

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE
OF
GARRYOWEN.
BY
Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW
KYRLE
DALY
HAS
THE
GOOD
LUCK
TO
SEE
A
STAGGEE
RACE.

equipped with wheels for
on the ocean's bot-
mechanical arms with
hold of any objects
sired to bring to the
essor Pino is now at
preparing for a trial
us under the eyes of
the photographs taken
these are most interest-

16ft. broad, 30ft.
r-shaped. In outward
differs not from the
marine boat introduced
construction is steel
piece, like a canes
keel is fitted with
ting movement on dry
the floor of the ocean.
the ship are furnished
al arms and hands,
within. These arms
k like the human mc-
bend, withdraw, and
man's arms. They can
things like those of a
power a hundred
ed. With this ship
and his crew descended
of Genoa at a spot
in 290 feet deep ac-
charts.

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whether he was prepar-
to a depth far beyond
capacity of divers, he
undertaking, and his
one fully ten minutes.
spectators were kept
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ten minutes. Signor
was heard and seen
surface of the water,
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to its sides the small
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authorities the day be-
expert, who accom-
Pino, reported that
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ed, the floor of the
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and all the cost. It
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that gave the first im-
vention was the hope
ocean, its highways
perfectly safe. No
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STATISTICS.

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ent bureau, a gym-
ditorium.

leisure over his disappointment, Kyrle Daly now left the course, notwithstanding the invitation of Anne Chute that he would return and dine at the Castle. His intention was to spend the night at the cottage on one of his father's dairy farms, which lay at the distance of a few miles lower on the riverside, and where one neat room was always kept in order for his use, whenever he joined Hardress Cregan in a shooting excursion towards the mouth of the stream. Hardress had promised to visit him at this cottage a few weeks before, and as he knew that his young friend must have come to an anchor in bailing for the tide, he judged it not unlikely that he might see him this very night. He had now an additional reason for desiring to hold conversation with Hardress, in order that he might receive the consolations of his friendship under his own disappointment, and, if possible, obtain some knowledge of the true condition of his mistress's affections.

Lowry Looby, once more reduced to his legs, followed him at a distance somewhat more considerable than that recommended by Dean Swift as proper to be observed by gentlemen's gentlemen. He lingered only to restore the mare to Foxy Dunat, presenting him at the same time with the mutilated saddle, and obstinately declining the hair-cutter's proposal of "traiding him to the best that the Cat an' Bagpipes could afford." After which conversation the two friends threw their arms about each other's neck, kissed, as in France, and separated.

The night had fallen before Kyrle alighted at the cottage door. Mrs. Frawley, the dairy woman, had been provident enough to light a fire in the little yellow room, and to place beside it the arm-chair and small painted table, with the volume of Blackstone which her young master was accustomed to look into in the evening. The night, she observed, "was smart enough to make an air o' the fire fire no unpleasant thing; and even if it were not cold, a fire was company when one would be alone in that way." With equal foresight, she had prepared the materials for a tolerable dinner, such as a hungry man might not contempt without. Whether it were the mere effort of custom, or an indication of actual and unromantic appetite, the eye of our desponding lover was not displeased, on entering the little parlor, to see the table decorated with a snow-white damask cloth, a copoler of the sweetest butter, a small cold ham, and an empty space which he knew to be destined for a roast duck or chickens. There is no time at which the heart is more disposed to estimate in a proper light the comforts of home and a quiet fireside, than when it has experienced some severe rejection in society; and it was with the feeling of one who after much and harassing annoyance, encounters a sudden refuge that our drooping traveller flung himself into the chair, and exclaimed in the words of Orlando:

"Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy,
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought,
Oh, let my joys have some abiding."

While Mrs. Frawley superintended the dressing of the fowl in the kitchen much wondering at the forlorn and absent air with which her officious attentions were received by the young collegian, that meditative gentleman was endeavoring to concentrate his attention on the pages of the learned work that lay before him. His eyes wandered over the concise and lucid detail of the reciprocal rights of baron and fow; but what purpose could this answer, except to remind him that he could never claim the lovely Anne Chute as his feme, nor would the lovely Anne Chute consent to acknowledge him as her baron. He closed the volume, and laying it on the little chimney-piece, resumed his mood of settled meditation by the fire.

