THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER. CHAPTER I.

THE DRAMATIS FERSONAE.

About sixty years ago, when our story opens, even the great city of New York was more staid and sober than it now is. It was simply a thriving com-mercial city, "well to do in the world," and not much ahead of its sister cities. Its ways were quiet and old-fashioned ompared with what they are now. But times are changed since then; the age of progress is hurrying all things onward with a rapidity that makes one's head dizzy. It is unfashionable now to speak of the past with regret, and any one who has the hardihood to do so is to set down as "behind the age." For my part I am quite willing to be "behind the age," for "the age" goes much too fast for my liking, and my hind the age," for "the age" goes much too fast for my liking, and my sympathies are more with the past than the present. But this is not the queswas going to tell a story of New York, twenty-five years ago, and here I am, making comparisons which many of my younger readers may deem invidious. And yet the digression, if it be one, is very natural, and perhaps necessary, as the times to which I refer are precisely those of which I mean to

write.

About sixty years ago, then before
Nativism had developed itself into
Know Nothingism, there lived in Chapel
street (now West Broadway), New York, street (now West Broadway), New 10rs, a worthy Irishman of the name of Flanagan, a real homespun Tipperary man, hot-blooded, blustering, and loud spoken, yet kind and generous and true-hearted. A real unmistakable Milesian, reminding one of poor Wolfe's description of his "own friend—"

So bold and frank his bearing, boy, Should you meet him onward faring, boy, In Lapland's snow, Or Chill's glow, You'd say, what news, from Erin, boy?"

He had left his native land immediately after his marriage, and the young bride, who then for the first time bride, who then for the first time quitted his father's home by the silvery Suir, had since become a wise and prudent matron, the mother of three sons and two daughters—all "natives"—ay! every one of them. Timothy—or as he was more generally called — Tim Flanggan, followed the trade of a leather-dresser, and had gained, by his perdresser, and had gained, by his per-severing industry, a position of ease and comfort. His wife was a quiet, home-loving woman, a neat, tidy house-wife, a careful and affectionate mother, and, to crown all, a simple, sincered Christian — an Irishwoman of the good Neither Tim nor his was much versed in controversy; they knew little, and cared less, about the various new-fangled systems of religion; they were good, old fashioned Cathoas their fathers were before then and their chief ambition was to bring ap their children in the same faith. As for the children themselves, they were just what might be expected from such blooming parents; healthy and blooming as mountain flowers, cheerful, docile and obedient. Various shades of character were, of course, discernible amongst them, but, they were, more or less, common to all. There was Edward, or ed, a fine boy of twelve; Thomas s John, aged ten and eight, and two little girls, Ellen and eight, and two fittle girls, Ellen and Susan, the one between five and six, and the other four. Susy was, as might be expected, the pet of the family; and as there seemed no likelihood of any further increase, her dominion became every day more con-firmed, a fact of which the little damsel seemed fully cognizant. Take them altogether, there was not in New York city a happier family, or one more free from guile. Religion was the sun of their solar system, giving life and warmth to themselves and all around them. If either Tim or Nelly had their failings—and who has not?—they were so few, and so little obtruded on their neighbors, that they were both respected and beloved by all who knew

Timothy Flanagan had a sister some years older than himself, the wife of a Galway man, named Miles Blake, who kept a provision store in the next The Blakes were a good sort of people in their way, but not by any means so good as the Flanagans. Both basband and wife were more anxious for making money than anything else ; and though they professed to be good Catholics, and were so considered by many people, yet religion was, with them, only a secondary object—all very well in its place, so that it did not en-gross too much time or attention.

Business! business!" was the grand affair with the Blake family — at least the elders of the house. Otherwise, they were, as I have said, a worthy couple, strictly honest in their deal-ings, kind and affectionate between themselves, and, with all their closeness in money matters, still ready and willspare something to those really stood in need of it. Miles Blake was never behind any of his neighbor when a collection was taken up, especi ally if it were for the building or re pairing of a church, for Miles thought that churches ought to be built and repaired, ay, and the priest decently supported. But further than that Miles did not care to go. Schools, or ecovents, or the like, were, in his opinby no means necessary; people could get on without the though he didn't deny but they did great deal of good," and as for Catho-lie schools, he did not see what the people wanted with them, when the State had provided good schooling for their children, free of all expense. Yes still, Miles was always on pretty goo terms with his priest, and complied, eeming that quite sufficient Of several children who had been born them, Miles Blake and his wife had been or fifteen, and the other a girl, of The latter was so pale and delicate looking that it seemed as bloogh she were destined to follow her brothers and sisters to an early grave. Perhaps it were better she had, but idea never occurred to her

