MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

ing." "You don't say so!"

stens. Heigh-ho! and so you're an

American citizen." "Well, yes; I have that honor, sir."

"Right, sir—and it is an honor-no doubt of it. But how warm it is-ch?" and he snatched off his stock and wiped

those outrageous stairs—eh! Besides, I'm not feather weight either, I suppose.

Humph !" he added, glancing over at his companion' "you have the advan-

was my mother's cousin, for example,

"By the lord Harry, he's at Nathan

again !" came rumbling along the hall, in the deep tones of the burly light-

keeper, as he hurried in from the tower

to welcome his guests. Fortunately, however, Mr. Weeks

him to distinguish the words; other-

"Let me see; you're somewhere about 5 feet 11 inches—ain't you?" "Yes, thereabouts."

"Well-now, as to the weight, I reckon you're two hundred, or chock

"Very likely—I might be three, for aught I know," replied the captain,

nearly two inches, and mother says be

fore he lost his eye on muster day he

weighed close on two twenty-five. Still, cousin Nathan-"

massive silver salver, on which a,

he was at home in the ould

Weil, cousin Nathan was taller by

one Nathan Bigelow-"

up to it.

laughing.

world as

tage of me there, sir-you're thin.'

his face with his handkerchief.

CHAPTER V.

MR. WEEKS IS INTRODUCED TO CAPTAIN TOM PETERSHAM, AND IS INVITED THAT GENTLEMAN TO SPEND A DAY AT CASTLE GREGORY-HE ALSO HAS THE GOOD LUCK TO CATCH A

GLIMPSE OF MARY LEE. The little craft which so suddenly arrested the light-keeper's eye, as he turned to enter the lodge, was already within five minutes' sail of the long flight of steps leading up from the base of the rock to the lighthouse yard. She was a yacht of small tonnage, but elegantly moulded. Her white hull, sunk almost to the scuppers, and her light, raking spars, gave her a janty look, that seemed to please the Yankee evgeediestr exceedingly.

Why, by cracky, that's an American boot, rig and hull !" he exclaimed. "Ha ! I swonnie !--had her built at

one of our ship yards. I guess." "She was built in Cork harbor," replied the light-keeper. "Timber or plank, mast or spar, there's not an American chip in her."

Not, eh ? " No, sir ; she's Irish, every inch of her, from the truck to the keel. Tom Petersham wouldn't own her if she was anything else."

He wouldn't, eh ?"

The light-keeper, now seeing a boat approaching from the yacht, advanced to the head of the stairs, and raised his hat to a gentleman who sat in the stern. The latter, as soon as the boat touched, stepped ashore. "Hilloa, there, Master Lee," he

should as he ascended the steps; "I couldn't pass without calling to pay my respects to pretty Mary-to say nothing (O Lord ! this is worse than Loughdearg for Father John-deuce take them for steps ; they don't leave a breath in me)-not to speak of the numerous injunctions respecting a pro-mised visit from the saucy baggage. Heigh ho! I say, Lee, -this is steeper than the face of Gibraltar ; and let me tell you-hugh !--you must provide falls and tackle in future, if you'd have me visit here. Forty-three steps ! monstrous ! But who the dance !--eh, who is that ?" he demanded, halting to take breath as he reached the tot take breath as he reached the top, and wiping the perspiration from his face. "Who, in the name of all Malvolios, is he with all those gewgaws under his

"Hush," said the light keeper; he's a foreigner." Nonsense ! He's a cockney tailor

come down to rusticate-eh? "No, sir ; he's an American, and real Yankee in the bargain."

wise he had understood better the comis smile on Captain Petersham's face, a "A Yankee! The deuce he is !" "A native of Ducksville, State of that gentleman twirled his thumbs and gazed over at him from his easy chair.