The silence of the place was favorable to that sort of drowsy musing in which the mind delights to repose its energies after any strong and passionate excitement. There was no effort made to invite or pursue a particular train of reflection; but those thoughts which lay nearest to

the heart—those memories, hopes, fears and wishes, with which they were most intimately associated, passed in long and still procession before his mind. It was a dreary and funeral train to witness, but yet the lover found a luxurious indulgence in its contemplation. He remained gazing on the fire, with his hands supporting his temple, until every crackling turf and faggot became blended in his thoughts with the figures which his memory called up from the past, or his fancy created for the future.

While he leaned thus silent in his chair, he overheard in the adjoining kitchen, a conversation, which for the moment diverted his attention from the condition of his own fortunes.

"Where to are you running in such a hurry, Mary?" said Mrs. Frawley, "one would think it was for the seed o' the fire you come. Sit down again."

"Oh, wisha," said a strange voice, "I'm tired from sitting. Is it to look after the butter Mr. Kyrle is come down to ye?"

"Oyeh, no. He doesn't meddle in them things at all. If he did we'd have a bad story to tell him. You'll burn that duck, Nelly, if you don't mind it."

"Why so—a bad story, Mrs. Frawley?"

"I'll tell you, Mary. I don't know what is the reason of it, but our butter is going from us this two months now. I'd almost take the vestment of it, that Mr. Enright's dairyman, Bill Noonan, made a request, and took away our butter."

"Oyeh!"

"What else, what would become of it? Sure Bill himself told me they had double their complement last week, at a time when if we were to break our hearts churning from this till doomsday, we could get nothing but the buttermilk in the latter end."

"Did you watch your cows last May eve, to see that nobody milked 'em from ye?"

"I did to be sure. I sat up until twelve o'clock, to have the first milk myself; for Shaun Lanther, the fairy doctor, told me that if another milked 'em that night, she'd have their butter the whole year around. And what good was it for me? I wouldn't wonder if old Moll Noonan had a hand in it."

"Nor I neither. They say she's a witch. Did I every tell you what Davy Neal's wife did to her of a time?"

"Not as I know."

"The same way as with yourself—no 'tisn't the butter but the milk itself, was going from Kitty Neal, although her little cow was a kind Kerry and had the best of grazing. Well, she went as you done, to Shaun Lanther, the knowledgeable man, and put a half-crown into his hand, and asked his advice. 'Well, tell me,' says Shaun, 'were you at Moll Noonan's yesterday?' 'I was,' says Kate. 'And did you see a hair spangle hanging over the chimney?' says he. 'I did see that, too,' says Kate. 'Well,' says Shaun, 'tis out of that spangle that Moll do be milking your cows every night,' by her own chimney corner, and 'you breaking your heart at a dry under the same time.' 'And what am I to do?' says Kate. 'I'll tell you,' says he. 'Go home, and redien this horseshoe in the fire, and observe when you're milking, that a gray cat will sit by you on the bawn. Just strike her with the red shoe, and your business will be done.' Well, she did his bidding. She saw the gray cat, and burnt her with the shoe, till she flew screeching over the hedge."

"Oh, murther, hadn't she the 'oor-age'!"

"She had. Well, the next day she went to Moll Noonan's and found her keeping her bed, with a great scald she said she got from a pot of boiling water she had down for scalding the keelers. Ayeh, thought Kate, I know what ails you, well, my old lady. But she said nothing, and I'll engage she had the fine can of milk from her cows the next morning."

"Well, she was a great girl."

"Ah, what should all her?" said Nelly the servant wench, who was employed in turning the duck. "I remember Jug Flannigan, the cooper's wife, above, was in the same way, losin' all her butter, an' she got it agin by puttin' a taste o' the last year's butter into the churn, before

churnin', along with crame, and into every keeler in the house. Here, Mrs. Frawley, will you have an eye to the spit a minute while I go look at them hens in the coob abroad? Master Kyrle might like a fresh egg for his tay, an' I hear them clockin'."

"Do, then, Nell, a'ra gal, and, as you're going, turn in the turkeys, for the wind is rising, and I'm in dread it will be a bad night."

A loud knocking at the door was the next sound that invaded the ear of Kyrle Daly. The bolt flew back, and a stranger rushed in, while, at the same moment, a gust of wind and rain dashed the door with violence against the wall, and caused a cloud of smoke and ashes to penetrate even to the room in which sat.

"Shut the doore! shut the doore!" screamed Mrs. Frawley, "the duck will be all destroyed from the ashes. Ah, Lowry, what kep' you till now?" "Oh, let me alone, woman," exclaimed Lowry, in a loud and agitated voice. "Where's Master Kyrle?"

"Sitting in the parlor within. What's the matter, eroo?"

