or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESO.

CHAPTER IV.

LANTY'S PROPENSITIES .- WEEKS INTRO-DUCES HIMSELF INTO THE LIGHT-HOUSE,—FINDS THE KEEPER ENGAGED SHOOTING HOLLAND HAWKS .- TAKES A CRACK AT ONE HIMSELF. - ASSURES THE KEEPER YANKEE BOYS CAN HIT SWALLOWS WITH A RIFLE BALL.—RE-COMMENDS THE IMPORTATION OF YANKEE LECTURERS TO SMARTEN THE

It wanted still two hours of sunset when Lanty Hanlon left the lighthouse with the mallard wing in his pocket for Uncle Jerry. His pace was now more hurried and purpose-like than when last seen wending his way through the dark glens. His song too had entirely ceased, and he held his blackthorn stall no longer carelessly under his arm, but grasped it firmly in his hand, like a traveller resolved to let no grass grow under his feet till he had accom-

plished his journey.
On passing the road below Else Curley's cabin, however, he looked up to see if the old woman was in sight, that he might make her a sign of friendly recognition; or perhaps it was a wholesome dread of a second unceremonious visit from Nannie, that made him turn his eyes in that direction. Be that as it may, neither Nannie nor her mistress seen, but in their stead, and much to Lanty's surprise, appeared the tall figure of the stranger, issuing from the door of the little mud cabin, and making his way down the hill in the the lighthouse. stopped suddenly, not well knowing what to think of this. He had seen the stranger, a full half hour before, quit-ting Lough Ely, and setting off towards Crohan, and naturally concluded he was by that time far on his way home. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that the man must have hid himself behind some rock or hillock, and waited there till he could venture up unobserved, to pay his usual visit to Else Curley.

This manœuvring was by no means satisfactory to Lanty; on the contrary, it served greatly to confirm the bad opinion be had begun to entertain of his purpose in hovering so constantly about Araheera Point. Lanty Hanlon was not a man remarkable for an extra amount of shrewdness-it was the very reverse with him; shrewdness was not an ingredient to mix with the mercury of his nature at all. But the stranger's conduct was so palpably suspicious that he could not for an instant resist the idea of some plot between him and Curley. In the first place, the man had been only two days in the country when he found the old woman out—nay, went as straight to her cabin as if he had been sent there on a message, and since that time visited her every day, remaining with her often hours together. As for his pre text of fishing, it was the flimsiest in the world; for no one who saw him cast a line in water could ever imagine he cared a gray groat for the pleasure it afforded. Then his close and frequent inquiries about the Lees, and his knowledge of certain private affairs of the family, already communicated to Else Curley-these, we say, put together, were clearly suggestive purpose on his part, and quite enough to raise suspicion in minds far less cor structive than Lanty Hanlon's. Be sides, Mr. Lee was himself a stranger in the place, having resided but eighteen months at the lighthouse, and during that time had seen but little company The peasantry of the neighborhood, in deed, looked upon him at first as one who disliked society, preferring a quiet life at home to making and receiving visits. Hence they seldem troubled him, except on matters of business, and then only as little as possible. To be sare, the officers of the ballast board spection round the coast; and Father John was seen, too, sometimes trotting John was seen, too, sometimes trotting down in that direction, with his saddle-bags bobbing behind him; but Mr. Lee was a Catholic, and Father John was the priest of the parish. All this was very natural. But it soon began to be whispered about that Captain Petersham, of Castle Gregory, was seen occasionally stepping ashore at the point when our yachting on Lough Swilly, and, what looked stranger still, taking Miss Lee with him gut the lough taking Miss Lee with him up the lough to visit his sister. This latter circumstance led the good people, by degrees, to regard Mr. Lee as somewhat above the rank of a common light-keeper, for Tom Petersham was the crack gentleman of the county, and (though what reduced himself) always felt a peg or two above associating with the squires and newly-fledged baronets of the district. So they concluded, after various speculations and gossip on the matter, that Mr. Lee must have been once a real gentleman, whom reverse of fortune had obliged to accept his present humble situation as a last resource And so they continued ever after to regard him, saluting him with eve mark of respect when they happened to meet about the lighthouse, and never presuming to intrude on his privacy except to settle their little business ctions, or when he chose to em ploy their services about the light-