gan lived on the most friendly and familiar footing, and if a cloud did at times overshadow the brightness of their intercourse—as clouds will overshadow all things human—it was soon dispelled, either by some little dextrous manoeuvre on the part of good Mrs. Flanagan, or nethans, an act of con-Flanagan, or, perhaps, an act of con trition from Tim or Miles, or whoever might be the offending party. Thus might be the offending party. Thus had things gone on for years and years, ever since Tim brought out his pretty young wife, on the special advice and invitation of Mrs. Blake and her husband, who had made the grand voyage band, who had made the grant voyage some ten years before. So now that I have brought forward the leading characters of my story, and given the reader an idea of their distinctive features, I will leave them to speak and

act for themselves. The children of the two families had been brought up together, as one might say, and were almost like brothers and sisters all round. Eliza Blake, being, from her infancy, of a trial and delicate constitution, was regarded alike by brothers and cousins, with a sort of pitying tenderness; her little whims were all humored, and her wishes, in most cases, anticipated; her faults were not many and much as they were were not many, and, such as they were might be chiefly ascribed to the over-indulgence of all around her. She was, by nature, mild, gentle and affection-ate, but sickness had made her somewhat querulous, and the extreme fond-ness of parents and friends made her over-exacting; still she was a very good little girl, and as for pruden and discretion, they seemed to have been born with her, or, at least, de-veloped themselves in her much earlier than they usually do in children. She was what is called "an old fashioned little girl." and was moreover the was what is called "an old fashioned little girl," and was, moreover, the oracle of the family, as a petted child too often is. Harry, the brother, was a fine healthy boy, full of fun and frolic; talented beyond most boys of his age, but exceedingly averse to study. Generous and high-spirited to a fault he was easily offended, and just as easily pacified, so that, though constantly engaged in some boyish quarrel. stantly engaged in some boyish quarrel he was still a general favorite amongst his companions. Harry was a particu-lar favorite with his uncle Flanagan probably because he was an exact co probably because he was an exact counterpart of himself. The neighbors used to say that Tim Flanagan hadn't a child of his own so like him as Harry Blake—"and he's no disgrace to him, either; for he's a fine likely boy, and a good-hearted fellow, with all his wild-

This "wildness" was considered the nore excusable, as it generally mani fested itself in quarrels with his school mates on the score of religion. There was searcely a day that Harry Blake did not get into some "scrape" defending his religion. His father was well pleased to hear of these tilting matches, in which Harry was almost sure to come off victorious; he glorified in his son's "mettle," and proudly prognosticated that he would sooner or prognosticated that he would sooner or later "cram the truth down their throats—that he would; he'd teach them to vilify his religion, and blacken poor old Ireland!

And why was it that Tim Flanagan's boys, sturdy and robust as they were, and brought up by a mother so good and pious, were never seen or heard fighting for their religion? Simply because they were not exposed to hear it reviled or calumniated. True to his it reviled or calumniated. character and principles, honest Tim Flanagan never sent one of his children to a Ward school. His motto was: to a Ward school. His motto was "Shun danger wherever you see it," and, in pursuance of that prudent preand, in pursuance of that prudent precept, he always declared that a child of his should never set foot in a Protestant school, with his consent. "At least, while I'm over them," he would add. "If they choose to run the risk, any of them, when I'm gone, they may do it, of course, but not till then." His wife smiled and said nothing, but it was well known that, with all her mildness, she was, on this point, to the full as inflexible as her husban!.

Many and many a time did Miles and

Many and many a time did Miles and Tim discuss the question; sometimes they talked very loud, and grew very hot upon it, but still matters remained as they were: Miles sent his boy and girl to the Ward school, and the young Flanagans daily went their way to the Catholic Schools attached to St. Peter's Church.

St. Peter's School had two depart ments, one for boys, the other for girls—the former taught by a certain Mr. Lanigan, a fine specimen of the good old Catholic teacher; the latter under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, and a flourishing school they had of it There were but few Catholic schools in schools in the city, perhaps not more than two or three, and St. Peter's was about the largest. And a very good school it was. Many and many a valued citizen did it bring up for the State, and not a few of the boys who "sat at the feet" of worthy Mr. Lanigan have since at tained a good position in society by their industry and good conduct, no to speak of the sound business education there received.

