CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

The Drunkard's Daughter.

Ont in the street, with naked feet, I gaw the drunkard's little daughter; Her tattered shawl was thin and small; She little knew, for no one taught her.

2

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled, Hope promised her no brighter morrow ; Or, if its light flashed on her night, Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said: "We have no bread, No wood to keep the fire a-burning." The child was ill: the winds were chill, Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad, And ladies robed in riches fashion Passed on the side where no one cri To them for pity or compassion.

That long night fied, and then the light Of rosy day in beauty shining. Set dome and spire and roof on fire. And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone, Where no dear parent ever sought her, In winding sheet of snow and sleet, Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

LILY LASS.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

PROLOGUE BY GEOFFREY LONGSTAFF, OF NEW YORK, AUTHOR.

CHAPTER III. - CONTINUED. The present Lord Mountmarvel felt

no very great interest in his parent and predecessor. That was one of the pleasant family characteristics of the race, for which, perhaps, Lord Mount-marvel was to be less excused than others of his ancestors. He had known very little of his father personally; he had been brought up abroad, and had met his sire perhaps a dozen times in his life. But he had heard enough his life. But he had heard enough about him to wonder as much as he wondered about anything what ever his father and Mr. Geraldine had enjoyed and appreciated in common.

"Perhaps the old boy is not as solemn as he looks," Lord Mountmarvel reflected ; and he glanced again at the girl, who was now looking out of the window, so that he only saw part of a soft check and a quantity of curling brown hair. He felt that he was called upon to say something, so he dismissed from his mind the two problems which had agitated his brain into unwonted reflections, and smiled amiably upon Mr. Geraldine.

'Any promise of my father's I should always be glad to fulfil," he said ; '' but in this case I feel an especial pleasure in obeying his wishes. Mountmarvel Castle and all within it are most heartily at your service.

He paused for a moment, and Mr. Geraldine bowed quietly. Mountmarvel looked at the girl again

and began, "I should be delighted if you would do me the honour

He was going to frame an invitation for father and daughter to come and stop at Mountmarvel, but his words were interrupted by a slight cry of surprise from the girl, followed by a sudden noise in the street, which momentarily increased in volume.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Geraldine, rising and walking to the window. Mountmarvel followed his glad of an excuse which brought him nearer to the girl, and all three looked down with curiosity into the street, which presented a scene of

On the opposite side of the street to the Crown Inn, and considerably to the right, there stood at this time a building which had its story too. was a kind of Assembly Rooms ; in old days it had been a sort of Almack's, much frequented by such of those last century Bucks and Bloods as kept sober enough after dinner to think of dancing, and by a good many who did not keep sober enough, but who thought of

Mountmarvel and the girl were looking down from the Crown windows, a great crowd was gushing. Instead of flow-ing away, however, up or down the street or wherever its business and desires might direct, the crowd settled down solidly into a dense mass about the doors from which it had just emerged. Intoit, asif in obedience to that of its natural law which regulates the attrac tion of small bodies by greater, many of the passers-by were absorbed, and waited about the door too in their turn,

helping to swell the volume of the crowd. Lord Mountmarvel grinned im

patiently. attently. "It's only those rebels holding a meeting," he explained to the girl. He was going to say "those damned rebels," but the sudden recollection of

a woman's presence checked him, and he consoled himself for his deprivation by thinking a few comfortable oaths to himself and yawning slightly to express his general contempt of all rebels in general, and of the particular rebels of the Desmond Confederate Club in particular.

The girl looked up in surprise. "Rebels! What rebels?" she asked,

eagerly. Mountmarvel seemed a little puzzled.

"Oh, you know," he explained, "those Young Irelanders or Repealers, or whatever they call themselves. Trot about with tin pikes, you know, and denounce the tyrant Saxon, and all the

rest of it. "A flash of anger came into the girl's eyes.

"'I suppose they are patriots," she said. "As much patriots as Poles or Hungarians or Venetians." "Not at all," Mountmarvel an-swered, half amused at her impetuosity.

'The Poles and the Hungarians and the Venetians are fighting for their country's liberty, you know. " And are not these men seeking the liberty of their country?" the girl

asked, quietly. Mountmarvel shook his head.

"Oh dear no," he answered. "These fellows are all wrong; they have nothing to complain of. I had half a mind to run over to Venice myself and lend Manin a hand ; but these fellows - oh no, they are too ridicuous.

