A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER XXI. EVERY LOVER IS A SOLDIER.

In order not to give notice of our the Outawas, whose friendship for the French had grown cold, it was necessary that the party sent to meet and escort Madame Cadillac should set and escort Madame Cadillac should set out secretly. Therefore at the hour named I went with Frere Constantin in his cance across the strait, and thence tramped with him into the forest, as if

accompanying him upon some missionary errand, as was at times my wont.

When we had gone about a league from the fort, we were joined by Sans Sousi, and in the course of half an hour there gathered around us a band of some twenty Miami and Huron braves who had stolen away one by one from

their villages. preparations complete, we-

Our preparations complete, we— French and savage—fell upon our knees for the blessing of the Recollet.

"God guide you, my children!
May the Almighty Christian Manltou,
Who holds the world in the hollow of
His hand, preserve you and those whom
you go to protect," said Father del
Halle, impressively stretching forth his
arms over us. The next moment we arms over us. The next noment we sprang to our feet ready to depart. My kind friend turned to me again,

with paternal affection.

"God keep you, Normand," he continued; "may He give you success upon your errand."

A wave of emotion swept over me

I could not speak, but on the impulse, and reserved man though I was, I knelt once more and, as is the custom of the lads of New France, raised the hand of the good cure to my lips.

Thereat he was much moved, and

Thereat he was much moved, and making the sign of the cross upon my

making the sign of the cross upon my brow, blessed me again.

Ah, that parting! How frequently since have I recalled it, and how thankful am I that, as time went on, the tie of friendship that bound me to Frere Constantin waxed stronger and our esteem for each other more tender. As I look back now, it seems to me that from this time the likeness I had ever observed in him to the centle Francis. observed in him to the gentle Francis of Assisi grew more marked; the shy of the woods, the squirre creatures of the woods, the distance and the deer, fled not in timidity at his

and the deer, fled not in timidity at his approach, nor did the birds fly away or cease their song. And with the Indians no one who ever toiled in this region, save only the revered Pere Marquette, ever had greater influence.

In Old France the people have a legend whereof I have often bethought me in our wilderness. At the season when the earth is in its glory, either with the freehness of spring or in with the freshness of spring or in Nature's ripened loveliness—at such season, say the peasants, on the morning of some perfect day there comes to the forests an hour of holiness. The trees bend low their stately heads, the flowers give forth their sweetest frathe soft breeze sweeps green carpet of mess and vines, the birds awake yet forget to sing, and the streams flow with fainter music, as they wait in reverence. At that hour, heralded by the first rays of light, the heralded by the first rays of ingut, the blessed Christ walks through the woods. Ay, of the legend I often thought as I beheld Frere Constantin, so true a fol-lower of the Divine Missionary, tra-versing our trackless forests of New France with his message of peace and good-will.

Some ten days our party journeyed, through the heart of the Indian summer. The hand of God seemed to rest upon the forests, so glorious were they in their splendor of gold and crimson and russet. Ever we pressed onward, keeping a sharp lookout for foes in ambush, yet animated by the happy spirit of adventure which finds a zest in the proximity of danger.
Once we crossed the trail of a band

of savages who our Hurons said were Iroquois, from certain signs I wot not of; for the children of the wilderness, like the wild creatures who share their haunts, are wondrous versed in the lore of Nature, and pay close heed to her ambassadors, the winds and waters. To them a crushed vine, a broken twig, is often a clue to the designs of their

enemies. On another day Sans Souci, hearing a sound in a thicket which he took to be the stir of a young elk, fired into the The next moment a hoarse whoop rent the air, and a savage leaped out upon him, but only, with another unearthly yell, to fall dead at his

was Mawkwa, the father of Ishko dah the Fury, who had dogged our

This discovery showed us that our expedition had, despite our precautions, become known to the hostiles. Outawas, and gave us some uneasiness, on account of the ladies whom we were hastening to meet.
"Pardieu! That yell will bring the

red inhabitants of the wilds upon us like a nest of hornets," I exclaimed as I drew my blade, ready for the others, should they leap forth.

should they leap torth.

