SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XI. *Continued.*

Matt Hazlitt pointed with his pipe to the dead fox.

"Yes," says Tim Croak, "'twas him."

Matt bent back in his chair and laughed.

"Oh, but aisy till I tell ye it all," continued Tim. "I looked at him, an' he looked at me. I took the heads of my two white ducks in me hand; 'Be off, you robber,' says I. An' wid that I pelted the ducks' head at him, an' away with him as fast as his legs could carry him. The next mornin' when I got up the first thing I seen was two white ducks outside the door, an' the lad on his grug mindin' 'em."

"Were the ducks alive?" inquired Matt.

"Alive [illegible]. An' where he got [illegible] make out. But maybe 'twas [illegible] he travel ed for 'em."

"By the laws," says Matt Hazlitt, "I'm inclined [illegible] what he did to myself."

"What was that?"

"Didn't I tell you [illegible]?"

"No," says Tim, "nor [illegible] did I disremember."

"Well, one evening last harvest I was seen [illegible] the five-acre field, as the wind was rising, and I expected we'd have a storm [illegible]. 'Twas just dusk when I was finished. I thought of the fox [illegible] was after taking a lot of young turkeys from Mrs. Purcell the same week—and I thought I might as well turn home the geese that were out on the stubbles. I was drivin' 'em on fair an' aisy by the crab-ditch—and by the same token the crabs were fallin' like hailstones with every strong blast of wind—when the geese all screeched and clapped their wings, and riz from the ground, and off with 'em like a white cloud over the ditch towards the house. One goose didn't fly (and no blame to her), and when I seen her runnin' along the path afore me, I walked fast to get up with her. When I seen out from the shade of the ditch, I saw that the goose was runnin' on four feet instead of two."

"Aye, aye," says Tim Croak, with a grin of delight.

"I had a pitchfork in my hand," Matt Hazlitt continued, "an' I made at him, but he was too smart for me. Any way, I swore he'd never have the satisfaction of pickin' that goose, and I kept close to him over till we [illegible] to the rabbit burrow. I was [illegible] rabbit' him gettin' over the [illegible] get away from me. Still I was able to keep within a few perches of him, till he came to the door [illegible]. He dropped the goose, and made a run at the wall [illegible] to the top of it. I was nearly out o' breath and took my time [illegible] the rise—as I was sure of the goose. He gave two or three [illegible] on the top of the wall, and then leaped down and runs to the goose again. Before I had time to be up he snapped up the goose and made a rush to the wall. I didn't mind, as I knew he'd never chance to get over the wall with the goose. But what do you think? [illegible]

[illegible]

"Matt, Matt [illegible] again?" [illegible]

[illegible] outside the door, and were just in time to see Kerryman slink round the corner and glide through the privet hedge, giving them an expressive look over his shoulder as he disappeared.

"'Pon me sowl, Matt," says Tim, looking as if this last exploit of Kerryman's was rather too much even for him; "do you know what? He got himself killed o' purpose in order to escape the hunt today. He wasn't rightly recovered from the clontin' the gandher gave him, an' he was in dhread the marquis' hounds 'd be too many for him. I must run up an' open the airth any way. The poor fellow 'd want to rest wid an aisy mind afther going through so much."

"Tim," says Matt Hazlitt, who took some time to recover the use of his tongue, "tell me anything you like about that fox, and I'll never doubt a word of it."

"Oh! Matt, why did you let him escape? Why didn't you kill him? Why didn't you knock the daylights out of the villain?"

"Shut up, woman."

"Shut up yourself, and don't tell me"——But Matt did not wait to hear what it was he was not to tell. He took his way to Coolbawn to astonish Brian Purcell with a circumstantial account of the old fox's stratagem to escape being hunted by the marquis' hounds. The cry of the hounds could be heard from Rathcopple, so calm was the day. Brian Purcell and Matt strolled up to the top of Knockclough to see the run. Tim Croak soon joined them, and pointed to the old fox sitting on a rock at a little distance. "Watchin'," says Tim, "to see how the marquis' dogs 'll hunt. I'll bet he'll be at home for 'em the next day."

"They're going towards the slate quarries," remarked Matt Hazlitt.

"Begorra, aye," says Tim Croak. "An' the master 'll be as mad as a March hare. He's half way to Thurles by this."

