2

LUKE DELMEGE.

BT GEB REV P. A. SHERHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFRET AUSTIN : STODENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

" watherin' the whiskey." He spoke

but 'twas in wather. That's all, yer reverence, the same as if I'd kissed the

parish priest." So Luke was not quite so enthusias-tic as the good pastor; and he changed

"I shouldn't mind the trouble,

said Luke, "but I fear the disappoint ment. I cannot make out why my good old pastor, Canon Murray, is able to turn his parish into a little Paraguay,

"It's the dread of the superior

powers, which are quite out of sympathy with the people, that paralyzes every-thing," said the old man. "Well, if it does nothing else but to

make them hold up their heads and assume an air of manly independence,

it is worth trying." said the old man, re

signedly. So the Rev. Luke Delmege becam

"I want you distinctly to under stand," he said, " that if I am to re

stand," he said, " that if I am to re-main your president, it must be on con-

dition that your constitutions are strictly observed. I shall allow no

strictly observed. I shall allow no backsliding. (Hear, hear.) Nor shall I have any distinction of persons. (Hear hear.) If the rules are violated, you'll hear from me. Now, I understand that some gentleman has a resolution to propose. You will please mark its phraseology, so that no one can say afterwards that he did not understand its sjoriterance."

"Resolved: That we, the members of the Rossmore Branch of the Land League, hereby solemnly bind ourselves not to takeoff our hau to any man in future, except the priest."

Sundry amendments were proposed, debated, and rejected. One demanded

"Now." he said, "that resolution i

after my own heart. I am a thorough democrat in the sense that I hold that

read a page or two of Carlyle, and wound up with the declaration, " that the true Shechinah-the revelation of

God to the world—is man !" This evoked tremendcus cheering, and Luke floated on the blissful tide of

"Yerra, that's the man we want."

Sunday. He'll want a pound in six-pences to bribe the young blagards to

its significance.'

The resolution was :

but all other efforts seem to be

as of a sacrilege.

CHAPTER XXX.

CROSS CURRENTS.

"watherin' the whiskey." He spoke as of a sacrilege. "'What the d----are ye up to ?' see I. "Thry is it wake enough, see Mrs. Dennehy. 'I won't,' see I ; 'I've my pledge an' I'll keep it, wid God's bless-in." 'Thry it,' see she agin. 'Sure, you needn't swalley it ; and ye have betther taste,' see she, 'than whin you wor drinkin." She was fillin' up a glass, as she was spakin. 'Stop that !' see I, 'stop that !' 'Tis only a sample,' see she. 'Sure, ye needn't take but as much as ye like.' So I smelled the glass. "Tis strong still,' see I. 'So I thought,' see she. 'It wants more wathering.' "Twould spile it,' see nor "Taste and see how wake it is,' see she. 'I tell you, 'oman,' see I, 'I can't.' 'Did you iver see such a fool ?' see she. 'I toll you iver see such a fool ?' see she. 'I to taste it.' Wid that I tak a sup in my mout,' when the young blagard began to laugh at me. And begor, I got mad, and was goin' to say somethin,' whin I forgot all about the whiskey, and down it wint the wrong passage. An' I coughed and coughed, as if I was in a decline. Thin, Dennehy had to slap me on the back ; but begor, 'twas no use. I was coughin' and coughin,' till I was black in the face. 'Begor,' see she, 'you'll have to swalley the dhrop now, whether you like it or no ; or else we'll have a corp in the house.' So begor, I had to take the reat of it ; but 'twas in wather. That's all, yer CROSS CURRENTS. He congratulated Mary warmly on the success of her dinner. He had seen nothing like it, since he had left England. Mary blushed with pleasure. "I did not think it was possible to procure such fowl at this time of the year," said Luke. "Oh, the neighbors were good, your reverence," said Mary. "The neighbors?" "Yee," she said. "Mrs. Mahony sint the chickens ; and the ducks came from Mrs. Cleary's yard; and—" "You surprise me," said Luke. "How did these people send them? You purchased them, of course?" "The laste they may do is to help their prisets, who are workin' night an' day for thim." "But, my 'good girl, it was highly

day for thim." "But, my good girl, it was highly improper to solicit from these poor

"I didn't solicit," said Mary, whose

temper was rising. "Then how could they know that I had a dinner in contemplation?" asked the bewildered Luke. "Know?" said Mary, with a toss of her head. "They know more'n that. They know what's inside'n you."

book." "Well, you'd better go and renew the pledge," said Luke. "I won't keep you on other conditions." "Sure I often hard yer reverence sayin' from the althar, that a thing is no harrum, if you can't help it !" said the bewildered John. "That'll do," said Luke. "Get away, and bring me a note from the parish priest."