Mord Mountmarvel smiled in pitving condescension on the young woman who could possibly see any resemblance between Young Irelanders and pictur-Italian patriots. The esque gir stared at him for a moment, with a little frown on her forehead. If she had spoken the thoughts in her mind just then, she would probably have suggested that Daniel Manin did not lose a very valuable ally in Lord Mountmarvel. But whatever her thoughts were she kept them to her self, and turned her eyes upon the street again. Mr. Geraldine, who had hitherto kept silence, broke the slightly

awkward pause. "I know very little politics," h said, "either here or in England. I am myself of Irish descent, and men of my name and race have played their part in the history of this island. But had other things to do. I know have

very little about politics." Lord Mountmarvel had begun neat little speech to the effect that the loss was rather that of politics than of Mr. Geraldine, when he was inter-rupted by a loud cry from below.

The crowd, which had hitherto been example of antique splendor. sufficiently quiet and patient, began to display symptoms of intense excitement, to sway to and fro, and to utter shouts of wild and startling enthusiseemed to refuse, admittance into the keep. Over this forbidding portal two grinning dragonish gargoyles sprang dancing none the less, and executed many an eccentric evolution and im-and clamour was a young man who and clamour was a young man wh fiercely into the air, as if they were had just made his appearance on the trying with all the strength of their steps of the hall, and was endeavoring, as well as the enthusiasm of the popu stone hearts to fly away bodily with all that was left of the castle ; higher still lace would let him, to make his way a carved slab displayed a mouldering through the crowd. He was a tall shield, whose coat of arms was slight young man, whose dark skin shining dark eyes, and midnight hair roughly used by time that it might puzzle the efforts of a whole herald's made him look as if he had stepped college to decipher the iron passant from one of those courtly canvass grasping a wheat-sheaf which once was proudly blazoned on it. upon which Velasquez has painted the sombre beauty of the proudest name In the middle of the door a small The Celtic type is dark, but of Spain. wicket with a sliding panel enabled the this was Spanish darkness-darkness occupant or janitor of the tower to that was even Moorish in its intensity scrutinize any daring individual who His face was very pale, and his eye might wield the heavy hammer-shaped were bright with excitement, but his knocker, which rust had corroded features wore an air of almost stoical almost into a formless mass of iron composure. The crowd closed about him, shouled The Castle of Giant Despair could not for joy at him, cheered itself hoarse over him, shook hands vehemently present a more forbidding, ominous ex terior than this strange survival of an ancient day. with him, well-nigh pulled him in

uncongenial surroundings. Some magnificent gentlemen-at-arms in the golden armor newly wrought from the hands of Benevenuto Cellini would scarcely have appeared less out of his element in the midst of a "agged gang of Callot's fantastic beggars than did space. this grey ancestral keep in the centre f its sordid neighbors. The stranger whom chance or business directed to this part of the city, where few strangers made their way for sight

pleasure, would be sure to find his indifferent gaze suddenly diverted from the unlovely labyrinth through which he picked his path, and arrested by the

sight of the parapet of the tower frown-ning down at him over the chimney-pots of the stunted dwelling that environed it. If he had an eye for architecture, he would at once recog nize Norman handiwork in the vener able tower; if he was more than ordinarily versed in the art, he would see that there were traces in the keep of the material, and something of the form, of another and earlier structure. If, as it was but likely, he became in terested in this strange survival of ancient days, this architectural Oisin in the middle of a throng of degenerate descendants, he would probably en deavor to obtain a nearer view of the

building. This endeavor he would find by ne

means easy of fulfilment. The top of the tower was obvious enough to all the world, but its base upon the solid earth, its portal opening to admit admiring humanity, appeared at first to be absolutely undiscoverable. If the wander ing stranger of my fancy were at all of my own disposition, and cherished a strong dislike to asking his way, he would inevitably beat about for a considerable time through one dingy stree and dreary alley after another most un-successfully. Were it not that the successfully. Were it not that the crown of the tall tower was present to his upturned, wondering gaze at every turn, a jagged, ivy-grown reality, with the rooks wheeling in funerea