Without making any reply, Lowry Looby presented himself at the parlor door, and waving his hand with much force, exclaimed: "Come out! come out! Master Kyrle. Ther's the Nora Creina abroad just goin' down, and every soul aboard of her. She never will reach the shore. Oh, vo! vo! 'tis frightful to see the swell that's round her. The Lord in his mercy stretch out his hand upon the waters this fearful night!"

Kyrle started up in alarm, snatched his hat, and rushed out of the room, not paying any attention to the recommendation of Mrs. Frawley, that he would throw the frieze riding coat over his shoulders before he went out in the rain. Lowry Looby, with many ejaculations of terror and of compassion, followed his master to the shore, within a gun-shot of which the cottage was situated. They arrested their steps on a rocky point, which, jutting far into the river, commanded a wide prospect on either side. It was covered with wet sea-weed and shell-fish, and afforded a slippery footing to the young collegian and his squire. A small fishing boat lay anchor on the leeward side of the point, and her crew consisting of a swarthy old man and a youth, were standing on the shore, and watching the pleasure boat with much interest.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW
FORTUNE
BRINGS
TWO
OLD
FRIENDS
TOGETHER.

The situation of the little vessel was in reality terrific. A fierce westerly wind, encountering the receding tide, occasioned a prodigious swell in the centre of the channel; and even near the shore the waves lashed themselves with so much fury against the rocky headland before mentioned, that Kyrle and his servant were covered with spray and foam. There was yet sufficient twilight in the sky to enable them to discern objects on the river, and the full autumnal moon, which ever and anon shot, like a flying ghost, from one dark mass of vapour to another, revealed them at intervals with a distinctness scarcely inferior to that of day. The object of the pleasure-boat seemed to be that of reaching the anchorage above alluded to, and, with this view, the helmsman held her head as close to the wind as a reefed mainsail and heavy swell would allow him. The white canvass as the boat came foaming and roaring towards the spectators, appeared half-drenched in brine, from the breaking of the sea against the windward bow.

The appearance of the vessel was such as to draw frequent ejaculations of compassion from Lowry and the boatman, and to make Kyrle Daly's heart sink low with fear and anxiety. At one time she was seen on the ridge of a broken spar, showing her keel to the moonlight, and bending her white and glistening sails over the dark gulf upon her lee.

At another the liquid mountain rolled away and left her buried in the trough, while her vanes alone were visible to the landmen, and the surges, leaping and whitening in the moonshine, seemed hurrying to overwhelm and engulf their victim. Again, however, suddenly emerging into the light, she seemed to ride

the waters in derision, and left the angry monsters roaring in her wake. "She'll never do it, I'm in dread," said Lowry, bending an inquisitive glance on the boatman. The latter was viuing intently and with a grim smile, the gallant battle made by the little vessel against the elements.

"'Tis a good boy that has the rudder in his hands," he said; "and as for their lives, 'tis the same Lord that is on the water as on the land. When their hour is come, on sea or shore, 'tis all the same to 'em, I wouldn't wonder if he done it yet. Ah, that swell put him off of it. He must make another tack. 'Tis a good boy that holds the rudder."

"What!" exclaimed Kyrle, "do you think it will be necessary for them to put into the tide again?"

"Indeed, I don't say she'll ever do without it," said the old boatman, still keeping his eyes fixed on the Nora Creina. "There she comes around. She spins about like a top, God bless her!" Then putting his huge shaped hands at either side of his mouth, so as to form a kind of speaking-trumpet, he cried out, in a voice as loud and hoarse as that of the sarges that rolled between them. "Aho! aho! Have an oar out in the bow, or she'll miss-stay in the swell."

"Thank you, thank you, it is done already," shouted the helmsman in answer. "Kyrle, my boy, how are you? Kyrle, have a good fire for us when we go in. This is cold work." "Cold work!" repeated Lowry Looby, "Dear knows, it's true for you. Ah, then, isn't it little he makes of it, after all, God bless him! an' it blowin' a perfect harico."

Notwithstanding the vigor and confidence which spoke in the accents of the hardy helmsman, Kyrle Daly, when he saw the vessel once more shoot out into the deep, felt as he had been listening to the last farewell of his friend. He could not return his gallant greeting, and remained with his head leaning forward, and his arm outstretched and trembling, while his eyes followed the track of the pleasure-boat. Close behind him stood Larry, his shoulders raised against the wind, and his hand placed over that ear on which it blew, clacking his tongue against his palate for pity, and indulging in many sentiments of commiseration for "Master Hardress" and "the family" not forgetting "Danny the Lord" and his sister, "Fighting Poll of the Reeks."