For answer, Sans Souch took his knife from his belt, rolled the body of the dead savage out of our path with

the dead savage out of our path with his foot, and we pressed on, our Ir dians following with bent bows.

The dying outery of the chief sum-moned no band of infuriated redskins, however. Nor did aught come of our encounter with a small party of Iro quois, a day or two later, when we had a sharp fight and I laid low a brawny fellow who had raised his hatchet t hew down Sans Souci, and received an arrow that was meant for my heart but arrow that was meant for my heart but by a fortunate chance lodged in the fleshy part of my arm. From it, though the wound was slight, I should doubt-less have suffered much, by reason of the poison, had not one of our allies made for the hurt a poultice of certain leaves which took from it much of the

fire.
Thus we went onward for above a week, over the wastes and across the inland waters, at the portages our men carrying the canoes upon their shoul-

One morning, after having floated down a small river, we landed, and crossed a valley where we had a shot at

a grazing herd of buffaloes, and I brought down a fierce bull where one of our Indians laid low another. The remainder of the herd sped away, and were quickly lost to sight in a neighboring grave.

boring grove. Half an hour later, the same Indian Half an hour later, the same Indian bent his bow at a stirring of the underbrush, as we wandered in the forest; but ere he could let fly one of his fateful arrows, San Souci caught his arm.

A moment after, out from among the bushes, sprang a great gray dog, of the kind that is of the breed of the wolf, and a denizon of the wilderness.

bushes, sprang a great gray dog, of the kind that is of the breed of the wolf, and a denizen of the wilderness.

"Have a care, Sans Sjuci, the creature will tear you as a rabbit; and this you well know," I cried, as the animal leaped upon the coureur de bois in a frenzy of excitement.

But it was not as I feared, the dog was not mad with rage; on the contrary, he was nearly crazed with joy.

"Ma belle, ma bellé! It is Mishawaha herself, my faithful Mishawaha," exclaimed Sans Souci, scarcely less delighted than the yelping beast. "Ah, monsier, now we shall speedily have tidings of those whom you seek. I left Mishawaha among my friends in the woods some leagues from Fort Fron

woods some leagues from Fort Fron tenac. She must have followed the coureur de bois whom I sent to escert Madame Cadillac. Madame la Seignuress and her party must be in this neighborhood, unless—" He shook his head ominously, and continued under his breath, " Mishawaha is not wont to his breath, "Mishawaha is not wont to
be so foolish! Wby does she menace
the safety of those whom she undertook to guard, by straying away from
them and raising this din? Unless—"
He broke off abruptly, and it was
with a sinking heart that I pushed
abrad of him moon the trail to which

ahead of him upon the trail to which the dog led us.

Thank God! our dire foreboding came to naught. The sagacious animal had only discovered the approach of her master, and had stolen away to greet

Beyond a little hillock we en Beyond a little utilious we be beyond a little utilious. Here we found the party we sought, just as they were about to break camp for the were abo

were about to break camp for the journey of the day.
What a providence it is that the route from Montreal to Le Detroit and the Northwest is marked out by so many noble water-ways down which the voyager may float in restfulness! Had it been otherwise, never could even the most valiant of women have attempted the journey.

tempted the journey.

As I advanced through the greenery, As I advanced through the greenery,
As I advanced through the greenery,
I now saw before me a most captivating
picture Seated like a queen upon the
bank of the ravine was my sister, Madame Cadillac, as serene as though
posed for her portrait by that same
country painter, Antoine Watteau, of young painter, Antoine Watteau, of whom I have erstwhile made mention as having later won fame; my sweet sis-ter Therese, in a robe of dun color laced with silver, her brown hair dressed low,—for happily, the fontage was going out of vogue,—her hazel eyes shining softly as the starlight for which the Indians named her. The fresh breeze had brought a pink tint to her equally also checks, and despite the usually pale cheeks, and despondences of her attire, she and despite the sombreness of her attire, she looked younger and still more comely than when she went away. There, beside her, was little Jacques, now playing with the dog, which had bounded back to them in an abandonment of glee the reason whereof they failed to underder tand. There was Francoise the maid. coquetting with their guide, a handsome young coureur de bois: there maid. coquetting with their guide, a handsome young coureur de bois; there forming a circle of dark faces, were the Indians who made up the escort. And there—yes, verily, and I felt my face flush red, as my eyes turned upon her, standing just beyond Therese, and clasping inher arms a great bouquet of scar standing just beyond ing inher arms a great bouquet of scar let sumach sprays and golden maple leaves — there was Barbe — also

