TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin
THE SECOND JURYMAN'S TALE

THE STORY TELLER AT FAULT CONTINUED

"What are you going to do with me?"
asked the Long Gray Man, when he asw
the soldiers gathering round him.
"We mean to have a sharp eye on you.

"We mean to have a sharp eye on you, that you may not give us the slip till dinner is over," said O'Donnell.
"You are very hospitable," replied the Gaol Kiava, "but I give you my word, if you were as good again, it is not with you I'll dine to day."
"Where else will you dine?" asked O'Donnell.

O'Donnell.

"Far enough from you, you may be satisfied," replied the Caol Riava.

"I pledge you my word," said one of the gallogiasses on guard, "if I find you attempting to stir against O'Donnell's wish, I'll make pound pleces of you with the said of the sa

my battle-axe.

The Caol Riava made no reply, but took an instrument and began to play as before, in such a manner that all within hearing were enchanted with his music. He then laid aside the barp and stood

ap in his place.
"Now." he said, "look to yourselves you who are minding me, for I am off !"

The instant he uttered these words, the soldier who before had menaced him

the soldier who before had menaced him raised his battle-axe, but instead of wounding the stranger as he intended, he struck a heavy blow on the harness of the man who stood next him. The latter returned the stroke with the best of his will, and in a few moments the whole score of footguards were hewing at each other's heads and shoulders with their battle axes until the figor was strewed with their disabled bodies. In the midst of this confusion the Caol Riava came to the doorskeeper and said to him:

"Go to O'Donnell and tell him that "Go to O Donnell and tell him that for a reward of twenty cows and a large farm rent free, you will undertake to bring his people to life again. When he accepts your proposal, (as I know he will be glad to do,) take this herb and rub a little of it to the roof of each man's mouth, and he will be presently in perfect health again."

The door keeper did as he was directed, and succeeded perfectly, but when

ed, and succeeded perfectly, but when he returned to thank his benefactor, to his great astonishment he could discover no trace of either him or the Story-

It happened at this very time that It happened at this very time that a worthy man, named Mac Eocha, of Leinster, a doctor in poetry, had been laid up with a broken leg more than eighteen weeks without receiving the least relief, although he had sixteen of the ablest surgeons in Leinster in consultation upon it. Happening to lift up his eyes as he sat before his door, he saw the as he sat before his door, he saw the Caol Riava and the Story-teiler ap-proaching, the former having only one large garment around him, and an Irish book in his hand out of which he read aloud in one monotoneus humming tone, "Save you, Mac Eocha, said the

"And you likewise?" replied Mac Caol Riava. Eocha, "may I ask you what is your profession?"

"Why," replied the Caol Riava, "I am why, replied the Usol Riava, "I am what you may call the makings of a physician from Ulster."

"And what is your name?"

"Oall me Cathal o Gein and I will

"Call me Cathai o Gein and I will answer to it," replied the stranger. "I understand you are of a very churlish and inhospitable disposition, and if you changed your conduct, I would be apt to cure your leg for you.

Out 1 am easy as to wast others may do.
But I promise you if you cure me that I
will not be guitty of that fault again."
While he was speaking the sixteen
doctors who were in attendance on him

came up, to it quire how he was getting on, upon which he told them of the offer made by the Caol Riava.

The doctors looked at the stranger, and at the Story-teller, and then laughed

immoderately.
"Tis very well," said the Caol Riava, "but wait a little. Rise up now," said he to Mac Eocha, "and let me see which can you or your sixteen

physicians run fastest. Up started Mac Eocha, and away went the sixteen doctors after their patient, but he left them far behind, and came back in great spirits to his house, while they remained panting and puffing

"Now, you Mac Eocha," said the stranger, "do not be guilty of inhospitality or churlishness from this time forward, or if you do, I'll come to you again, and break your leg worse than it was before, and not only that, but the other leg also I'll break in such a manner that before, and not only that, but the other leg also I'il break in such a manner that all the surgeons in the Fenian hosts will not be able to cure it for you. As for these sixteen impostors that pretended to treat it for you, not one of them shall ever walk without a limp from this time forward."

om this time forward."
"I promise you I will remember what
u say," replied Mac Eocha, "and to beginning, come in now and partake of a magnificent banquet which shall be prepared on the instant, for you

and your companion."