Here the churn boy was seen coming up the hill. On reaching the top he handed Brian a letter. It was an American letter. After looking at it for a moment, Brian walked thoughtfully to the smooth rock—the rock upon which they sat—he and Jane Evans—on the St. John's eve, when he read the "Schoolmaster's Story" for her. He sat down upon the same rock [illegible] the letter.

CHAPTER XII.

[illegible] Moorefield House, the deadest stillness has reigned since nightfall. Mrs. Evans rings for the candles. For fully an hour she has been watching her daughter from behind her handscreen. Miss Evans reclines in a lounge-chair, her head resting on her hand. Her mother had poked the fire several times, and tried even more to conjecture that it was likely to freeze that night; but the young lady seemed to feel no interest in the question, and remained silent and motionless. The candles are brought in, and Mrs. Evans takes up a [illegible] for the past [illegible] reading [illegible] she has opened it, she lays it down again, and looks at her daughter as if she had forgotten the young lady's [illegible] till that moment.

"You must be fatigued, Jane?"

"No."

"You say you met Captain Dawson?"

"Yes."

"Do you [illegible]"

"I [illegible] told it."

"Do you think he has asked [illegible]"

"No," she has thought [illegible] her gloves were on [illegible] her shoes. "Mamma, [illegible] this is a dull place."

"Well, to Jane! [illegible] same place [illegible]"

"I am sick of it."

"Well, what other place do you think of—Dublin?"

"No, not Dublin."

"Perhaps you are thinking of the continent."

"No," says Miss Evans, leaning back in her chair, and speaking in a [illegible] matter-of-fact way. "I was thinking of Australia—America."

"Oh, yes—Canada," says Mrs. Evans with a smile.

"I was not thinking of Canada," in the same matter-of-fact tone. "I mean the United States."

"Really, Jane, you astonish me," and Mrs. Evans opened her eyes very wide, and did look as if she was astonished.

"*I met Brian Purcell again today.*"

Now Mrs. Evans did not look astonished, but absolutely terrified. She stood up and commenced pacing up and down the room in a state of mind which ought to have inspired the daughter with remorse, but which only brought a smile to the lips of the beauty in the lounge-chair. Having [illegible] her mother quite [illegible], Miss Evans rose, and, bidding [illegible] to her own room.

Having [illegible] toilette, [illegible] her, and sat by the fire.

She takes up the [illegible] which her [illegible] evening. [illegible] she could [illegible] other man. [illegible] her to that [illegible] he was [illegible] his [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] to the old [illegible] eve, when Brian [illegible] the [illegible] master had given [illegible] membered it [illegible] eyes to her [illegible] tears. What a [illegible] and she copied [illegible] scrapbook. [illegible] She takes [illegible] drawer and begins [illegible]. Some of them [illegible] shown him, but [illegible] the cottage.

She takes a withered rose leaf from a book, and touches it with her lips. There must be some reminiscence connected with it, for her eyes *almost* moisten.

"Poor fellow," she murmured, "I felt his hand tremble that day; and though my heart fluttered, I was unworthy of him even then. If not, why did my thoughts run, even at that moment, upon all my mother had told about his large farm and his father's wealth? Why did I think of anything but that he loved me? Worldliness was born with me."

But here we must venture to interrupt Miss Evans. Worldliness was not born with her; but probably it was early instilled into her. This, we believe, is one of the cases of discontented poverty.

"Poor Sally Cavanagh!" she continued; "how she [illegible] when I told her [illegible] at the recollection of the [illegible] girl dancing 'Haste to the Wedding,' till she was out of breath [illegible] snapping her fingers, and [illegible] exclaiming—'[illegible]' She [illegible] leaves; and, [illegible] the table, and [illegible] her eyes [illegible] she [illegible] little [illegible]

(To be continued.)

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[illegible] MOTHER."

[illegible] was suffering from [illegible] no appetite. Everything [illegible] one day while visiting [illegible] saw a bottle of B. B. B. on the [illegible] what they used it for [illegible] and when I [illegible] she should [illegible] anything [illegible]. Now [illegible] and brought home [illegible] a week [illegible] to take it. At last, [illegible] the bottle [illegible] cured [illegible] saved her life. We are [illegible] B. B. B. now. It is such a good remedy [illegible] E. WESTON, [illegible] Montreal.

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W. BRODIE,
Sec.-Treas.

Montreal, 1st Dec., 1892. 20-2