Connecticut." "Ho, ho ! now I understand you :

he's the C ohan man—cousin, or nephew, or something of that kind, to the Hard-winkles. Very good ; he's just the man I want to see ; present me forth-with. Kate wishes to see him too, of all things, and swears she'll invite him to the castle herself, if I don't. Intro-

duce me instantly; I'll see what he s like, and then ask him to visit us." "O, the young scamp!" exclaimed the light-keeper, laughing: "she's got some mischief in her mad pate, I warrant you. If the good gentleman only took a friend's advice, he would stay at home, and keep clear of her company. some ; I'll introduce you, at all hazards.

" Captain Petersham," said he, taking off his hat, and motioning with the grace of a well-bred gentleman, "let me present to you Mr. Weeks, of Ducks-ville, Connecticut, United States. Mr. Weeks, Captain Petersham, of Castle

Gregory." The American bowed low, but without saying a word or changing his posi-tion in the least. Not so Mr. Peters-ham, who despised in his heart all kind THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

martyr, Roger. I declare, I don't see how you can stand it—it's insufferable —quite insufferable." "Och, och! I wish to patience he was back in his own ould castle again, "Just so: I know; I understand all that—but you'll not be worth a rap farthing, sir, if you stay with them many months longer, notwithstand-ing."

yer honor, for since the docthors ordhered him down here for the benefit "You don't say so?" "I do, sir. They'll first reduce you down with psalm singing, till you're as flat as dish water and as weak as a wendle straw, and then finish you off of his health, there's no comfort to be had wid him, night or day—but sure, if he didn't lose his mimery, it wouldn't be so bad, allthegither. And then I'm shamed out iv my life wid him. Why, if you'd only hear to him, Mr. Peters. wendle straw, and then finish you on with mock piety, private scandal, and weak tea. Take my advice, sir, and stay with them as little as possible. Come up to Castle Gregory, where there's some life to be had, and come ham — ahem! that's if you were a stranger, you know, sir, like that gentleman—you're most obedient, sir-as often as you can, too—we'll be al-ways glad to see you. So then here we are in the light-keeper's sanctum, and and didn't know the differ, ye'd think there wasn't a screed iv dacency left about him, at all, at all;" and as he here comes Drake to welcome us. Hands off !-- hands off, Drake-down, thus went on to make his private com-plaints to the captain, still, however, in a voice loud enough to be heard by down, you old rogue; you're as wet as an otter-away, and bring your mis-tress here; I want to see her. But the American, he kept ever and anon glancing at the great silver salver or what's the matter ?- how now! growl-ing at your guest ?- ah! Drake, Drake, that's inhospitable -- what has come over be table, as if making a silent appeal to it for testimony against his master. During this little conversation with Captain Petersham, the light keeper called him several times, but Roger you, man? never saw you act so un-lrish before. Excuse me, sir; but take a seat, take a seat, and don't be sur-prised to see me make so free in another was too much engaged to attend him. man's house — it's our custom here. Heigh-ho!" he added, flinging himsel

'Roger !-are you deaf ? Roger !" "Sir, sir." Heigh-hol? he added, hinging himsed down in an easy chair, and his gold-banded sea-cap over his shoulder; "it takes me a full half hour to recover breath after climbing those villanous "Is this all the brandy you have in

the house? Answer me, yes or no." "Ahem! Answer you yes or why, av coorse I'll answer you-that is, if I only knew what you mane." "Well, look here,"-and Mr. Lee

stepped over to the old man, and shook the decanter within an inch of his eyes

"you call this brandy ?" "Sartinly, sir, the best cagniac; it cost just seven-

Never mind the cost; you have here about three thimblefuls or therea bonts-for three gentlemen." "No, sir, there's a good half bottle,

and more-ahem ! ahem ! it looks little, but it's on broad bottom ; hem, it's a

"Yes, rather inclined that way," modestly replied Weeks, playing with his watch-chain. "So much the better, sir, so much broad bottom, sir." "Well, now, I want to know — i you've any more of the same left?-that's plain enough, I think." the better; you're in a more comfortable summer condition." "Well, as to the Weeks side of the

