

THE ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

Come, raise me up, alannah! Lift me up a little more. And let the sunshine touch my bed, and stream upon the floor...

Manus O'Uirata had long followed the profession of seaneachie—a combination of bard, story-teller and historian—and his was long the place of honor at the feasts of the neighboring Irish chieftains.

Flann! what's that chase the brute has led us. Well done, my gallant Flann—a bravo! I'd give you a drink of the finest wine...

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—Continued. Thou wouldst hardly call me a knave an I met thee beyond the protection of the bench, methinks," returned O'Brien.

bench near the council table, hurried to offer his assistance; but the queen pointed to Sir Geoffrey, exclaiming as she did, "there lies your patient, doctor; see to him; as for Plimpton; let the jailer carry him back to prison; there let him rot in his brutish cell in requital for his butchery at Whinstone Hollow."

diana think, Elizabeth Tudor, that am she late as to clap my dependence on a wee bit sheeple, w' a' imp'... Elizabeth started as Nell thus revealed her intimate knowledge of scenes and secrets which she thought were hidden from all the world...

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

A Tale of the Irish War in the Seventeenth Century.

CHAPTER I. THE BANK OF LOUGH GILL. "She's more sweet than the sunset, more bright than the dawn, and song like her sweet voice I never heard o'er!"

"Listen, avourneen, listen," said the patriarch at the latter sound, "the hunters are in the wood. There was a time when I could hunt, fish, or fight, as well as the best; but, farer ya', that time is gone—heaven be with it!"

The old man was now set on his favorite theme, and a long discourse ensued between the trio. The seaneachie related some of his best legends, and the young hunter told his new acquaintances the tale of his origin, past life, and future prospects.

"Ay, woman," he cried, "it may well be gentle, for it comes to me untaunted by blot or stain for well nigh four hundred years; and proudly may it bound here this day in presence of the dishonored and polluted blood of the Tudors."

"Great God!" exclaimed the queen, staggering over and sinking in her chair, "what wouldst thou have woman?"

O'Brien and Alice now approached Nell. "God bless thee, Nell!" said the young Irishman, taking the old woman's hand in his, and gratefully pressing it in both his own; "this is the second time thou'st saved my life, and yet I thank thee more for this dear maiden's—"

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