

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF "MABELLA GRACE," "A NOVEL,"
CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED

"What is your place?" asked Shana smiling.
"The place of a tenant with his landlord," Bawn said, with an answering smile. And then she added gravely: "You must remember that I am a humble working farmer, Miss Fingall," looking at her bare arms and her apron, "while you are a young lady of gentle blood."
"You do not speak at all like a common farmer person," said Shana. "I try to behave nicely in the presence of my betters," returned Bawn, with an irrepressible gleam of fun in her eyes. "But I do not mean that I am quite uneducated."
"I suppose America is a very leveling place," said Shana.
"Very."
"Well, I do not object to that if all farmers' daughters are like you. And the next time I come I hope you will sit while you are making my tea. If she will not promise that, what an I do with Gran's invitation, Rosheen? My grandmother sends you a message, Miss Ingram, to beg you will come one day and pay her a visit. She appreciates the boon that your coming has been to her granddaughters—"

Bawn cast down her eyes and smiled demurely. The patronizing tone of the invitation pleased her well. If she could fit fairly into the place of an inferior among these people her work would progress the more easily.
"She is very kind."
"She is generally very lonely, and always glad to see a visitor. At present my cousin Rory is at home, and a young lady is staying there, and Tor is more lively than usual. My cousin will take us about a little and show you that side of the country."
"That would be too much trouble, Miss Fingall."
"Oh! Rory is always ready to do anything good-natured," said Rosheen. "We have been telling him already about you, and he is quite interested in the idea of a woman's doing so clever a thing as you are doing. And he has been to America, too; only just come home."
"He went in the interests of the emigrants," said Shana, rising and buttoning her gloves. "He wanted to inform himself thoroughly as to how they are treated on board ship. He is going to make a fuss about it in Parliament. That will give you an idea of what he is made of. Miss Ingram, he will not think it much trouble to show you the caves and the headlands."
"It was a gallant thing to do," said Bawn, with a sudden vivid recollection of having heard another man say that he had taken a similar step and for the same purpose. The coincidence struck her as remarkable, but she had not time to think of it as her guests were about to leave her, and kept talking to her all the way across the fields, and through the gate which opened on the breen that was to lead them to the old road by the river down to the glen.

But after they had been some minutes out of sight she asked herself: "Do all the young men of the British Isles go out in emigrant steamers to learn how the emigrants are treated, and with the intention of talking about it in Parliament?"
She stood looking over the gate, which was all out of joint, one shoulder up and one down, and still gazing at the road along which Shana and Rosheen had just tripped out of sight, she felt a lively desire to go to the same aims in ideas about life as Somerled of the ocean steamer that had sailed away from her. And while her thoughts thus went out to the unknown Tor, her eyes marked the wild beauty of the peep of mountain road descried under the arches of trees festooned with boughs of the scarlet-berried ash. How richly, how vividly green were the hedges, with their fringes of grass and ferns encroaching on the way! What a delicate touch of purple lurked at the bottom of that leafy tunnel, boring into infinite distance! Three little red cows had taken shelter from the afternoon sun beneath a row of bushy, thick-set oaks, and stood knee-deep in a golden pool, making foreground for a gray mountain bluff half swathed in ragged clouds, dazzling with light and blotted with transparent shadow.

Bawn, whose eyes were accustomed to wider and more monotonous pictures, delighted in these sparkling vignettes of scenery, fresh, crisp, and deep-colored, and full of a wayward variety.
An hour later she was watching her men, the only two laborers she had as yet picked up to keep her land in order, who were filling the gaps in the thorn hedges through which neighborly sheep and goats had been accustomed to jump every day, just to see that the Shanagh crops were coming up, and to test, by tasting, the excellence of the corn.
She was in the act of looking over the hedges to comfort a large ewe, who, with two little lambs at her heels, was standing with disappointed meekness beyond the fast-closing gate, when the sound of wheels caught her ear, and she saw a car coming up the road—a little green car which she thought she had seen before.
She tilted forward a large white sun-bonnet that had been hanging by its strings on the back of her neck, and placidly went on watching her men with one eye, and consoling the motherly ewe with the other.