reassured them, nowever, fell upon my breast with a glad cry. Young Jacques caught me by the coat; even Francois forgot her coureur de oven Francois forgot her coureur de ois long enough to murmur an ecstatic Oh, monsieur!" and clapped her palms together as she looked up to the sky in thankininess. Only Barbe stood aloof, with a strange shyaess that yet gave her to my mind, an added grace. "Miladi Barbe, bave you not a wel come for me?" I asked, drawing near

to me when Therese let me free.
"A thousand, Normand," she said in tremulous tone, and thereat quickly turned away her gaze, thinking per haps to hide from me the tears in her bright eyes,—tears that were like glistening dewdrops upon two purple

violets. I took her hands in mine and, bend ng my head, touched them with my

ilps.
Dd you not know I would come,
Barbe?' I whispered earnestly.
Again those beautiful eyes met my

"Yes, Normand, I knew you would

ome," she answered gently.

And then, as once before in her girlhood's days at the seige of Quebec, she saw that I was wounded. saw that I was wounded.
Oh, Normand how came this?" she

"Oh, Normand how came this?" she cried, going deathly white. "A scratch from an Indian arrow, you say! Are you sure the wound has been properly tended? A dressing of some forest herb, moistened at a spring of clear cool water, is the remedy, they tell me."

Thereupon she must needs hear all about the skirmish, and learn from the Miami what he had done for me; though 'twas of a far different matter i

though 'twas of a far different matter I was minded to talk to her.

Howbeit she gave me no chance—
neither then, nor during our journey back to Fort Ponchartrain. Moreover, she was at great pains to explain to me that she had come with Madame Cadillac because to her mind Therese into anythe coming at all and she Cadillac because to her mind Therese ran into peril by coming at all, and she could not see her set out with no woman companion other than her maid. As if the companionship of so lovely a lady as the Chatelaine of Chateauguay would make the way safer for my sister! By a special providence, or so it seemed, we reached Le Detroit in saf-

ety, and the wife of Cadillac was installed in the new manor, with the Lady of Chateauguay again as her

At the fort all were still on the

watch and prepared as far as might be for the coming of the Iroquois.

The savages of Le Detroit were warned by our Sieur of the threatened attack from their ancient foe; the toma hawk painted red was sent from village to hawk painted red was sent from village to village; the Medicine Men consulted their Manitous. Bands of our warriors ranged the forests, or taking to their cances, floated down the strait and the Lake of the Eries, on the alert to dis cover the movements of the enemy. Saint Martin's Summer, usually a time devoted to the annual games and thank offerings of the Indians, was become a season of practice for war.

season of practice for war.

One starlight night a party of braves returned to Le Detroit in triumph, with scalps at their belts, and bring ing some six or seven captives. The had met a band of Iroquois, had fough

them, and slain a goodly number.
At the gates of the palitade they de manded an interview with the Commandant. Albeit the hour was late the schief, Wingeczee, was admitted, and conducted to the presence of De la Mothe, and the interpreter De orme was summoned to the parley in

the council room of the barracks.
"My father," began the chief, "we have met a horde of Iroquois and have slain many. With these our foes was a white warrior who fought with as great flerceness as any red man, yet with less of cunning, it looked to us, since twice he spared two of our num-ber who were wounded; an Indian de since twice he spared two of the ber who were wounded; an Indian de lays not to drive the tomahawk into the heart of a fallen enemy. The Iroquois who were not hewn down like the trees of the forest, fied, abandoning the trees of the forest, fled, abandoning their pale-faced ally to us. But thinking our Father would be angry with us, if we robbed him of his vengeance, we have brought the white chief to cur Father, to do with him as he wills."

