

THE HALF SIR

By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Are you his mother, poor woman? I'm sorry for you." "May be if I wanted your pity, you wouldn't be so ready with it."

"Well," said Remy, "I heard a dale of Irish manners, but if I'm to take that for a specimen—"

"You'll get the worth of what you bring. I see what you are now, you unna'nt'ral cratur!"

"He wouldn't!" said Remy, coolly. "He wouldn't!" replied Mrs. O'Loone, lifting the tongs.

"Would you strike me in your own house?" said Remy, as the blow was about to descend over his eye.

The old woman seemed to hesitate between her desire of vindicating Remy's good name, and the obligation of hospitality which held her hand.

At length, flinging the utensil into the chimney corner, and throwing herself, with a wild burst of grief, into the chair, "I'll have you so Heaven!"

"I'd make you that you wouldn't be so free with your tongue. 'Twasn't a gentleman ever done or said what you did. 'Tis like you, you crute man you!"

And here, unable to continue her invective any further, Mrs. O'Loone lifted her apron to her eyes, and indulged herself in an unrestrained fit of sobbing and crying.

"Ah, now, see what this is!" said Remy, touched by the too great success of his ruse. "I never saw you for a woman, that there can't be any fun with you, you're so soft."

"Easy now—that'll do, mother: take your hands off me, I tell you, an' sit down there an' be quiet, and let me finish my dinner. One would think you were gone to make a man of me."

By a great effort, Mrs. O'Loone commanded herself, and taking a seat opposite to Remy, remained gazing at him, as if there were anything at all fascinating in his ill-favored countenance, while he gave her an account of his master's intentions with respect to his future residence in the country, and his desire that his nurse, Mrs. O'Loone, should come to live at Castle Hamond.

Minnie seemed to be made rather thoughtful by this proposition. She raised a moment, and then taking her blue rug clank from an old panelled chest behind her, and pinning a clean white kerchief over her head, she bade Remy to wait half an hour for her, while she stepped over the fields to Mr. Falahoe's, to speak one word with a lady that was lodging there, after which she would be ready to accompany her son to the Castle.

"'Twill be a hard thing to bring about," she said with herself, as she crossed the fields alone; "and still, poor dear, if it was a Turk that was there, they couldn't but do all in their power for her. Indeed, to say the truth, it's little admiration she should be afeard to go near him."

For several weeks after his return Hamond pursued in the strenuous practice of the resolution which he had formed on his return to his native land. The dawn of the morn beheld him in the fields, on his way to the bod-side of some suffering tenant, where he was accustomed to spend whole hours, when the number of his afflicted dependants was not so great as to claim a briefer division of his time. Like all other assistants, his fervour, in the new course which his smitten conscience had suggested to him, was pushed to a degree of indiscretion which might have made its endurance questionable, but for its connection with another feeling which time did not seem likely to remedy.

The more Hamond saw of the misery and of the dispositions of the impoverished classes of his countrymen, the more that dislike of the wealthy and high born, which had constituted the disease of his mind for many years, was irritated and increased, and (without seeking maliciously to detract from the merit of his benevolence) he might say, that the poor benefitted nearly as much by his resentment to their superiors as by his compassion for themselves. They, however, were unable to estimate his motives, and their blessings and their gratitude were unreservedly poured forth to his feet. The family who were fortunate enough to attract his attention on the morning of his arrival in an especial manner found occasion to rejoice in his bounty; and, tainted as his motives were by a hue of self-gratification and want of the unlimited charity which comprises friends and foes with indifference, and totally overlooks, if it does not sometimes contravene, the impulses of mere personal feeling, Hamond soon discovered that even the benighted and selfish generosity which he exercised was a surer means of acquiring habits of contentment and quiet feeling than any effort to distract his attention from the sorrows of his own soul by amusement addressed to the senses.

The peculiar habits of the people, nevertheless, occasionally gave him a great deal of annoyance. One scene, which took place during a visit which he made to a sister-in-law of Dunat (who was now become a snug steady cottager), may furnish the reader with a general idea of what those annoyances were.