The school question was always a sone of contention between Tim and Miles, but, as I have already observed. wither could succeed in convincing the other, although Miles had been known to admit, after some of these debates

that, "sure enough Tim came pretty hard on him." Sometimes these discussions took place in presence of the children, and though, at first, they seemed to pay but little attention to the matter, it gradually sank into their minds, and was often discussed amongst them selves when their parents were no present. Eliza Blake was the first t present. adopt her uncle's views, as far as a gir of her age could adopt them, but whe she ventured, for the first time, to tell her father that she would much rather the Sisters' School with her little s, he cut her short at once, and told her, with unusual sternness not to think of such a thing. "The school you're at is a very good one, Eliza, and as long as your mother and myself are pleased with it, you need not object. You would not have been as and the late he could be a solution of the sol

don't be getting your uncle Tim's notions into your head. Let me hear no more of it, or I'll not be pleased with you."

For some years Mrs. Blake did not much care where the children were sent to school, so long as they uere sent, but she had no fancy for seeing sent, but she had no lancy for seeing Harry come home day after day with some unsightly bruise on his face, a black eye, a swelled lip, or a bloody nose. She had a womanly dislike for "fighting," and would have been better pleased to see her boy less of a purilist, and more of a subplar. pugilist, and more of a scholar.
"Now Miles, what on earth is the

use of all this squabbling and fighting?" she said one day to her husband, after

she said one day to her husband, after laying some sticking plaster on a cut over Harry's eye-brow. "It's a mercy that the boy isn't killed long ago—that's what it is, and I wonder at a sensible man like you to encourage him in these wild pranks."

"Why, man alive, woman, what would you have me do?" retorted Miles. "You wouldn't have me tell Harry to run away from the young vagabounds—would you? Isn't it all on account of his religion that they're down on him, and I'm sure you wouldn't wish a son of yours or mine to give in wish a son of yours or mine to give in to a parcel of young scamps like when they get a running down his

religion?"
"Well, no, Miles, I would not,"
said Mary hesitatingly, "but see—see
how the Flanagans boys don't get
black eyes or bloody noses as Harry

black eyes or bloody hoses as harry
does?"
"Humph!" said Miles, "to be sure
they don't, and why would they?
Haven't they it all their way there?
They haven't to stand up for their
religion, like poor Harry."
"And maybe they're better off, after
all. I'm sure it saves their mother
many a fright that my lad gives me."
"Ay, but then, Mary, you must own

"Ay, but then, Mary, you must own that's it's worth some trouble to have Harry learn to defend his faith. The Flanagans will grow up regular nincom poops—not a word in their heads, and poops—not a word in their heads, and no more spunk in them than so many kittens. I like to see a fellow ready with a word or a blow to keep up his religion, and I tell you once for all that there's no place so good as a Protest-ant school, for a Catholic boy to learn

"Well, well, Miles, you know best, was the submissive answer. "What pleases you, pleases me. Come here and empty this bag of potatoes-I want

the bag for something else."

Before the potatoes were all turned out, in came Tim Flanagan, his fine open countenance brimful of sly humor, though he thought proper to affect Good luck to the grave demeanor. "Good luck to the work," said he, "for I see you're handling the murphies, there-and fine specimens they are, too, considering that they didn't grow in Ireland. What's gone wrong with Harry this morning ?''

" Oh! not much, Tim, not much, said Miles, rubbing the dust leisurely off his hands; "he's been at his old trade, that's all, cramming the lies down some of the Yankee boys' throats, and, as there was three or four of them on him at once, he got a little scratch of a cut over his eye. But it's not

worth a pin."
"Poh! poh! and is that all?" cried
Tim, "why, the Johnston boys and the
Herricks, and all of them, are making a great brag of how they gave Harry Blake a good trouncing this morning, and one, they think, that he'll not get

over for a while."

"They lie, the young scoundrelsthey lie," cried Miles in a towering passion. "They did their best, the owardly set—they did their best, but that wasn't much. Harry was more than a match for the whole half

"Well! that same's a comfort, any how," put in Tim, with his roguish smile. "He'll be a first rate buffer one of these days—ay, faith! neither Dan Donnelly nor Deaf Burke could hold a candle to him, if he goes on at

this rate."
"Ay! you're making your game of down, for his religion and the honor of old Ireland, he may fight away and wel-come. He wouldn't be my son if he didn't.