Whypersee, you and your Magrices.

Father, to do with him as he wills."
"Wingeezee, you and your warriors have done well," replied Monsieur de Cadillac, inclining his head. "There is no braver chief on Le Detroit than the great Eagle. I will tell Onontio in Quebec of your service to the French. Gifts you shall have of me, also, when you have delivered this captive into my hands."

my hands."
"This night he shall be given to my

Father," said the chief.
"Let him be rendered to Sergeant
Jolicour at the gate, and Monsieur Guyon will furnish to you, Wingeezee such stores from the King's ammunition as shall compensate you," decreed the

Selecting a fusee and a small quantity of powder and bullets from the store house, I went with the chief to the

The white man had been bound hard and foot, and was passed over to us like a log, being borne in and laid upon the ground by two of the Indians. I then presented the musket and ammunition to Wingeezee—a dang rous gift, but he would have been satisfied with naught

else.

When he and his followers were gone
the prisoner. Hi I looked toward the prisoner. His head was turned to one side, and his head was turned to one star to part chapeau had slipped down so as to part ly conceal his face. I knew from his uniform, however, that he was English, and my heart grew hot with anger.

"Bah! the hardihood of these

Bostonnais, thus to venture into the wilderness," I muttered to myself.
"What could be hope for but to be abandoned by his allies, should their opponents prove too strong for them? How little wit he had, to spare the lives of our savages, who knew not the emotion of mercy! Small wonder he

Much as I hated the red coat, it was

most quietly attired, and wearing upon her shining hair a little coif of velvet; Barbe, more lovely than I had ever beheld her.

At my appearance both women screamed, doubting if it could be myself in the flesh. My voice speedily reassured them, however, and Therese fell upon my breast with a glad cry. at the names of the savages are now passed. Honor needs no bonds. You are indeed still a prisoner, but a prisoner of the King of France; and whatever may be your fate, be assured you will be accorded the treatment of a gentleman, in so far as it is possible thus to be accorded the treatment of a gentle nan, in so far as it is possible thus to

treat an emissary of our foes." Whether there was in my words aught of comfort for the unhappy man, I cannot say. No sooner did he feel himself free than he sprang to his feet

and glanced about him.

But his limbs were palsied from having been so long bandaged, and a faintness came over him, causing him to sink bank upon the ground with a groan. "Phouff! The savages made him

"Phouff! The savages made him abstain from food more rigorously than an anchorite, and, I doubt not, the poor wretch is well nigh crazed with thirst as well," quoth Jolicour.

Compassion was not dead within me. I put a draught of water to the lips of the captive, and when he had revived in a slight degree, gave him a cup of wine

captive, and when he had revived in a slight degree, gave him a cup of wine Soon his strength, returned in part, and getting upon his feet once more, he straightened himself with a haughty air and gave me a glance wherein we blended gratitude for my service, pride

and courage.

His countenance was strangely familiar to me. Where had I seen him nefore ?

"Monsieur," I said presently, i courteous fashion, "I regret to be a brave man in so sad a plight."

"'Tis the fortune of war," he answered with sangfroid, as though in the outcome of his dilemma he had no the outcome or his dinama has the concern—a coolness as unlike the dashing gallantry of a Frenchman under similar circumstances as is the impenerability of ice to the sparkling coolness of a forest spring. "But how ness of a forest spring. "But how have you concluded that I am not a poltroon?" he added with a calm

"Only a man brave unto rashness would rush into the heart of an enemy's

would rush into the heart of an enemy's country with a body of treacherous indians and upon a fool's errand," I returned with sharp evasion.

At my plain naming of his mission, he scowled defiantly, and, in obedience to the instinct of a soldier, his hand sought his sword, then dropped to his

side, as he despondently realized that the weapon had been taken from him.

"If monsieur is ready, I will conduct him to the Commandant," I continued, regretting my bluntness.

He bowed assent, and I led the way, the red coat coming next, and Jolicœur bringing up the rear, and keeping a close eye upon the prisoner, as was his duty.

