air. Game was or food, froze and starved. So into the town plentiful, and he did not miss a shot. Yet he and through it, till the gasping horse was reined felt no exhibiration in his sport, as he was wont up at the doctor's house. The doctor, kindto do. Again and again, the sadness induced by hearted man, and skilful one in his profession. an hour and a half, I had killed two dozen, and that look down on the wintry country from the hurried out from his pleasant hearth, surprised hill, returned and oppressed him. Those ram- and alarmed at the continued knocking at his We then stopped fishing, and took our rods to bles under the perfumed hawthorn trees-now so door. Few words passed, and back along the cold and glastly—seemed memories of a past bleak wood rattled the doctor's gig, to which the 'If you like to go out to-morrow,' said he, that was never to be equalled by any future. It horse Willy brought was harnessed. In vain and only live, green in its heart. He thingled call upon me and Pil go with you; we will was in vain he tried to cheer his mind by the re-the doctor in plored his young companion to as before in meetings of business, and even somecollection that this white pall of snow would spare the exhausted animal; lash after lash was thing of pleasure, and in the natural desire for surely pass away-that the hawthorn trees rained upon him to urge on his failing speed; dreary winter, would come cheery springtime flanks. Fast again along the bleak road, no indifferently, if not with degues, from the prolimited; I added, 'I am extremely obliged for and glowing summer. It was in vain, he said to rest, no mercy for the horse, till the farm-yord is your hospitality, and the excellent evening's sport himself, that Ellen would soon be his wife, and reached again. mentally pictured scenes of domestic bliss and Don't say anything about it; I have a liking | quiet contentment. An opposing voice sadiy whispered, the trees may become beautiful again -the snow may pass away-the spring and time. Is she sensible!" summer return joyous and sumny as ever, but you will never feel the happiness of the past again. A gloomy foreboding of evil that could not be shaken off, oppressed him throughout the whole of the leaden day.

He turned homewards when the sun was sinking-blood-colored, without any of a summer sunset's glorious beauty, behind the western mountains. The house of his betrothed was not ed after him in amazement until he was lost to very far out of his way, and naturally enough, he resolved to call there ere he went home .-Going along the road to the village into at When within about tifty yards of it a wood-

name Willy called? one to whom the owner side. and unsurpassed in the parish in manly beauty ward to meet him, leaving the door open, theo' could be understoodall gimeracks, said he, after a short examination. and unsurpassed in the parish in many beauty which a bright fire was seen to shine. They men, only for this silver rolled round the body. This love, and, as does not always happen, was tackity and Willy wound his sinewy left arm tenderly black gnat is the best of all, but that's spoiled so; for he was an accepted suitor of Ellen Man- around her graceful waist. 'How is my dearest by the red silk under the wings. 'Twasn't you gan, the loveliest girl in that side of the country. Elly this evening,' he whispered. They waited even foully— They were to be married to the spring time, fol- until Mr. Mangan came down from the height lowing the winter with which this sketch has to and joined them. 'I am glad you came this 'If the day was good itself you wouldn't kill do. And the friends of all parties interested in way, Willy; Nell has a nice dinner just ready.' the nihance were pleased and satisfied with it . - She then walked down the road to the house. Happy state of things; too rare in the ways Ellea now leaning fondly on Willy's arm. All visible in his face. He pressed her hand silently a harry come up to my place on the hill above, of the world in the matter of matrimony in ge- sadness had vanished from his brow; as he felt to his heart. the beating of that loving little heart, he so well It was winter time. The snow lay upon the knew was all his own, what could be have to do fields white and spotless, and upon the highways with gloomy forebodings! They reached the

'It makes me hungry to smell it,' said Willy side, entered the house. She turned round when within the threshold, still laughing mercilly, when Willy slipped on a frost-covered stone without, they buried her. There were loud wailings from and the loaded barrel of his gun went off-Ellen

With a wild cry of terror, Mangan ran to her and raised her in his arms-Willy stood silent It was as dreary a winter-day as had been and motionless, horror in every feature, on the room into which he led me, was airy and sweetly seen for the season, but withal, a good day for spot where the gun had fallen from his hand after going off. She gave a low sigh of pain lying against her father's breast-she murmured, Willy, Willy.

'My love, my dearest love, oh good God; cried Willy, kneeling at her feet in an agony of horror.