Ay, there's the rub," said Tim. Ay, there's the rub, said lim, earnestly, "it's all very well while he fights for his religion, but, just keep him at the same school for three or four years longer, and you'll see he'll be

readier to fight against it."

This raised Miles's ire again. "Why, then, by this and by that, Tim Flanares, but you're opposed to set a man gan, but you're enough to set a man crazy. It's well come up with you to talk of my son turning Protestant—did you ever know a turn-coat in the family -tell me that now?'

"What matter whether I did or not," retorted Tim, "I tell you pat and plain, as I often told you before, that you're thrusting your two fine children -and that's what they are, God knows -into the very jaws of perdition. I don't want any argument about it, for I know it's no use arguing with you, but I appeal to Mary, there, if I'm not

"Well, as you put the question to me," replied his sister, "I can't deny I'd twice rather see Harry and Eliza going to St. Peter's school with your youngsters. It seems unnatural-like to be sending them to a Protestant

"Why, bad manners to you, Mary, sure there's no Protestant schools here

"Ay! what are they, Miles?—do tell us!" said Tim, coaxingly.
"What are they, is it?" said Miles, somewhat puzzled by this home thrust; "why, they're not for any religion in particular—they're for all religions, and you both know that as well as I

"Begging your pardon," returned im, very coolly, "they're for no relig-

Tim, very coolly, "they're for no relig-ion—that's what's they're for."
"Why, what do you mean by that?"
"I just mean what I say—a school that's for all religions, as you say, is, in fact, for no religion, because no particular religion can be taught without giving offence to some parties con-

"Well, and that's just what I want," keep the girl. It was so much a tra-

said Miles, exultingly, " school is not the place to learn religion—let the parents teach that at home, and the church.'

Well, that does seem right enough, Tim, after all," said Mary, "there you see, Harry and Eliza go to cate hism every Sunday morning, and I'm ure I do all I can, and their father in ike manner, to make them good Catho-

'All right, Mary, all right, as far as it goes, but do all Catholic parents do the same? Do you think all the Catholic children attending Ward Schools are sent regularly to catechism on Sun-day? Or do they all get as good teach ings at home, and see as good example before them as your do? ard "— "Now, Tim," said Miles, suddenly

"Now, Tim," said Miles, suddenly breaking in, "the short and the long of it is, my children are as far advanced in their learning as any other boy and giri we know of the same age, and as for religion, theyr'e not a whit behind anybody else's children. If it goes to that, there's not a boy in the city readier to stand up for his religion than my Harry, and he'd never have been so courageous, or so stanged if he girl we know of the same age, and as been so courageous, or so staunch, if he had been at a school where there was

no Protestant...'
"Then how did you and I get to love our religion so well? I'm sure we didn't either of us go to a Protestant or an infidel school. Poor old Mister Fini-gan that taught me all I know, was as strict a Catholic as any in the parish, and, for the matter of that, it's few Protestants we had in the same

"And we hadn't one—not one," said Miles, "there wasn't one within miles of us."

"Very good, and yet you see you're not a bit colder or more careless about your religion than if you had beer fighting for it every day of your life."
"Well, now, Tim, there's no use in talking—things are different here, as I often told you before, and as long as I see the children getting on well with their education, and still remaining good Catholics, I'm willing to send them to the Ward School, because I'd be State is so good and so kind as to edu-cate our children without meddling with their religion. What do you say, Mary?" But Mary was busily engaged. Mary?" But Mary was busily engaged, preparing some Indian corn for the pot, and had no mind to "bother herself" with such debates. "Just talk it out, yourselves," said she, "you're the best judges; as for me, I don't know much about it. You've been arguing about schools these five years, and don't see that it makes any difference If I were ye, I'd give it up, for it only makes dissensions between you." So she went on with her cooking, compared with which the school-question sank

with which the school-question sank into nothing in her eyes.

"Well, good-bye," said Tim, rising and taking his hat, "I wish you both a good appetite for your dinner, and a better knowledge of what is good for your children. I hope you'll never have reason to regret your blindness."

When he get here he could not held When he got home, he could not help expressing his indignation: "I declare, Nelly, them people below are enough to vex a saint. Only think, if Miles isn't as proud as a peacock, because Harry gets the better of the Yankee

"Well, Tim dear, I wouldn't be bothering my brains arguing with him
-he'll find out his mistake some of these days.'