The council room of the barracks wore a funeral aspect as we entered it.
The rough walls were dark with
shadows; the flickering light of the pine knots smoking in their sockets was

pine knots smoking in their socaets was veritably ghastly.

Upon the dais at one end of the room sat Cadillac, majestic and imposing in his fine court dress. Evidently he would fain impress the Englishman with his dignity as the representative of the King of France, and his own sovereignty, I may say, over the region into which the stranger had intruded with such temerity. such temerity.

The scene minded me of a picture

The scene minded me of a picture from a graver's plate that I saw in Paris—a gravure of one Jacques Gallot, which represented the sombre chances of war, and was as far removed from gay little pastorals from the brush of the young Antoine Wattrau, as is the sunshine from the gloom of dusk when the rays of light die away, like the glow of a torch that is quenched.

The prisoner saluted the assembly with quiet nonchalance, and then stood before them erect and with a scornful air, as one who minded not the statliness of the tribunal nor cared to plead

ness of the tribunal nor cared to plead for clemency.
"Monsieur," said Cadillac, address

ing him, "you sre a Bostonnais. What is your name?" "Sir Commandant, I am an Eaglish officer; this is all you need to know,

he corrected suavely.
"With us, monsieur, the terms
Bostonnais and English are synonymous, Bostonnais and English are synonymous, though some among us are more versed in your southern geography than may be supposed," rejoined De la Mothe. "You decline to say how you are called; well, Monsieur le Bostonnais, have you any explanation to make? How came you to be in this new province of the King of France at the time of your apprehension?"

I was a traveller," began the Englishman, guardedly.
"Nay, monsieur, these papers," in

"Nay, monsieur, these papers," in terrupted our Sieur, tapping with his finger a small packet that had been put into his hand by Wingeezee—" these papers, a diminutive but well-drawn map showing the country, these notes of our defence prove you had ere now ventured near enough to our fortifications to observe them carefully. You are a spy, monsieur, and the fate of a spy, you know, is death."

The words of Cadillac were followed by a moment of terrible silence. There

The words of Cadillac were followed by a moment of terrible silence. There was no hope for the stranger; his papers had convicted him.

At this time, in face of the danger that threatened the very existence of the fort, the Commandant would be inexorable, as a glance at the set visage of La Mothe assured me.

The momentous stillness, during which we heard no sound save the

which we heard no sound save the breathing of one another, was broken at last by the prisoner himself.

last by the prisoner himself.

"Monsieur le Commandant." he said, throwing back his head proudly,
it was not a love of glory that led me to undertake a journey into the country to undertake a journey into the care at war; yet fame I should have won had I been successful. I came in the service of my flag. You term ne a spy, but in my own land I shall be honored as a on my land I shall be honored as a hero. I fear not death, and crave not your mercy. All I ask of your chivalry is as to the manner of my death. I am a gentleman and a soldier; let me die then to the roll of the drum and the report of a yolley of muskery."

report of a volley of musketry."
"The punishment decreed for a spy
is not that he be shot," answered

Monsieur de Cadillac, curtly.

His words must have been as a cruel blow to the Englishman; nevertheless the latter lost not his coolness, but drew himself up more rigidly than before, if this were possible, and unflinchingly met the gaze of his foes.

With all the dignity at his command, my brother arose and pronounced s ntence.

" Monsieur le Bostonnais," he said as the representative here at Fort Pontchartrain of his Majesty Louis the Pontchartrain of his Majesty Louis the Fourteenth, King of France, and of the provinces of New France and Acadia, and of Le Detroit, and by virtue of the authority vested in me, I, Commandant and Seigneur, having in my possession incontestable proofs of your guilt, do upon their evidence condemn you as any and degree that to morrow at annual spy, and decree that to morrow at sur-rise, at the gate of the palisade, you shall be hanged by the neck until

A long-drawn sigh was the only sound

heard in the room for some seconds after La Mothe had ceased to speak. The Commandant glanced sharply about, as he sank back into his chair, and straightway I found that all in the and straightway I found that all in the assembly were looking at me. For it was not the prisoner who had sighed; it was I. His sentence was just; but my heart smote me that a man so young d gallant should meet so ignominious