They know what's inside'n you." Luke was silent for a few seconds. "Was there much glass broken?" "There was, thin," said Mary. "Bnt it wasn't ours." "Oh, the parish priest's ? That makes it all the more necessary that we should restore it." "All he won't miss it," said Mary. "Sure, he has double your jues." "Oh, no, no, no," cried Luke, amazed at this liberal theology. "He has been very kind; and we must re-turn every article he has lent us."

"Some of these poor people," he and, "have been asking me to assume the presidency of the local branch of the League. Do you see any objection, "There'll be a nice hole in your quarter's wages," said Mary to John in the kitchen. "You'll have to pay sir, or do you deem it prudent ?" "There certainly is no objection," said the old man, "but it means trouble and even disappointment to you."

in the sitenen. "You'll have to pay for all the glass you broke." "How could I help it?" said John. "Sure, every one knows that things must be broke" ""You"" and for it?" said Marry

You'll pay for it," said Mary. "And they were the parish priest's; and worth about half-a-crown a glass." "Begor, thin, if I do, I'll have it out of him," said John.

im," said John. Not while I'm here," said Mary.

"If you put a wet finger on anything while I'm here, you'll suffer for it."

Luke visited his pastor.

"I must congratulate you," said the kind old man. " on that beautiful dinner last evening. It was a rare pleasure.

"Only for that unhappy discussion, said Luke. "I really must forego everything of that kind in future. It distarbs me too much." "Much better than foolish talking

President of the local branch of the League. His first speech was sensa-ticnal.

"Much better than foolish talking about each other," said the old man. "Youth is the age for problems; old age is for the one great certainty." "You must give me a few days' in-dalgence," said Luke, "to replace that glass which was broken. I hope to have it all from the city in a week." "Now, never mind, my dear boy I I'm disposed to make the little sacri-fice cheerfully, you have made such a convert of that poor boy. You must lend him to me in future, when I give our little parties here." our little parties here." Luke was not quite so enthusiastic

abont his convert. Complaints were coming in from the people; and little bills appeared on his breakfast table every second morning:

To wan pare of chickens, kilt by the mare-5-MAIRY HAIGERTY. MAIRY HAIGERTY. To five bags of otes for the mare, $\ell^2 - 7 - 6$. JOHN RAFFERTY. To wan dashboord, kicked to pieces by the

There was a long and heated discus-sion. They all knew at whom it was directed—a local magnate, fierce and fiery, and military, with a great tawny

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

would instruct the farmers' wives how to propare poultry for market, was meet with a kind of playful scorn. It was unintelligible. Lake explained; and told them's good deal about the anatomy of fowls, the various chemical elements in food, and the carnal desires of the English, who wanted fat fowl for good money. It was no use. The idea of importing a city girl to teach farmers' wives how to raise chickens was too abaurd. And when the good women heard it, there was great bilarity. And many and pungent were the jokes that echoed around the hearths in may a peasant's cabin during these days. Yet Lake persevered. He had a mis-tion, and was determined to fulli it. He returned to the subject again and again ; showed how many thousand chickens were imported into England from Normandy and the Channel Islands year after year ; counted up the mil-lions of eggs that were used in one bis-ouit factory in England ; and dilated on the certainty of opening up a mar-ket for fruit and vegetables in London, and the thousands of pounds that might be made from strawberries alone. They only shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and turned it into a joke. Then Luke saw there was no use in appealing to the cupidity of this people. Some other chord must be touched. His sermons, too, for similar reasons of the people. He had read some and, almost hystorically, at a sularly good story. They w ald instruct the farmers' wives langhes, silving good story. They want so engrossed, that they never even asw the "Gineral." He turned to his daughter, Dors, who was with him and said significantly -"There's something up !"