"Yes, but isn't it provoking too see a sensible man, like him, acting so foolishly? By my word, I think he's bewitched. And then, Mary, too. I know she's at bottom, as much against sending the children to the Ward School as you or I but she hearly the allerty. as you or I, but she hasn't the pluck in her to say so. She's so submissive, and so willing to leave it all in Miles' hands. just as if she hadn't as good a right to the children as he has! They're a the children as he has! They're a temptation to me-I vow to God they

" Well! well! Tim, the worst will sive, eh, Tim? Sit over, now, and take your dinner. TO BE CONTINUED.

MOLLY'S EMIGRATION.

It was a fortnight now since Mar; Grady had come in and told her old mother that she'd been to see Miss Ailsa at the big house, and that she was going to America with the next shipload of boys and girls who were leaving the giens to the old and in-

She had told her resolve with a high head and a crimson cheek. Even before she spoke the mother had known that something strange had come to little Molly, who for many weeks be fore had gone about silent and pale, with tight lips and all the roundness of her face suddenly shrunken and disappeared.

Ye couldn't stay and face it ?" said

the old mother.
"'Twould kill me, so it would," said Molly, her new color ebbing away, to leave her deadly pale. "All the neighbors know it. Sure, wasn't it goin' on since we were at the infant school together? I'll never stay to see them pityin' me."
"'Tis himself needs to be pitied,"

said the mother, bitterly. "A fine lad like him to be sellin' himself for that woman's money. Sorra much comforthe'll have wid it. Sure, they say her temper is—"

"Never mind, mother," said the girl, quietly. "Don't let us talk about him any more. Sure 'tis little I'll be thinkin' of him when I'm pickin' up gold in New York and sendin' it over to you. There'll be fine letters for you at the post office, mother acushla, and I'll never miss a mail."

The mother threw her apron over her face then, and sobbing inarticulately that she was the real gold that was going away from them over the ocean, but sure Miss Ailsa and the rest of them meant well, God bless them! she abandoned herself to her grief.

After that she made no attempt to

should go and better themselves that she did not think of setting herself against it. And it was true that Molly was leaving behind her the curious glances of the neighbors, all the gossip and tittle tattle there was abou Tobin having thrown over little Molly Grady for Sarah Gilsenan, the rich spinster, who had the fine farm at the

She would be no worse off than other neighbors who had to let their boys and girls go, although she said in he heart that none of them had a girl as pretty, as clever and hard-working, as kind as her Molly. Yet she had the sense to know that the other mothers would in all probability think the same.

It had come now to the last morning of all. The little house by the roads had never looked so sweet and comfortable. All the valley and the hillsides were out in May green. The potatoes in the little garden looked flourishing the patch of oats beyond had sent up a great number of little spears. Scarce ly any of the sowing had failed.

The door of the cottage was open and snapdragons and wallflowers looked round the corner of the porch. The room was flooded with sun that caught the jugs of lustre ware on the dresser the jugs of lustre ware on the dresser and struck dazzling rays from them. There was a cake in the pot oven on the hearth baking for Molly to take with her. Presently Johnny Maher, a neighbor's boy, would come with the ass-cart to fetch Molly's few things to the crossroads, where they would make the crossroads, where they would meet the mail car for Drumglass. The little box, carefully corded up, stood by the door; a few bundles leant forlornly against it. It might have been noticed that as the mother and child talked their eyes avoided the box and the bundles. An old dog lying in the sun watched his owners with miserable eyes, knowing, as a dog always knows when a departure is toward.

"I'll write by every mail," said the girl for the hundredth time.

" I'm not saying I won't be proud of the letters," said the mother, heavily.
"It won't be the same thing as your face in the door asthoreen " Sure, I'll be sending for you fine

and soon."
"I'm misdoubtin'. I'd be too old to change. 'Tis yourself will be coming back to me.'

back to me."
"I'll never come back," said the
girl, passionately. "Is it to have the
finger of scorn pointed at me?"
"None could do that to my little

girl. It isn't because another behaves bad that-

"They wor all pitying me and nudging each other when I came in sight. Even in the chapel didn't I see them looking at me to see how I'd take it when the priest called him. The glen isn't the same, mother. It 'ud never be the same again."
--" Yet, 'tis a kind and comfortable

place," said the mother.