"Well, Dunat," said Hamond, as he entered the girl's sick room, and perceived the patient considerably worse than he had left her on the preceding evening, "was the doctor with her today?"

"He was, please your honor, an' indeed he didn't seem over and above pleased."

"Why so?" "Upon her head, sir, he wanted to put it—a blister that is—an' he toul't the women to have the hair cut off, for it was the head-ache entirely that was killing her."

"And has it been done?" "No, please your honor, the women say 'tould spoil her for a corpse!'"

"How do you mean?" "To have the curls cut off; and besides, he was very angry in regard to the linen. To have it changed he wanted, sir, but they haven't only the other pair clean, and they want to keep them agen the wake."

"What wake?" "Her own wake, sir, if it pleased Heaven she went."

"Inhuman wretches!" Hamond exclaimed aloud. "Is it possible that you were calculating the circumstances of her funeral, while she was yet in the balance, and ready to sacrifice the chance of her life to your own abominable vanity? Let the directions of the physicians be complied with this instant."

"O sure if your honor likes it, 'touldn't be wishing to us for a dead to refuse you, sir," said Kitty, "but it was the girl's own wish as much as the rest."

To his unutterable astonishment, Hamond found that this was the fact. He remained, however, to see that his wishes were complied with in effect, and departed in a humor more meditative than usual. He regretted, nevertheless, the violence with which he had spoken to the poor people; for it was evident that the feeling was general, and his common sense told him that he meant mischief in removing it.

On the third day after this, Hamond had a better opportunity than ever of estimating the misery of his poor countrymen; for he lay himself locked fast in the leaden chains of the heavy and wasting pestilence which raged in the land.

CHAPTER IX.

I that loved her all my youth, Grow old, now as you see; Love lieth not the falling fruite, Nor yet the withered tree. For love is like a careless child, Forgetting promise past: He's blind or deaf, where he list: His faith is never fast. —Percy's Relics.

Tied down as he now was to the mournful solitude of a sick bed, Hamond was no longer able to amuse himself with his peace of mind, by fixing his attention on other subjects. His brain was enfeebled by the influence of the disease, and less calculated to resist the illusion which, independently of any pre-existing cause in Hamond's own mind, the alteration of the system alone would have occasioned. The hallucinations to which he soon became subject invariably connected themselves with the reigning melancholy of his mind, and became more striking and vivid according as his disease proceeded. The manner, too, in which real and imaginary events and objects were blended in his mind afforded matter for curious speculation, which the growing infirmity of his head did not hinder him from indulging. A few instances may enable the reader to comprehend the meaning, if (fortunately) his experience may not have made him already acquainted with it.

He had, on one occasion, fallen into a broken and heated slumber, in which he remained for some hours, dreaming of Emily, of her husband, and of her friend; placing the head of one upon the shoulders of another, and imagining all the fantastical changes which the despotism of a fevered fancy could suggest. He beheld his successful rival (for his success had reached his ears) lying dead, as he had been taken from the field to which some political quarrel had called him, (for this, too, Hamond had heard, though as yet the reader remains unacquainted with the circumstance), while Emily bent over him in all the agony of real sorrow, and contemplated the scene in silence for a minute, until it faded gently from his vision, and he awoke with a burning thirst. It was nearly dark, and Minny O'Loone, who was his nurse, had left a floating light upon a small table near the bedside, dropping the curtain so as to shade his eyes. He could perceive that some person was seated at the table.

"Minnie!" he said, faintly. The person, moved, and presently he heard her bell ring. A few moments elapsed while his thirst became almost torturing.

"Minnie, is this the way you treat me! Have you left me like all the world? I am dying of thirst," he murmured in a feeble voice, while his heart was filled with anger.

The curtain was slightly drawn, and a hand was presented to his view, in which was a cup of water. He drank it, and the hand was withdrawn. In a few moments after, Minny drew back the curtain, and took the vessel from him.

"Minnie," said he, as he looked on her withered and bony hand, "it was not you handed me that drink."

"Not me, darlin' child! O, what else, sir?" "Why did you not speak or look in upon me?"