By a lordly wave of his hand, Cadil

Ere the sergeant took a step forward, however, there was a commotion in the passage without, as of a woman's voice disputing with the guards and appealing

The next moment the door of the room burst open, revealing a picture that caused every man of the assembly to start with astonishment. Ay, even the demeanor of Monsieur de Cadillac grew less composed, although this was grew less composed, atthough this was scarce perceptible to any but myself, who knew him so well; while the Eng-lishman, who had not blanched at his sentence, now changed color and drew his hand across his brow in a confused

TO BE CONTINUED.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults. We ought to love our friends

A LOVER'S QUEST.

A MIDNIGHT TRIP ACROSS THE BAY OF GALWAY.

By Earnest Jarrold, The Doolan cottage in the suburbe Harlem was the resort of many simple-minded men and women in the evening. Patrick Doolan, the foreman of the gas works had created a salon by his liberality of spirit and tolerance of opinion; so one pleasant evening Judy Callahan said:

"Mr. Doolan tell us about how Rose

Kelly got her first pair of shoes."

Kelly got her first pair of shoes."

And Pat began:
"Tis twenty years ago this night since I saw Rose Kelly standin' on the shore of Costello Bay, peerin' into the black night to see could she get one more look at Roger Costello, for she was sore afeered she had sent him to his death. Rose was tall and dark; for she had Spanish blood in her veins from the Armada, and her black hair, blown by the wind, wrapped her like a blanket. She was terrible strong, but never a taste did Rose get of a juicy mutton chop or a tenderlion of beef. Faith! it all went to pay the rent, that grim monster.

that grim monster.
"Her hair was the only hat she wore and on her feet she had 'pampooties,' made of raw cow's hide, with the bair on the outside and tied across her arched instep with a piece of fish line.

"One day in the summer a party of tourists visited the Island of Costello, and Rose as we for the first time in her

and Rose saw for the first time in her life the iligant little shoes the ledies wore, with the red and blue ribbons on the buckles of them, and the high heels of them. One of the ledies measured her foot and told her that if she ever became rich enough to own \$3, the price of a pair of high-heeled shoes, she price of a pair of high-heeled shoes, she must buy a pair of number six D'r, as that was the size that would fit her feet. After the tourists were away, Rose gave her lover, Roger Costello, no peace until he promised to get her a pair of ledy's shoes.

pair of ledy's shoes.
"Now, Roger was a fisherman. But
the summer when the tourists visited the island was a poor one for fishing, and 'twas not till September that

and 'twas not till september that Roger, by pinchin' economy, saved money enough to buy the shoes.

"The night when Roger made up his mind to go across the bay after them was dark and lowery; but the smell of the salt in the breath of the smell of the salt in the breath of the sea roused the courage in his heart, and he made an oath to cross over to Arran, fifteen miles away, to buy the shoes for Rose from the Widow Cassidy. "But when he told Rose that he was

"But when he told Rose that he was goin' she made up her mind that he shouldn't go, shoes or no shoes; but the more she talked the more he made up his mind to go, and nothin' could stop him. Rose was afeared that if he went he'd never come back to her, for she knew well the temper of the Bay of Galway in a gale. When she found that her blarney was no use, she sent her brother across Great Man's Bay to tell the police a lie—that her lover was goin' across to Arran with a keg of goin' across to Arran with a keg of poteen, and for them to arrest him so that he couldn't go. She thought 'twas

better for Roger to be fined forty shillin's than to lose his life. But when the twilight was fallin' she went with Roger to the shore and helped him to ballast his currach with stones.

"A currach is a boat with ash ribs covered with canvas. It is about fif teen feet long, three feet wide and two feet deep. A fine sea boat a currach is for rowin', but a poor sailor, for the rason that she has no keel. Six of the ason that she has no keel. Six of the police came after Roger in a life-boat. Roger saw them comin', and he ran his boat into the water, with Rose up to her knees in the brine hangin to his

her knees in the brine hangin to his coat talls cryin':

"Oh, come back, allanah! Never mind the ould shoes!