They entered the house and were followed by the sixteen physicians who shortly after came limping across the threshold. However, while Mac Excha was ordering the banquet, an attendant ran to tell him that the Ulster doctor was running down the hill, which sloped away from the door, faster than a grey away from the door, taster unan a given hound with a hare in his eye. Mac Eyohs was so much surprised at his abrupt departure that he made these abrupt departure that he made these lines which were often repeated after

Though my trust in his skill and his

powerful army with a vast herd of catale and other spoils, which he had driven from the bondsmen of Munster. The Caol Riava went up and seluted him:

"Save you, O Connor," he said boldly.

"And you likewise," replied the monarch. "What is your name?"

"Call me Gloils De," said the Caol Riava. "What is the cause of the contusion which I observe amongst your forces?"

"We are expecting an attack from the Munster men," replied the king, "and are at a loss how to drive the spoils and repel the enemy at the same time."

"What made you drive them at all?" said the Caol Riava.

"You know," replied the king, "that a monarch ought always to be ready to redress the slightest grievance of his subjects. Now it happened that a Connaught woman lent a basket to a weman of her acquaintance in Munster, who refused to return it at the appointed time. I heard of the injury and immediately raised an army to avenge it. I am now returning with the spoils, a portion of which I intend to bestow on the poor woman was lost her basket."

"And what will you do with the rest?" inquired the Giolia De.

"I will keep them myself," said the king, "to signalize my victory, and enhance the national glory, after the way of all great kings."

"I'm afraid it will give you enough to do," replied the Caol Riava, "for before you leave this heath, you will have more Munster men to meet you, than there are purple bells all over it."

"That's what I fear," said the king.

"What will you give me if I help you?" said the Caol Riava.

"You!" cried one of O'Connor's men, with a burst of laughter, "it cannot make much difference to O'Connor, whether you go or stav."

"You !" cried one of O'Connor, men, with a burst of laughter, "it cannot make much difference to O'Connor, whether ou go or stay."

"What reward would you require?"

"Mat reward would you asked O'Connor.

"A share, little or much, of anything you may get while I am with you," replied the Giolla Da.

"Agreed exclaimed the king. "Very well," said the Giolla De, " do

"Very well," said the Giolia De, "do you hold on your journey driving your spoils, while I coax the Munster men home again."

The king proceeded, and saw nothing of the men of Munster until he reached his ewn domain, where he arrived before any of his retinue. As hedd so, he perceived the Giolia De, and the Story - teller again by his side. Wearled from the fatigue of the expedition, after welcoming them he entered a shieling by the wayside, and called for a drink. It was brought, and he drank it off without brought, and he drank it off without even thinking of the Giolls De.

even thinking of the Giolla De.

"I am sorry to see you forget your agreement," said the latter.

"Do you call that trifle a breach of my agreement?" said the king.

"Ab," replied the Giolla De, "it is trifle a that show the mind. You mant to

trifles that show the mind. You went to war for a basket, and you call a cup of wine a trifle." And he immediately spoke these lines :

The wrong a king doth, were it huge as a mountain, eighs it no more than a drop from the fountain.

the fountain.

The wrong a king suffers, though light as a bubble, Sends fools to the slaughter, and king-

doms to trouble.
ceforth I'll not swear by the weight of a feather the firmness of ice in the sunny

spring weather, But I'll swear by a lighter, more slippery

thing, And my treth shall be plight by the word of a king.

The instant he had uttered these lines the Caol Riava and the Sory-teller van-ished from the eyes of O'Connor, who looked around for them in vain in all "I acknowledge my failing," said Mac Ecoha, "I am as niggardly as any miser until I take my third cup, but from that out I am easy as to what others may do. remained with his nose, nor count any thing be found throughout the whole army, but an old basket which the Connaught woman already spoken of, recognized as the one she had lent to the Munster woman. While all were wondering at these strange events, the Caol Riava and the astonished Story-teller approached the house of a man named Thady O Kelly who at that moment happened to be sitting at his own door, in the midst of his friends and dependants. The Coal Riava drew near, dressed in The Coal Riava drew near, dressed in the same tattered garments as usual, and bearing a white crooked wand in his

"Save you, Thady 'OKelly," said the Caol Riava.
"And you likewise," replied Thady,

"from whence do you come?"
"From the house of O'Connor, Sligo,"
answered the Caol Riava. "What is your occupation?" asked

Thady. "I am a travelling juggler, replied the stranger, "and if you promise to give me five pieces of silver, I will perform a

me nive pieces of strict, Twin places of strict for you."