"Why, dear me, such a question ! Och, och — and two casks untouched

house," observed the American, by way of explanation, "they were never what you might call fleshy people; but the Bigclows were about the largest boned men in all Connecticut. There "Hold your lying tongue and answer me, sir; have you? yes or no." "Yes, yes, puncheons of it." "Go fetch it then, forthwith—go now

instantly;" and he pushed him gently towards the door. "Sartinly, sir, sartinly," replied Roger, moving off as fast as his old, shaky limbs would carry him, the long skirts of his old bottle-green coat oscil lating as he went. "Most sartinly sir; its aisy enough to do that--why, i was at that moment in the act of speak-ing, so that it was quite impossible for I only knew what in the world ye were coming at, all the time, I'd have it here

now. "He's the greatest old plague, that. in the whole universe," said the light-keeper; "not a respectable visitor ever comes to see us, but he acts just in the ame way. He would make you believe, Mr. Weeks-Captain Petersham here knows all about him long ago-he would make you believe his master as rich as Croesus, and staying down here only by You observed advice of his physician. the old bottle-green livery he wears well, he has worn that, to my own to my own knowledge, five and twenty years, and in all probability, his father before him, for as many more. As for this antiquated piece of plate on the table, he brings it out on every possible occasion. The old coat and the old salver are in fact his great stand bys, and with these he imagines he can make a show of 'dacency.' were the house as pare and empty as the ruins of Baalbec.

cousin Nathan-" "Hilloa, there: hilloa, Roger O'Shaughnessy," broke in the light keeper again; "are we never to see that brandy and water? Come along, man; only lift your feet, and they'll hall themselves." "All themselves." "Ay, ay," muttered the old man, shambling into the room in his old "Poor Roger," said the captain; he's a regular Caleb Balderstone. "Precisely--the only difference, per-hyps-that Caleb was a creation, and Roger a reality." "Balderstone," said Weeks; let me see; Balderstone--warn't he something to the Balderstone of Chemistran bottle-green livery with the faded lace and the two solitary buttons, carrying

peared three tumblers and a decanter with something resembling brandy on to the Balderstones of Skowhegan, down the bottom of it. "Ay, ay," said he, "it's always the same-just for all the

east ?" "Ha, ha !" chuckled Captain Peter-

with some of the best old Innishowen was doubled," said Roger you can have a hogshead of it in jiffey." "Innishowen !" cried the captain "Innishowen !thit too! Nonsense

ap with it, too ! Nonsense Roger, bring it in here in ' and put up with it, too ! nonsense ! Roger, bring it in here in-stantly. Why, you old villain, it's worth its weight in gold. Compare French brandy with Innishowen poteen, indeed ! Why, the Irishman who would do that should be sent to the stocks, and physicked with frogs and assa fortida. Begone, and fetch it instanter. Begone, and fetch it instanter.

A way ! my time's up." Roger soon returned with a bottle of excellent whiskey, of which we must not omit to say, Mr. Weeks declined to partake-nay, absolutely rejected in the most positive manner, as a thing entirely against his principles and habits of life. But the light-keeper and his good neighbor, the lord of Castle Gregory, made no pretensions to such principles or habits ; they filled their lasses and drank to each other, and to the success of the Stars and Stripes, as a compliment to Mr. Weeks, in full bumpers of Irish grog, without fear or shame, reproach or remorse. Captain Petersham had scarcely

finished his draught, and flung the tumbler on the table, loudly protesting against all state temperance laws and teetotal societies, as being the provo-cation of half the drunkenness in the world, when a sailor, cap in hand, pre-sented himself at the door. "How now, Bradley--what's the

natter ?" " Mr. Ratlin says there's a blow com

ing up from the westward, sir, and in half an hour we'll have ebb tide. He waits orders.' "Well, get the boat ready. I'll be