"But Roger threw an arm around her and kissed her twice. Thin he sprang into the boat and was off, leavin' pieces of his coat in Rose's hands, and the police only one hundred yards away. The police fired two shots at Roger; but the bullets flew high, and Roger laughed, for he was as much at home in a boat as on a cottage floor.

"You must understand that to be out on Galway Bay when the water is wrinkled with the touch of a soft south wrinkled with the touch of a soft south wind, and to be in the same place on a black night, with a north west wind howlin' and the tide a mill-race to the sea, is as different as love and hate. Roger had work before him that night that made his atrong heart heave agin. that made his strong heart heave agin' his ribs; and he six feet two, with a fifty inch chest and an arm like a mule's hind leg. They say that the bottom of Galway Bay, from the Connemara shore to the Arran Islands, is a causeway of death made of the bones of Irish pea sants. Roger hugged the shore just out-side of the line of breakers, and in a few minutes he was out of sight of the police, who were afraid to follow him, and they headed straight for the Arran Islands, thinkin' they'd catch him when

he landed. " How he ever got across is a m "How he ever got across is a meracle, for the seas were fifteen feet high,
an' 'twas many a barrel of water he
shipped an' had to lay down the oars
and ball for his life, while the currach
drifted and tossed like an oak ball.
And all the time poor Rose was wanderin' up and down at the edge of the
surf, and callin' down the 'nathemas of
Hayven on her own bonny head.

suri, and callin' down the 'nathemas of Heaven on her own bonny head.
"For five terrible hours Roger fought the sea, and then he saw the glint of the light of the coast guard station at Arran and in an hour he ran the currach on the beach at the foot of Bryan Kilmarita's rotate natch and descreed. Kilmartin's potato patch and dragged it two hundred yards from the sea and covered it with seaweed. Rozer walked up to Kilmartin's cottage and tapped on the window to wake his friend. And on the window to wake his friend. And Kilmartin took Roger inside and hid him under the bed. While Roger was there eatin' boiled ling and drinkin' Owlong tay that never paid duty. Kilmartin went after the shoes. The Widow Cassidy was that mad at bein' disturbed that she grabbed the first pair of shoes she saw and put them in a piece of olloloth so that they wouldn't get wet. Roger wasn't under the bed two hours when the police got wind of him and he broke for the cliffs. This was about 1 o'clock in the mornin'.

"The big island of Arranmore is nine miles long, and on the side nearest to

America the cliffs are from two hun-dred to four hundred feet high. When the wind is blowin' from the west the

the wind is blowin' from the west the waves dash over these cliffs, carryin' rocks weighin' from one pound to two tons. These rocks are piled up along the edge of the cliff and in some places they are fifteen feet high.

"Fifteen Arraners own a rope two inches thick and six hundred feet long that they use to pull up driftwood from the foot of the crags. Aboat half way down the face of the cliff there is a deep cave in the rock called the "Redown the face of the chiff there is a deep cave in the rock called the "Re-fuge," where every Arraner hunted by the police hides in time of danger, and it takes a skilful and a brave man to get to it on a fair day. But on a black night with the wind tearin' at him and

night with the wind tearin' at him and the spray wettin' him a man wants his insurance paid up to venture it.

"Roger would never have tried to reach the cave in such weather, but reach the cave in such weather, but the police were so close that they would have caught him if he hadu't gone over the cliff. And when he reached the cave covered with cold sweat of fear he knew that 'twas only the prayers of Rose, fifteen miles away, that kept his fact from alignin'. Roger was safe foot from slippin'. Roger was safe from the police, with the shoes tied around his waist. He lay down on the rock, tired out with the hard work, and

fell asleep.

"But while he was asleep the greedy sea was still chasin' him, and 'twas only half an hour before the waves reached Roger. Soon it reached his knees with a gentle hiss. Then it reached his waist with a little mean like that of a sick child, and Roger stirred in his sleep as if disturbed by an ugly dream. But the next wave

an ugly dream. But the next wave was a big one, and Roger woke with the foam at his lip.

