

"Boast not." the gentle tortoise cried, "The gifts that goodness has supplied Nor seek, by conduct light and vain, cause less gifted crea I, too, have blessings kindly lent, And trust me, brother, I'm content; My shell, for instance, like a roof, Makes my old body water-proof, And guards me wheresoe'er I go From strong attack and secret foe." "Why, as to weather," said the Frog, "I live in all--rain, sunshine, fog; you've seen me dance along your path. Now you shall see me take a bath !"

Just at that moment waddled up. And ere his sentence had its fill, The Frog was quivering in her bill.

With what kind Heaven bestowed on And, though I may not seem so blest As others, think my lot the best. But let me, more than all refrain My lips from mockery and disdain

most over, and she stood knee-deep in

Round and round about her awent chin. She rested, not to enjoy any- Moran. Good evening.' thing, but to draw breath. She looked

ther the roat was coming yet and now long the potatoes would last, as she stood there making a picture herself in her crimeon petiticoat, and nappikeen if the store of the st pleasant dance to you then, with Peggy indeed! I tell you there's nothing on was a young man. a cousin of an

thing, but to draw breath. She looked like a girl who had worked a good deal and who meant to merked agood danted deal and who meant to merked agood and the to merked agood danted there are to an berkomeward path. Mike gare Her face was round and comely, and there a way in the other direction. Her face was round and comely, and there a way in the other direction.

work fit for this country and climate. indeed! I tell you there's nothing on was a young man. a cousin of an more or less, and this is not the country for shoddy Boots and She earth for resting young bones after a islander, who had just returned from will go out of shape and fall to pieces.

talking volubly, joking and laughing

between him and the heiress, all un



there was round and comely, and marched away in the other direction. rich, yellow hair that crowned her shpely head, A few more years of Hill,' with all bis might. The defect the shoes and take the cloak.' 'Mother!' said Maureen, looking up to night. You don't know what you on her ror for for the shoes and take the cloak.'

The defiant echoes thrilied about are doing.' such hardships as Maureen had endur-ed since her childhood, would take the softness from her looks. Still, rack must be carried from rock to field, potatees planted, and turf cut and stacked. planted, and turf cut and stacked. Rent must be paid and meal bought when the potatoes failed. Maureen would have little time to think of her looks. Muther a tail the stadows abadows ti. Inland, falls and hills had changed from brown to black. A purple dark-ness bad settled over the track she had

looks. Maureen had a good walk before her, for she was now standing in what is called the West Quarter, and her ging her bundle on her shoulders, she eet out at a brisk nace. There was not is called the west guarger, and user regular mustering of cabins, sent forth bidding, and come good or come ill of founces, a knot of red ribons blazing under her chin, and her great black a grateful savor of turf smoke upon it, you must bear the burthen. I'll go' under her chin, and her great black ber aw, lonely sir. Lights twinkled ber aw lone under every which a lighted candle in her hands winks, or falling demurely on her table with a sconce on the stock in a sconce on the twick and the with a stock in a sconce on the twick and the twick are the stock in a sconce on the twick are the stock in a sconce on the twick are the twick are the stock in a sconce on the twick are twith twick are twith twick are twick are twith twick are twick are

of some sea-mews round a pool, or now and then a whirring noise of wings, as a sudden flight of moor-fowl rushed past overhead Even the break of the matrix of the search 'I have strived and I have wrought,' best looking man in the house, tall and past overhead Even the break of the sea on the above was lost, except for that almost imperceptible sighing which is perpetual in the island of Bofin. Maureen took heed of nothing as she hastened on. Her thoughts neighbors' houses, and hearing from her, and she never would give me my sired to count him on the list of her as she hastened on. Her thoughts many an ingle as she passed the ruddy will as much as to the saying of I'll go admirers. Peggy had three cows and thresholds, 'There's Maureen Lacey or I'll stay. Now I'm doing her bid three feather beds to her dower; the were full of the potatoes

over the air Some one was whistling getting home, poor girl! ding, as I still have done it, and if ill finest fortune in all Bofin. Biddy, over the air Some one was whisting At one of the furthest cabins facing comes out of it, let her look to it. Free through pure good will to Mike, her ing this, she quickened her pace, with the sea Maureen stopped, and stepped bardened myself, and I've hardened favorite. a sudden heat in her face and tight- over the door-step into the firelit myself, but I'm not as hard as the a sudden neat in her isce and tight shelter. Her eyes, accustomed to the rock yet. And if I go at all, faith I'll known to the elder Morans, who would

ness of breath. But the following shelter. Her eyes, accustomed to the rock yet. And if I go at all, faith I'll known to the elder Morans, who would somer have seen their daughter mis-treas of Con Lavelle's fine farm at bild upon her knee, and some four with her genteel airs, and her five farmone. Biddy's hints and Peggy's hands or five other little ones grouped about the embers at their play. These with the weight of it.'

This epeaker was a stalwart young fishermen, with as much eagerness in his bronzed, kindling face as there had been baste in his pursuing step. Maureen stopped short and looked at him with a proud, troubled directness in her eyes. • What for should I give you my Here Maureen gave one desperat This speaker was a stalwart young eyes went straight from them to two

In her eyes.
What for should I give you my hundle. Mike Tarmay? she said storp by 'You just carry your ow hundle. Mike Tarmay? she said storp by 'You just carry your ow hundle. Mike Tarmay? also said storp by 'You just carry your ow hundle. So you havelel's she said storp by 'You just carry your ow hundle. So you havelel's she said storp by 'You just carry your ow hundle. So you havelel's she said storp by 'You just carry your ow hundle. So you havelel's she said storp by 'You just carry your ow hundle. So you havelel's she said storp by 'You go the barber have have how her band word with you have how and her without heeding their rest of the osbin, and threw her bundle of the osbin and word with you time, or within the one os the osbit of the osbin and word with you time, wort the and ore the hair, dang with the osaid with of the rise or word. Then, with her arms to the the other the ost of the osbin of the rise of the or or the same the ost of the storp or the or word. Then, with her arms to the the other the ost of the osbin.
'I haven, 'Haureen'' eried Hime or or of the singer of a card or the grint that have the source have so it had dires to 'make door' a start of cultive, rithin the or form the store of the source of the or the source of the semption. They valuable property is offsee or the will be or more room, and the prome soil and the source of the or the source of the semption. They wall have and here the boare the source of

r such foolary? "Listen, Maureen!" oried Mike. Tou 'A flash leaped out of the girl's taking 'the cloak,' a family garment, Sept. 4, 1889-3i pd.

had been driven out of her course and

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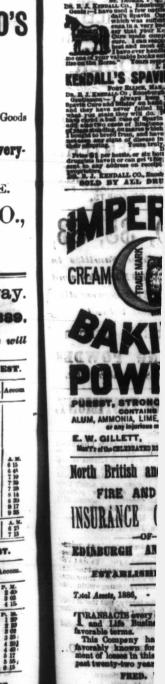
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