"I do promise you," said Thady.
The Caol then took three small since as or leeks and placed them lengthwise on his hand, and said he would blow out the middle one and leave the two others in their places. All present said that such a feat was perfectly impossible, for the three sizeens were so light and lay so close together that the breath which carried away one, must necessarily take the two others also. However the Caol Riava put his two fingers on the two outside leeks, and then blew away that which was in

the middle.

"There's a trick for you, Thady
O'Kally," said the Caol Riava.

"Ideclare to my heart," said Thady,
"'tis a good one." And he paid him the

five pieces of silver. "Why, then, that he may get good of your money, himself and his trick," said one of O'Kelly's men. "If you give me half what you have him, I'll engage I'd perform the same trick as well as he did it."

"Oh 'tis easy enough to do it," said Thady.

Though my trust in his skill and his learning is high,
I'd have liked him the better for bidding good bye;
If the doctors of Ulster have all the fails, for I never yet saw a boaster succeed in anything he attempted."

if the doctors of Uister nave all the same breeding,

'Twere fitter they stuck to their cupping and bleeding.

Meanwhile the Story-teller and his strange master found themselves on a wild heath, in Sligo, where they beheld wild heath, in Sligo, where they beheld of a company of Connaught at the head of a company that in the centre. However he had acarcely done so much, when his two fingers went down through the palm of

his hand in such a manner that the tips appeared at the back, and would have remained so in all likelihood to the day of his death, if the Cleasaiye, or juggler, had not rubbed an herb upon the place and healed it.

"Well," said he, "you perceive that everything is not easy that looks so. But if you Thady O Kelly will give me five pieces more, I'll do another trick for you as good as the last."

"You shall have them," answered Thady, " if you let us hear what it is to

"Do you see my two ears?" said the juggler, thrusting his head forward.
"What a show they are!" said Thady,
"to be sure we do."

"Well, will you give me the five places if I sir one of my ears without stirring the other." the other."
"Indeed I will," said Thady, " that is

"Indeed I will," said Thady, " that is impossible at all events, for you can only move the ears by moving the whole sealp of your head, and then both must move together."

The juggler put up his hand and catching hold of one ear stirred it.

"Upon my word," said Thady, "you have won my five pieces again, and that is a very good trick."

"He's welcome home to us with his tricks," said the same man who spoke before, "if he calls that a trick. Only I was so hasty and so awkward awhile ago, I could have done the trick well enough, but there's no great art required for this at all events."

st all events."

So saying, he put up his hand and stirred his ear, but to his asionishment and terror it came away between his fingers! However the juggler rubbed an herb once more to the place, and herbed it as hefore.

healed it as before.

"Well, Thady O Kelly," said the juggler, "I will now show you a more our ious trick than either of those, if you give me the same money."

"You have my word for it," said

Thady.

The juggler then took out of his bag The juggler then took out of his bag a large ball of thread, and fold ing the end around his fluger, flung it slantwise up into the air. Up it flew, unrolling as it proceeded, while all gazed after it, lost in wonder until it disappeared amongst the clouds. He next took out of his bag a fine hare which he placed on the thread, when to the increasing astonishment of the beholders, the animal ran up the line, with as much dexterity as it she had been all her life at Astiey's or Vauxball. He next took out a greyhousd, which he placed on the thread in like manner, when the animal stretched away after the hare with as much zest and security as if both were on the Curragh of Kildare on a March morning.

morning.
"Now," said the Caol Riava, "has any one a mind to run up after the dog and see the course?"
"I will," said the man who had spoken

twice before.
"You are always ready," said the "You are always ready," said the juggler, "but I fear you are lazy, for you are almost as broad as you are long, and I'm afraid you'll fall fast asleep on the way and let the hound eat the hare."

"There is not a more assive man in the known world than the very individual who is talking to you now," said the

t men.
"Up with you then," said the juggler, "bus I warn you if you let my hare be killed, I'll cut off your head when you

The fat fellow ran up the thread, and all three soon disappeared. After looking up for a long time the Caol Riava

"I'm afraid the hound is eating the hare, and that our fat friend has fallen

Saying this he began to wind the Saying this he began to wind the thread, and found the case as he had suspected it to be, the fat man fast asleep, and the greyhound with the last morsel of the hare between his teeth.

sanction to see a young man murdered in that manner under his root.

"If it grieves you," said the juggler,
"I think as little of curing him now as I did before; but I must leave him some

mark to make him remember his rash-So saying he placed the head upon

the shoulders again, and healed them, but in such a manner that the countenance looked the wrong way, after which he spoke there lines:

What I take at my ease, at my ease It becomes him much better I'm sure than before.