"He was ankle deep in the rising tide. Then the water slipped away slowly, and he rushed to the mouth of the case, but all he could see was the the cave, but all he could see was the the cave, but an he could see was the tops of the seas that were heavin' their great shoulders ag'in the quakin' rock, and all he could hear was the terrible roar of their awful hungry voices. Roger went back to the farthest corner of the cave and felt for the rosary in

his breast.
All the time Kilmartin was noddin All the time Kilmartin was noddin' before the fire in his house, for he wouldn't go to bed till he knew that Roger was safe. He woke with the sound of the spray of the risin' tide coming over the cliffs a mile away, and his groan was that of a strong man in mortal anguish, for he knew that Roger was in the cave. He wakened his wife was in the cave. He wakened his wife and the childer and sent them after the men that owned the big rope. Talk about rushin' a steam engine to a fire! "Twas nothin' to them seven men and three women draggin' that manilla snake rope over one hundred stone walls to the cliff. After they dragged the rope to the top of the cliff 'twas only a few minutes till they had Roger only a lew minutes till they had Roger dragged to the top, and in half an hour he was in his currach and pullin' like mad for the Galway shore, with the

mad for the Galway shore, with the wind at his back.

"Rose saw him comin' when he was nearly three miles away, for the eyes of a woman in love are sharp as an eagle's eves. When Roger ran his boat up on the shore Rose did not run to meet him, nor did she tell him that she had not slept a wink while he was away. She ran into the cottage before he saw her and closed the door, and when he saw her she was busy gettin' the brekquist, she said.

when he saw her she was busy goother the brekquist, she said.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" as if 't was to the spring he had gone to get a pall of water. 'And after all your trouble, I'll bet you didn't get the shoes!'

"Faith, I did !' throwin' the bundle the with a way, for 'twas a

on the table with a bang, for warmer welcome he expected. 'Whin I say I'll do a thing I'll do it!' Then I say I'll do a thing I'll do it her he ripped open the oilskin, and there rolled out upon the table two cowhide shoes, the soles studded with heavy nails, and they were big enough to fit the Cardiff giant. Rose looked at the

shoes and said:
"And I suppose they are number

sixes ?' Then she looked at her speechless lover, and they burst into a roar of laughter that shook the thatch. And when they were the haggard look on Roger's face still looking into that awful gulf below the cave, she put her brown arms around his neck, and drew his great shaggy head down on her breast and kissed him on the lips, her eyelashes were wet."-New York Tribune.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. Vibrating through the early morning and rolling out over the awakening city was the sad toll for a soul departed. city was the sad toll for a soul departed. Slowly, ponderously, the Convent bell sent from its high tower its deep message. A message that none hear without a solemn thought of its awful purport, whether young or old, happy or sorrow-laden; to all it carries some hint of its Transcendent mystery—a reminder of where we one day go alone, and where we return not.

reminder of where we one day go and and whence we return not.

The mellow haze of the sunrise still rested on the landscape as the funeral wended its way out in the suburbs towards Mount Hope cemetery. The bell was hushed, or too distant now to clash with the joy of the beautiful

summer morning.

Speeding along a cross-road, splendidly mounted, came a young and handsome woman—horse and rider in such accord that an hour's run had scarcely in which the disturbed the reverie in which the calm of the early day had plunged this

calm of the early day nad places
fair girl.
She had left the ball-room and after a
few hours of rest had riden out—tired,
yes, tired—not in body but in mind.
Tired and lonely in soul. From time to
time this fiame of discontent had
smouldered in her inner consciousness,
and was usually dimmed by the vain,
distracting life in which she endeavored
to attain her happiness. Useless, to attain her happiness. Useless, flippant, worldly, the days had sped for flippant, worldly, the days had sped for several years, and though sin with its appalling grasp, had been kept at bay, yet was this intelligent young woman growing conscious of the lower and dangerous level to which a selfish, unprogressive career, wholly engrossed in the whirl of amusement and the "smart set," were surely carrying one edu-

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