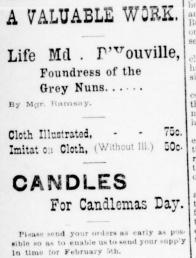


ning tastes go He grumbles at the waiter, as the case may and let it go at that. The fact

appetite " and let it go at that. The fact is that the man is in a precarious con-dition and, if he continues to neglect his health, is a candidate for consumption or some equally terrible malady. If a man doesn't wish to "dine with death for a waiter" he should take the right remedy for "hitle ills." as they arise, and thus ward off the "big ones." When a man's appetite is "finicky." arise, and thus ward off the "big ones." When a man's appetite is "finicky," when his liver is torpid, when he feels "headachey," dull, listless and generally out of sorts, he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite keen, the liver active, the blood pure, the brain clear and the whole body alert and energetic. If the bowels are constipated Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure that. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures 98 per cent, of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, catarrhal, bronchial and throat troubles. or consumption, wea bronchial and throat

ve years ago cight different doctors would live but a short time. I had

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure con-stipation. One little "Pellet" is a dose.



Our SANCTUARY OIL is the Best in the Market.



123 Church St., 1669 Notre Dame St TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUE.

WANT OF GENERAL THE THE

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED. Christy had enforced secrecy on his r. And it was impossible to keep a secret as Christy's return from father. such a secret as Christy's return from "the neighbors." The news soaked through and through the little commun-ity till all minds were saturated with it. Then it began to break out in little rivu-lets of talk. When the neighbors, men and women, when dows were "giving a day to his e passed.

Sometimes it was Christy who found the other two in the line before him, walk-ing slowly, with the gentleman's lips, as he thought, too near the tempting beanty of the young girl's face, while he whisp-ered gay nothings in her ear, and she listened, and blushed, and smiled. Then it was Christy's time to pass, with face as stolid as gray stone, and as hard to read as an Egyptian inscription, but with hot wrath in his heart. girls and boys, were "giving a day to his honor wid the hay "gossip buzzed about

"Christy Culkin's home again, that was off with the ould Master on his

"Musha now, do you tell me so. And what news has he of the ould Master at all, at all?

"Divil a word, good or bad, is there out

Then sure it's bad work that was in it or hen sure it's bad work that was intered or he wouldn't be so close. Maybe it's et by them blacks he was, "hazarded a lean, blear-eyed, hungry-looking man who was known in the village as Greedy Dather and was nonularly supposed to guessed, was sny enough to hanker after the gay young beauty on whom his lord-ly self had deigned to smile. Christy had incree hatred, the fiercer because it smouldered suppressed by his strong will, for the wanton libertine who who was known in the triange as checked by Pether, and was popularly supposed to have a " woll" in his interior. " Or married a score of wives and has

nto the net of the snarer.

"Or married a score of wives and has them houlding him," suggested a gay young fellow, one of the sprighthest "bachelors" of the district. "It's truth I'm telling you,"he went on in reply to a chorus of "Musha, be aisey now wid yer jokin"," from the women. "It's gospel truth I'm telling ye. Larry Lannigan, the sailor man gthat was over from Galway, says there is such a sight of women in them parts that they're to be had for the picking and choosing, an had for the picking and choosing, an many a man there has as many wives as

has fingers an' toes on him." Bad cess to them, the haythens, anyow," said a meek young giant, who had he reputation of being kept in particulargood order by his own sprightly little elomate. "Troth, wan wife is enough omate. nd lavings, for any dacent Christian autsure a Blake of the ould stock and the ild religion would never demane him-if to do the like."