We shall follow the vessel in her brief but daring course. The young helmsman has been already slightly introduced to the reader in the second chapter of this history; but the change which circumstances had since effected to this appearance, rendered it well worthy of our pains to describe his person and bearing with more accuracy and distinctness. His figure was tall, and distinguished by that muscularity and firmness of set which characterizes the inhabitants of the southwest of Europe. His attitude, as he kept one hand on the rudder and his eye fixed upon the foresail, was such as displayed his form to extreme advantage. It was erect, composed and manly. Every movement seemed to be dictated by a judgment perfectly at ease, and a will that, far from being depressed, had caught a degree of fire and excitement from the imminent dangers with which it had to struggle. The warm and heroic flush upon his cheek could not be discovered in the pale and unequal light that shone upon him; but the settled and steady lustre of his large dark eye, over which not even the slightest contraction of the arched brow could be discerned, the perfect calmness of his manner, and the half-smiling expression of his mouth, (the feature which, of all others, is most traitorous to the dissimulating coward), bespoke a mind and heart that were pleased to encounter danger, and well calculated to surmount it. It was such a figure as would have at once awakened associations in the beholder's mind of camps and action, of states confounded in their councils, and nations overrun by sudden conquest. His features were brightened by a lofty and confident enthusiasm, such as the imagination might ascribe to the Royal Adventurer of Sweden, as he drew his word on his beleaguers at Belgrade. His forehead was ample and intellectual in its character; his hair "coal-black" and curling; his complexion of that rich, deep, Gipsy-yellow, which, showing as it did the healthy bloom beneath, was far nobler in its character than the feminine white and red. The lower portion of his physiognomy was finely and delicately turned; and a set of teeth as white as those of a young beagle, gave infinite vivacity to the expression of his lips. The countenance was such a one as men seldom look upon, but when once beheld, can never be forgotten.

On a seat at the weather-side, sat a young girl, her slight person wrapped in a blue coat, while her eyes were raised to the cheerful face of the helmsman, as if from him she

derived all her hope and her security. The wind had blown back the hood from her shoulders and the head and countenance which thus "unmasked their beauty to the moon" were turned with a sylph-like grace and lightness. The mass of curly hair which was blown over her left temple, seemed of a pale gold, that harmonized well with the excellent fairness and purity of her complexion; and the expression of her countenance was tender, affectionate and confiding.

In the bow sat a being who did not share the beauty of his companions. He bore a prodigious hunch upon his shoulders, which, however, did not prevent his using his limbs with agility, and even strength, as he tended the foresail, and bustled from side to side with an air of utmost coolness and indifference. His features were not disagreeable, and were distinguished by that look of pert shrewdness which marks the low inhabitant of a city, and vents itself in vulgar cant and in ridicule of the honest and wondering ignorance of rustic simplicity.

Such were the individuals whom the spirit of the tempest appeared at this moment to hold environed by his hundred perils; and such was the manner in which they prepared to encounter their destiny.

"Mind your hand, Mr. Hardress," said the boatman, in a careless tone; "we are in the tide."

(To be continued.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are permitted to make public the following letter, which is a fair sample of hundreds written by mothers throughout Canada praising Baby's Own Tablets:

Dunbar, Ont., March 18, 1908.

Several weeks ago my baby was very cross and ill owing to troubles common to children when teething. A correspondent highly recommended Baby's Own Tablets, saying she would use no other medicine for her baby. I sent for a box, used them according to directions and must say that I have found them the best medicine for a teething child I have ever tried. One Tablet every other day keeps my baby well, and I am sure of my rest at night, I echo the words of my friend and say "they are just splendid."

MRS. CHARLES WILLARD.

Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of children, and may be given with absolute safety to even a new born baby. These Tablets are the only medicine for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MISSION FOR NIGHT WORKERS.

Rev. Luke J. Evers, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York, is making arrangements for a mission to be held in May for the benefit of night workers and for those whose work prevents them from attending Mass at the usual morning hours. The mission will be given by the Apostolate Fathers Cusack, Guinan and Courtney. It will open on May 10, and will continue for one week. The services will be held in the morning at about 2.30 o'clock, when there will be Mass and instruction. It is believed that there are large numbers of men beside the newspaper workers who are employed in the lower part of the city at night who will be grateful for this opportunity of making a mission. The mission will open on the first anniversary of the inauguration of the night workers' Mass at St. Andrew's which is celebrated each Sunday at 2.30 a.m.

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This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.