"Getten it ready, may be, I was, sir."

"You rung the bell, Minny. For whom? Or who rung it?"

"For a token to Remy, sir, to have the seed of the free ready for me."

Hamond was silent, rather because the weakness of his frame disqualified him for sustaining the inquiry, than because the explanation of Minny perfectly satisfied him.

On the following evening, the window of his chamber being thrown up by the physician's desire, to admit the freest possible circulation of air, Hamond awoke from another fitful slumber, open his eyes on a red and cloudy sunset. He gazed, as he lay on his back, through the window, and fell upon the broad blood-colored disk of the lunary, as it slowly sunk below the horizon, while large masses of thick black clouds were gathered, in rocky fragments, about and above, as if ready to topple, and close, and crush it. All

the objects in the chamber were tinged with the dismaying light, and Hamond's eyes were pained at every attempt to turn them away, at the same time that he could not close them altogether—for when he did so, the balls felt as if they were burning beneath the lids. Strange and fearful figures (such as poor Fuselli would have suffered any night ready to be blessed with the sight of) darted rapidly upon his vision and vanished as quickly.

All the time he fixed his eyes on a wrinkle in the curtain, and felt as if that were the cause of all his suffering. A wind stirred it, and he fancied that an earthquake was shaking the whole world to pieces about him. In the midst of the many spectres that presented themselves with nearly all the vividness of reality before him, one in particular, which started upon him from a fissure in the hangings, rivetted his attention. It was that of a female face, pale and wasted—with dark hair and eyes moist with tears—one hand holding the handkerchief which was tied around her neck, and the other putting back the chintz-hanging from before the face. This appearance did not change so speedily as the others, but vanished at length when Hamond moaned in the excess of his debility, made exertions which he afterwards made were insufficient to bring it before his eyes.

On another occasion, when his disease approached its crisis, the sound of his own guitar coming, as it seemed to him, from a remote part of the building (an old pile almost worn out in the service of the family from whom Hamond's uncle had purchased the property) threw him back in indignation upon the days when he had sat by Emily's harp, to hear her sing those lines which he was fond of adapting to the ancient music of his native country. While he continued to indulge these recollections, her voice at length came back upon his memory so clearly and sweetly, though still dreamily distant, that he was enabled to trace one song (a little melody of the sunnyside, or sleepy mode, which we are told was formerly used by the national bards to lull the wearied warriors to rest in their chambers) through all its cadences. The words too sounded in his memory—he could almost fancy upon his ear. They were as follows:

Sleep, that like the couched dove, Broods o'er the weary eye; Dreams that with soft heavings move The heart of memory— Labor's quondam, soft rest, Fall like comfort on the brain. And sink the bustling to thy pain.

Far from thee are starting fears, And dreams the guilty dream; No banishes scarce thy drowsy ears, And thou art in the room. But tones of fairy minstrelsy, Flow like the music of sound o'er thee. So, the weariness of the cottage wake, And lull thee to a sweet farewell!

Ye, for whom the sunny hearth The fearful household clear; The lighted carmen hears— Ye, whose piny manims wake— Noiseless be your airy flight, Silent as the still midnight.

Silent go, and harmless come, Farest of the strid arm; Ye, who love the winter gloom, Bither bring your drowsy storm; Gather'd from the bright luminoe, Silent as the still midnight, The comfort of the poor man's sleep.

Before the last stanza had faded on his ear, Hamond was falling rapidly into a slumber as profound and salutary as that described by the melodist. The night passed away before he woke, and when he did so, he found that the usual salutary change had taken place in his system.

"If you'd excuse me spoken to you, sir," said Minny to him a few days after, when Hamond was able to sit up in the bed at ease, "I have something to say that I wouldn't without your bidden."

"Say on, Minny," said Hamond, rather amused by the thoughtful manner in which she prepared herself for the conversation whatever it might be.