"Miss Ingram—you see I have heard your name—I intended to send in my card, but—meeting the mistress before I reached the threshold—I may say I am Major Batt, of Lisnawilly, and I have called to pay my respects to a fair stranger—a—acquire if I can be of any assistance in helping you to stock—a—or furnish—a—or anything of that kind."
"You are too good, Major Batt," said Bawn from the depths of her sun-bonnet. "May I ask if you have got anything to sell? I want a number of good milk cows—as yet I have only got one—a fast-trotting pony and some kind of light cart or phaeton in which I can drive myself about, some farmer's carts and a couple of strong horses, a few honest and industrious farm-servants a quantity of rakes, spades, pitchforks, and other implements, and a multitude of cocks and hens."
"Really, Miss Ingram—a—I did not call altogether with a view to business, believe me, yet perhaps I can accommodate you. I have two fine heifers, an excellent pony, and my housekeeper has a farmyard full of turkeys and geese. But, as I said before, this visit is meant to welcome the fair tenant of Shanagh Farm." And he looked towards the house, as if he would suggest that they should repair thither, that he expected to be received under her roof.
But Bawn was not going to have Major Batt in her shanty.
"You must excuse me," she said; "I cannot leave my work, but if you would like a little refreshment, we churned this morning and there is some excellent buttermilk."
"Miss Ingram—a—I consider buttermilk as excellent nutriment for pigs."
"Oh! is it? Thank you for the hint. Anything of that kind is so precious to me. By the way, as you have mentioned them, perhaps you would look at my pigs, Major Batt. Pigs seem to be creatures most easily procurable in Glenmalurcan. And will show them to you, if you would like to see them. Andy, show Major Batt to the pig sty."
Andy dropped a great armful of dry thorn, with a covert grin at his comrade, and saying, "This way, sir," trudged off with the unwilling major expostulating and grumbling in his wake.
"Now, Andy," said the latter, as they paused at the new wooden pigsty which had been built during the last few days within a desirable distance from the house, "tell me, what do you think of her?"
"Tundherous! I such a beautiful creature niver walked about a sty. Didn't I sell her to the mistress myself? The makin's of us lovely flitches as iver hung out of a roof."
"Tut, man! I was speaking of your mistress."
"Oh! had scran to the bit I understood you," said Andy. "It's not for me to be passin' remarks on the likes of 'er the mistress. It's aisy enough to see what she is. She asked herself how could she meet the man at Tor, if he should prove to be identical with the man who had called himself by the fantastic name of Somerled? What could she venture to say to him? How could she endure his disgust at her treachery? What if he should punish her by warning his family that she was a woman who pretended to be falsehood to her friends—and would probably slip away some morning without saying them the much-desired rent?"

She began to cast about for some excuse for declining Gran's invitation to Tor, and feeling that nothing short of physical incapacity would be held sufficient reason for her declining such an honor, she considered within herself how she could set about spraining her ankle. But then if she were to sprain it badly, what a complete hindrance to all cherished projects?
No. She would let no cowardly tropidation induce her to inflict a bodily hurt upon herself. She would go forth boldly; and yet—no, she would not go. Never before had she been the victim of such a fit of irresolution. At last she wrote a note giving what she perceived to be a very insufficient reason for failing to gratify the Lady of Tor, and sent for Andy's little boy to act as her messenger.
No sooner was this done than the utter absurdity of her conduct struck her in the most forcible light. She had come all the way from Minnesota to do a certain thing, she found herself excellently placed for doing it and a good opportunity had occurred for making acquaintance with people who might perhaps unconsciously help towards the accomplishment of her desires. And here she was withdrawing from taking a most natural step because she saw a "bogie" in her path.
Let her think rationally and act with common sense. Her friend Somerled had gone into infinite space. Time would never bring him back to her who had barred her heart against him. Nothing was more unlikely in the whole world than that they two should ever meet again.
As for him they called Rory, he was probably in every way the reverse of that person who was so painfully occupying her thoughts though perhaps masterful enough to oblige his feminine kindred to look to him as a sort of god. At all events she must go, and see, and know. A little change would shake her out of this incredibly fantastic humour.
And the note was burned, and the little rosy-checked lad who was to have carried it departed with his

pocket full of apples from the sweet-smelling loft.
In the afternoon, in a small vehicle drawn by Major Batt's pony, the mistress of Shanagh travelled the golden valley under the long wall of purple mountains, and felt the river flowing with her all the way to the sea, which after a time had to be left behind while glen after glen was threaded, before a wider, wilder, more magnificent ocean could be sighted. The cliffs grew steeper and bolder; travelling the road was like climbing up and down flights of stairs; the way went by the edge of long headlands sweeping to waves that foamed perpetually, and on the sides of the ravines mowers were cutting the late grass, having been lowered by ropes to the spot where they stood.
The deep hollows were filled with purple shadow, and Sanda lay like a half burnt out cinder on the darkening sea. A bank of smouldering fire lacked the murky, fantastic silhouette of Jura, and a light had sprung up on the thirteen-miles-distant Scottish coast. The roar of Tor began to be heard, and as Bawn reached the summit of a hill and felt the keen autumn air blow on her she drew her breath quickly, startled at the lowering beauty of the sunset-reddened nightfall.