Now, Lanty Hanlon saw all this long ago, and regulated his intercourse with the family to suit the case precisely. He asked no questions, made gies, came and went just as he pleased and yet, as he often was heard to say himself, knew as little about Mr. Lee, or his private affairs, as the blackest

stranger in the kingdom!
Young, active, and ond of recreation Young, active, and fond of recreation, Lanty always found Araheera Head a capital spot to indulge in his favorite pastime of gunning and fishing, and shortly after Mr. Lee's arrival found gentleman quite as fond of the as himself. And thus an intiwacy grew up between them all at once-an intimacy, by the way, which each felt it his interest to cultivate; Lanty for the sake of the light-keeper's influence with the neighboring gentry, in whose

power he often unfortunately found light-keeper for the skill as a sports and the himself, and the light-keeper for the sake of Lanty's skill as a sports-man, in his frequent excursions on Lough Swilly. Besides Lanty kept a pair of black greyhounds, the best ever ran on four feet, and the terror of all the game-keepers in the three baronies. These enabled him to supply his friend with "hare's ear" flies, and if the truth must be told, with haunches, for his table too, occasionally, without troubling his conscience greatly about the infraction of the game laws. Then he was moreover an excellent shot with either rifle or birding piece, and could bag a brace of grouse or wild ducks on sea-side or ountain as prettily as the best landlord's son in the parish - always remen bering to reserve the wings for Mr. Lee's and Uncle Jerry's fly hooks. Sometimes, too, the light-keeper would find a white trout for breakfast of a morning, or a salmon for dinner, without any distinct recollection of having caught them himself, or bought them from any particular fish-hawker of the neighborhood. For reasons such as these, and others quite unnecessary to mention, Lanty soon became a co and welcome visitor at Araheera Head, and indeed finally grew to be so special a favorite with the light-keeper that he a favorite with the light-keeper could hardly prevail on himself to take his boat or his gun without Lanty at his elbow. He even offered him a salary larger than his limited means could weil afford, to live with him altogether; but Lanty invariably refused, prefer ring a free foot on the hill side after his dogs, and a ramble on the sea-shore with his rifle, to all the inducements he could offer. These rambles, however, often brought him into trouble; but it they did, he always depended on Mr. Lee to get him out of it. On such occasions the honest light-keeper would bluster and swear as stoutly as a Dutch burgomaster never to speak another word in the villian's behalf, should it him from the gallows, and often even went so far as to order the men bers of his family never to let the scoundrel inside his doors again; but somehow or other these resolutions never held out—all his indignation seemed to vanish in his sleep; and be fore the sun got up on the following morning, he was sure to despatch a note to Tom Petersham, or some other gentleman of the neighborhood, to beg their interest in the unfortunate fellow's behalf. Lanty, in fact, was never out of scrapes for a week together since Mr. Lee first saw him. He had either fallen foul of a bailiff, or beaten a policeman, or cudgelled a game-keeper, or spread a salmon by torchlight, or stole game-keeper, or game-cock, or—something was always are to be wrong, whenever he was abent three days at a time from Araheera light-house. Intimate, however, as Lanty was with