"Why then, I will, sir, since you desire me," said Minny. Then seating herself by the bedside, and turning the tail of her bonnet over her shoulders, she said, "You're as dear to me, Mr. Hamond, an' I think worse of you than I do of my own almost for I nursed ye both together, an' if I did, sure I was well rewarded for it. But what's your trouble, sir, ever since you tuk ill, is to spake to you about your duty, if it be long since you do it. You know, Master Hugh, dear, how religious your family was, ever at Hamond it was always to think of Him, and try an' make your peace with Him for all you ever done, for I'm afeard entirely, Master Hugh, that you won't without goes astray an' neglect Him in foreign parts. Forgive me, Master Hugh, if I'm maken too free."

Hamond rarely affected by the tenderness and earnestness of her manner, as well as by the unworldly way in which she started a subject that had long lain dormant within his own bosom, though the blush of self-accusation which rushed into his cheeks showed that its embers were not extinguished, assured her with much warmth that he felt grateful for the kind interest in his welfare which her discourse manifested.

"I declare it makes my heart glad, sir, to see you so willing, for there's always great hopes that way. Go on, sir, with the blessing of heaven your bow will be green, as they say, before long."

"How do you mean, Minny?" "An old fable, sir, that they invented as a good moral about a great penitent that was there long ago, but you're too wake to hear it."

"Not at all, Minny. I feel quite strong since I took the chicken broth."

Say on, whatever it is." Minny accordingly complied and as her little tale furnishes a good specimen of the naive ignorance and strength of thought which are frequently combined in those legends, we are tempted to transcribe it for the reader's information.

"A couple, Master Hugh, that had a son that used to get his living soft enough by stalen an' doen everything that was indifferant (wicked)—an' his father an' mother could get no good of him, for he bot 'em reg'lar when they talked to him about his parish."

He went to the priest of his parish coming on Alster, an' says he, among mother things, 'I bot my father an' mother, says he, 'as often as I have fingers and toes, says he. The priest looked at him, 'Have mercy on you, you uafortunate man,' says the priest, 'how come you to do that? Go now— for I can't take you (Receive you into the Church. The reader will find an explanation of the practice alluded to by Minny in the evidence on the State of Ireland before the late Parliamentary Committee.) says he, un'til you get Pope's opinion, an' accordin to the opinion he'll give of you, I'll take you or not,' says the priest. Well an' good if he did, the boy went an' told his father an' mother, an' to be sure they made a great lara (lamentation) about his goin to the Pops. Well he got up airly next mornin before his breakfast an' he set off to the Pops, an' a long road he had to travel before he got to them. When he did, an' when he got foot upon the Pops's ground, every bit of it beg' a shaken under him. The Pope was sitten in his parlor the same time, an' he knew be the ground shaken that it was some bad member was comen to him. 'Run out,' says he to his servant, 'an' see what poor cratur is it that's comen to me,' says he. So the servant done his bidden, an' the boy comen along the ground on his bare knees, an' he brought him before the Pope. 'Erra, you poor cratur,' says the Pope, 'what's the reason o' your comen that way to me?' says he. 'The priest that sent me, please your reverence,' says the boy, 'to have your opinion o' me for bating my father and mother as often as I have fingers an' toes.' 'If you done so,' says the Pope to him again, 'you're in a bad way,' says he, 'an' I can't give any opinion of you,' says he, 'un'til you go to the wood an' get a withered tree an' go an' stand with it in the middle of such a river,' says he, 'an' stay there un'til your bough is green again,' says he. 'O murder,' says the boy, 'an' sure I'll be dead before half that time,' says he. 'I can't help you,' says the Pope. 'I can't give any opinion of you till you bring me the withered tree again,' says he. Well an' good, the boy went to the wood, an' he did he got a withered tree, an' went an' stud wit it in the middle of the river, waitin till it would get green with him. Well, one night, in the dead hour o' the night, when he was standin there, two highwaymen passed by, an' they driven a couple o' heifers before 'em. So one of 'em see this boy a one side in the dark un'til he was in the tree. 'Who's there,' says he. 'There was no answer. Well, 'Who's there?' says he again, 'for I'll put the contents of this through you,' says he, 'listen his gun. 'Oh, go along wit you,' says the boy, 'an' love me alone,' says he, 'to do my penance.' 'What harm is it you done?' says the highwayman. 'I bot my father an' mother as often as I have fingers and toes,' says he, 'an' so he up an' he told him another; 'an' I'm bather here now,' says he, 'an' I'm bough'll be green again,' says he. 'Murder alive!' says the highwayman, 'sure many's the time I bate my father,' says he, 'an' worse than that, says he, 'an' here, 'turnen to the other highwayman, 'take the cows and the gun,' says he, 'for my heart is changed, an' I'll have nothin to do wit you or your dooms any more,' says he, 'an' he did, he got a withered tree, an' he came an' stood by the boy. Well, Master Hugh, in less than twenty four hours after, the highwayman's bough was green, bekays he repented of his own accord, when the grace of heaven came on him, an' the other boy was there a twelvemonth before his tree was green, when his penance was accepted an' he was free agin."