' Maybe it's turned Protestan' he did,' himed in a sheepish-looking youth, who had listened open-mouthed to the discus-

sion. But this terrible suggestion was re-ceived with such a storm of obloquy that the unfortunate offender felt that he might as well have turned Protestant himself from the treatment he got. The notion of the ould master a "jump-er" was too much for their feelings, and the tossing and trampling of the hay was resomed with a will, as if the horror of this last sugrestion could only be worked

bis last suggestion could only be worked off in active physical exertion. But tongues kept wagging about Christy

But tongues kept wagging about Onristy all the same, at fair and wake and pat-tern. Maurice Blake's likeness to the family did not escape the quick eye of those shrewd peasants, and a thousand conjectures, each more fantastical than the other, were afloat about them both. The echo of their gossip reached the ear of Mark Blake, and he in his turn did not Guit a detect something of the simenlar ways decide.

and was off with long strides back the way they had come. Peg's laugh broke off in the middle.

of Mark Blake, and he in his turn did not fail to detect something of the singular resemblance which Maurice bore to Sir Miles. Something he had heard in a vague way about the departure of his uncle, Sir Valentine. But ever since he was of an age to think intelligently of the subject he had assumed his death as a matter of course. In the coming of Maurice Blake and the foster-brother of his uncle (for so he quickly discovered his uncle (for so he quickly discovered Christy to be) there was a mystery which he did not like. Some scheme was abot, he half suspected, " to rob him of his rights," and he resolved to probe it to the

CIEC ...

25¢

rights," and he resolved to probe it to the bottom. For this reason he vigorously[opposed all the efforts of Maurice to bring his lengthened visit to a close. He had law is some new scheme of ammement to average the source of the source of the source of the source of the step as he caught sight of the lithe figure always some new reason to urge for de-lay; some new scheme of annusement to propose; and as his efforts were heartily seconded by Sir Miles, was found in his guest's society a pleasant companionship nest's society a pleasant companionship thich his son's never afforded, Maurice ielded again and again. The life was ery pleasant to him, and the kindliness Mark touched Peggy's cheek with the silken tip of his riding whip, and with a smile and blush she turned to greet him. He tried to take the pail from her head, The life was his hosts-father and son - made out she would not allow it. parture more difficult. Between Mark Blake and Christy Cul-kin, however, there was no love lost. Mark had tried to pump him with mas-terly dexterity, but he might as well have tried to pump one of the grey stone family tiger cats over the entrance gate, for any information he got. Christy's answers to children and immenne. rture more difficult. "It will be quite safe here in the lane," he said, "for an hour or so, and that grayhound of yours, old Christy, will carry it home as he comes by." The old greyhound heard him, and clinched his teeth tight as he followed tealthily. He would have been comforted a little f he had seen the quick flash of anger in lormation he got. Curves y answers to l questions were stolidly and impene-ably stupid. Mark had a shrewd sus-cion that the stupidity was assumed, it there was no getting behind the utter ankness of Christy's face and words. Another cause of fend there was be-ceen them. if he had seen the quick hash of anger in Peggy's blue eyes. "You're right to misname him behind his back," she said saucily—"it's safer." "What' angry, my pretty one, and all the prettier for your anger. Love me, love my dog, is it? Well, for your love the honnd shall escape the whip. What is there I would not do for you?" he erect on in a lower and more passionate The "young master" had cast an eye f favour on Peggy Heifernan. It was mazing how often his way from the unting-field or stubble-field with horse r gun lay round by Culkin's cottage ; ow often he slipped in for a draught of ew milk or a light for his cigar. It was went on in a lower and more passionate tone. "Was it the Devil made you so beautiful, Peggy, to buy souls with your beauty :

accident when Peggy was going to the milking or returning, and how invaribly Mark found her path was his whichever "I don't know what to answer," she charms hungrily. "I don't know what to answer," she said. "I don't know what you mean. You frighten me. Let me go. I am

stayed for at home." "Let them wait," he said contemptu-ously: "let them wait. You are too good to tend those boors. You are mine, Peggy, henceforward and for ever. I am ent to take full possession of my e. One kiss at least I must have easure. as earnest of the future.