were a failure. Lure disdained ap-pealing to the passions or settiments of the people. He had read some-where that the Greek equivalent for preacher is an interpreter or expoun-der—thence a player, or actor. And with his high ideas of humanity, and bis reliminance to gain an article reli

sweetest smile : "Good morning, Pat! Good morning Darby! Glad to see you so well, Iem!" There was a moment of bewildermen

There was a momest of bewilderment and horror. Then Irish chivalry, that is always losing Irish battles, conquered Irish patriotism. They took their hands from their pockets, lifted their hats, and said with shamed faces: "Good morning, Miss Doral" The "Gineral" lifted his hat court-

dained using the least word or gesture that might affect the feelings of the people at the expense of reason. His choice of subjects, too,was orig-inal. He spoke of justice, temperance, punctuality, foresight—the great natural virtues which must be the foundation of the supernatural super-structure. Alas I what could these near moule thirsting for the watera The "Gineral" litted his hat court-eously. It was the first time he was ever guilty of that politeness to his serfs, whose very bedrooms he always entered and examined with that hat glued to his head. But the occasion was critical. The battle was won. structure. Alas I what could these poor people, thirsting for the waters of life, as plants thirst for the evening shower, what could they make of such reasoning and philosophy? shower, what could they make of such reasoning and philosophy? "Begor, he must be very fond of the money. He's always talkin' about it. Post offices and savings banks, an' in-therest ! Why deesn't he spake to us of the Sacred Heart, or our Holy Mother, or say somethin' to rise us, and help us over the week?" "Wista, indeed, Cauth, 'tis a change from ould times. The ould prieshts used so tell us : Never mind! God is good, and He said He would. Trust in Him. And look at the Bles-sed and Holy Family ! Didn't know when they had their brekfus, where they'd get their supper : nor whin they had their supper, where they'd get their brekfus. But now, 'tis all money, money, money." "I suppose he has a lot of it, Maurya ?" was critical. The battle was won. Every succeeding group now followed the example; and Dora smiled and saluted and caressed them, while the sentinels raged and thundered, and formed dire projects of summary justice

money, money, money." "I suppose he has a lot of it, Maurya?" "They say he have. But he's the quare man. He thinks nothin' of givin' a half crown or a shillin' to a poor man, but, begor, if you put your nose inside his gate to look at a flower or a head of cabbage, he'd ate you. Look at that poor angashore, Kate Mahoney. In the onld times, she'd always a sate in the priset's chimley corner ; and whin the dinner wos goin' en, she'd stick her flat in the pot, and take a pratie and ate it ; or perhaps, pick a bit of the chicken, or rub the pratie agin the bacon. Pillalu I when this man hard it, he got into a tearin' passion. Poor Kit will never see the inside of that kitchen agin. But he gives her a shillin' a week all the same." "And sare, they say he was goin' to dismiss that poor boy he has--and a hard job it is--because he caught him takin' out a han'ful of cats in his two pockets to give the poor widda Maloney for her little chickens." and unexpected display. They thought they could laugh it off. It was growing

NOVEMBER 2, 1907.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY MARY B. MILLET. Ogleeby shut his watch with a satis-

"Ferris," he said to his secretary, "Ferris," he said to his secretary, "it's 2 o'clock and I'm going over to the club. Don't send for me for any-thing short of a run on the bank." Turning to me and clapping an affec-tionate hand on my shoulder, he said ;

Turning to me and clapping an affec-tionate hand on my shoulder, he said : "I mean to have more than twenty minutes with you, Carter, after having had twenty years without you." "Would you please sign these letters, sir, before you go?" asked the secre-tary, and Oglesby sat down at his desk and went at it. I watched the long, white hand travelling with curious little hitches through the characteristic signature, and thought of the old college days when I had christened him "Goggles-by for his ergelasses, and he had known him to be in a state of chronic im-peculosity which gave no indication of the future bank president. We had been good chums in those days, but the dividing of our ways had come at the vary foot of the class tree, around which we marched singing, and they were touched again now for the first time. Twenty years! That was a good, long mil. Laistened alittle as Leite as leite as leite as long

time. Twenty years! That was a good, long pull. I sighed a little as I glanced idly over the array of handsome desk appointments and reflected that Ogles-by had done more with that twenty years than I had. The usual things years than I had. The usual things were there, but my stiention was especially attracted by a peculiar oval case of leather, richly bound and clasped with silver, which puzzled me until I happened to think that it, doubt-less contained a picture of Oglesby's wife. This idea rather stirred my curiosity, and as he laid aside the last of the letters, I nodded toward the case.