Although Hamond was not one of those estimable characters who can find "sermons in stones, and good in everything," (we request that this over-worked apophthegm may never be quoted again,) he found matter for deep reflection in the quaint legend which Minny furnished him with, and which evinced a deep sense of the value of the poor peasantry are but little suspected. Happily for Hamond, his conscience had not as much to reproach him with in act as in omission, and he found the less difficulty in following up Minny's suggestion in the course of his convalescence. He found the immediate benefit of the exertion in a return of an almost infantine quietude and serenity of soul, which if it did not wholly and instantly uproot the poisonous herbage which had overgrown and overshadowed his spirit for many years, at least cut off the evil humours which fostered and encouraged it, and relieved him from the responsibility of wilful spleen against his fellows.

For several months after, Hamond continued, but in a calmer manner than before, his fitness to administer in every way that his fortune (unnumbered though moderate) enabled him to use to the comfort of his unhappy neighbors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the condition of all around him daily assuming the appearance of contentment, and that competence which constitutes the natural and legitimate expectation of every member of the humbler classes, and the strength of the entire country.

He was not a little grieved nevertheless, to find that the common prejudices of the people, on the subject of high birth and family, ran, in direct opposition to his own feelings, and that his services, generous and open-hearted as they were, lost something of their influence on the minds of those on whom they were conferred, by their recollection of his own humble origin, which made him appear almost as one of themselves—a feeling which on occasion

they did not hesitate to express. This, however, was among the least of the many mortifications which poor Hamond experienced in the course of his life, and he made up his mind to endure it without much difficulty. Neither was his affliction extreme at finding the usual ceremonial which a stranger or absentee looks for on his return from a long absence, or his occupation of a new residence, neglected by the gentry in his neighbourhood. Nobody visited him, but that was not the cause for which his heart was pining.

He might, nevertheless, have worn out in peace the remainder of his life (now falling a little into the "yellow leaf,") if it were not for an unexpected incident which intruded fiercely upon his solitude, and brought back all his miseries upon his heart in greater force than ever.

He was sitting in his apartment in the afternoon of a cool November day, musing over the turf fire, which the already sharp frosts rendered agreeable, when Remy entered the room, with a face of unusual mystery and importance, to say that a strange gentleman was below, who wished to see Mr. Hamond. "Mr. Hunter he says his name is, sir," Remy added, and then speaking in a whisper, and with a face of deep wisdom—

"Mr. Hunter he says his name is, sir, that I caught his horse when he headed at the Rock o' Foynes."

Hamond remembered the name, as that of the gentleman to whom Emily's friend Martha O'Brien was betrothed when he was in Dublin, although that gentleman being then in his native country, Hamond had no opportunity of knowing him personally. The sudden appearance of a person, even thus discreetly connected with the history of that unhappy period of his life, agitated and stirred up in his mind an inconsiderable degree. It was some time before he could command himself sufficiently to bid Remy show him the stairs.

Mr. Hunter introduced himself in a gentlemanly modest way; referred with a delicacy, at which even Hamond's critically sensitive heart could not take exception, to the circumstances which seemed to warrant him in seeking Hamond's acquaintance; and apologized for having so long deterr'd his visit, the interval having been wholly occupied by the efforts which he had made to discover the fellow who had fired on him from the rock.