The terrified servants crowded round confusedly. Mangan drew her softly into the cheerful parlor, where the light of the candles discovered the bosom of her dress saturated with blood. She had fainted.

'Oh, good God,' murmured Willy, striking his elenched hand against his forehead.

Ride to town for the doctor, one of you,' whiskey; then he spread a cloth on the table, pleasant in the bright month of May. The said Mangan, looking up fiercely at the group of with an air of one accustomed to that act, and smooth expanse of deathly white, streaked with servants. He was kneeling, still supporting the lavited me to be seated. I partook of solids and vems of frozen streams, looking inky black in senseless girl, her lovely head leaning motionless contrast, was it the smooth daisy bespangled against his breast. Willy started, ran from the interest around the winter fireside than a talk 'I'll show you my flies now,' he said, when sward, on which village children played making room, and was in the stable saidling a horse in about poor Ellen, whom they buried long agothe summer evenings ring with joyous laughter? a moment. The next moment be was galloping how good she was, how gentle and how beautiful He opened another recess in the wall, and It was hard to believe that this death-like land- madly through the yard to the road that led to and what a melancholy death was hers. discovered several fishing rods, and a variety of scape was, so short a time ago, so full of life and the neighboring town. Fast along the road, heauty. These thoughts were in Willy Regan's over frost-encrusted stones and hardened snow-less agony which tore Willy Regan's breast .-) them, nor any indication on the part of the go-

oned brooks, fast by cottages whose lights glim- man. He became very gentle and reservedwould bild and grow beautiful again-that after the cruel whip drew blood from his smoking signate slaver of the angle." He always turned

' Easy now, easy now,' said the doctor, as the servants crowded around him, all telking together. ' Let us be cool, one at a time, one at a

"No, sir, not now, she was a while ago," said an old women. We put her to bed a while ago, and she opened her eyes a bit and-

· Now show me the room. Let up one come with me but Willy Regan."

Willy and the douter followed the old servant we man through the parter at log states to Effects (i.e., event, visited of the ARCHDISHOP room. Ellen by outside the coveriet, still supported in her fathers names her head resting on the and around many day, or observant, course his breast. She was insensible.

The doctor opened the bosom of her dress, i gently washed away the claimed blood, and ex-

* Well, doctor F whispered Willy.

Willy, twice, very low in voice some that she did not stir. Will she die, doctor? said. Min-

· I fear there is little loge. I'll de what I

fixed at the woodcock. Her lover saw her at languardy about her. Her glance after a while Thirty-five years before Willy Regan at once, and turned down the road towards her, fell on Willy, and her face let up with an extracted my attention by the abrupt admonition forgetting to put down the hammer of the un- pression of joy. She spoke in a barely and the ound have charmed our issue to all our processed of joy. These disconnected words were an Call don't see three these bere worth putting up, chronicled here, he was in his twenty-sixth year, discharged barrel of his gan. Ellen came for-voice. These disconnected words were an Call

... Wally - meant to do it -ce no --no? Perceiving that she was not noder-tood, she

with an effort of evident pain, said clearly, said 'Come to me, Willy.'

He came and took her hand. Fierce self-reproach had, as it were, scorched his eyes, and left him no tears. Dark lines of agony were

'You could not help it, Willy,' she said slowly and distinctly, each word evidently causing pain; 'you could not help it, dear-good bye.'

back murmuring, 'pray for me, pray for me,'

And the white-plumed hearse bore her across the snowy road to the church-pard, a few days afterwards, and the iron ground was dug up, and the professional keeners sounding for through the ken chitteen, and those who have reduced her clear winter air, but the grief of her father and betrothed was silent and made no signs. They langer ache to afford from support or safety;walked side by side behind the coffin, and stood and the other adjuring them not to go, and atside by side close by the grave as it was filled

in. Many people looked reproachfully at Willy Regan, and the unobservant or thoughtless said his motionless face was evinence of want of feeling or remorse. But that night some laborers returning home late from the village, heard suppressed groaning as they passed the church-rard. Their curiosity overcame their terror, and they peered over the wall, and saw a man stretched on his face in the trost-whitened grass of the newly made grave. They called to him, and he started up, and walked away. But by the moonlight they recognised Willy Regan.