when, get the boat ready. In be with you in a second." He now approached the window, and glanced for an instant at the west. "There it comes, Lee," he exclaimed, "tumbling up in lumps over Tory Island; you'll have it whistling about your ears here in half an hour. I must get aboard the Water Hen, and pack on sail, or she'll not fetch Ballymastocker sail, or she in hot letten Barlymastocker to-night. But look here; who's that under the rock, there, speaking to Mistress Mary? He's a devilish fine-looking young fellow, eh !" The light keeper hastened to the

window. "Hah! by George," he exclaimed, muttering the words to himself, the instant his eye rested on the person alluded to, "he is back person alluded to, gain

Who is he, Lee-ch ? surely I've seen that young man before-who is

Mr. Lee smiled and shook his head. "O, hoh, tha'ts it, is it? Very well, if there's anything particular about him, keep it to yourselt."

And having requested Mr. Lee to make his apology to Mary for running away so abruptly, and invited Weeks to visit him as soon as possible, he hurried off, without further delay, to his yacht. The moment his foot touched her deck she was seen crowding on every stitch of canvas that would draw, and then gracefully bending under the gentle pressure of the evening breeze, the little Water Hen glided up the Swilly, and soon disappeared in the deepening shadows of Rathmullen Bluffs.

The light-keeper had accompanied his friend to the head of the steps to bid him good by and a fair voyage, and the American, taking advantage of his absence, instantly turned to the window, and there kept watching Mary Lee and her companion so intently, and with so absorbing an interest, that old Roger had picked up his silver card case which had fallen from his pocket, and laid it on his knee, without his having noticed it in the least. The spot on which the young couple stood onversing, was a small patch of greens. ward directly above the narrow channel called the Devil's Gulch and canopied by a long, flat, projecting rock. over The place was some seventy feet above the roaring water, cut, as it were, in the face of the precipice and nearly on

ess of a fawn, and disappeared in an instant. Her companion followed her with his eyes as long as she remained in ight, and then carefully concealing the little treasure in his bosom, slowly

turned and left the place. "Well," said Mr. Weeks to himself as he moved over from the window and leated his elbow on the table beside him, "she's a handsome gal, that-no mistake about it; and that feller locks to be a purty smart kinder chap, too, and not ill lookin eicher. But who in creation is he? There's some mystery about him, that's sartin. I could see that by the light-keeper, when the captain asked his name. But hold on for a bit; I'll soon learn the secret from Mathem Mother Curley. That was some sorter charm, I'll bet a fourpence, that thing she put round his neck-some papistry, I reckon. But ain't she all fired brazen faced to go up there right straight be-fore the window ?-By cracky, they do up that kinder business sorter strange down here in these diggins—they're ahead of New Jersey, by a long chalk. But after all, perhaps it's her favorite retreat, and the feller found her there. She expected him-sartin. I saw that by her face when she came peeking in at the window, and I rather suspect she warn't aware of Captain Petersham's arrival either, or that Ephraim Weeks was in the office with her uncle. Well, she's handsome-that's a fact-and with those hundred and fifty thousand dollars I know of to back her up, she' wife enough for any man. Ha, she little thinks what belongs to her tother side the big pond-and she won't either -till she's got her nose up to the hitchin post. She'll be skittish, I guess, at first; but I'll take the old woman's advice, and coax her to it gently. She can only refuse, do her best; and when she does, why it's then time enough to put the screws on. They're poor as poverty, that's clear, and it won't be very hard to corner them up in a tight

place. A month or two in limbo would settle the old chap's light-keepin, and then the girl, all-fired proud and all as she is, might be glad—" He was suddenly interrupted in his

reflections by the entrance of the two persons in whom she seemed to be so deeply interested.