"Haven't you a picture of your wife

there?" Oglesby's glance followed mine. "No," he said, shaking his head, "No, not my wife." He seemed to reflect a moment, then the seemed to reflect a moment, then

He seemed to reflect a moment, then slipped the case into his pocket. "I'll show it to you after luncheon," he said, and closed the desk.

It was when we were settled in the corner of the smoking room and I had just determined to remind Oglesby of his promise that he drew the case from

his promise that he drew the case from his promise that he drew the case from his pocket, studied it a moment, then handed it across to me. Absard though it may have been to have such a notion, I confess now that I thought Oglesby was going to con-fide to me some affair of the heart, and I fully expected to find a woman's face looking at me when I took the case from his hands. I smiled, somewhat sheep-ishly, perhaps, when, instead of a mini-ature of some pretty young woman, I found a daguerreotype of a young man of the perired of the fittes. It was a fine face, with its wide, clear eyes, its straight, delicate nose, its broad brow under the thick dark hair, and its sensitive mouth with a humor-

eyes, its straight, denote how, its broad brow under the thick dark hair, and its sensitive mouth with a humor-ous twist at one corner. I had no idea who the original might have been, but the picture was so full of charm and of promise that, coming as it did on top of our talk of old days, it made my heart ache with perhaps, the worst of pain which comes to us with age-the pain of longing for an irrecoverable youth. "Who is it ?" I asked. " My father," said Oglesby, and in his voice there was something else, something more than the pride of a son in the memory of a distinguished father. "A h!" said I. "I'm not surprised. The face promises what the years ful-filled."

Oglesby looked at me rather queerly.

Oglesby looked at me rather queerly. "Doean't it ?" said he. "Do you know," I went on, "it never occurred to me, somehow, that the Dr. Oglesby was your father until the time of his death? Then, through the papers, I found out that I had been hobrobbing with the son of a genius without knowing anything about it. Who didu't you ever tell us?"

NOVEMBER

chool came to town izing at old Dr. around in his muddy around in his muddy "These youngste Dr. Ogleeby' before old. And they 'p of one patient after the loss of some wh deplorable loyalty of pay, his income a meconfortably close point. Of course, I a serviceable age, was set on my goin used to have a fami while, to discuss w while, to discuss w it sticks in my he this day the look th father's eyes as he "Donald, boy, y amount to much, do

LOglesby was silen I, for my part, was Wer. "Perhaps you we

it may not appeal length, somewhat a the wonder of it he off me. I wish I of there as he must others at the time for we finally scrape possible sum that v You could find his a imagine, in almost Rather shabby, slig to pass you witho always kindly and dent his mind was and nobody wanted

"Oh, of course, I Oglesby's lips curl me? I've seen oth 'nice' to their fat to take them by t their ideas into so patronized ' him, an unsuccessful ma inst one really go to state." Ogles "that good thing a gifted son who w

in good season. father in an off ha I didn't encourag his work. I 'didn Mother-well mot that, but mother d cine, either, and the family indiffe subject, as I rei tabooed because I shouldn't wonde same sort of thing Oglesby said, and "Well," he we

through college, I went into a Thanks to some lu plugging, I got to years, and I guess nearly the mort in the country. so. You ought to ' Ma, son thinks

You can't und said. " how the m that makes a u You've never take -the homage of a and thrown him bone !-- in return. own father !"

I made no rep ment occupied, w question. I was I do that ?" But "I like to th little by little truth. Father h which seemed en graphically speal went with him of I afterward four ave of the patien out the countrys In some cases the to come. He to order to study their treatment But the wards w

patients far apai

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study-and help.

