

strange conduct during his last six months in College.

"Do you remember, Dave," he began in broken accents, "the football match between St. Bruno's and Colston Hall, when I was captain of our club?"

A vision passed before me of a green field dotted with players in blue and white, and red and black suits, tall trees surrounding the lawn whose leaves sung musically in the breeze; the hundreds of glad hearted boys scattered about, of whom I myself was one; the cheers that rent the air as we bore from the field our handsome, strong, young captain, his blue eyes full of laughter and his face glowing with manly health! And was this he who sat beside me now, this man with the swollen, inflamed countenance, and bleared bloodshot eyes?

Yes, I did remember that football match, but was surprised that it should be now in Carbery's thoughts.

"I remember it!" he continued vehemently, "aye to well! It was an eventful day for me. I swear to you, Dave, that up to the evening of that day I was a happy and innocent boy. I intended to be a priest, I told my mother so when she dying, and it made her happy. Poor mother! thank heaven she did not live to see me come to this! Oh, my God! —"

He rested his head on the table, which fairly shook with the convulsive movements of his great frame. I patted his hand as I would a child's and waited in silence until he should go on.

"That night I went home with Maggie Merivale—poor Maggie! You remember her? She died three years ago. Poor child! What a hideous nightmare her love-dream was! When I went to the devil she stayed by me, but the nuns, God bless them, had her for a year before she died—"

"As I am a man Dave, I meant only an innocent flirtation, and I thought she knew it, but—well I went home with her after that football match, her brother Henry called me aside and told me that he had discovered that his sister loved me, that if I was an honorable man I should marry her, if not, I must answer to him.

"I wasn't afraid of him, Dave, but I knew I had done wrong, and I determined

to make the only amend possible, though it should lose me my soul, as I believed it would, and it has. I asked Maggie to marry me and was accepted. I left the house, went straight to the hotel where the Colston Hall fellows were staying, and drank myself into the state of intoxication in which you saw me!"

He arose, and paced the little room with his hands pressed against his brow.

"I got drunk then for the first time. And now," he cried, "I have not been sober ten nights in ten years!"

"You know what a change came over me after that night—"

"But," I interrupted, "the last month—"

He waved his hand—

"One night I would not take her to the theatre because you told me the play was not a fit one for her to see. We quarreled and she released me from my engagement. I was free! Heavens, how happy I was! —till the last night—"

"The poor girl was really fond of me and almost broke her heart over the way she had treated me. Would that she had, rather than the task should have been left for me! Our last night in College she sent me a note asking me to come to see her. I went—my pity overcame me and the engagement was renewed. Just as I had done before I attempted to drown with liquor the remorse I felt for the broken promise to God and my dying mother. While drunk I met Henry Merivale and attacked him. He defended himself well, as my face could show at the time, and at last I was carried away by some one or other and brought to my room in the College. When I awoke next morning you were still asleep and not daring to face you I stole away.

"Six months afterwards, Maggie and I were married. I had no profession, no inclination to prepare for one. I started to keep a hotel in Bristol, but soon drank away all my own and my wife's money. I became a bankrupt—then I began to live by my wits. I was a gambler and worse—a card sharper. It was not safe for me to remain long in one place. England got too hot for me, so I crossed the ocean and drifted about till I found myself here where I am known as 'Bunco Charley.'"

"My wife's loving heart bore up bravely