"Here's an impudent, saucy little baggage, Mr. Weeks, who desires to offer you an apology for her dog's very bad behavior to-day," said the light-keeper, leading Mary by the hand. "Miss Lee, sir. Mary, this gentleman is Mr. Weekes, of Drakesville, Con-necticut, United States."

"Ducksville, if you please, Mr. Lee, not Drakesville," said Weekes, after one of his pro cund inclinations to the

young lady; "the difference ain't much but still-"O, excuse me, excuse me, sir," said the light keeper; "so it is-I made a mistake-Ducksville, my dear,

State of Connecticut." "Allow me to offer you my card," said Weekes, smiling faintly and patron-izingly on the young girl, as he drew it slowly out from the silver case.

"Thank you, sir," she replied. modestly courtesying and accepting the favor, without the least sign of surprise at the strangeness of the compli

"I regret very much, sir, the loss of your fishing lines this evening," she said; "but if you permit me, I shall replace them."

Pray, don't mention it," replied Weeks, interrupting her. "You're ex-ceedingly kind, Miss Lee, but I assure you I have lots of such traps to spare."

"Drake is a very bold fellow in the water, sir, and don't mind his mistress in the least, when there's any thing like game to be seen. But then, he's so good and faithful that we must forgive him a great many faults. Drake, Drake,' she cried, " where are you?" and as the brown curly haired old fellow came in, wagging his tail, she ordered him to kneel down before the gentle man and ask his pardon. But Drake, instead of kneeling, as, no doubt, he

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away like a fairy from the room. "Well, I guess I shan't wait much longer, either," said Weeks, picking up his cap and preparing to leave "I see the storm's coming on, and I've got somewhat of a walk before me; but I was just athinkin to come down here once in a while to have a day's fishin or so, and a talk about the United States, at our leisure."

The light-keeper smiled, and assured him he should be happy to see him at any time, and cheerfully do all in his power to make his visit to the country, and particularly to Araheera Head, a

and particularly to Araheera Head, as a ;recable as possible. "And look'e here," said Weeks, buttoning his coat; "if there's any thing I can do to oblige you, in the way of friendship, don't hesitate an istant, but tell me right out. It may h ppen you d want a friend's advice, a media to matter you understand us -well, no matter, you understand me. I'm a single man, Mr. Lee, and have a leetle more at my banker's, I guess than I've any particular occasion to use. Good afternoon, sir."

use. Good afternoon, sir." "Good-bye and thank you for your good will," said the light keeper, some-what surprised at the stranger's liber-"I shall most assuredly consult ality. with you, Mr. Weeks, when occasion requires it." "I say—hold on !" said Weeks, again

turning back when half way down the avenue; "that bird, you'll not forget to send it, eh?-all right; guess 1 can get it up for you in pretty good shape." And waving his hand, he set out on his journey to Crohan, the residence of the Hardwrinkles.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ONE WHITE ROSE.

THE SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE STRATEGY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE. By Edward B. Clark.

John Ledyard's mother intended that her son should lead a professional life. but John would not have it so. He was the only son, and his mother a widow. Moreover he was a devoted son, but he believed that as it was his own future that he must carve out he must take that for the carving which he thought was fitted for the cunning of his hand. So it was that John Ledyard, twenty-four years old and just twelve months out of college, told his nother one day that he was going on the stage.

Mrs. Ledyard was a woman of sense. She listened to what her son had to say and then without a word of remon strance she asked him simply to think over his decision for a month, then to see if he still clung to it and "if so, my son," she said, "though you know what my heart is set on I simply will wish you a Godspeed and say not one word to turn you from your purpose." A month passed and John Ledyard went to his mother, kissed her gently on the forehead, and said: "Mother, 'm going on the stage and I am going to try and deserve well of the public

and to make you proud of me.' John Ledyard was a big, handsome fellow, an athlete and a man whose very appearance won admiration. His mother know this. "John," she said, "you are going into a life of tremend-ous temptation. Not from the members of the profession you have chosen, but from the outside. I do not share the feeling toward the stage itself so many people seem to hold, but it is from the outside that your danger will come. If you succeed as an actor I know that will be flattered and courted, and sometimes flattery and what goes with

it are veritable pitfalls." John Ledyard smiled a little. "It is because I am your son, mother, that you think flattery is to come my way. will try to remember your teachings," and then he kissed her once again, and this time it was a good bye.