"Agnes and I a little house ne so happy that the into a sort of to

were concerned

and she and cronies. As for

him, there was

couldn't pry m vie'nity of Ago

with him when gradually I bega things she rep her. I don't im she "cared fo

know that insa

formed dire projects of summary justice and revenge. A meeting of the League was prompt-ly called at 3 o'clock. Luke was wild with anger. The one thing that galled him most painfully was this dread ser-vility. He believed that the first step to Irish independence was the creation of a new manhood, self-respecting, self-reliant; reverent, yet independent. This day he broke utterly through the crust of quiet, polished English manner ism, and poured out a lava torrent of Celtic eloquence. His audience grew white and trembled under such a sudden and unexpected display. They thought

they could laugh it off. It was growing serious. Something should be done. "Is your reverence finished?" said one of the delinquents. "Yes," said Luke; "for this occa-sion," he added significantly. "Would the secretary be plazed to read that resolution agin?" The secretary did, with great solem-nits.

nity. "I submit, your reverence," said the chief culprit, "that none of us who chief culprit, "that none of us who have been arraigned before this tribunal is guilty. We saluted Miss Saybright, not the Gineral, and the resolution says bothin' about ladles." "That's a contemptible and miser-able subterfuge," said Luke, angrily. And there was a roar of indignation through the hall. "You know right well," said Luke, "that this was a ruse; and, like your countrymen always, you were led into the trap.

the trap. "I don't know about that, yer rever-

ting, with folded arms and all the selfting, with found are de Vere. "Good-day !" said the General, trying to control his horse. "Good-day !" said Mary, without stirring. "Is the Rev. Mr. Delmege

home?' "He isn't," said Mary. ". I'm thinkin' he won't be plazed to his flower-beds trampled when 44 An

"Will be return soon ?" asked the

general. "He might, and he mightn't," said

Mary. "Would you kindly tell him," said " that General Sebright the General, called ?"

" Gineral what ?" said Mary, struck

"Gineral what ?" said Mary, struct with sudden deafness. "General Sebright," echoed the visitor. "Stop, i think I'll leave a card." "Oh, ye needn't take the throuble," said Mary, grandly. "He has plinty of thim, himself, in his dhrawing-room." The General put back the rejected (ard, and stared hopelessly at this appartice.

apparition. "Perhaps ye'd be afther tellin' me your business with the priest ?" said

your business with the prior of court-"Oh 1 it was merely a call of court-esy," said the General. "Good day!" "Good bye, and good-luck," said Mary; and then, sotto voce, " and that's not what I mane, me oule exter-lations!"

minator !' For Mary was a red hot little rebel like most of her country women. too had her idols and ideals. Amo too had her idols and ideals. Amongst the former were Robert Emmett and St. Anthony of Padua, whose pietures graced her little bedroom, just under the great hierarchy of the Incarnation. Amongst the latter, neither rank, nor title, nor Mammon had a place. True as the needle to the pole are the in-stincts of her class and race. May no destinates are sold cleated provhets stincts of ner class and race. May no doctrinaires or self-elected prophets ever succeed in making such as this poor girl swerve one inch from their simple principles, which are the high-est philosophy of existence ! At dinner she told Luke of the visit.

At dinner she told Luke of the visit. "'Tis a wondher he never called be fore," she added. "I m thinkin' he got a lesson on Sunday, tho' the stag-eens renaged." Now, Luke was in another dilemma.

Now, Luke was in another dilemma. Should be return that call or not? He knew perfectly well that that visit was purely diplomatic. The General had allowed months to elapse, since Luke's advent to the parish, and be had never shown that courtesy before. Well, then? Meet diplomacy with diplomacy. Luke determined that he would return that visit. But what construction would be put on his action by his parishioners? How would they view this alliance with their deadly enemy? He saw all the possible con-sequences the despised conse-quences. The question is, what is right, and what is wrong? Yes I he would visit at the Lodge.