bent down over her burning face, his own hushed with the fierce excitement of overe would mutter impatient curses when

netimes it was Christy who found

stirred the fire, snuffed the candles, and began. Soon they were absorbed in the gambler's delirium, lost to all thought on earth in heaven or hell, except the coins on the table and the cards in their hands. Half-an-hour later Christy stole into the picture gallery. His boots were off and his thick woollen socks made no sound on the soft carpet. He held the light a little over his head, and glanced eantionsly round at the pictures. "Look ! look !" she cried, in tones of buch unaffected terror that Mark turned his head aside for a moment. In that moment she flung him from her with a strength that none could have dreamed of in those slim, rounded arms of hers. He staggered backwards with the un-

the staggered backwards with the date expected vigor of the push. The girl her balance was slightly thrown off her balance self was slightly thrown off her balance. The pail of milk tottered and fell right on the head of the falling man, blinding him with the white cataract. Crash back he went into the quickset hedge with the pail still bonneted over his head, while Peggy fiel like a frightened bird down the lane.

cooldy plotted ruin for this pure young creature, blithe as a bird, and so inno-cent, that went, thinking no evil, straight face as he looked at his gay young rival struggling in the ditch, his gay clothes saturated in the white stream from head

n extinguisher. But Christy's face was stolid and exessionless as an owl's when he lifted the ail irom Mark's head—lifted him from he ditch and set him on his feet. Not a

he pressed the beads one after the othe with his finger-tips, muttering a praye The seventh he touched yielded to the pressure. At the same instant a panel i At the same instant a panel i pressure. At the same instant a panel in the polished oak wainscotting, just below the picture, slipped aside, leaving an open space through which a man's body migh pass, and darkly showing an iron ladde in the recess.

" It works as it worked twenty-fiv years ago," muttered Christy, lowering his light to the opening; "I was little more nor a gossoon when I last tried it. The wood must have been cut with a for when it closed, the edge like a razor, for when it closed, th finger nail could detect no joining.

es to the worst.

uld find no shade of difference.

The chance came soon enough.

The way was familiar to Christy Many a time as a boy he had brough meat and drink to Father O'Carroll, ash lay hidden for days in this secure retreat while the Castle bloodhounds hunted him Christ in vain, ransacking the house from garre

to cellar. Christy noiselessly climbed the ladder shielding his taper carefully from the draught, and pushing open a trap-door a the top, found himself in a curious lop sided chamber, narrow and low, with ne opening for light or entrance except that through which he had just crept.

He was now, as he knew, right over the He was now, as he knew, right over the snuggery where the gamblers were en-gaged. With the light close down to the floor he sought and found a small stee-ring turned flat down upon the wood Very carefully he brushed the dust from about it, lest any should fall through.

Then passing his fingers through the ring, with quiet but strong pull he lifter a piece two inches square out of the floo of the room where he stood, and the ceil of the room where he stood, and the ceil-ing of the room below. The opening was artially concealed in the midst of the elaborate carving of the ceiling. Up through it at once came light and the sound of voices. Lying flat on the floor Christy looked and listened with all his wight. though duty compelled me to come. You will introduce me to the master of the

He was almost right over the card Mark was in the mood when men find table, where the two were engaged.

Mark was in the mood when then that matter of offence in everything. " I am the master of the house," he answered sharply. "But," he added in a moment, more gently, "come in. I will introduce you with pleasure to my fother?" The faces of the cards and the players were plain to him. They were seated at a small table close to the fire, and or a second table near them was the hug a second table near them was the hug silver claret jug and glasses. Three bottles of the old wine "aired" them

They passed together through the square hall to the library, where Maurice Biake and Sir Miles were reading, with solves on the chimney-piece. The floor of the room was strewn with discarded packs of cards. They were both intent

FEBRUARY 12, 1598.