the family, he knew nothing of their history save what he picked up from an odd word dropped now and then between Mary Lee and the light-keeper, or between himself and old Roger nessy, when they went up the tower of an evening to chat and trim the lamps together. What he learned from the latter, however, was never very satisfactory, for Roger considered himself too respectable and important a personage to hold much confidential intercourse with a light headed scatterbrain like Lanty Hanlon. But whilst Roger said little of the family connections directly, he indulged frequently in little sneers at the pretensions of the in the world they found the arms or their carriage panels, and if they didn't one and all inherit their gentle blood from "Shemus Sallagh" or Oliver Cromwell. This contemptuous way of speaking about his neighbors was plain ough, and Lanty understood it. The nobler families of the south was a subject on which Roger loved very much to descant in a sort of soliloquial tone, when he sat down of a summer's evening in the lantern to burnish up the flectors, with Lanty at his side. called on him three or four times a Many a long sigh would be draw, talkyear, but that was on their tours of ining over the olden times, when real ords and ladies used to throng the halls of a certain castle in the south (surrounded by their servants in splendid liveries), to drink the choicest wines or liveries), to drink the choicest wines or dance to the music of the old lamily harp; and if his companion ventured to inquire the name of the castle or of its owner, little information would be ge ously averse as Roger was to the reve-lation of family secrets, he could not hide from his quick-witted companion the conclusion warranted by his fre sides, Roger always wore a curious oldfashioned coat when serving dinner anything else to enlighten Lanty as t antecedents of the family. coat was once a bottle-green of fine texture, as might be seen by those shady little corners here and there where the sun had not been able to peep, nor the wear and tear of half a century entirely to reach. With a few redeeming spots like these, however, excepted, the rest of the garment was faded, threadbare, and polished as the cuff of a sailor's jacket. The high, stiff collar, the buff facings, and the long tails would have plainly showed it had once been livery, even if the two lonely gilt button son the high waist be-hind, bearing the family crest, had been last and gone with the crest, had been lost and gone with the rest of the brotherhood. Every day, before the bell rang for dinner, did Roger divest himself of his working-dress, brush over the few white hairs that still remained to cover his polished scalp, and then put on his bottle green livery with as much care and tenderness as if it had been wove of spider's o. Poor Roger! many a scold he from Mr. Lee for keeping up his ridiculous old notions, and many a laugh had Mr. Petersham at his profound salutations, when he came to visit the family; but laugh or scold, it

> every remonstrance.
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> This obscurity in which the history the mysterious conduct of the stranger, led Lanty Hanlon to suspect some deep plotting between him and Else Curley. As for the latter, he had little fear she and decent, like old gentlemen who had

was the same to Roger: on he went, practising the same old habits, despite

would take part in anything directly tending to bring misfortune on the light-keeper or his family; but still she might meddle so far with the danger as to bring them into trouble without actually intending it—and all for the sake of gold, to obtain which he supposed the miserly old creature was pre pared to run any risk, even that of her salvation. "Hooh!" he muttered, "for that matther, she'd go to the de'il's door and singe her ould beard at the key-hole to earn a sixpence; and as for you, my auguangh," he continued, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger, "ye've the cut of a schamer about ye, any way. Be all that's bad, I niver saw ye with a fishin rod in yer hand yet, but ye put me in mind iv one i' them big longnosed cranes down there standing up to their knees in the wather, watchin round for the little innocent shiners to make a pounce on them. F'eth, may be it's some sworn inemy i' the family ye are, keeping their thrail all the time since they left the south; or may be it's a sheriff's officer ye'd be in purshuit of an ould debt; or, by jaminy king, who knows but yer some discarded sweet heart sneakin' after Mary Lee. If yer discarded sweetthat, I'd advise ye lave the country or buy ye coffin. But whatsomever ye are, yer a chate any way, that's sartin; and so, may sweet bad luck attind ye, and that's my prayer fo night and morin, sleepin and wakin; and Lanty shook his fist at the stranger as he disappeared over the brow of the hill; "and since ould Else has tuck ye in tow," he concluded, spitting on his stick and again heading for the moun tains "I'll just stand by and look on; but one thing I'll be bould to tell ye both, cute and all as ye are, that by the powers o' pewther ye'll have to rise early and travel fast if ye hope to get the blind side if one Lanty Hanlon." Leaving Lanty to pursue his journey across Benraven, we return to the stranger. After examining for some

ime the structure of the narrow bridge over the chasm called the 'Devil's Gulch," he raised the latch of the gate, and finding it unlocked, pushed it open. The light-keeper's lodge, facing him directly as he entered, was a long low cottage fronting full on the sea. The light tower rose up close by its side, with its great round lantern on top, to the height of 150 ft. from the rock, as smooth and white as marble. The doors, walls, and window sashes of the lodge were also white and clean as numan hands could make them; even the black stone steps by which ascended to the hall door shone bright and spotless as polished ebony.