"I have caught the ruffian at last," said he, "though that very circumstance only renders my own chance of safety from similar attempts the more questionable. This, however, is but a very insignificant episode, in the dark and bloody history of the fearful and silent system of rebellion which is fast spreading through the country. I am looked to with a peculiar dislike, as I happen to be one of those who exclaimed against the immortal pusillanimity of the Round Robin, which was signed by the magistrates of this county, at the beginning of the disturbances."

"Indeed, I heard of that abroad," said Hamond, "and blushed for my native Limerick."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS RELINQUISHED OPPORTUNITY.

By Walter M. Eckerton.

It was the evening before election day in Cornville, and the town had reached a state of almost hysterical excitement.

Young Frank Burroughs had left the noisy town with its crowded excited bars, pool-rooms, and lunch counters and had reached his home and thrown himself wearily into a chair in the little room he called his office. He was tired, but not depressed. It had been an exhausting struggle and he had bled his energy and grit, but hope of the final struggle, he felt more cheerful and confident than he would have liked to confess.

His youth, which so many of his friends had feared would prove an obstacle, seemed, on the contrary, to have helped with indifference to the success most probable. The man who is not over anxious often wins. But now that success seemed in sight, his estimate of it was suddenly increased and he began to feel tremulously certain that this was a turning point, a significant period in his career. He thought of his father and mother, with whom he lived, and of the brothers who were not in professions, but whose assistance had helped to make his education possible and he knew just how happy and proud they would all be if he succeeded.

He reflected, as he leaned back in his chair, that unless the Fourth ward went against him his election was probable. And the influential man in the Fourth Ward was Joe Boles, a man who had never yet shown any antagonism toward him.

He sighed happily as he left his chair in answer to a ring at his door. As he opened the door the bulky form of a large, middle-aged man stepped in from the street, and he recognized in his late visitor, Joe Boles.

"Hello, Frank," he said. "Thought maybe you'd got home by this time, so I just stopped in to see you for a minute."

"Walk right in, Mr. Boles, and take a chair. A nasty night."

Conducting his visitor into the little office, the young lawyer took a chair

opposite to him, waiting for him to speak. Joe Boles had taken his cigar from his mouth, and held it between his fingers, looking at it as he spoke.

"Yes, it is a little bit rainy. Well, things look pretty good for you to-morrow. Frank, eh? Yes, it looks like a pretty sure thing."

He passed and the younger man mused politely and waited.

"Of course," the other went on, "you know how the wards stand, and you know as well as I do, I suppose, that it all depends on the Fourth, it simply means that our ward can elect you or defeat you in this fight."

Young Burroughs bowed his head in acquiescence and still waited. Something in the man's manner made him listen almost breathlessly, and when Mr. Boles leaned forward and glanced at the same time about him uneasily, the candidate hastened to assure him that they were quite alone and would not be disturbed.

"Well," said Mr. Boles, clearing his throat a little, and again surveying his cigar, "I suppose you know that what I say goes with my ward people. It's the same as if I was the ward myself. Now, if I elect you, I suppose you won't object to doing me a favor. Just a regular business arrangement, you know—that's the kind of man I am—you do a thing for me and I do a thing for you. Understand?"

"Yes," said the young man, slowly. "And you want me to—"

"It ain't much. Just a little thing that won't hurt you in any way. County Court's been going on here for the last few days, and was adjourned to day till after elections. Now, there's a case coming up for trial day after to-morrow that I'm sort of interested in. I mean Jack Darkin, who was arrested for stabbing the Italian saloonkeeper in Cowton a few months ago."

"Yes," Young Burroughs nodded. "And I understand," the other went on, "that you are going to defend him, and show the jury it's only circumstantial evidence, and to convince them that he's innocent."

"Yes," said Burroughs again, quietly. "Well, of course, it ain't much of a case, anyway," Boles told his cigar with some energy, "I mean it don't amount to much, only low-brow, bar-room mix-up that nobody cares even to hear about. But I got reasons of my own why I want you to defend me, to suffer for it; not that I don't mean, but to go to jail for manslaughter or whatever it is."