circles about its summit, he might b pardoned for fancying that the earth had bubbles as the water hath, and the tower which he sought was one of them. At last, just at the moment when he might be preparing to consider his pur pose as hopeless of gratification as the eternal ambition of the Flying Dutch man, he would in all probability light upon the clue to the heart of the mys

terv In the middle of one side of one of the smallest and most sombre streets of the quarter there was a gap in the line of houses. Not a complete gap, break ing the continuity of the dwellings but a square aperture, the size of hal a house, over which the concrete hal of the habitation was suspended and supported by the neighbor buildings on either side. Through the apertur of this eccentric archway, or rathe doorway, lay the approach of the tower The tower stood in a kind of close quadrangle, of which the four sides were formed by the backs and sides of poor tumble-down houses, and to which the only entrance was through the gap already described. It rose straight up from the ground-erect, uncompromis ing, strongly built and bastioned, as

grim and rigid as some Norman knight whom incantation had suddenly stiff-ened into stone. It was evidently the keep, or stronghold, of some castle, of which all the frailer portion had crumbled long since into dust, leaving only this stubborn survivor as a gaunt

A worm-eaten oaken door, heavily clamped with iron, gave, or rather

moment when Mr. Geraldine and Lord ancient tower amid its strange and thing visible was a lean, black cat, picking its dreary way through the varied refuse which littered the open As soon as the animal became aware of an unwonted presence in its hunting-grounds it arched its back, enlarged its tail, and swore fiercely at the intruder; then, with an angry squall of mingled fear and fury, it darted towards the aperture of a neigh boring cellar and disappeared from Mr. Geraldine - for the wandering

stranger was no other than the schola -smiled slightly.

"One might well believe," he said to imself, "that this old tower was himself. haunted, and that yonder black cat was its evil genius-one of those lost angels of the East, who recognized in me the power of my amulet and fled to avoid exorcism and chastisement."

As he spoke the scholar glanced at the ring upon his right hand, a signet, minutely and exquisitely carved with inscriptions in an Oriental character.

"But what," Mr. Geraldine mused "will it avail me to be armed with the seal of Solomon, or all the occult learn-ing of the Kabbala, if I can find no one to tell me anything about this en. chanted castle?

Once more he looked around him, seeking some fellow-man to explain the mystery of the old tower. But no one de an appearance, and at last the scholar, losing patience, stepped close up to the iron-clamped door, and, clasping the rusty knocker in his slender, scholastic fingers, beat a loud tattoo upon it.

The noise resounded through the old building, and woke up a whole com-pany of unexpected echoes in the silent High above a cloud of quadrangle. High above a cloud of rooks, startled by the unusual clamor, swooped out into the free air to see whe troubled their morning slumbers, hovered a few seconds overhead, and swept back again into their leafy lodging, cawing indignantly in protest at the invader of their ancestral quiet. Mr. Geraldine's knocking, however.

produced no other effect, and, after short pause, he again plied the knocker with a greater lustiness than might be expected from his slender fingers.

I am convinced that there is some one inside," he whispered to himself, "and I will rouse up the warder of this weird place if I have to rattle a black sanctus about his ears.

As he spoke Mr. Geraldine wielded the knocker for the third time, and with more successful result. The castle was evidently inhabited, and its occupant had been roused by Mr. Geral dine's summons. A fumbling was dis tinctly audible on the other side of the door, and presently the panel of the little wicket flew sharply back, and a face made its appearance at the open

ng. The face, as well as Mr. Geraldine could distinguish it across the bars in tervening, was a man's, but any doubt that the scholar's eye might entertain as to the sex of the janitor was speedily settled by the evidence of his ears. masculine voice of the most harshly grating description interrogated him through the wicket. surlily

"Who the divil may you be?" the voice demanded, rumbling out the words syllable by syllable, as if every consonant conveyed its own special im precation and every vowel were a condensed curse.

"Who the divil may you be, disturb ing decent folk with your thumpings? The salutation was none of the civil ist, but Mr. Geradline responded to his gloomy quertioner with bland polite-

ness. "I regret to have disturbed you, my

your service, with my apologies for intruding upon your privacy." Neither Mr. Geraldine's soft speech

nor the sight of his silver had any soothing effect upon the irascible jani tor. For a moment the fiery eyes be-hind the grating glared covetously upon the piece of money in Mr. Ger-aldine's open palm; then the lids drooped over them to shut out the shining temptation, and the voice snarled out again hoarser than before with anger.