The sound of the stream bowling over its stones reached them, and the

warm scent of flowers came in through

the open doorway.
"I'm glad I'm leaving you now, not in the winter," said the girl. "Sure, maybe before the winter comes I'll be sending you money for the passage. You've enough in the teapot to carry you on till I il be sending, and it looks all for a good year. I never saw a better promise on the potatoes."

She got up restlessly, went to the door and looked out. Below her in the valley, around her on the hillsides, she

saw the white houses, little and big, embowered in their trees and bushes. The valley was as green as the sea. "I don't know that I ever saw the glen look ing better," she said. "An' though I'm going of my own free will, 'tis many's the time I'll be thinking of you and it and seeing it in my mind as

it is to-day."
She turned away sharply. She had

caught sight of the spire of the church and had remembered that her false lover was to be married there in a week's time. For the time being the treachery and wrong she had suffered that went snawed the weat snaw as yet. Donnelly nor Deaf Burke could candle to him, if he goes on at ate."

Y well! well! Tim, the worst will be their own; as for Miles, you often say yourself that you can make nothing of him," and, she answered with an arch smile, "I'm sure you're not the man to blame a wife for being submission and the hopens of old."

Y well! well! Tim, the worst will lover was to be married there in a lover was to be married there was to be married t

"I'll be nearing New York by then," she said to herself, and then she smiled at the boy who had just drawn up his donkey cart at the little gate.
"Come, Johnny," she said, "we're waiting for you; sure, you know the mail car won't wait for us."
"Plenty of time, Molly," Johnny re-

sponded, imperturbably, and, indeed, Molly had known that there was plenty of time. "Ye'll have lots of time on the other side, never fear," he said, as he took one end of the little tin trunk, while Molly took the other. Johnny was by way of being a philosopher, and had no idea of how his sage remark made Widow Grady wince. Johnny was honestly envious of all those who went to seek their fortunes in America. and was very impatient for the time to come when he hims if should be

come when he hims it should be sufficiently grown up to take that high-way to freedom and fortune. Molly and her mother were to take a field path to the crossroads. It skirted a field of vetches, went along the bare upland of a turnip field climbed through a little wood and over the spur of the hill, and then down through a pasture field to the stille which brought you out at the crossroads.

They were at the stile too early The necessity for doing something had made them, as soon as the griddle cake was baked, lock up the house and start, with Shep at their heels, quite half an

hour too soon.

They sat down on a grassy bank and looked back the way they had come. The field was full of little clumps of cowslips, tall over the white and gold of daisies and buttercups that almost hid the green of the grass. The corn-crake was sawing away in the deep grass and the little copse close by them was vocal with birds.

Mrs. Grady was carrying the griddle cake and a few fresh eggs in a tin box. She would not allow Molly to take them from her.

"Sure, God knows when I'll be doing anything for you again, child," she had said, "and 'tis tireder I'll be going back without them."

Now she had laid them beside her on

dition that the boys and the girls the grass, as though she had felt the should go and better themselves that burden.

"You'll be making yourself an ele gapt cup of tea when you go back," said Molly, looking at her uneasily.

"I wouldn't be caring for it much, alone," said the mother. "Tisn't the same as havin' one to talk to while ye sip it. Shep an' me'll be terrible le

"You won't be hearing that lad over there," the mother said again as th cornerake sawed.

'Tisn't likely in New York." the girl answered. "But sure maybe when i've made a bit and ye'll come out to me we'd be pushing on where we'd field again. I'm misdoubting it 'ud be as green as this.'

"'Twon't be lonesome for you on the journey, Molly. You'll have Biddy Daly au' the Corrigan boys and Anastasia Doyle and Julia Heffernan an' the

Crowes."
"Indeed, 'twill be like the glen traveling out," responded Molly, "excepting that 'tis the green ocean we'll have for the green fields. Ye won't be

"I'il have them six dozen o' handkerchiefs to sprig," said the mother. "I
won't be able to sit looking at my
fingers. And when them's done there'll
be more to do. You used to lighten

won't be thinking it too much trouble to be getting a bit to ate for yourself? "Sure, I'll have your share as well

"Sure, I'll have your share as well as my own," said the mother, with a dreary pretense at gaiety. It was almost a relief when they heard the horn of the mail car, and, standing side by side on the road where Johnny Maher had just arrived in the nick of time, they saw it come in sight, with Willie McGroarty, the curlyhaired driver, beaming encouragen

at them. Willie used to say that he'd rather face the devil himself than look on at the parting of the emigrants from those they were leaving behind. It was something he liked to hurry over with the best of intentions. But this time he had very little trouble.