If any man says I have wronged him thereby, Tell that man from me that I gave him the lie, For an insolent braggart is odder to see Than a fool with his face where his pol

ought to be. The Caol Riava had scarce uttered these words when he and the Story-teller disappeared, nor could any person present tell whether he had flown into the air, or whether the earth had swallowed them. The next place the Story-teller found himself with his the Story-teller found himself with his whimsical master, was in the palace of the king of Leinster, where the customary evening barquet was on the point of being prepared. The Story-teller was grieved and, perplexed to hear the king continually asking for his favorite Story-teller, while no one present was able to give any account of him.

"Now," said the Caol Riava, turning to him, "I have rendered you invisible in order that you may witness all that

in order that you may witness all that is about to take place here without being recognized by any of our daily ac-

So saying, he sat down close to the musicisns who were playing in concert at the time. Observing the attention which he paid, the chief musician said when they cnncluded;
"Well, my good man, I hope you like

"I'll tell you that," replied the Caol Riava. "Were you ever listening to a cat purring over a bowl of broth?"

"I often heard it," replied the chief

"I often heard to, "open musician.

"Or did you ever hear a parcel of beetles buzzing about in the dusk on a summer evening?"

"I did," said the chief musician.

"Or a bitter-faced old woman scolding in a passion?"

"I did often," said the chief musician, who was a married man. "Well, then," said the Caol Riava, "I'd rather be listening to any one of

"I'd rather be listening to any one of them than to your music."

"You insolent raggamuffin," said the chief musician, "It well becomes you to express yourself in that manner."

"You are the last that ought to say so," replied the Caol Riava, "for though bad is the best off the whole of you, yet if I were to look out for the worst I should never stop till I lighted on yourself."

At these words the chief musician arose, and drawing his sword, made a blow at the Caol Riava, but instead of striking him, he wounded one of his own party, who returned the blow forthwith, and in a little time the whole band of musicians were engaged in mortal conflict one with another. While all this confusion prevailed, an attendant came and swoke the king, who had been taking a nap while the music played.

and awoke the king, who had been taking a nap while the music played.

"What's the matter?" said the king.
"The harpers that are murthering
one another, please your majesty."

"Please me!" crisd the king of Leinster, "it does not please me. They
ought to be satisfied with murdering all
the music in my kingdom, without murdering the musicians too. Who began
it?" says his majesty.

the ?" says his majesty.

A stranger that thought proper to and fault with their music," replied the attendant.
"Let him be hanged," said the king. and do not disturb me again abo

him."
Accordingly some of the king's guards
took the Caol Riava, and carried him
out to a place where they erected a gallows, and hanged him without loss of lows, and hanged him without loss of time. However on returning to the pal-ace, they found the Caol Riava within,

"Is it me myself you mean?" said the

"Is it me myself you mean?" said the Caol Riavs.

"Who else?" said the captain.

"That the head may turn into a pig's foot with you when you think of tying the rope," said the Coal Riava, "why should you speak of hanging me?

They went out in alarm, and to their horror, found the king's favorite brother hanging in the place of the Coal Riava. One of them went to the king and woke him up.

him up.
"What's the matter now?" cried the king, yawning and stretching him-

"Please your majesty, we hanged that "Please your majesty, we hanged that vagabond according to your majesty's orders, and he's as well as ever again now in spite of us." He was alraid of telling him about his brother.

"Take him and hang him again then, and don't be disturbing me about such trifles," said the king of Leinster, and he went off to sleep again.

They did as he recommended, and the same accene was repeated three times

same scene was repeated three times over, and at each time some near friend over, and at each time some near friend or favorite kinsman of the king was hanged instead of the Coal Riava. By this time the captain of the guard was

fairly at his wit's end.
"Well," said the Caol Risva, "do you

"We'll," said the Caol Risva, "do you wish to hang me any more?"

"We'll have no more to say to you," said the captain, "you may go wherever you like, and the sooner the better. We got trouble enough by you already. Maybe 'tis the king himself we'd find hanging the next time we tried it."

"Since you are growing so reasonable," said the Coal Risva, "you may go out now and take your three friends down again. They will not be so much the worse for their experience; but they can thank you for finding them more comfortable quarters; and I give you a parting advice, never while you live, again to interpose between a critic way and his wife, or a off the young man's head at a blow.