right, and what is wrong? Yes! he would visit at the Lodge. He did, and was received with a certain kind of courteous homage. He lingered there more than an hour over the teacups. No wonder. It was Aylesburgh again! The beautiful drawing-room, hung with such dainty pictures; the soft heavy hangings and portieres, that deadened all sound, and

portieres, that deadened all sound, and made a dusk of colour in the room; the large vases, filled with early chry-santhemums of every size and hue; the grand plano, covered over with costly furs, the wood fire blazing merrily in furs, the wood fire blazing merrily in the grate—ah, yes I it was the grace, the light and beauty of civilization once more; and Luke, with all his fine tastes, seemed to be wrapped in a dream of sweetness and luxury again. And Luke theorized, and made sundry complaints and suggestions, which which were very flattering. Why could not the Irish gentry do what their brethren were doing the wide world over ? Why could they not come down to the level of the prolet-arist, and by a little zeal and self denial, introduce the sweetness and denial, introduce the sweetness and light of the higher life ? Here, to his mind, was the radical difference be-tween England and Ireland-that in tween England and Ireland-that in the former country there was a per-fect link between the classes, the nobility and gentry being gently associated with the labouring classes through the medium of the clergyman and his family ; whilst here, in Ire and his family; whist here, in Ire land, there was an unspanned gulf between them, to their common detri-ment and disadvantage. The General and his lady and Dora Sebright listened with sympathy, and even enthusiasm. It was a happy idea ! The very inter-pretation of their own thoughts. And Mr. Delmege really wished that they should enter into the cordial and in-timate realistions with the neonle he had should enter into the cordial and in-timate relations with the people he had so admirably expressed? Unquestion-ably! Well, then, they were most grateful for the suggestion; and would promptly act upon it. And Luke, as he passed down the avenue that wound through thicket and shrubbery. felt that he had gone far towards settling forever the eternal and insoluble pro

mare-15-DANIEL REGAN Carpenter. To wan sheep, run over by your car, with one leg broks, comin' home from the fare at Kildinan-21-10-0. JAMES DALY.

"This won't do," said Luke. "It means bankruptoy. Come here," he said to John; "read these. What said to John ; does it mean?"

does it mean?" "Mane !" said John. "It manes that they're the graytest liards and rogues unhung. I admit the oats; but all the others are chayting" "These people would hardly send in bills without reason," said Luke. "They wouldn't only they think you're innocent-like," said John. "Well, it must be stopped," said Luke. "You're giving the mare too much oats. She's getting reative."

"Annythin' you plaze, yor rever-ence," said John. "But don't blame me if she breaks down on the road."

debated, and rejected. One demanded that the clause, "or when passing the chapel door," be inserted. Another insisted that the words "or our sweet-rearts " should be the final clause. Another thought that "cap" should be put in after " hat," " because," he said, " there were fellows mane enough to lave their hats at home in order to escape the pinalty." However, it was finally decided that the original reso-lution should stand. Then Luke arose. " " he said " "they resolution is "You seem to have taken whiskey this morning? I thought you had the pledge ?"

-whiskey ?" said the startled John in horror. "Devil—ahem—not a drop since I took the pledge from the every man is just what he is in the sight of God, and nothing more. And I tell you, that until you conceive this lofty opinion of yourselves, and under-stand the necessity of the self-respect rish priest, so help-"" "Sh-sh," said Luke, horrified. "I

may be m staken. Our senses deceive us. But there's an unmistakable odor of spirits around the room."

stand the necessity of the self-respect that accompanies it, there is no chance that our generaton can work out the liberties of Ireland. 'We want men, not pieces of putty in the shape of men...''Much more he told them, as they wondered and were glad. And he read a page or two of Carlyle, and woned up with the dealeration "that Maybe the decanther is broke," n, looking with great anxiety said Jo

towards the sideboard. "Hardly," said Luke. "Now, be a man, and confess decently that you have broken the pledge."

it break the pledge," said . Would John, with the tore of a casuist pro-pounding a difficult problem, "to smell sperrits, or to draw them in wid your bret 1"

Well, hardly, I think," said Luke. "But I can scarcely conceive how such remote contact could leave behind such permanent results."