"To blazes with you and your dirty money. If you'll wait till I find my-self on the other side of the door. self you'll have reason to rue your visit to the Red Tower."

Here the panel of the wicket was savagely slammed to, while a noise as fumbling fingers endeavoring in darkness to draw bolts and loosen chains warned Mr. Geraldine that the ferocious warder of the strangely named tower intended to put his threat into execution

"The Red Tower," said Mr. Ger-line to himself. "Well, I have aldine to himself. "Well, I have learned something from the oracle, but if ever building yet were oddly named the Red Tower, it is that building.

CHAPTER V.

THE RED TOWER'S MASTER.

A voice behind him broke in upon his musing, a strong, deep voice that was very sweet too, sweet and melancholy as the voices of Celts mostly are, whether gentle or simple.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" the voice asked. Mr. Geraldine turned on his heel, faced the owner of the voice, and was immediately fascinated by a pair of the darkest eyes he had ever beheld in a young man's countenance. The new omer was dark even to swarthiness his hair had the dead lustreless black ness of the locks of Syrian shepherds on the dusky olive of his skin the closely shaven cheeks cast a bluish shadow. His eyes, piercingly, almost painfully bright, were fixed in quiet inquiry upon Mr. Geraldine.

The scholar stared for an instant in silent amazement.

The newcomers-for his interrogator was accompanied by another young man, who was well-nigh as char-acteristically fair as the other was dark-had approached so silently that he had no knowledge of their vicinity

until the question fell upon his ears. "Has my talk about Solomon's seal conjured up a Jinn to my assistance ? I ought to know something of the East, and if that man hasn't Arab blood in his veins and the night of Arab skies in his eyes, I'll change my rarest manuscript of Sa'adi against a penny song book

This was what Mr. Geralding thought; what he said was simply nothing. He only gazed at the young nenor rather at the young man, for he paid no heed to the fair-haired companion-and was silent. The young man repeated his ques

tion courteously. "Can I be of any service to you" I live here."

Mr. Geraldine found his tongue, and

spoke, smiling. "Some mollification for your giant," he quoted. "If this be your house" —and he waved his hand towards the Red Tower—"I fear I have offended your housekeeper. Impelled by an antiquarian devil of curiosity, I sought to gain some information about this highly interesting building, and I fear he did not take my queries in good Indeed, I must regard you as part. the deity out of a machine come to shield me from the probable punishsome thrist for

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on account of sickness. I believe the dis is expelled from my system, I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 E. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

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provised many an unexpected figure on its shining floors, to the vast amaze-ment of the young ladies and the almost unutterable indignation of their elders -the matrons who fringed the walls, and who declared, in absolute defiance of the truth, that young men had never so behaved in their salad days.

But in proportion as the credit and renown of the Crown Inn grew, the reputation of the old Assembly Rooms over the way faded and dwindled. At last, after many and varying fortunes, which had only the consistency of bringing the building a step or two lower in the social scale, it had passed into the hands of a local auctioneer, who let it for all manner of purposes to wandering circuses, strolling play ers, itmerant lecturers, conjurors, and the ministers of eccentric Transatlantic It was even said that a Morcreeds. mon apostle had once essayed to spread his peculiar gospel within its walls, but he found it prudent to act upon a hint from magisterial authority, and carry his ideas away with him unven-tilated.

Of late it had become a place for the Repeal holding of political meetings. had been thundered from its platforms : the great apostle of Emancipation had himself harangued enraptured audi-ences within its walls. Now Young Ireland, rampant, rebellious, passionate held its daily and its nightly meetings there, and the old walls echoed passages of fiery oratory and the wild applause of hands that were eager to handle weapons. How all this had come to pass was an unexplained mystery to the Philistines. Perhaps the auctioneer-landlord had some odd strain of national blood in his body perhaps the Young Irelanders paid their footing sufficiently freely and regularly to justify him in saying that he didn't care what anybody said so long as he got his rent duly. At all

events, there was the amazing fact Young Ireland had in a manner its headquarters in the old Assembly Rooms, and that the Desmond Confederas the Young Ireland Assoate Club, ciation called itself, held its tempestuous meetings there daily and nightly.