At this Thady O Kelly stood up and said he did not relish such conduct, and that it was not a thing he could ever specific to the specifi

minstrel composes, Must lie upon something less grateful

than roses : He who takes up a quarrel begun by poet, at bottom have wit, but lacks

wisdom to show it,
For than him a worse ninny will rarely be found Who would peril his nose for a dealer in sound.

Immediately after he had uttered the verses, he disappeared, and the Story-teller found himself in company with him on the spot where they had first met, and where his wife with the carriage and horses were awaiting them under the ca e of the man to whom the Coal Riava had intrusted them.
"Now," said the latter, "I will not be

rnow, said the latter, I will not be tormenting you any longer. There are your carriage and horses, and your dogs, and your money, and your lady, and you may take them with you as soon as you please, for I have no business in life with any of them at all." with any of them at all."

The Story-teller paused for some moments to collect his thoughts before

"For my carriage and horses and hounds," he said at length, 'I thank you, but my lady and my money you

may keep."

"No," replied the bococh, "I have told you that I do not want either, and do not harbour any ill-will against your lady on account of what she has done, for she could not help it."

"Not help it!" exclaimed the Story teller. "Not help kicking me into the mouth of my own hounds! Not help casting me if after all my kindness to her in favor of a beggarly old —— I beg pardon," he said, correcting himself, 'I ought not to speak in that way, but a woman's ingratitude will make a man woman's ingratitude will make a man

woman's ingratitude will make a man forget his good manners."

"No offence in life," said the bocock, "for these terms are very just, and apply not to my own real form, but to that which I have assumed for the purpose of befriending you. I am Aongus of Bruff, for whom you obtained many a favour from the king of Leinster. This morning I discovered by my skill in things hidden, that you were in a difficulty, and immediately determined to free you from it. As to your lady, do not blame her for whath has passed, for by the same power which enabled me to change the form of your body, I changed the affections of her

mind. Go home therefore as man and wife should do, and now you have a story to tell the king of Leinster when he calls for it."

Saying this he disappeared, and the lady bursting into tears begged her husband's forgiveness, and assured him that she would sooner die a thousand deaths than act in such a manner, if some extraordinary influence had not possessed her.

possessed her.

This explanation proving entirely satisfactory to the Story-teller, they proceeded homeward happily together. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was so late when the Story-teller arrived at the king's palace, that his majesty had already retired to his sleeping-chamber. When the Story-teller entered, the king inquired the cause of the delay.

"Please your majesty," said the

quired the cause of the delay.

"Please your majesty," said the Story-teller, "there is nothing like the plain truth, and I will tell it to you if you dealre it."

The king commanded him by all means to do so. Accordingly the Story-teller began, and gave a detailed account of the adventures of the day, his difficulty in trying to invent a story, the benevolence of the friendly Droaidhe (forDruid) and the ingratitude of his wife, remarkable in itself, and still more so in the singular manner in which it was explained. When it was ended, the king laughed so heartily and was so diverted with his narrative, that he commanded him to commence that the commanded him to commence the strength of the strength heartily and was so diverted with his narrative, that he commanded him to commence and was so diverted with his narrative, that he commanded him to commence the whole again, and relate it from beginning to end before he went to sleep. The Story-seller obeyed; and when be had concluded, the king commanded him never again to go to the trouble of inventing a new story, but to tell him that one every night, for he never would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

ace, they found the Caol Riava within, sitting among the guests, without having the least appearance of having been ever hanged in his life.

"Never welcome you in," cried the captain of the guard, "didn't we barg you this minute, and what brings you here?"

would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

A general murmur of approbation followed the conclusion of the Second Juryman's Tale, after which a call arcse for his "song," with which he compiled as follows:—

When filled will thought of life's your day, Alone in distant climes we roam,

And year on year has roll'd away Since last we view'd our own home.
Oh then at evening's silent hour, In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r,
How sad on memory's listening ear,
Come long lost voices sounding near,
Like the wild chime of village bells leard far away in mountain delis.

II. But oh ! for time let kind hearts grieve, His term of youth and exile's o'er,

Who sees in ite's declining eve With altered eyes his native shore! With aching heart and weary brain, treads those lonesome again!
And backward views the sunny hours When first he knew those ruined And hears in every passing gale Some best affection's dying wail

Oh, say, what spell of power serene Oh, say, what spen to power that hour of sharpest pain, And turn to peace the anguish keen.
That deeplier wounds because in vain That deeplier wounds because in v.
"Tis not the thought of glory won,
Of boarded gold or pleasures gone,
But one bright course, from ear

youth, Of changeless faith—unbroken truth, These turn to gold, the vapours dan. That close on life's descending sun.