permanent results." "Well, yer reverence," said John, with the air of a man unjustly accused, and who is playing the trump card for acquittal, "that is what happened, acquittal, and you'll see I'm innicent. I wint down this mornin' to Mrs. Dennehy's wid a message for Mary-that's the

nery, and military, with a great tawny mustache, that he tied behind his neck their own." "I suppose he belongs to a high-up sometimes, like the mighty warriors of Jena and Austerlitz. He was by no

family intirely ?" "Wishs, hard to say. Nobody knows who's who, nowadays. But, ii Jena and Austerlitz. He was by no means popular, but very much dreaded, and he loved salutations in the market-place. Indeed, it was whispered that sometimes, when he had English visit-ors at the Lodge, he used dispense sun-dry sixpences to the gamins of the village to secure their fealty. Sundry amendments were proported he's anything to the Delmeges of Lis-nalee, he's be a cousin of me own-" " You wouldn't be afther tellin' me Cauth ?'

his reluctance to gain an utfair vic-tory, he reasoned, argued, but dis-dained using the least word or gesture

Cauth ?" "I would, indeed. But I wouldn't purtend it to him for the wurrald. I don't wan't bit, bite, or sup of him, thank God. If we're poor, we can be lacent.'

"Tis thrue, I believe. And sure, what have he but what the people give

The eventful Sunday came at last The eventful Sunday came at last, which was to witness the triumph of the democracy—the first assertion of manly independence which the people of Rossmore were called upon to make. There was great exuitation in the minds of the strong and virile—the glamour of battle and victory; and corresponding depression in the hearts glamour of battle and victory; and corresponding depression in the hearts of the weak and the wavering. For the "Gineral" was a great power. A faultless disciplinarian, he had been cordially disliked in the army. He now brought into civil life the iron discipline of the profession. He, too, was a beautiful, polished, merciless machine. He scouch to make all his was a beautini, pointed, merchess machine. He sought to make all his subjects like himself. He took credit of having made Rossmore what it was -an English village planted in the midst of an Irish population. And he drove through the one street of the village with great pride whon he who evicted remorselessly, if everywho evicted remorsciessly, in every-thing was not pipe clayed; and sent his alarmed subjects to hell, if a hen walked vorces the tiled and sanded floor. And what a doleful place an Irish village would be without the morning reveils of a dozen chantic-lears ! " Yerra, that's the man we want. "That's the way to talk to 'em. Begor, now we'll see who's who !" " Atther all, 'tis these quiet min have the go in 'em. Faith, he'll make 'em quake !" " The ould Gineral will be a sight on Sunday. He'll want a pound in sixleers !

The proposer and seconder of the famous resolution had posted sentinels all along the road through which the "Gineral" had to pass to church. Now, he always timed that triumphant down this mornin' to Mrs. Dennehy's pences to bribe the young blagards to wid a message for Mary-that's the balaot him."
Luke nodded.
"And just as I intered the dure, whare of the dure, "And just as I intered the dure, "and just as I intered the dure, "Watherin' the whiskey," said John; of a young lady from Dublin, who is sub"Watherin' the whiskey," said John; of a young lady from Dublin, who is sub"Watherin' the whiskey," said John; difference of the whiskey, and the young blagards to bring down the first batch of rebels passed by, and the window where Mary was sit-

ye be plazed to tell us what ye'd do yourself in the circumstances ?"

"What I'd do ?" echoed Luke. "Yes, yer reverence, what 'ud you do, if you were saluted by a lady in the public street ?

public street ?' Luke flushed, grew pale, stammered. "That's not the question," he said. "Oh 1 but it is the question," said his tormentor. "If you wor goin' home from Mass on Sunday, and if Miss

home from Mass on Subday, and it miss Saybright said 'Good mornin', Father Delmege, what 'ud you do ?' "I certainly should return the salute," said Luke, in dismay. "That's all we did," said the victor,