"You mean you think he was guilty that it was he who dealt the fatal blow?"

The other man's eyes left the cigar, from which he had just drawn a mouthful of smoke, and his glance met the lawyer's squarely for a moment.

"No, I don't," he said slowly. "I don't mean that. I don't know a thing about it. But I want him to go to jail. I want him to suffer. I got a grudge against him and I'm going to get even, that's all. He's in a hole, and I'm going to jump on him," he ended with rough directness.

Young Burroughs raised his eyes slowly from the floor, at which he had been gazing steadily, and looked at his visitor. He was used to seeing men sell out and he wanted to be sure that he understood.

"You have a grudge against this man," he said, "and you ask me to return for your using your influence for my election to-morrow, to—to not try to prove his innocence?"

"That's it," said the other eagerly. "All you got to do is—do nothing. He laughed. "And not say too much. You see, I know, and you know how you can talk when you want to, and it'll just take about your prettiest talking to get Darkin out of this scrape. If you don't try too hard it'll go hard with him. And that's all you got to do—not try too hard."

Young Burroughs head went up proudly with a contemptuous hardening of the features. Did this signify a consideration such a proposition for a moment? Did he imagine that the practice of law meant such miserable, dirty business as this? The thing was not merely insulting and sickening, it was ridiculous and laughable. But he would be calm, he assured himself, and dismiss this person with freezing politeness.

"It's up to you," Boles was saying, his eyes searching the younger man's face furtively. "It's for you to say, I got what I want and you got what you're after. Maybe you don't want the office of Recorder as bad as what this comes to. But I guess you're too shrewd a young fellow not to see the thing right. Some young politicians start in with high flown notions that handicap them for a few years till they get sense. But they find in the end that this compromising's got to be done and they do it—or they're read ones."

Young Burroughs had turned his head partly to one side and his glance was fixed on the window against which a fine rain was beating with a faint, tinkling sound. He had stopped formulating sentences with which to dismiss his visitor and was picturing to himself his failure as a candidate.

He thought was a bitter one, for he had been contemplating the possibility of evening a picture in other words, the misery of it was that to the public, to the large majority the real cause of his failure would not be known.

He was not used to defeat any more than he was used to success and as the power of one to hurt was as great as the other to please. It was an easy thing, he reflected deliberately, that he was asked to do. The strong speeches such force cost him more effort than people thought. The eloquent pleading that seemed so natural and almost easy represented the thought and labor of years. His ambitions had always laid in a political direction and he had reason that his talents seemed best adapted for success in that line. There was some truth, he knew, in all that this man had said to-night. How near it came to being the whole truth, he wondered. Did he lack worldly wisdom? and was it synonymous with

dishonesty—and indispensable for a "Well," said ing forward a li from his cigar Frank? Before the yo than shrink imp familiarity th tones, there wa that connecte of the house. little, and his threshold. She whitening hair expression, was engaged, and withdrew door. "I say 'no,' young lawyer, my head to d what I believe crime." "You mean that you wo "I mean that slaughtered a There was Young Burrou The visitor ro Good-night, "I'll be a tere'd, 'you'l name of being one, don't you "I have no bid you good- "Well," sa spreading out held his hat "I gave you wha I'll be a tere'd, "Heigh," he w walked slowly the curtain His hands w head was t thrown back while his lip one at his si Then he tur half into the hat alone. I kissed her. They said ceived the w with a cal seemed to be And for a d shone with a understanding —Donald's Rev. Berna "Why do pence penan Why do Cat for their sin Do you bell all-sufficien When God d deserved pu as in the "To-day she dise." (Lul After c asked to pe he might b God, and t poral puni given sins. clares the sinner mo substitute into more viii.) Frequent that God sin—th without in punishment (Wisdom o bellious J 20:23, M xxiv, 51, etc David, for his n given by de of sinners in the hel Christ, ourself Christ, tism an interie of God's satisfacti sins so Christ-ourself things Who n not wi ing is Wh (Trent al. As evider Christ death nounc glad ill. I passa But wron excec eral when