The song was received with as much are song was received with as much appliance as the story on the part of the company, after which the person who sat third in succession, was called on to choose the alternative of paying the fine, or complying wish the requisite conditions. "Gentlemen," said the third Juror

rising from his place, "apart from the satisfaction, I must ever feel in striving to contribute to your innocent enter-tainment, I confess that shillings are feel myself warranted in neglecting any honourable occasion of avoiding their expenditure. I will therefore endeavor to imitate the example of our worthy Foreman, hoping you will bear in mind, that a man can only do his best in your service."

Loud cheers announced the assent of the company to this favourite proposi-tion, after which the third Juryman resumed his seat, and commence narrative in the following words. TO BE CONTINUED

THE STRANGER

Inside the kitchen it was very bright Inside the kitchen it was very bright and warm. The little clock ticked on the dresser, and the fire crackled in the grate, and the gaslight shone on the clean olicloth of the table. But over in the low rocking chair in the corner Mary was crying soitly, her head buried in the friendly roller towel.

The crumpled letter that lay on the ficor could have told you why. Smooth it out, puzzle over the crooked writing and the tear-blots, and you will see.

it out, puzzie over the crooked writing and the tear-blots, and you will see.

"Dear Mary," it said, "I am hoping this will reach you by Christmas as I know how lonely you will be all by yourself in the first year you are away. I am writing for mother as she says every day o how i wish i cood rite so that i could rite to Mary my youngest dauter so far away in america. "Mother is well but she is looking old. I do not like her looks at all she worries to much shout looks at all she worries to much about you i think, however this is not cheeryou i think, however this is not cheerfull for you at Christmas poor girl, and i will try to tell you some news. Things is very dull at Clancarthy, we have a new preest father Hennigan and Father McBride has gone to Queenstown which is fine for him. Mary ther is one thing i work you to do and that is rite to Delia. want you to do and that is rite to Delia Bland. Poor girl she is so sick now she

ness, this bit of a missive from old Clan-

And then to write kindly and awe to Delia Bland—Delia Bland, who to Delia Biand—Delia Biand, who had been her dearest friend and then had stolen Joe! That was why she had heard so little from him, then! It was more than she bould bear, thought Mary, and as another peal of laughter sounded from above she choked hard and hurst out any ing.

burst out crying.

For quite five minutes there was no sound expect the ticking of the clock, the merriment above, the wind that monaed outside and the muffled sobs in the roller towel.

Above the wind came the sound of a treet at the door. The second time

knock at the door. The second time she heard it Mary rose slowly, wiped her eyes on her sleeve, pushed back her eyes on her sleeve, pushed back her bronse hair, and opened the door. A man stood without, a poorly dressed bearded man, with a box of wood for

kindling.
"May I bring these in?" he asked in

"May I bring these in?" he saked in a voice that was low and sweetly grave. Mary stood dumbly inside, watched him put down the wood and waited for him to speak again.
"I am cold," said the stranger. "I have come a long distance to bring the wood your people wanted; may I rest by your fire?"
"Sare!" said Mary and shut the door. Then as she saw how the man shivered under his thin coat, she added, "Take the cup of coffee by the back of the fire. There'il be nobody wantin' it."

"Thank you," said the man. Again there was an awkward silence.
"You are homesick to-night," said the man suddenly.

man suddenly.
"Ob, that I am," answered Mary, a bit

of tremble in her voice. "It's longing I am for my old home across the water."
"Ireland," said the man. "Yes, I country? Oh, if you'd only be tellin' me that!" "Is it yourself that's from the old

"I have been there. I have been many places."
"At Ciancarthy have you been? Do ye know my old mother there? And my sister Ellen, that's married to Jimmy Flannagan? And Delia—?" But that memory was too sharp, and Mary stopped short.
"I have known many people," said the

"I have known many people," said the stranger, in his beautiful voice.

"Ye'd know my old mother. She's always worryin' and fidgetin' about us, so careful like and lovin'; an' she's thinkin' always of our comfort; beautiful clean our house is, an' mother always fussin' about it to keep it decent."

"I know," said the stranger. "My mother was very dear to me. And I had a friend once who was a careful worker, and troubled about many things. It is the kind heart that makes these women dear to us."

"Was ye ever poor?" asked Mary omen dear to ua.'