Time, the soother of every human ill and affliction, in the course of years calmed and softened the grief of her father and relativesshe became a memory of the past to them, the recalling of which was not without a saddened satisfaction. And no conversation gave more

He resumed his way, reached the moors, and mered cheerfully on the cold black night, fast he had heretofore been open and hery, and from country, became morbidly nervous about firearms; an eccentricity which increased with his years, until the mention of a gun was sufficient to recall all the first agony of the loss of Ellen, and place wildly before his mind every circumstance of ner tragic death.

> As he grow old this eccent ferty was all that showed that he still had the memory of his first rest from work, in recreation, he became to hisposats of a straige made by those who took up in themselves the office of match-makers for the parish. And as his farm was a good one, and he position pespectable tress proposals were fredured, and other tradalesque.

Cawaran di kacambe terralisar to itoesa sadiwested a up thra of livroer, after repeated butthat the South Takes of Thereign interregences have the South Takes. Write Regular meters a ground and the varyon from that, to over the many that has been also been as a fine selection of the south that F(x,y) = F(x,y) + F(y)

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COMPANY THO EX HE CLE.

St. Ja. 1917s, That. Nov. 18, 18 H. the lilevag as and and essed the Property Minister is the most responsible organ of the Bad case, I fear. Is it long since short for event, in our most right to andress the spoke I - Did she speak at all since it mays the rescolar of the Exchanger, who, next to the research. and the kern one of greatest and on the distinguish Yes, once nestire Willy went for you, then you have the distance of forhaid. There again show brought for the here, and called out, * Wally. The expert has pasting on the narqual field. i comes which he cannot be imposed on the two controls of integers with the becoming usfactory conclusion. At support I resolved to walked forward brickly. The moment he recon- (gap, in a calm voice, terrible in its monatory of the property of the weaker one, by research of any of an emissing processors. I will confide myself the conference of the sound to that fee in She lay in a state of supportable in the night and that a large more frequenties from the Another besides its owner had beard the the next day. The watchers never left her bed-1 the area of the watchers never left her bed-1 the area of the watchers never left her bed-1 the area of the watchers of Corone on the same Willy colled? one to whom the area of the same of Further enquiries as to the cause of Willy and the name were very dear, Ellen Mangan; - I It was about six o'clock on the evening of the the young the volume of the well-under Regan's celibacy, and other peculiarities, made she came out of the house at the moment Willy hard day when she opened her eyes, and gazed the came of the came of the house at the moment Willy hard day when she opened her eyes, and gazed the came of the came of the house at the moment Willy hard day when she opened her eyes, and gazed the came of the came to a summer of the group end at space as a property of the same of the configuration of the control of the second against the second agai the the content of the action and and said said graphs are said. And the systematic work of ng second to their, artist tal fate new, and forced energentic, has now readned such a crisis as to terrory the Pattish officials, by whom it has been or queted, as well as their Irish agents, by whom is his rece so gradously carried on. By the persevering efforts to weaken and subdue the formidable enemy, which from the consciousness of contional in treatment of the English goversionent hever reased to conjure up, Ireland is at lead to cought to a state of debuts, that the anxiety now test and mainfested is not how to prostruce her more, but how to apply restoratives sufficiently seasonable and vigorous to arrest neratter description. Such is the fatal result of She raised herself quickly and drew her arms | that false prosperity cry that has been artifully around his neck and kissed him. Then she sank | sent round through the country those some years past, and swelled into a chords by a corrupt and inconsilerate press, whilst those who set agoing

> Such is now the position of our country as attested by the joint confession of her heart-broto that state, the one flying from her as no testing, however, that the granding machinery of tenantry at will and perpetual notices to quit, and the annual raising of rents, and the ejectments of the tenants, and the demolition of their houses, were only intended as a civilising process for a lazy unruly people, but never meant for the annihilation of their entire race, or for turning their country into a wilderness. Those flattering counsels not to quit the country, coming now so late, are found to be ineffectual, and chiefly because they are not accompanied with any hope or any assurance that the causes which have given such a trightful impulse to this expdus would suffer any abatement. The alarm that has seized the government and the landlords springs not, it is manifest, from a concern for the tenant class, but from a consciousness of the social calamities which the flight of its stalworth inhabitants is bringing on the country in which their own interests are so seriously involved. And yet we hear not, on the part of the landlord class, any repentant declaration that they will strive, by granting leases on equit-And time too, softened the passionate, tear- able terms, to remedy the evil which now appals

the gross decasing more been successfully des-

polling their hated victim.