What if the master of Tor, the cousin of her young landlords, the man who had been in America and was just returned from London, should prove to be one and the same with Somerled of the steamer?
Could anything be more unlikely? She had always hitherto been quite free from nervous fancies, triumphantly believed herself utterly devoid of that kind of imagination that raises troublesome phantoms and sees obstacles where none exist. Yet now it seemed that she was learning the trick of seeing ghosts.

Into her life the truth had not yet found its way that the world is in reality very small; to her it still seemed vast as an eternity. London never seen by her, and Paris quite new to her as St. Paul—even further, because she had never travelled along the tracks that lead to them.
What evidence was there in favor of the idea that fortune had played her such an unheard-of trick as this, except that both men had been in America in the interests of poor emigrants, and that each thought of bringing their cause before the world in Parliament? Her visitors had not even stated that their cousin's visit to America had been very recent.

Over and over the slight evidence she went again till she convinced herself that she had nothing to fear from this phantom of trouble. For it would be a great trouble. Her heart beat fast in the stillness as she thought over the maze of embarrassment in which she should find herself involved if Fingall of Tor, nephew of Roderick supposed to have been murdered by her father, should prove to be one and the same with the lover whom it had cost her so much to repulse.
By an effort of will she decided to think no more about the matter, and fell asleep; but in the morning the same menacing possibility reappeared before her mind's eye, and she asked herself how could she meet the man at Tor, if he should prove to be identical with the man who had called himself by the fantastic name of Somerled? What could she venture to say to him? How could she endure his disgust at her treachery? What if he should punish her by warning his family that she was a woman who pretended to be falsehood to her friends—and would probably slip away some morning without saying them the much-desired rent?

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"I have won my bet then," said the major, triumphantly, patting his pocket as he strutted away from the pigs to take leave of their inhospitable owner, "though 'pon my soul I am not sure that I am glad, after all. There is something aggravatingly interesting about her American insolence."
"The impudent old nagur!" said Andy to himself, as he followed him back to the field, "to be passin' his remarks about her at all, at all. He'll be laughed out of his skin for this, thank God or my name isn't Andy."
"O Major Batt!" cried Bawn, still from the recesses of the sun-bonnet, calling after the major, who was marching towards the gate, half-offended and half-elated, "I will have that pony and those turkeys and geese."
"What is the matter with you, Andy?" she said, turning once more to her labourers, where they had begun to fill another gap.
"Nothin' misthress. The laughin' takes me that had sometimes that I do to shake as if I had the polley (palsy). Oh! murder, murder, misthress! I forgot to give the major his buttermilk."
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"Troth, an' it's a taste of Inishown he'd have been likin' better."
Bawn said no more, but thought she would ask Betty in the evening what was the meaning of the word Inishown.

CHAPTER XXIII
AN ALARM

Bawn was busy feeding Major Batt's turkeys, which, with the pony and some other chattels, had duly arrived from Linawilly and been paid for at the highest market price, when a boy put a note in her hand, saying he had run with it all the way from Tor Castle. Gran had written the invitation for which Shana had prepared Miss Ingram.
All the Clan Fingall were evidently full of curiosity to see something of the enterprising young woman who had come from Minnesota, unprotected and alone, to pay them the rent of which some of them stood in such need.
Bawn looked at the delicate, slanting lines of the handwriting, and thought she knew exactly the esti-

mation in which she was held by the aged gentleman who had penned them.
"I shall be in her eyes a bold American female, honest, perhaps, but hardly proper, tolerated and even welcomed for the sake of my usefulness to her dainty granddaughters," reflected Miss Ingram contentedly.
She wrote her acceptance of the invitation and got through her day, a little excitement at prospect of the morrow's experience just quickening her pulses. Two or three times during the course of the evening she asked herself what was the meaning of that faint quail of fear that at intervals thrilled through her who knew not fear; but it was not until she awakened suddenly in the dead of night that she was confronted by the real shape of the thing that had been haunting her, and, staring at the blank space of her uncurtained window, saw the form of her latent dread.