looking around trium phantly. And Luke had to admit in his own And Luke had to admit in his own mind, as the meeting broke up, that this race must lose their chivalry and become brutalized before they shall ever attain freedom in these days of savage force. But then, is freedom worth the sacrifice ? Here again is the enigma, the problem of the race. worth the satisfies in the roblem of the race. During the following week the weather continued warm, and one sultry afternoon, when Luke was away on a sick call, Mary escaped from the heat of her kitchen and sat near the open window in one of the upper rooms. It was very cool and pleasant, and the woodbine, with all the beautiful famil-iarity of nature, was pushing its scented blossoms over the boxes of mignonette that filled the window sill. Everything tempted to a reverie ; and Mary began to dream, to dream of one of those little diamond paned cottages down there in the village, with its roses and honeysuckle, and she dreamed it was her own, and there was a lovely fitenoneysuccile, and she oreamed it was her own, and there was a lovely fite-place, painted brick-color, and shining pots and pans, and a tiled floor, and— at noon a shadow flung across the sun-shine, and—from a corner, out from a mass of pink embroidery, came a tiny roise and she saw the blinking blue

mass of pink embrohery, tame a thy voice, and she saw the blinking blue eyes and the tossed, helpless hands ; and then she woke up to see the gar-den gate open and the "Gineral" coolly riding up the narrow, gravelled

In less than a month he had to con-In less than a month he had to con-fess to an uneasy and undefinable feel-ing that something was wrong. His remarks at the League meetings were received coldly; and he was greeted with soured silence on the streets. The good old pastor, in the most gentle manner, hinted at attempts at proselyt ism, which he heard had been made. It had been reported to him that cer-tain ladles, on their visitation at the cottages, and under pretence of intro tain ladies, on their visitation at the cottages, and under pretence of intro ducing a finer sethetical taste among the villagers, had tried to remove the time honored portraits of patricts and the villagers, had tried to remove the time honored portraits of patriots and saints, and replace them with good loyal pictures from the Graphic. At home, Mary had hushed her merry songs; and, alas I did slam the door twice or thrice violently. Altogether, Luke felt between Soylls and Charybdis. the cross currents and pitiless vortices of daily life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The child who is given a feast of the Sunday papers' comic supplement every week can not, in the nature of things, grow up with much reverence for old age.

"Why-because-when we were hob nobbing-I didn't know it myself."

I stared rather blankly at Oglesby while my mind made futile guesses at what he meant.

"Didn't know it ?" I echoed. Oglesby settled himself deeper into his chair and smoked thoughtfully for a into moment.

"When I was at college," said he, "When I was at college," said he, "my father was a general practitioner out in Indiana. He had gone there soon after his marriage and had settled in a town which, though small, was chirping pretty loud under the im-pression that it had a great future be-fore it. To-day it is still a little town and the great future is still impercept-ible in the distance. ible in the distance.

"You know, though, how things go. "You know, though, how things go. The increase in population was not all that had been predicted; but our family at least, did what it could. It trebled its numbers with all possible dispatch. My three sisters and myself tried, though with indifferent success, to a well the size of the town; but where we did succeed was in tying a dead weight of cares and responsibilities arount father's neck. " Most men would have broken the

" Most men would have broken the fetters as soon as they realized that the place was a living tomb for ambition. They would have kicked loose somehow. But father wasn't that sort. He was a great physician in every fibre of his heart and brain-but he was that, and that alone. He didn't think and that slobe. The that i that about himself even enough to know he was a great physician. He simply went ahead being one. "As for the commercial side of the meteorie it means in him to com-

"As for the commercial side of the profession, it was not in him to con-sider that. People who paid their bills generally did so on their own initiative. Father grieved more, I fancy, over the defection of a single patient ithan over the loss of a hundred fees. He did his work—I afterward realized it—with the intense delight of a master in bis craft. He never stopped to think that he was doing marvelous things, and there was no one in that little place to realize it for him. for him.

for him. "On the contrary, his very gentle-ness and modesty, his very lack of assortiveness, made him a sort of dim figure even in the quiet run of affairs at Plainville. Youngsters just out of

than the rest of assumed the viri she really did h opened the doo "Agnes and about a year w to her mother. to her mother. city soon after rather hard on of us have been it did. If she father would l ning of the tro then and the Oglesby looke "I might neve

as you say, the "No," I said hadn't the f meant.

"Four wee away," Ogler mother telegre and for me to home, threw and ran over t and ran over t was going. I' tone as he g and said : " ' We will " ' Father,' " ' We hav want to take