MICHAEL DWYER AND HIS MEN.

picion that this priest-hunter had come to trap his friend, Father O'Carroll, even under his roof, and his blood tingled at the thought of such social perfidy. Fortunately, Father O'Carroll was not at Cloonlara at the time, though there was no saying when he might arrive. He never cave warning of his coming. It Many stories of hairbreadth escapes nd wild rushes for liberty are recorded of Dwyer and his men. Once a party of them, being hunted down by the yoe Oace a party men, took refuge in a clump of turf. never gave warning of his coming. It was possible he might at any moment walk straight into the cruel clutches of Toeir guns had been wetted in crossing a river, and therefore they were at the mercy of their foes. With a Lord Dulwich. Christy Culkin shared the suspicion, and resolved at the very first chance to put it to the proof. wild rush for liberty they broke through the lines of their enemies and got clear away with the exception of one Andrew Tnomas, who received a blow on the head from the butt end of a pistol.

The chance came soon enough. The fourth night after Lord Dulwich arrived, he and Mark Blake retired with half-a-dozen of claret and a dozen packs of cards to spend the night in the fashion, they loved best. They locked the door, stirred the fire, snuffed the candles, and began. Soon they were absorbed in the Notwithstanding this the poor fellow continued his flight, but was shot down by a Mr. Weeks, who was out shooting on the bogs. Truly these were excit-ing times, when sportsmen could vary their bags from grouse and woodcock to rebels.

As has previously been asserted, Dwyer and his men were not mere plunderers and free booters. The following anecdote proves the truth of this: "About this time a man residing between Rathdrum and Hacketstown Ight a fittle over his head, and gameer cantiously round at the pictures. He stopped before the portrait of a beautiful young womaniin the robes of an abbess, who was gently lifting from the got private information that his house was to be robbed on a certain night. He gave notice to the yeomanry officground a supplicant that knelt at her feet The frame of the picture was heavy and ers at Rathdrum, who were highly pleased at the intelligence, for richly carved with religious devices Wreathed round it, in and out through expected that Dwyer and some of his party would be there. Plans were the other emblems, were rosary beads o fifteen decades, cut in bas relief out of the aid with caution and secrecy ; they advanced to the house in the night, the men being placed in ambush. A man "Here it is, sure enough," muttered Christy. "I have forgotten the number, but I'll try them all round if the worst amed Williams, the best shot amongst them, was placed inside, and ordered not to shoot unless in great dauger. He held the light close to the beads, bu One of the robbers came and entered he house. Williams shot the robber tead on the spot, and the rest fled When the body of the robber was exumined, instead of being that of Dwyer, t proved to be the body of a yeoman f the name of Moody, of the Haskets

> own corps. The following account of Dayer is aken from The Hibernian Maga-

zine of 1803 : "At the breaking out of the late rebellion Michael Dwyer, being about ix or seven and twenty years of age, anged himself under the banners of asurrection, and though always fore nost in danger, had the good fortune o retire unhurt through all the battles of that deplorable contest. When the ebellion was put down, Dwyer, acompanied by a chosen band, withdrew nto the fastness of his native mounains, where he has since held his grouud, bidding defiance to sall the parties which had been sent out from ime to time against him.

"Early last spring the survey was nade of that part of the country, and a place marked out for the erection of barrack at the entrance of a glen alled Glenmalure, which it is supposed would afford the facility of exploring the fastnesses, recesses, and caverns of the rebels. The work proceeded with great rapidity and without the slight est molestation until the month of June ast, when preparations were made to oof and occupy the building. In the aight time, however, when things speared to be in great forwardness, Dwyer appeared at the head of a strong party and laying a sufficient train of gun powder, blew it from the foundation, so that there appeared scarcely a vestige of it in the morning. They the insurgents) are generally super intended by the chief himself, or by his brother in law of the name of Byrne, a determined fellow, in whom he alone places confidence. They are both great adepts at disguising their faces and persons, and are thought to pay frequent visits to the metropolis Dwyer is an active, vigorous fellow, about five feet nine inches high, with somewhat of a stoop about his shoulders. He has a ruddy complexion, with lively, penetrating eyes, and is said to be wonderfully patient of fa tigue, and fearless of every kind of Just as Christy looked a game ended.