The Widow Grady and her daughter clung together for a moment in an impassioned embrace. They had the undemonstrativeness of their class, and the unusual demonstration did not last long. Molly was up on the car, Willie tucking her in with cushions as a mark

of sympathy, in less time than the pre-liminaries of parting usually took.

"Cheer up, ma'am," said Willie to the widow; "sure she'll be coming back to you hung down with diamon

in less than no time."

The horn sounded again. There was a rush and a clatter of hoofs, and the car rattled off along the straight ribbon of road, leaving Mrs. Gra Johnnie alone in the middle

road. "I'd be carryin' you back if you like, ma'am," said Johnnie.

tired. "No, thank you, Johnny, I'll walk," she answered, turning from the urchin's serious gaze. "I misdoubt," she muttered to herself, "that I'll ever be any-

thing but tired again in this world."
She climbed over the stile into the field. As she did so her foot knocked against something. It was Molly's cake. There too, was the little box of

eggs.
She lifted her hands in distress. For a moment she had a wild notion of running after the car, but recognizing its futility, she just picked up and set out on her homeward walk.

The old dog lagged behind her as heavy-footed as she. Once she noticed

him. with us," she said, "Sure, isn't it a hard thing, Shep, that the young must go an' only th' ould be left?"

It was only 10 in the morning still

She could not afford to sit idle ever though her brain felt dull and her heart numbed. She sat there putting in the stitches and feeling that the light of the house had gone out of it and would never return. Molly talked of her going out to her, but sure the old people didn't do that. It wouldn't be tair to the girsha, and even if could do it, she doubted she'd stay long enough in it. She had never been a very strong woman, and of late she had been feeling that the wheels of life ran painfully for her. Would they not stop

altogether when the spirit had so little will to keep them going? Some time towards evening the dog come and put his head on her kneed. He was Molly's dog, and had been

given to her a puppy when she was a child.

"The poor beast's hungry and thirsty," said the mother, getting up and putting away the fine muslin she had been working upon.

The day had gone intolerably slow, yet she hardly seemed to live through it so benumbed she had felt. As she fed the dog she remembered that Molly about this hour would be on

the big ship. It was to sail some time during the morning hours. To-morrow every minute that passed would be taking Molly farther and farther away from her. Was Molly thinking of her now as she was thinking of Sure it wouldn't be natural. The child was young and had the world before her. She was among boys and girls she knew. They were talking of the grand new country they were going to-Sure she wouldn't have her feel like herself. Hadn't she kept it from her those last days?
She woke with a start in the early

morning. So vivid had been ther dreams that she thought she could yet hear the squish of the waves under the keel of the big ship as she glided out. She could see Molly's face looking at her over the side. Other mothers who had gone to Derry with their children had described it to her. She wished now that she had not been said by Molly, that she had gone, too. Why, if

she had, they wo more hours toge forbidden it, say have her return It was 4 o'cloc sparkling in a m glen was like a birds were all olately awak

AUGUST 1

desolately awak a bed longer. she had slept d of Molly's in perhaps, for sh There lay Moll; box of eggs on She heard th membered that milk her. Befo he went out a the creature's brought the with a clean nabit. Then sl the fire.

If her heart reason for being conscious pain which pre ente. Just n frain from sp missing her, h the doorway, head that had When she made it was fast. She sat

The dog can her knee and her. God help said out loud About 7 o hung her kets the turf fire. cloth on the t little bit of griddle cake and a drop bottom of a i to the dog. creature,"

getting out
had the eg
drop o' the
lagher at th
of her do be
The kettle self a cup head from p the ashes tand in th hurled hers like a catap " Molly Molly Grad the mother.
"Ay, inclike a bad p you again, stayed the waiting for 4 o'clock.

slowest I e

get back to

"Ah, whall ?" said

arm's leng face. Cou

looked so p

thrown her farm. "Sure, heard then to be go Tobin's sa mother in gone out if I'd want and Shep, th' atin' me. est girl have you "Glor cakes no could at

the boat

screechir an' says

home an

speak to

enough

but the

took to I

luck in coming t me to slep' th by 4, as heard t girls wi emigrat Set and ter, an please, A lit of tea l waiting her cha

A. P. The imperi degree light-We of

nice b lookin'

is to drink socie Prud