

THE HOME-COMING OF CORNELIUS

warn ye 'gainst sleepin' in the draught, 'cause ye were always weak about the lungs, an' yer father died o' thet complaint. She thought maybe ye wouldn't be wantin' the ould house, so if the hotel man offered ye a good figure ye could sell it. The cow and the chicks were to go to me, an'—well, bless me heart, if he hasn't fainted!"

Mrs. Conors ceased her explanations and called to the occupants of the rear room, whose conversation came in to her in low monotones. "Mrs. Dodona! Jennie! it's Corney, and the lad's fainted."

The blindness, for that was all that Corney experienced, passed off in a few minutes, and when his eyes could notice he saw that they had carried him to the little room which had once been his own bed-chamber. Two women were placing cool cloths on his head. When he revived, one stepped quietly out. The other remained. She was young and decidedly pretty, but her face showed plainly the effects of recent grief. Cornelius McVeigh noticed her appearance particularly because it was peculiarly familiar to him. The harsh shock of his bereavement had passed, leaving him weakened but calm.

"Corney, do you remember me?" the girl asked him, gently.

"Jennie," he answered, hesitatingly, as if it was an effort for him to collect his thoughts.

"We have lost our mother—ours," she said, tremulously, and lowered her head, weeping.

He hastily arose, and his arm clasped her shoul-