John Ledyard had been on the stage just one year. He had not found much of the courting and flattery that his mother had spoken of, but that his ecause he was in mind the time, though the managers been watching him, and now at the end of a year he was a leading man and in stage parlance "held the center." Then the flattery and the courting began. From the moment that he took his place as a star this big, athletic and competent actor found himself deluged with letters, and not many of them were from men. Flowers were sent him with delicately perfumed notes. He was what laymen call the "matinee gir..." idol. It takes a strong character not to be affected by thing of this kind, and John Ledvard. though he had strength of mind with his strength of body, found that he was becoming affected by the homage. One morning at his hotel there was delivered by a messenger a long, narrow package tied neatly with a blue ribbon. John Levard opened it. He found within a box containing a white rose of exquisite beauty and fragrance. Just one white rose with enough of the fresh green leaves to frame loveliness. One rose, nothing else; not a line to show from whence it came. The rare loveliness of the flower attracted Ledyard, and while scores of blossoms had come within a week, he took this one rose and gave it a place of honor in a vase on his mantel's center. The next day there came another white rose the counter-part of the one received the day before, predecessor it was given the like its place of honor. When John Ledyard had received daily for two weeks a single white rosebud fragrant and beautiful beyond all the other roses that came to from whatever source, he felt a stirring of his curiosity to know some-thing of the giver. But trace the roses back of the florist he could not. The other presents that came to him lost their interest and he thought only of the unknown sender of the fragrant white blossoms. John Ledyard left Chicago and went to another city for a long engagement. The morning of his arrival there came to him at the hotel breakfast table a familiar package. It contained a white rose. For a year, wherever John Ledyard, successful actor and idol of the natinee girls, appeared, he received his daily white rose. Time after time bud he attempted to trace it to its source, but He though only. Th about it. though its its stem, s fice mental John Le little into

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of formality, save and except the form-alities of the duel ground ; and these castle. he understood well, and could practise to perfection.

What the plague, man !" he exclaimed, " don't be so stiff with me. Nonsense! you're an American citizen, and that's enough, sir ; give me your hand. Ducksville or Drakesville-I don't care a barley corn what ville you are, so you're a free American. Come, sir, let us be friends at once, and make no more pother about.'

'Excuse me, Captain Petersham you make a mistake. My name an't Ducksville or Drakesville ; my name is Weeks-Ephraim C. B. Weeks."

"O, hang the difference, man !---it's all the same—what matters it? Come, let's join Lee in his office—he's gone to order some refreshments, and I'm as dry myseli as a whistle;" and running his arm into the astonished American's, he dragged him along, speaking all the while with his usual rapidity. "Pshaugh! it's all balderdash-what's in a name ?-why, man, it don't signify a straw what you're called."

Well, no, not much, I reckon ; but if it's just the same to you, I'd rather be called Weeks-Ephraim Weeks.

Here's my card, sir, if you please—" "Card ! pshaugh—all humbug. Keep your cards, my dear sir, for those fool ish enough to use the toities. But if you choose to be called Weeks, I'll call you Weeks, certainly, sir; and an ex-cellent name it is for an American." "Well, it's sort o' handy like for a

business man.

