

By arrangement with Longmans, Green & Co. All rights reserved.

LISHEEN

By Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN, D. D. Author of "My New Curate," "Luke Delmage," "Lisheen," "Gleanings," etc.

CHAPTER XI ON THE SUMMITS

The Major sat in his armchair beside his comfortable fire one of those dead, dull, leaden days in November, whilst Maxwell was passing through his critical illness. He had given a gloomy, sad, unwilling consent to his daughter's marriage with Outram. He had under great pressure, and with great mental pain, abandoned his pet project of Mabel's marriage with Maxwell, whom he now gave up as hopelessly lost; and in this, as indeed in most other matters, he had to submit to the will of his capricious, but very determined, child. He had received Outram into his house as his accepted son-in-law; but he was an honest old fellow, and found it impossible to pretend to an interest he did not feel, or an affection he could not feel.

The Major had become meditative. "Ha! ha!" said Outram, whose brain had become clouded under too deep potations, "an old soldier to fear. What would the Buns say?" "It was not the fear of death or danger I alluded to," said the Major, "although that comes down on the nerves of brave men sometimes; but, by Jove, we can't stifle our emotions together."

"It was fortunate for us that the founders of our Indian empire had none," said Outram. "Conscience is all right for full-dress church parade on Sunday morning here and in England, when you are on soft-soled shoes, and the children sing the Anthem and the women look so—so nice and—dainty, with their hats and gloves and pretty—pretty-prayer books. But, by Jove, when you are in the thick of battle, and dealing with rascally natives, conscience is altogether out of place."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so," said the Major, mildly. He was unwilling to provoke a controversy now. "Look here, Major," said Outram, somewhat thickly, "I'll listen to no British—d nonsense about conjugal duties. The British would never have conquered the world if they had conjugal. Eh? 'Tis all—d nonsense about humanity and life's ups and downs. A Paythan is a man the world over. And 'tis the business of an Englishman to—squash them. It is, by—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

"You were saying something about Maxwell and a murderer," replied the Major. "Wash? Yesh. Well, Gor'n was shelzed and hanged, an' Max'e—the coward—"

THE GRIP OF THE LAW

A STORY OF THE EASTERTIDE

John Underwood—late Captain John Underwood, U. S. A.—rose rather heavily; his woud troubled him on damp days. Soon he dropped out of the Georgetown car at Dupont Circle simply because of the sudden vision that had come across his mental sight of Mrs. Dashwood's bright, wood fire and hot cup of tea. He had left his law office earlier than usual; he was oppressed by the raw, cold March—so unreasonable, everybody said—in Washington, and by a problem.

Alice Dashwood was his sister—the widow of that gallant General Dashwood, who had met his death through the Chinese trouble. Her three children were still at school; she lived at home, every body knew that, at the hour of five there was no pleasant house in Washington. She appeared seldom in society, yet nearly everybody went to her. She was barely forty years of age—tall, graceful, handsome in her face, but rather vague; she had bright eyes and the glow of her face were like her brother's. There was a gentleness about them both, which moderated in certain arrogance in him and just a touch of overindulgence in her.

"Well, I must go," he said, having finished his second cup of tea. "A man that has no home hates to leave a place like this, I say, Alice, you know what I mean? I believe you value comfort more than anything else in this world." "No," she said slowly. "No, I do not." Underwood looked down for a moment. "I really must go. It's too bad that I have to drop into law, just to save father's practice. I was under the army with this thing or that, but one has leisure on a pension. I wonder where that deuced Spaniard is that shot me just where all the sciatias in the world seem to gather on a dark day."

"Oh, yes! My trip to Europe," he blushed somewhat, "will set me all right, Doctor Laro says." There was a pause. "I must go. The Tristrams are early to-night; the dinner is for the Argentinian minister, an author and all that sort of thing. The papers force early dinners this week. It's wretched to have to go out again," he added, with a grimace.

"Don't go out again," said Underwood, standing now. "I say, Alice, he ought to call. Mrs. Tristram will, of course, send me into dinner with Blanche Dillon, and she will, as usual, ask me about you."

"I can't call, John." "You have never refused before." "Thank heaven—no! If I had, I should have less strength to refuse this—"

"I will come," said the priest, about to leave. "One moment," said Underwood, his hand on the bell-rope. "You must see my sister."

"I will come," said the priest, about to leave. "One moment," said Underwood, his hand on the bell-rope. "You must see my sister."

Imitation Cough Cures

Is an Imitation Cough Medicine Good Enough for Your Children?

When you are sick and send for the doctor you don't want him to send a young medical student he has in his office. You would rather have the young fellow experiment on somebody else.

No more do you want imitations of the medicine you know to be of proven value in the cure of disease.

A Beautiful Story

A beautiful story is told in the Catholic Virginia, in describing the life of an aged couple, whose first purchase on the eve of their marriage was a crucifix.

The priest was silent. He had never heard these opinions before. "Look here, sir," said Underwood, pointing his finger at the priest, "what you say may be true. I'm not in a position to say it. But I have walked through life, as through a forest, where I had to pick my every step for snarcs and pitfalls; and where every moment I might expect to hear the snarl, or feel the bite of a wild beast. In the beginning I opened my heart to men; but I had to shut it with a snap. I wanted to be generous, to give freely and royally; I found I was despised as a fool. Men took my gifts and laughed at the donor if he was a wretched, scraggy, half-starved tatter-d-malion—but my gifts—into my house, clothed his nakedness, fed his hunger, and opened to him my purse. The frozen wretch, when he had shamed, hit me. But—let me not to a distance from him. It was only amongst the lower classes, that I received gratitude; and hence I hold that it is civilization that makes men selfish and brutal. There is honour