place, however, notwithstanding the care and trouble it cost, looked still and deserted. For full tenminutes the

stranger stood in front of the house gazing round him, and yet no one cam to bid him welcome. A little white bantam on the grass plot before the oor, scraping up the greensward and calling his family round him, was the only sign of life to be seen. In such remote spot he naturally hoped the pre sence of a stranger in his garb would draw some one from the house; but he was mistaken. At length, tired of waiting, he advanced to the door and knocked again, and yet no one came. Then turning the handle and opening the door, he stepped over the threshold, and found himself all at once in a long passage or entrance hall. On either side of this hall hung several spears and fowling pieces, here and there, fishing rods resting in brass sockets against the wail, and suspended from the ceiling. half a dozen or more reels of jack lines, with hooks and leads attached, ready for use. It was evident from their superior quality, and the excellent condition in which they were kept, these articles were used more for amuse ment than profit. Beyond, however, and near the opposite extremity of the assage, hung two light oars of beautiul finish, and close beside them a small sail of Russia duck, with its little sheet might judge from its appearance, but The stranger seemed to notice this last mentioned article with special interest; and the cold smile that overspread his long face as he looked at it plainly showed he knew well by whose delicate fingers it was handled last. Proceeding along the hall like a connoisseur in a picture gallery, he came at last to an o ntering without further ceremony, sat | down on the first chair he saw, and carelessly throwing up his feet on the seat of another, began to gaze about the coming of some one, should he wait

till morning.
About this apartment, in which the stranger now found himself seated all alone, there was a general air of comfort and taste, which at once suggested the idea of a lady mistress far above what he might expect to find at a light keeper's lodge, and especially at s emote a point as Araheera Head. comfortable, and everything arranged in excellent taste, there was still no-thing in it either new or fashionable. Massive picture frames with grim looking faces in the background hung here and there round the apartment their rich gilding was gone, and their edges, stripped and black, made sad contrast with the newly-painted walls. The harnsichord in the corner had lost its silver handles, by which in olden times it was so often drawn out into the merry circle, and the ancient clock opposite, now silent as a tombstone, glared over at its once light-bearted companion with a melan-choly expression of countenance. They had, doubtless, been friends together for many a year, and in their early days had oft conversed pleasantly from opposite corners-each after his own fashion. But age, alas! had now left his mark on both. The clock's open, good-natured face was bleared and wrinkled, so much so, indeed, that its early associates could scarcely have recognized it; and the harpsichord's once burnished case had lost all its polish, and its edges were stripped and lean, like the elbows of an old coat. Still, though both were broken down and somewhat shabby, they were clean

seen better days. And there, too, near the fireplace, was the high-backed sofa with its heavily-carved feet and double ows of brass nails along the edges But conspicuous above all appeared the old family Bible lying in state upon the centre table, under its vellum cover and iron clasps. Everything in the and iron class. Everything in the room spoke eloquently of the past, for everything looked ancient and venerable, even to the bird cage over the window, where the gray linnet sat dozing with his head under his wing.

That apartment, dear reader, was an epitome of the history of Ireland, and might have furnished materials for a finer allegorical picture than ever Claude Lorraine drew—her heroes without a name or monument save those poor rotting shreds of canvas—the fire of her music dying out day by day, nay—alas that we should say it !—al-most as cold and dead as the blackened embers on her desolate shrines-her once brave and stalwart sons now wrapping their emaciated limbs in their tattered garments and resigning themselves, without a struggle, to serfdom and the grave. Had the author of the Giaour," who could see even in the fair but lifeless form of woman the picture of "Greece, but living Greece no more,"-had he lived to sit there and gaze around him, how much more sublime the inspiration he had drawn from those sad, crumbling relies! glories, save the glory of her faith, had

But the stranger's heart was not one of that mould. On the contrary, he scanned every article of furniture in the room with a cold, prying curiosity, that accorded ill with the fashionable sporting dress he wore, and having at last completed his survey, drew chair to the centre table, and opened ing his hat to his visitor, hardly able

the sicred volume.

Had he been a lover of old books, he might have paused to examine the title page before he proceeded farther, and curiously illuminated letters exhibited, but especially an ancient and copious note in the margin, purporting to show that the book was printed at Madrid in the year 1467, by a native of Mentz, at royal request -- a fact which might have greatly surprised those French and German litterateurs who claim for Louis XIV. and Frederic II. the honor of having been the only patrons of the art before that period But the gentleman was either not of that class, or ignorant of the tongue, in which it was printed, for he ran his eye hastily over the page, without seeming to notice either date or

language.
Without pausing a moment, he turned over leaf after leaf, glancing merely at the top and bottom of the pages, and evidently in search of something he understood was to be found there. spent some five or six minutes in this search, and at last, having discovered what he sought, drew from his breast pocket a small book of tablets, copied what items he thought necessary, and then, hastily closing the Bible, (stealth-ily watching the doors of the apartment

all the while,) clasped it as before.