"To be sure to be sure there's your secretary of legation, Mr. what the plague ! I can never remem-ber names-Mr.-Mr.-O confound it -Linkimdoodle-or something of that sort .- well, sir, he's a fine fellow, that Linkimdoodle, a right honest thorough oing republican as I ever met in my life. He has an odd name, to be sure ; but what of that ?- No one minds it-anything, you know, will do in a it—anything, you know, will do in a country like yours, when you've no houses yet, or pedigrees, or things of that description to trouble you. And so you're staying at Crohan with the Hardwrinkles. Well, I can only say I'm sorry for it—they'll ruin you, that's all—ruin you, sir, body and soul." "The Hardwrinkles are my cousins, Cantain Petersham."

Captain Petersham.'

Heigh! heigh! It's nothing but Roger here and Roger therebring the venison; Roger,

Roger, bring the venison; where's the champagne? Roger, the Burgundy? Roger, order this carriage, and Ro ger, order that lady's barouche. Heigh, heigh, heigh! Here he was seized by a fit of coughing which had the good effect of terminating his catalogue of complaints. och !" said he at length, when 'Och. at length, when he re-le breath, "the Lord be covered a little breath. with the time, Captain Petersham,

(bowing with great formality to that gentleman,) "when Roger had plenty of servants to assist him. But sure there's no help for it now, and as I burned the candle I must burn the inch ;" and the old man turned to quit the room.

'Stop, Roger; hold on; what have ou got here?" demanded the light-eeper, holding vp the decanter be-ween him and the light. you got here? There, sir?

"Yes, here, sir; look at it."

"Why, it's brandy, av coorse—what lse shud it be? Bat may be its's wine, er honor wants-ugh! ugh !-- what ind iv wine id you like, sir? I'll ring it immadiately.

"Wine! you old schemer, you know there's not a drop of wine in the house

" Me!"

"Ay, you; you know it well-no hasn't been these twelve months." "Och, och, the Lord luck to us!"

exclaimed Roger, raising his hands in grave astonishment; "it's wondherful -wondherlul, entirely. His mimory's clane gone, sir, (turning to Captain Petersham.) It's only the mather of four weeks, or so, since we got—let me see—ahem! ahem!—two pipes iv claret—one Madeira;" and he began to count them on his fingers—" ahem two iv claret—one Madeira—one—"

" Don't mind him, don't mind him, said the captain, rising from his easy chair, and good naturedly laying his hand on Roger's shoulder; "he's enough to vex a saint. Well, Rogerlet him do as he pleases; if he choose to refuse us a glass of wine in this beggarly way, why, we can remember it to him-that's all."

"O, my heart's broke wid him, yes honor."

"To be sure it is-you're a living

Well, them Balderstones of Skow-

hegan were tremendous smart men, I tell you; and cousin Nathan says they fought at Lexington like tigers and catamounts.

No, no; Caleb was of quite another character," replied the light-keeper. "He was born of a wizard, and shall live as long as the world lasts. Some, indeed, go as far as to say, that he and Campbell's last man are destined to expire together.'

"Well, he's not a mortal, I reckon." "No, sir, he's immortal as the gods. During this latter part of the con Roger O'Shaughnessy eturned as far as the room door, and remained standing on the threshold, for a minute or more, looking in. In the attitude he assumed he presented a striking appearance. His once tall and

powerful frame, now bent and wasted with years—the old laced coat hanging from his attenuated shoulders in em folds—the white hairs that still mained brushed us on each side, and meeting in a crest over his polished scalp, gave him the look of a fine old ruin, tottering to its fall, with all its friendly ivy dead in the dust, save a ew weak but faithful tendrils clinging

last to it stil'. "Excuse we, Mr. Lee, for interrupt ing you," said Weeks, "but the old gentleman here at the door seems to want something.

"What! Roger-well, Roger, what's

the matter ?" "Ahem !" said Roger, "ahem ! about the brandy, your honor." "Well-about the brandy-where is

t? why don't you bring it in? "The key-abem! the key of the cellar, sir," said Roger, without ven-turing to look at his master. "What of it?"

: Ahem ! It's not to be found, sir; you or Miss Mary must have it." "Me! I never touched the key in my life.

