

"Maryland, My Maryland."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miserable situation, and..."

the only means. When labor is dissatisfied let it go in a peaceable way to the employer and state the grounds...

DECEIVED CANADIANS.

A PARTY OF SHIP CARPENTERS ENTERED TO DETROIT, WHERE STRIKERS IN PROGRESS.

DETROIT, Mich., March 4.—When the river front patrol of striking ship carpenters got around to the Brush Street Depot this morning they found a crowd of thirty-two French Canadians waiting to get their baggage through the Customs.

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THE LABOR PROBLEM.

PAUPER AND CONTRACT LABOR A CURSE.

There has been a great deal said in the past about protection to labor, and the capitalist is always talking about protecting labor, and the laboring people of the country have been fooled a great deal by cheap politicians who have posed as protectors of labor.

ARBITRATION INSTEAD OF STRIKES.

The principle of arbitration is now generally recognized in all civilized countries, as the true method of settling disputes.

NED RUSHEEN; OR, WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

Edward Elmsdale seldom spoke in the family circle unless he was directly addressed. Fred and Harry were afraid of him. He was ten years their senior, and he made them feel it.

His father had paid his gambling and other debts too frequently to enable him to place the trust and confidence in him which a father should wish to place in an eldest son.

With that ready courtesy which is at once so rare and so peculiarly attractive in a boy, Harry lit a night-lamp, and held it for her till she reached her door.

Harry waited a moment, and then sat up. "You're not at your prayers, Fred?" he exclaimed, in that tone of utter incredulity which people use when they ask a question in amazement at a fact which, notwithstanding the query, is self-evident.

Fred was at his prayers, as the boys in Montem College rather vaguely termed every kind of devotional exercise. But Fred was rather ashamed of himself; it was a work of supererogation.

Fred was ashamed of himself; and made something very like a resolution not to be guilty of such a weakness again.

In a few moments both boys were sleeping soundly. They did not hear a door opening softly near the light footfall upon the stairs.

CHAPTER II.

Some of the guests who were expected to spend the Christmas at Elmsdale Castle were English. Lord Elmsdale was English, or at least he liked to be thought of that nation.

There is something in possession which either destroys romance or precludes hope; and curiously enough, people are more frequently envious, by the young at least, for their expectations than for their possessions.

Edward Elmsdale was in a dangerous position—the heir to a property and to a title, into the possession of which he could not hope, and, it is to be presumed, did not wish, to enter, until death should come and sever what should be one of the dearest of earthly ties.

Another indiscretion—shall we say—on Lord Elmsdale's part was, that he did not give his son the free permission to invite his friends, even young and socially brave Lord Elmsdale, to come like strangers.

It was no good he is up to, that I'll warrant, or my name's not Ned Rusheen. Why can't he leave a poor girl alone, when he might have the pick and choice of the country round, with his title and his handsome face, though, by the powers, it looks dark enough when he's put out.

Let us look at Ned for a moment, as he stands, still and hushed, in the cold midnight, his gun on his shoulder, his dog at his heels, pursuing his lawful avocation of watching Lord Elmsdale's preserves.

He was a handsome fellow, a true type of an Irishman—not the stereotyped Irishman of modern writers, who says "yez" and "yarrah" at every other word; who curses "by gorra," or by "the holy pokers" who is lazy and won't work; who is dirty and won't be clean; who has the imperishable gifts of fortune showered on him by a benevolent landlord, and won't accept them.

The breach was now widened hopelessly. It had been said that visitors were expected from England to spend the Christmas at Elmsdale Castle.

It had been said that visitors were expected from England to spend the Christmas at Elmsdale Castle. They were to arrive by the Liverpool packet, and might be expected a few hours after midnight.

I have described Ned, and I suppose something must be said about Ellie; but I confess considerable difficulty in the task. I do not claim for all Irish girls the same gifts of mind and nerves, but they have recently an undesirable purity of look and tone and manner, to which no words can do justice, which must be seen and felt to be understood.

stinging to herself some snatches of the Christmas carols which she had been taught in her baby days at the convent school, and which she loved for the sake of those who taught her, as well as for their holy words.

Edward came in so quietly that she did not notice his entrance, until he came against a chair, which he threw down unintentionally, for his object was to attract her to his presence by some quiet movement.

In her fright she threw down the candlestick; but she was a brave girl at heart, though so gentle in her manner, and she saw at once that she would have need of all her courage.

In one moment, in one little moment, in perhaps less time than it takes to write—thought flashes quicker than any pen can move, and many thoughts can occupy the mind in a second of time—she remembered that the windows could be opened almost with the lightest touch, that the great entrance door had a very loud bell, and that it might be possible for her to reach it before Edward could follow her, and save herself from further molestation.

When Mr. Elmsdale first made his advances, Ellie, like a sensible girl, told the priest her position and her trials. He saw she was very much tempted, for Edward had actually offered her marriage, his eagerness to obtain the prize increasing with the difficulties he experienced.

The priest listened quietly to all she had to say, or, rather, with fatherly kindness drew from her an accurate avowal of her position. He was satisfied that she was in no immediate danger of yielding to temptation—he knew she had always been faithful to her religious duties; and he advised her, for the present at least, to remain where she was; but the next time her young master addressed her, he desired her in the most solemn manner to tell him that if he ever opened his lips to her again, on any subject not connected with her duties as a servant, she would at once inform her mistress.

Ellie had hardly time to suspect what indeed was the case, that her young master was not quiet in his sober senses, when the crash of window glass, a rush of snow air, and the presence of Ned Rusheen, gave a fresh shock to her already overstrung nerves, and she fell back almost senseless on the ground.

"Take that, and that, and that, you blackguard gentleman!" roared Ned, as he belabored the unfortunate young man with a loaded stick which he "kept handy" for poachers' heads, in cases where the use of fire-arms was not advisable.

There is nothing so galling to a proud, lad man as defeat; and when that defeat is accompanied by humiliation, woe to those who have crossed his evil designs!

more stern and grave look than even such an event might be supposed to warrant.

They were silent a few moments; while the unhappy father, losing for the time the extreme pride of birth and feeling for which he had been remarkable, looked hopefully at his servant, as if asking for his advice and help.

"I would not take on about it, my lord. Mr. Elmsdale was not quite right when he came in to-night; and then," he added, with a poor attempt at consolation, "things may not be as bad as they look."

At last Lord Elmsdale moved. He went sadly and heavily from the room. The events of the night had weighed him down far more than the mere external circumstances, however startling, had seemed to warrant.

It never occurred to him that his son had another Father—who was also his Father—a Father whom they were both bound to honor, and whose honor, moreover, they were bound to maintain.

Ellie's room, he saw lights in many of the windows. Those who had not heard the report of the revolver had been aroused by the banging of doors and general commotion. Some, however, had slept on, as tired servants will do. He stopped at the housekeeper's door as he passed, but apparently she had not been aroused—a very audible breathing testified to the good woman's powers of somnolence.

He passed on gently to Ellie's room; as one of the upper servants, she had a small chamber of her own. He tapped her gently also, for he had seen a light there as he came. But if there had been a light there, there was certainly none now.

He turned slowly away, sad at heart for the girl's sorrow, but feeling sure she was safe; and as he went, he too said, with all the fervour of his honest old heart—"Now! oh, now, Mother! for I want it now, and at the hour of my death!"

CHAPTER IV.

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