It happened in replacing the book he dropped something on the floor, and instantly picking it up, found it to be a silver beaded rosary, with a gold crucifix attached, and of exquisite workmanship. The image was of the purest gold, the nails in the hands and feet were diamonds of great brilliancy, and the cross, on which the figure hung, ivory inlaid with some precious metal, and bordered with small but costly pearls. It was evidently the relic of some pious ancestor, for the beads were much worn, and the edges of the cross had lost their original sharpness, and grown round and smooth from the wear and ear of years. It was curious to see how the stranger smiled as he held up the sacred trinket between his finger and thumb. A child could have in his countenance how little he re spected either the image or the reality the Cross or the Crucified. Whilst engaged, however, in this contemptuous inspection of the venerable and precious relic—the sneer on his face grov ing deeper as he gazed—he was startled by a shadow suddenly darkening the window, and turning to see what it was, at it plainly showed he knew whose delicate fingers it was little boat an hour before, peeping through the glass. The face was so might have seen, from its peculiar ex-pression, he had been mistaken for ome familiar friend, whose visit had een expected. The side light troubled een expected. ner so much at first that she could see nothing distinctly in the room, and raising both hands to shade it off, happened to throw back the broad-brimmed hat she wore, and thus revealed in full view to the stranger, now advanced within arm's length of the window, a countenance of extraordinary beauty. But there was little leisure left him to gaze upon it—for in another second the laughing girl had discovered her mistake, and, startled by the close proximity of a man so utterly unknown to her, and trembling with shame and confusion at her apparent levity, bounded back as if a spectre had confronted her, and flew away from the window like an affrighted bird.

The stranger called to her to stop and listen to his apology; he knocked on the glass, and even attempted to raise the sash and follow her; but all was in vain : away she ran over the green lawn, her tresses streaming back on the gentle breeze, and disappeared over the edge of the precipice. instant the disappointed sportsman stood spell-bound, hardly able to tell whether the form was a vision or a reality. And no wonder! Her figure so light and airy, her extreme grace of motion even in the confusion and hurry of her flight, and the exquisite beauty of her modest face, might well indeed have raised such an illusion in minds far more philosophic than the strang-

And now again all was still as before not a sound was to be heard but the sullen break of the sluggish wave against the rocks, or the occasional call of the little proud bantam still scraping

on the green.

The sun had sunk by this time with in an hour of his setting, and crowned the far-off summit of Renraven with his

golden light. The sky was cloudless, and the air as balmy as the zephyrs that play round the base of the Hima-layas and fan the banks of the ancient Hydaspes. Stealing outfrom under the shadows of the island appeared the white sails of the coasting vessels, with scarce wind enough to give them motion—so calm had it grown for the

last hour; and away beyond them, in the west, rose the dark form of the Horn, round whose top the wings of countless sea birds might be seen wheeling and glinting in the rays of the setting sun. The scene was as grand and picturesque as one might care to look upon, and yet it seemed to awake but little interest in the stranger. In deed, the sullen look of disappointment on his face, as he gazed through the window on the world without showed but slight relish for the world without, poetry of nature. At last, turning away abruptly from the case-ment when he saw there was no likelihood of the young lady returning, he retraced his steps to the hall door, and was just about to follow the visionary form to the edge of the rock, when, to his great relief, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, within twenty paces of where he stood. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw smoke curling slowly up from the sea; then a water spaniel sprang on the bank, and began to shake the brine from his dripping sides; and finally, a man in a pea jacket, with his pantaloons rolled up over tops of his boots, and a gun in his hand, suddenly made his appearance. He suddenly made his appearance. He was apparently about fifty years of age, stout and hearty looking, and carried in his face, as he approached the stranger, a look of welcome which it was impossible for a moment to mistake. "Good evening, sir," said he, touch

he in climbing up the rock. The stranger slowly introduced his arms under his coat tails, and made a grave and respectful inclination of his

Sorry von found no one in the house to bid you welcome," said the stout gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Rayther think the apology should come the other way," replied the stranger, drawling out his words. "O, don't mind that, sir; when you

ound nobody in the house, you perfectly right to make yourself as much at home as possible.