His father held

his conduct, civil and obliging to his

acquaintances, and very true to his

friends. He was by no means quarrel-some, but always had been of a bold

incident in reference to Michael's es-

cape from the Highlanders and the

that on that occasion six of Dwyer's

them, named Byrne, who was accused

which Byrne was employed to behead

him, and afterwards to carry the head

Dwyer commanded a largebody of

to be spiked on the market house

men were captured, and that one o

He states

heroic action of McAllister.

FEBRUARY 12, 1898,

men at the battle of Hacketstown, in 1803 he visited Emmet in Bu fieldlane, Dublin. He was ac panied by Martin Bourke and H Byrne. In December, 1803, he rendered to Captain Hume, who haved well to him. He was conv to Dublin, lodged in the Tower, afterwards was confined in Kilm ham. After some months' impri ment he was transported for life a with his companions-Hugh B Martin Bourke, Arthur Davlin John Mearn.

"A. Devlin died soon after he transported ; Bourke and Mearn still alive in 1843. Shortly after arrival in Botany Bay a plot formed which was directed again life of Dwyer. He was tried an quitted. Governor Bligh, how sent him to Norfolk Island, and him there for six months. From place he was sent to Van Dier Land.

The writer proceeds to state after some time Dwyer was allow return to Sydney. Curiously en the ex rebel attracted the attenti the Governor of the Colony, wh pointed him chief constable of the a position he held for eleven y His wife accompanied him in his His and shortly before his death he for his children, whom he had he hind him in Ireland.

With regard to Dwyer's person pearance, his brother's account somewhat from that given a Hugh stated that Michael was fi eleven inches in height, stoutly and of great activity. Hugh and of great activity. Hugh "Those who say that MichaelDwy in the habit of robbing and comp acts of cruelty, do him an inju he saved the lives of many ; he suffered a prisoner to be put to The people under him were f and obedient to him ; they had confidence in him. The thumb left hand had been shot off ; he other wound.

Dr. Madden writes that Dwy rendered on the express cond being allowed to emigrate to A When he was in Kilmainham a informed that he was to be tran to New South Wales he complain terly of the faith of the gove having been broken with him. -Nationalist.

EVERYDAY VIRTUES

It is a question whether w called the heroic virtues are it more heroic than those which part of our daily lives. The c recurrence of opportunities for the minor responsibilities something of a heroic st counteract. The soul become uated, as it were, to this st tugging of grace against nat we do not realize the heroi may characterize each one waking hours. As more tha one's troubles arise from an e ated idea of one's own importa the efforts we make to adva position in the world, so the of the minor, ordinary virtu to be irksome or easy in prop we despise or cultivate them

beginning. To bear with the grip and life's battle for bread-that and is the lot of by far the The pain of being misunde having our best motives critic misinterpreted ; the failure that place in the vanguard to which we feel we have a r others of our fellowmen ; the of untoward events and uno people ; the jealousies, inwa discouragements and disapp which are known only to and which are sometimes a s ourselves, -these give oppor the practice of virtues that their insistence and persiste short of heroic. The hindrance and the dis ambitious thoughts-now for the idea that we could do be our more successful neighbor nobly born of a desire to su -give rise to a false zeal do well to recognize by its of and the unmasking of which a much greater amount of he than appears upon the surfa The giving of scandal fault-one into which the Christian is not apt to lapse rare occasions and under e circumstances. But the scandal is a still greater t nevertheless, to which we a too liable to yield; and to which, when once allowed into the heart, is a matte effort. He who will not to is indeed a brave soul and Its effects can scarcely be as it implies a greater amo in ourselves, and therefo greater mischief to others gives scandal sooner than to take scandal ; and yet th thing so inherently pervers nature that he whom it pa scathed may justly be const on the road to perfection. chosen souls this seems to ally; but the remaining who acquire it by the lat valor of a heroic charity soldiers indeed. Great is the and great, surely, will be the And yet, if we but beg keep one thing in view, e becomes a second na second na thought should ever occup viz., to do well what is do; for that is all which (of us. Yet to fulfil this co it is a command-the he saints is necessary. To b zealous-that is not easy times cheerful-we know the accomplishment ; to ; that is in us to every won