"Very, very poor," answered the "An' lonely? An' away from home?

An people all around you carin' nothin' for you an' goin' on their own careless way without a thought?" way without a thought?

"I have been in great sorrow, and without a friend."

"Then I'm glad to tell you my trougher to heart somehow. I bles and relieve my heart somehow. I can't stand it alone like this. Here it

is Christmas eve, an' a party upstairs, an' no one wantin' me except to wait on them when they eat. An over there in Clancarthy's my mother an all the folks Clancarthy's my mother an' all the folks this night, an' my boy that I'm eatin' my heart out for. There's a girl there too; a girl I used to know. She stole my boy; my sister wrote me that tonight. An' on top of that, they want me to write to her, now that she's down sick, and tell her I forgive her that was once my friend. She keeps cryin' for once my friend. She keeps cryin' for me—oh, but there's limits!—I can't do

his thin, worn hand on Mary's shoulder. "There were people who thought that I could not take it in silence. But I had to forgive them. We must forgive people; we can't help it."
"I can't forgive her! It's more than

flesh can bear!"
"Ah! but not to forgive her is more than the spirit can bear. Have you thought of that ?" "Let her die; she can blame

hereafter, if she wants to." And Mary's pretty face grew hard and sullen.
"I must go," said the stranger sadly.
"I came in because I thought you wanted "Ye mustn't go. I've had no right to

talk this way to you, to a stranger. But my heart's so sore!—and to-morrow's Christmas day." "It's my birthday," said the stranger. "Will you give me a present?"

"I? I've nothin' to give! What should I give to the likes of you—a gentleman born, as I can see plain, if ye are

in hard times now."

"No; I was not born a gentleman "No; I was not born a gentleman, it was a very poor place I was born in. And you will not give me a present?"
"What is it you'd be after wantin'?"
"That you should forgive your friend

-because you love her."

"Love!" cried M*ry, "I did love her fast enough once! Sure, and I'd never thought of that. Della was like my

"She is your sister!" and the stranger's voice grew lower and almost stern. "Forgive, her, now, before it is too late! Because she has offended you,

paid no attention to her at all but has been just kind like now she's so sick. There is no girl for me but Mary, Josays, an' it won's be long now I'll be goin' out to see her. He'll be riteing to you himself soon, he hurt his hand plowin' before. Now they say his uncle wants to help along this marriage—"

A second time the letter fell to the floor. Some sudden thought sent Mary to her knees. Outside the wind called softly—a Christmas carol.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES AGAIN

"I want to go," said Justine Eliet
"where I won's even hear the word.
Christmas. If you'd only open the carif
Dr. Sarah, we sould stay here, just by our
two selves, until these ghastly holidays
are over. Oh, won's you please?"
Justine Eliot was nineteen, far richer
in money than she needed to be, and as
pretty as a blush-rose. Until a year age
she had known nothing hat sunshine.
This fact Dr. Sarah Peavey took inte
swift account and she did not say,
"Don's be a coward! Face it out!"
"You see, there were two of us a year
ago," Justine went on, "and now I'm all
alone. Oh, if I'd only gone down-town
that day with mother! But she said it
was a secret, and I wasn't to come. And
I said I didn't want to come, for I had a
secret, too. It was a pillow I was covering for her as a Christmas present—
the fir-balsam pillow that I'd made that
summer at the camp. I finished it that
afternoon, and tied it up with rod with summer at the camp. I finished it that afternoon, and tied it up with red rib-bons. There were Christmas wreaths in all the windows, and holly paper and red ribbons everywhere. You know how mother loved the Christmas season, and mother loved the Christmas season, and how she remembered everybody. Oh, it was too cruel that she should leave us then! And if I'd only been with her, I know it wouldn't have happened. But that crowded, slippery crossing, and that automobile bearing down—and I wasn't there! I never want to see green bolly or red ribbons again. I think if I hear people say, 'Merry Christmas!' I shall die. And I wish I could!'

Justine broke into sobs, with her face

Justine broke into sobs, with her faces

For a moment Dr. Peavey watched her through narrowed eyelids. Then she took a time table from the drawer of she took a time table from the drawer of her deak, and said:

"I'll leave my patients with Deering. I'll telegraph Serena Wetherbee to open the camp for us. Meet me at the station to morrow evening, and—"

"Doctor Sarah! Then you will?"

"Yes. I'll table you make you followed.

"Doctor Sarah! Then you will?"

"Yes, I'll take you where Christmas won's find you—if I can!"