"Mr. Lee, I presume—the gentle-an here in charge?"
"The same, sir, and quite at your

ervice-that is as soon as I can manage to catch breath again. Heigh-ho! By George, I haven't gone through as nuch these ten years before. That confounded Holland hawk has the nine ives of a cat—and—and I verily beieve a few to spare besides. Pheugh! heugh! "Been gunning, I perceive."

"Yes; fired fourteen balls-nine of them clean into his body, and there he s, yet, sound as ever.

Well, now, that's rayther uncommon -ain't it?" said the stranger, without noving an inch from his position should think one was enough."

"The birds not natural, sir," re-plied Mr. Lee; "that's the best explanation I can give.

"Justso," said the stranger, nodding stinted assent—" not natural." "Besides," added Mr. Lee, "though he looks large in the water, the fellow is really as light as a feather. I believe in my soul, sir, you can no more pierce that bird with a ball than you can a

piece of floating corkwood. 'Can't eh?' "No, sir, it's impossible. I'm living here eighteen months, or thereabouts, and during that time I can safely say

wasted more powder on him than would blow up the tower." Well, look here, why not snare him?"

'Snare him!" "Why, yes, trap him by night, since you can't shoot him by day."

"O, tut, tut! no, sir, the bird's game. Moreover, you might as well

to snare a fox in a market place. "Well, take him flying, and meet him with the ball," said the stranger, now thrusting his hands deep into his how thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets, and hitching up his cap behind with the colar of his coat; "seen swallows killed that way."
"What swallows with a ball?"
"You girk how own dail?"

"Yes, sir; boys can do it in the section of the country I was raised in." The light-keeper turned a sharp, earching eye on the stranger, and canned him from head to foot without aying a syllable in reply. The last ord sounded odd to his ear. In fact suggested a sort of vegetable idea and the figure of the man who uttered it helped to give that idea, ridiculous is it was, something of a specific form. Or, rather, his tall, lithe figure, freekled ace, and long, straight, made up a parsnip kind of personality that tickled the light-keeper's fancy very much and made him laugh. "Well," said the stranger, mistaking

the laugh, "it requires considerable experience, I allow; but still our boys can do it, and as to that creetur there I guess I can hit him flying myself."
"Flying! ha! ha! My dear sir, the bird never flies."

"He's got wings—hain't he?"

"Can't certify as to that," responded the light-keeper; "never saw any, at least—and what's still more remarkable, he never quite this shore.' "Why, you don't mean that there particular bird, do you?"

'That identical bird, sir." "He's got a mate, I reckon, and goes off once in a while-don't he?'

"No sir, he has no mate-never had Excuse me," said the stranger

attempting a smile; "I'm not long in this section of the world, I allow, but guess I've been raised too near one Phineas Barnum, you might hear of, to believe such a story as that;" and the speaker thrust his hands down lower till into his pockets, and looked know-

ingly at the light-keeper.

'I know nothing of Phineas Barnum,''
responded Mr. Lee, grounding his rifle
and resting on the muzzle, "but I repeat to you, nevertheless, that the bird you see floating on the water there before your eyes has never been out of this bay for the last eighteen months,

and during that time was never seen in any other creature's company, man, bird or beast."

"Shoh! you don't say so—summer or winter? Why, I rayther think that's impossible—ain't it?"
"Summer and winter are all the same to him," replied the light-keeper.
"I have seen him in January, when the storm threatened to blow the lanters storm threatened to blow the lantern off the tower, and the sea to wash this little island and all it contains into the deep,-I have seen him at such times sitting as calm and composed on the swells of the sea as a Turk on an ottoman smoking his pipe. He's ever swam, sirlook at him now beyond the boat there -see how the rascal comes sailing up to us like a swan, with his arched neck and look of proud defiance.

" Is the piece loaded ?" inquired the stranger, in a quiet, modest tone

No, sir; load to suit yourself there's the gun, and here's the powde and ball. By George, if you kill him, I'll say you're the best marksman Donegal."
"My name is Weeks," said the

tranger, slowly drawing the ramrod-Mr. Ephraim Weeks.