ter, that rang out in the still air like a bird's song as merry and as sweet. "Oh ! you foolish, foolish Christy," she cried, when she got breath. "Man alive, rned, when she got breath. "Man after, is there no sense at all left in ye. Is it a gomeril ye are out and out? To warn me against falling in love with the young master. Don't ye see it's yerself I love like "—another burst of laughter broke the words short off at her lips. Christy was dumbfounded. His heart with one great effort sent the hot blood with one great effort sent the hot blood surging to his face, and then stopped beating altogether, " Love me," he faltered out at last. " Ye don't mean it?" " Mean it," she said; " of course I mean it. I love ye like a father." The merry laughter broke out again, but how much mornisment there was in it and how much merriment there was in it, and how much mockery, let those skilled in woman's

ways decide. To Christy it seemed all mockery. He was wounded to the quick. Without a word he set the pail of milk he carried down beside her, and turned on his heel,

The looked after him with a look of com-ical surprise. Then she lifted the pail on to her head, where it sat like a queen's crown. Christy had not gone a hundred yards, when at a slight bend in the lane his eye caught the flash of pink through the sparse leaves and thick branches of the

hedge. Instinctively he stepped aside into the shade, and without seeing him

way hers led. O Jealousy has keen eyes. Sometimes when Mark came down the long lane that led to Christy's cottage, looking wonder-fully handsome in the bright pink hunt-ing toggery or green shooting-coat, he found the old campaigner and the fresh round heapthy relations from the use the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

found the old campagner and more reas-young beauty returning from the pasture together. Then he would pass with a good humored "good evening" which Peggy would repay with a flashing smile of red lips, white teeth and blue eyes, but he second mutter impatient curses when

His arm clasped her round the pliant waist, and drew her close to him. He

mastering passion. Christy, wild with anger, sprang for-ward, but the ready-witted girl needed

as an Egyptian inscription, but wrath in his heart. Mark Blake had an impatient con-tempt for the hard-featured veteran who crossed his pleasure, and who, as he guessed, was silv enough to hanker after

the lane. There was a grim smile on Christy's hard wood.

trace of surprise, not a hint of curiosity,

a smile on Chrisiy's part would have een answered by a cutof the whip across he face-but his features remained sto blank to the end. Mark shook himself ike a sunky dog, scattering the white irops into the ais, and without a word of thanks or greeting strode hastily away.

A glance was sufficient. That grace-ful figure, prime in spite of its perfect pro-continue the true

and name in spite of its periect pro-portions, the trim appointments of horse and man, proclaimed Lord Dulwich a hundred yards off. Mark waited on the steps for him. His hunting costume, he knew, would ac-

spirited animal sprang forward, and in a moment was at the steps. "So glad to see you, Mark," cried out his lordship, more warmly than was his wont. "My visit is to you. I have been priest-hunting in this district for some weeks back, and have had good sport, though the best of the game is not yet bagged. You, I know, have no silly scruples in such matters, but I had my doubts how your father might receive me, though duty compelled me to come. You

foot, and his head hidden in the wood-

cent, that went, thinking no evil, straight into the net of the snarer. It chanced on a fair evening in the late autumn, Christy carried the young girl's full milk pail home from the pasturage, walking by her side with those long strides he had learned on the prairies, which needed three of her pretty short steps to keep pace with. He was what she called "sermonising." He found it hard work, for he was as shy in her pres-ence — this middle aged man — as a hobbledhoy in the rapturous misery of his first calf love. He could not hint the nature of the peril from which he would fain warn her. A word or two he dropped ever so cautiously; but a look of frank childlike surprise in her pure blue eyes closed his lips. trace of surprise, not a finit of curiosity, not a gleam of amusement at the comical figure. To judge from Christy's face it was quite a matter of course to find a young gentleman in a ditch with a milk

yong gentleman in a ditch with a milk pail jammed tight on his head. Very sulkily Mark Blake availed him-self of his help, eyeing him closely the while, with the riding whip nervously clenched in his haud. The slightest hint losed his lips. Her surprise dissolved in merry laugh