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"I shall be in her eyes a bold American female, honest, perhaps, but hardly proper, tolerated and even welcomed for the sake of my usefulness to her dainty granddaughters," reflected Miss Ingram contentedly.
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What if the master of Tor, the cousin of her young landlords, the man who had been in America and was just returned from London, should prove to be one and the same with Somerled of the steamer?
Could anything be more unlikely? She had always hitherto been quite free from nervous fancies, triumphantly believed herself utterly devoid of that kind of imagination that raises troublesome phantoms and sees obstacles where none exist. Yet now it seemed that she was learning the trick of seeing ghosts.

Into her life the truth had not yet found its way that the world is in reality very small; to her it still seemed vast as an eternity. London never seen by her, and Paris quite new to her as St. Paul—even further, because she had never travelled along the tracks that lead to them.
What evidence was there in favor of the idea that fortune had played her such an unheard-of trick as this, except that both men had been in America in the interests of poor emigrants, and that each thought of bringing their cause before the world in Parliament? Her visitors had not even stated that their cousin's visit to America had been very recent.

Over and over the slight evidence she went again till she convinced herself that she had nothing to fear from this phantom of trouble. For it would be a great trouble. Her heart beat fast in the stillness as she thought over the maze of embarrassment in which she should find herself involved if Fingall of Tor, nephew of Roderick supposed to have been murdered by her father, should prove to be one and the same with the lover whom it had cost her so much to repulse.
By an effort of will she decided to think no more about the matter, and fell asleep; but in the morning the same menacing possibility reappeared before her mind's eye, and she asked herself how could she meet the man at Tor, if he should prove to be identical with the man who had called himself by the fantastic name of Somerled? What could she venture to say to him? How could she endure his disgust at her treachery? What if he should punish her by warning his family that she was a woman who pretended to be falsehood to her friends—and would probably slip away some morning without saying them the much-desired rent?

"Oh! begorra, major, ye have hit the nail on the head. An' it's a tarble pity, isn't it, now? Only for their pock-marks—bad luck to them!—she'd be as purty as she's good."
"I have won my bet then," said the major, triumphantly, patting his pocket as he strutted away from the pigs to take leave of their inhospitable owner, "though 'pon my soul I am not sure that I am glad, after all. There is something aggravatingly interesting about her American insolence."
"The impudent old nagur!" said Andy to himself, as he followed him back to the field, "to be passin' his remarks about her at all, at all. He'll be laughed out of his skin for this, thank God or my name isn't Andy."
"O Major Batt!" cried Bawn, still from the recesses of the sun-bonnet, calling after the major, who was marching towards the gate, half-offended and half-elated, "I will have that pony and those turkeys and geese."
"What is the matter with you, Andy?" she said, turning once more to her labourers, where they had begun to fill another gap.
"Nothin' misthress. The laughin' takes me that had sometimes that I do to shake as if I had the polley (palsy). Oh! murder, murder, misthress! I forgot to give the major his buttermilk."
"Would he not have liked it, Andy?" asked Bawn gravely.
"Troth, an' it's a taste of Inishown he'd have been likin' better."
Bawn said no more, but thought she would ask Betty in the evening what was the meaning of the word Inishown.

CHAPTER XXIII
AN ALARM

Bawn was busy feeding Major Batt's turkeys, which, with the pony and some other chattels, had duly arrived from Linawilly and been paid for at the highest market price, when a boy put a note in her hand, saying he had run with it all the way from Tor Castle. Gran had written the invitation for which Shana had prepared Miss Ingram.
All the Clan Fingall were evidently full of curiosity to see something of the enterprising young woman who had come from Minnesota, unprotected and alone, to pay them the rent of which some of them stood in such need.
Bawn looked at the delicate, slanting lines of the handwriting, and thought she knew exactly the esti-

mate in which she was held by the aged gentleman who had penned them.
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CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters
To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later, must come, and walks to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor. My marvellous remedy—Samaritan Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver.
"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The course of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."
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Lovely Easter Cards GIVEN AWAY
This exquisite Chateau Watch; the famous Little Lady's Watch; the elegant and reliable; the beautiful; the choice of superior genuine Swiss work; fully guaranteed; with choice of fine leather wristbands; and gold or silver cases; given for selling only 10¢ worth of the lovely Easter and other fancy cards you ever saw. If you are interested in new designs, all in brilliant colors, and of the highest quality, with gold and silver. At 10¢ for the cards are sent up as fast as you can show them. We sell you here. If you are interested in new designs, all in brilliant colors, and of the highest quality, with gold and silver. At 10¢ for the cards are sent up as fast as you can show them. We sell you here. If you are interested in new designs, all in brilliant colors, and of the highest quality, with gold and silver. At 10¢ for the cards are sent up as fast as you can show them. We sell you here.
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