On the afternoon after Lord Mountpieces in its frantic demonstrations of With the aid of some of his marvel's visit to the Crown, such a stranger as I have imagined made his friends the young man succeeded in shaking off his admirers, got on to a way among the purlieus of this city, and did play at hide-and-seek with the car, which drove slowly down the street, followed by the huzzaing mob. old tower, through tortuous lanes and As the car passed under the windows narrow winding alleys.

of the Crown the young man looked up, and his eyes met the eyes of the girl looking down at him. She leaned back immediately with a little cry, as if of pain, almost involuntarily put her hand on Lord Mountmarvel's arm. edifice with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Who is that?" she said, in a low "Who is that?" voice. Lord Mountmarvel looked after the

lelight.

car with a sullen scowl.

"That," he said, "is a fellow called Murrough MacMurchad, a rascally rebel and demagogue. He is the de-scendant of a scoundrel who killed my great grandfather.

CHAPTER IV. THE RED TOWER.

Out of a network of small house and squalid lanes in the most crowded less as the tower itself ; no signs of and poorest part of the town rose, and human animation appeared at any of the deserted windows. The only living I believe still rises, a single stately tower, lifting, like the great Achille in the epic, its embattled head high above its companions. There was What is more annoying than going about constantly hawking and spitting? This is the result of catarrh, and Nasal Balm will cure any case when faithfully used. something peculiarly surprising and Out of the doors of the hall, at the 'even pathetic in the apperance of the

interrupted him with some muffled sounds, which Mr. Geraldine correctly interpreted as an angry repudiation of his proffered amity. Nothing daunted, however, Mr.

Geraldine went on again. "I was very anxious," he said, "to

learn the name, and, if possible, some-thing of the history of this building, and I thought you might be able to assist me.

There was a brief pause in the gloomy mutterings behind the door. Mr. Geraldine rashly interpreted the silence in his favor. He was speedily undeceived. Through the grating came a whirlwind of words more furi-ous than the first. The audacity of Mr. Geraldine's conduct had apparently staggered the unknown gate keeper for a breathing-space only to goad him into greater wrath. These

were the vials he emptied upon the head of Mr. Geraldine

"May the divil and all his imps fly away with you for knocking me up with such a fool's question. If you've no better use for your tongue than such thrash, I've more respect for my

When at last the stranger, after shoes than to go wearing them out infinite expenditure of pains and patience, did pierce his path between running upstairs and downstairs to answer your catechisms. Be off about your business, and bad luck attend the divided houses, and enter upon the quadrangle which contained the

Though the reception was not re ancient keep, he surveyed the grim assuring, Mr. Geraldine again at

tempted a parley. "" 'My friend," he began again, courteously. He was good-tempered, as a scholar ought to be who wishes to After a careful inspection of the ex terior, made with an eye that was evidently practised in antiquarian re search, the stranger advanced towards do good work in the world, and the stern rebuffs of the porter only amused the stern portal, and after scanning for a few moments with an air of puzzled curiosity the worn and blurred outlines

my thoughts; I trust you will find of the heraldic bearings upon the defaced escutcheon, looked around him none in my actions. If a trifle "-here the scholar took out his purse and exinquiringly for some one to give him information about the venerable tower. tracted half-a-crown -No one was to be seen, however would not prove unacceptable, it is heartily at The houses whose sides formed the quadrangle appeared to be as silent and life

Nearly all colds are slight at first, but their tendency is to so lower the system that the sufferer becomes a ready victim to any prevalent disease The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the beginning of a cold, would guard against the danger.

nent for my medd knowledge.

The dark man smiled slightly ; the fair one laughed outright and loudly.

Mr. Geraldine laughed too; and as they laughed the door of the Red Tower swung back upon its hinges and revealed an extraordinary being

framed in its opening. A short, broad-bodied being, huge of hand and foot, with a rough head of dust-colored hair, visage a deep brick-red, and eyes that blazed with wrath -a very embodiment of furious, misshapen, physical strength ; the thews of a giant compressed into the bulk of a dwarft's body.

At the sight of the three laughing men the color of his face dulled down, and the anger of his eyes changed to wonder.

The young man who had questioned Mr. Geraldine addressed his eccentric servitor reproachfully. "Since when, Cormac, has the Red

Tower shut its door upon the stranger?" Then, turning to Mr.

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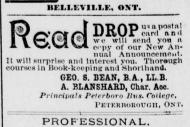
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