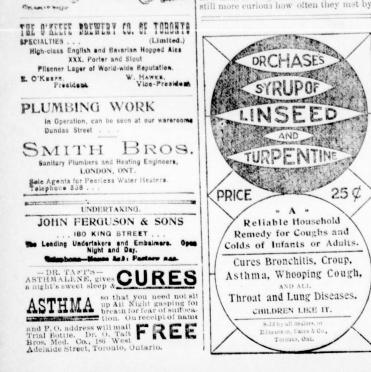
thanks or greeting strone hasting away. Then Christy's glum face again relaxed slowly into a smile, and he tollowed leis-urely the path Peggy had taken. Just as Mark arrived, chilled and dis-

hevelled, at the broad stone steps a horse-man on a handsome thoroughbred steed, came pacing slowly up the avenue.

for his bedraggled state. Lord Dulwich touched his horse's sides ver so lightly with the rowels. The pirited animal sprang forward, and in a



· 40: 61 ET AL



Something in his tone brought Christy's warning to mind, filling her with vague lear.

She walked on more quickly, but Mark Soe waked on more quickly, but stark kept close beside, leaning towards her. Though her eyes were cast down she felt his hot gaze on her face. Her cheek flushed and burned under it. He spoke flushed and burned under it. The spoke hurriedly yet falteringly, running his words into each other like one in wine. " Look at me," he cried passionately, catching her hand as he spoke. " Look at me straight in the eyes, and read love

She looked up timidly, and dropped her ids again, frightened, she knew not why, oy what she read in those dark eyes, all

flame with passion.

Again she quickened her step, but he kept his hold of her hand and his place beside her, drawing her towards himself. "You are too good,' he said, "for the life you lead; too good and too beautiful. You are out of place amongst those dull You are out of place amongst those dull coarse creatures, whose lives are scarcely one degree removed from the brutes. I will raise you from amongst them, my darling. I will take you away with me to the gay city. You shall be robed like a queen, with a crown of diamonds. You shall have all your heart's desires. I will give you myself, body and soul, and in return for all I only ask your love." His voice and words frightened her more and more. She blushed even to her neck at the way that word "love" signatures (in all stages of shakiness) on will give you myself, body and soul, and in return for all I only ask your love."
His voice and words frightened her more and more. She blushed even to her neck at the way that word "love" was spoken.
"Why don't you answer me, sweet-

al lapse into talk as they on the game. Both rose as Mark and his companie

Mark Blake was clearly winning; he eemed flushed, excited, and exhilarated entered. Standing thus side by side, the likeness between Maurice and Sir Miles ord Dulwich was imperturbably cool as

vas very striking. ver.

was very striking. Sir Miles bowed coldly as Lord Dulwich was presented. At the same moment his lordship took the opportunity of whisper-ing in Mark Blake's ear— "Was there ever so wonderful a re-semblance? He might almost be your elder brother." elder brother.

Mark started as though a wasp had stung him, but his manner that evening was more cordial than ever to Maurice.

CHAPTER XV.

" AN EXCELLENT STRATAGEM. -Henry IV. Part II. He seemed in running to devour the wind." -Henry IV. Part II.

" Priests in holy]vestments bleeding." -Timon of Athens.

"Abhorred slave, Which any point of goodness wilt not take, Being car able of all ill." -The Tempest.

" At last I left them I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins." -The Tempest

I am old, I am old. I love thee better than e'er a bo**y** of them all. —Henry IV. Part II.