' Dear me, then, what's to be done, your honor? The brandy's in the cellar, and there's no key to open it.' "I don't believe a word of it; but did you ask Miss Lee for the

key ?" " She's not to be found, either, sir." "Ha, ha !-- I thought so. I knew all the time it would come to that at last." "If you could put up for this time the edge of the rock with the nimble the time it would come to that at last.

level with the window at American sat looking at them so intently. The distance between was not more than thirty feet ; yet near as it was, Weeks could have distinguished little more than their mere outlines, had not the great lantern, now lit up, shed its flood of light full on their persons, revealing every motion and feature distinctly to his gaze.

A shade of melancholy overspread the handsome face of the young man as he leaned on the boat hook, (with which he had climbed the rocks.) and conversed with his fair companion, His black, waving hair fell in profusion over his blue jacket, from the breast p which the silver mountings of breast pockets of a brace of travelling pistols glinted in the clear lamplight. His neck was entirely bare, as if the heat of the day, or his previous exertions, had obliged him to remove his cravat, and his whole bearing that of a brave, self-reliant, fearless young fellow, of honest heart and ready hand. Mary Lee stood by his side, dressed in acr blue kirtle and straw hat, the picture of angelic loveliness. Her face, always smiling before, was now pale and thoughtful, as if the melan-choly which shadowed the countenance of her companion had touched her eart. Her petite figure, as she leaned lightly against the rock, her modest eves bent on the green grass at her feet, her long auburn ringlets falling in showers over her shoulders, and above all, her unaffected simplicity of manner

gave her a striking resemblance to those beautiful creatures which Raphael paints in his Espousals of the Virgin. Once or twice she raised her eyes to those of her companion ; but she as often turned them away, as if the ness of his looks gave her pain. His gestures and motions were those of entreaty; but she, on her part, appeared to make no reply—save to shake her head and look up sorrowfully in his face. At length the voice of the sorrowfully light keeper was heard round the house. calling her in from the approaching storm, and she could stay no longer. As the moment of parting came, she drew from her bosom something re-sembling a medal or locket and chain,

and pressing it devoutly to her lips gently threw it over the young man' She then gave him her hand. neck.

was taught to do on such occasions. began to growl at the stranger, and would probably have sprung at him if Mr. Lee had not promptly interposed his authority, and commanded him to leave the room.

"How very strange!" said Mary, speaking to her uncle; "I never saw him act so rudely before."

"Some kink the old fellow has got in But I fear Mr. Weeks will find his first visit to us down here a very disagreeable one, so many things have conspired to make it so. The loss of his fishing tackle and his fine trouth to boot; then the absence of the in mates here, and his having to sit s long alone before any one came to bid him welcome; and finally, the unkind and ungenerous behavior of Drake: why, upon my word, Mr. Weeks, you must think Araheera light a very bar-

barous place. "O, don't mind-don't mind; I can get along, I guess, most anywhere. We'll make it all right yet. As for loss of the flies and casting line, I eel quite pleased about it, since it has ured me the acquaintance of ovely and accomplished a young lady as Miss Lee.

Mary blushed, hung down her head. and tried to say something; but her confusion at so blunt and unexpected a compliment silenced her completely The light-keeper, however, came to her ssistance. "If you talk to her in that style, Mr.

Weeks," said he, "you'll play the deuce with her-see, she's all over blushes already.

"We ell, I generally calculate to speak to the point, Mr. Lee. It was always my habit to be frank with every one, and I can safely say, I would be most willing to lose all the fishing tackle I ever owned, for the pleasure afforded me by this introduction ; she's a most beautiful and amiable girlthere's no mistake about it,—and I'm not ashamed to say so, though you are

her uncle. " Mary, the gentleman will set you away with you," he added, patting her affectionately on the cheek; "away into some corner and hide your blushes Mr. Weeks will excuse your further presence ;" and dropping her hand, he permitted her to shrink back and glide