Surely no bester refuge could have been found for Christmas fugitives than the camp on Nobeco Head. Clad in black firs and bound with iron rock, the headland thrust itself into the icy waters of the bay. Half-buried now in the white drifts of winter, the little house stood solitary—three miles by the road from the village of Crosset Cove, and a half-mile, at least, from the little settlement known as Hardscrabble.

It was from Hardscrabble that Serena Wetherbee came—s grim, gaunt womas Wetherbee came—s grim, gaunt womas well and little set the conditions.

It was from Hardscrabble that Serena Wetherbee came—a grim, gaunt woman who not only had lost three children, but had never learned from the waves where they had flung the body of her sailor husband. To warn her not to talk of Christmas seemed superfluous. But on the fourth evening, while they were all these sitting round the glowing airtight stove in the camp living-room, Justine politely asked Serena what she was knitting and received an unexpected answer:

answer:
"Christmas presents," said Serens Wetherbee. "A nair of mittens for Jacob Tracy, and stripped reins for his little sister Emmy. Haven't you noticed? once my friend. She keeps cryin for me—oh, but there's limits!—I can't do that! There sin't a soul on earth that would do that."

"I did it once," and the stranger laid the mix over from Hardscrabble, and they're poorer than Job's turkey.

There'll be a tree over at Hardscrabble. Tracy young ones shan't go without presents, not while I'm sloot."

With a word of excuse and good night, Justine rose and went to her room.
But Serena Wetherbee talked on:
"I don't know, after all, if there'll be
a tree this year at Hardscrabble. Have
you seen the schoolma'am, Dr. Sarsh?
She's a Nash, from over in Jeffersonone of those bred-in-the-bone old maid's
that would then cream some instance. that would turn cream sour just by looking at it. Like as not she'll set n

for not having a tree to the scho But evidently Serens did not believe this dire prophecy, for she was as hor-rifted as Doctor Peavey by the devel-opment of the next day. The two women were in the kitchen when small Jacob Tracy clumped in out of the twi-Jacob Tracy clumped in out of the twi-light, leading a sobbing little sister.

"Now you just shut up, Emma Tracy!"
Jacob said, but not unkındıy. "You ask Aunt Sereny and she'll tell you it sin't so at all."

Service Watherbea, lifted the abild to

Serena Wetherbee lifted the child te her lap.
"Tell aunty all about it deary!" "Tell aunty all about it deary!"

"She says—teacher says—there ain't
—there ain't no Sa-anta Claus—and
there won't be a tree at Hardscrabble—
and no Christmas! And I'd wrote Santa Claus to bring me a dolly with hair— and there ain't—there sin't no—" "Teacher doesn't know everything!"

snapped Serena Wetherbee. With assurances and molasses cookies the two women comforted the child. She left the house with a watery smile,

"Goodbye, my friend," said the stranger. 'I must go now, for other losds to ger. 'I must go now, for other losds to leave and take away."

"You'll be tellin' me your name? An' l'il be seein' you again?"

"I shall come if you need me, never when you want a friend, you will know me by this when you want a friend, you will know me by this when you want a friend, you will know me had much to suffer and much to forgive."

And the stranger slowly closed the door after him and went out into the night.

Mary caught up the crumpled latter.

"Issue and take away."

"To tell a child that at Christmas time!" flashed Justine. "She ought to be whipped!"

"That wouldn't help the children much," said Dr. Peavey, mildly, "or her either."

To Justine Dr. Peavey said no more but she took counsel with Serena. That evening, after Justine had gone thoughtfully to bed, Dr. Peavey, made out a list of the names and contact the school at Hardscrabble, where the little ones go, told them that there was no Santa Claus."

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To Justine Dr. Peavey, mildly, "or her either."

friend; and it is because I have had much to suffer and much to forgive."

And the stranger slowly closed the door after him and went out into the night.

Mary caught up the crumpled letter.

"But," said Ellen, "you will not mind doin' that when I tell you Joe never

but Jacob lingered to say:

"And do you think he'll come to
Hardscrabble, for all she said?" forgive her!"

"Oh, you're too good for me! Sure, and I will write to her—this very night—and wish her a merry Christmas!

There was something bard on my heart that you've been takin' away. Poor that you've been takin' away.

Delia!"

but Jacob lingered to say:

"And do you think he'll come to Hardsorabble, for all she said?"

A few moments later, when Dr. Peavey passed through the open door to the living-room, she found Justine seated with a book at the table.