"Weeks," repeated the light-keeper;
"rather a scarce name in this part of
the world."
"Well, yes; I guess so—Ephraim C. B. Weeks

B. Weeks, 'he added; "Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle of Crohan's my cousin, sir. You're acquainted less or more with the family, I presume."
"Have heard of them, sir; and

quite a respectable family they are by

all accounts."

"Well, yes; pretty much so, I reekon, for this part of the country—should be happy to see you at Crohan, Mr. Lee, whenever you've a leisure hour to spend. My cousins often won-der you hain't called and brought Miss spend, My Lee with you of an evening."
'Your cousins are said to be very

pious, and of high literary acquire observed Mr. Lee, not appear ing to value over much the invitation so unexpectedly and patronizingly ten-dered, "and I fear quite out of Miss Lee's sphere and mine. We are plain people here, sir, unambitious of further intercourse with the world than what chance sends in our way. Are you

"All ready; and now have the goodness to remain just where you stand, and look straight into the bird's eve whilst I take aim." So saving Weeks knelt down, and resting the muzzle of the rifle on a projecting rock, waited in that position for nearly ive minutes, giving the bird time, as he said, to forget there was a second party in the play. "Now, then," he cried, at last, "hold your hand up, to attract his attraction :" and as Mr. omplied, he took deliberate aim and fired.

Capital shot!" exclaimed the light-keeper. "Capital shot, by George—not the first time you handled , I suspect.'

We-ell, no-not exactly the first," drawled out Mr. Weeks, with a modest complacency that well became his grave, sallow countenance; "I've handled the article more than once, I

Both now looked anxiously around. here the bird might be likely to rise; but no bird came up to dot the smooth surface of the water.
"Down rather longer than usual,"

said the light-keeper, at length break-ing silence, "and that's a sure sign you haven't touched a feather of him.

"Guess you're mistaken," responded eeks; "he floating out there some-Weeks; where as dead as a door nail. Ah! by cracky! there he is lying flat on the water; see!"—and he pointed with one hand while he shaded his eyes with

one nand while he shaded his eyes with the other—" see, there he is!"
"Where? Ah, yes! by George! and there he is, sure enough; well, now, who could have thought it!" exclaimed the light-keeper, seemingly

much delighted with the discovery. The object, however, to which the little whitish colored buoy, a few fath oms beyond a boat, that lay anchored within gun-shot of the island. As it rose and fell on the light swells of the sea, it looked by no means unlike a dead bird floating on its back. Mr. Lee saw the mistake in an instant, and resolved to humor it.
"Dead as a herring!" he exclaimed,

taking off his hat and rubbing up his gray hair in an eestasy of delight. " Ha! ha! the villain! he's caught at last."
"He'll never trouble you again, I'll

bet," continued Weeks, coolly handing over the rifle. Then laying his hand quietly on Mr. Lee's shoulder, he added, "I make you a present of the bird, my friend, for I really think you deserve it richly, after such an almighty waste of powder."

The light-keeper gravely bowed his thanks.

"Well, there's one condition I would make, Mr. Lee, and I kinder think you'll not object to it; namely, that you stuff the creeter, and hang it up here in the passage among the fishing

Certainly. Mr. Weeks, most certainly, sir, your wishes must be grati-

tainly, sir, your wishes must be gratified."

"And look here; you'll have the
goodness to use this for a label :" and
he drew a card from a richly chased
silver case he carried in his breast
pocket, and handed it to the lightkeeper; "affix this, if you please, to
the upper mandible, that your visitor's
may know who shot the bird—not that
I care to make a personal boast about I care to make a personal boast about it—for did you know me well, you would say if ever there was a man who despised boasting, that man is Ephraim C. B. Weeks. But I've a notion, somehow, that it would just as well for the old European countries here to know what sorter people we are in the new world beyond, and consequently think it's the duty of every free born American, wherever be goes, to enlighten mankind as to the character, enterprise, social advancement, and universal intelligence of his country-men. Yes, sir, it's a duty our people owe to oppressed and suffering humanity to make their habits, manners, customs, laws, government and policies known

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