I tove thee better than e er a boy of theman. —Henry IV, Part II. The coming of Lord Dulwich cast a gloom over the party at Cloonlara. His lordship was of the class who cannot un-bend unless they condescend, and it was hard to say which of his manners was more objectionable — his stiff formality with his equals, or his patronizing con-descension. He cared nothing for litera-ture, and little for field sports; his time between meals was for the most part occupied in riding to and from the small barrack, some seven miles distant, which was the kennel where his bloodhounds were quartered. The evenings up to midnight, and often after it, he and Mark Blake spent alone in a snuggery that abutted from the picture gallery, absorbed in heavy play at dice or cards. The superiorskill of Mark in all games of skill was a poor counterposise to the superior colness of his opponent, who gradually accumulated quite a collection of Mark's signatures (in all stages of shakiness) on

signatures (in all stages of shakiness) on

Mark Blake langhed exultingly, and stretched out his hand. Lord Dulwich took from his pocket-book and handed to him a crumpled bit of paper, which Mark at once lit in the candle, and held light-ing till it burned down to his fingers danger. "Dr. Madden writes that he received an account of the famous outlaw from his brother, Dwyer, whom he found pursuing the avocation of a hackney car driver in Dablin.

en he dropped the ashes on the silve tray. He was burning his own 1 "Michael Dwyer was born at the Blen of Imaal, near Baltinglass. His sh tray. He was burning his own 1 ('s, as he rescued them from his oppo

father was the oldest son of four chil-dren. He and his family were of the Christy noted there was quite a pile o "You are in luck's way to a photo Mark," said Lord Dulwich with a touch of annoyance in his cold voice, "that makes twelve hundred in three hours. Catholic religion. wenty four acres of land under Mr. Hannan and Mr Cooke. Michael mar-

ried in the early part of 1798 Mary Doyle, daughter of a small farmer. You have only lost a single game since He had been out with the boys in '98 ve started. and had been on his keeping even previous to that year.

we started." "Twelve hundred out of three thou-sand," retorted Mark brusquely, "leaves eighteen hundred still on the wrong side of my book and the right side of yours. "Mr. Hayden, an informer, a brother-in-law of Mr. Tenison, told old Dwyer a know the proverb, your bad luck if his son did not surrender that all his o-night augurs good luck in to-morrow's family would be taken up. Michael

did not surrender, and the father, two "How comes your luck, then, by both roads," sneered Lord Dulwich, "for you are keener on the priest's capture than I brothers, and two sisters were kept in prison for fifteen weeks as hostages. Michael Dwyer was a well behaved, good natured young fellow, moral in

"I am, I confess it," replied Mark Blake. "I hate the fellow, and have hated him any time this five years. Often and often when he was hiding here Often and often when he was hiding here I felt tempted to put a bullet or a sword-point through his sontane. He is for ever skulking and spying. One cannot kiss a pretty wench, deal cards, or draw a trigger, but his reverence must needs come preaching. He takes on him to be been out in here a schoolboy. But he here with here a schoolboy. But

he has quite bewitched my father in his dotage, and I dare not raise hand or voice against him. How come it though, Dalwich, that you are not with your hounds in to-morrow's hunt? I should not wonder if the reverend fox gets to earth after all.

of having killed an officer, offered to "It was thought better I should be give information in order to save his "It was thought better 1 should be away," stammered Lord Dulwich, a little confused at the abrupt question. "That is to say, it is more politic, lest suspicion should be excited, that I should not be seen in the matter. Hempenstal," he went on more smoothly, "is a good hunts-man of such vermin. If there be resist-ance he will know how to deal with it in life. The offer was accepted, and he denounced his "gossip," one Valentine Case Case was seized, half hanged in Baltinglass. He was then taken down, dragged to the chapel, in front of

ance he will know how to deal with it in my absence, don't you see."

TO BE CONTINUED.