

WINNIE WALTON'S FORTUNE OR THE JACKBOOT LEGACY

A STORY OF OLD DUBLIN

(Continued from last week)

The crowd around the stage had now become so dense that not a soul could make his or her way down the narrow street, and several dandies who were accompanying ladies home from the play were forced to stand with their fair charges opposite the porch of the theatre without being able to advance a step. One of the squires who had been bantered rather pointedly by the Merry-andrew by dint of elbowing and pushing, at length succeeded in advancing through the crowd opposite the rickety stage.

"Come," he exclaimed, "are we to remain here till morning, while that limp of sleight-of-hand abuses us as if we were all begging impostors like himself? Down with him! Down with the ruffian mountebank! Stage and all, and clear the street if you are men!"

"Yes," exclaimed Bob O'Mahony, with a hideous grimace at the speaker, at which the crowd laughed uproariously. "Yes, Vano; begone! Clear the street, till Bully Jackson dances the hornpipe that his grandfather, the old postmaster of Marrowbone lane, taught him. Clear the street, I say!" and he grinned again at the entranced Bully Jackson, turned a somersault, and grinned once more, till the whole crowd burst out into a roar of laughter that seemed to shake the ancient walls around them.

Bob now turned towards the throng of dandies before the porch of the theatre, but they, not relishing a similar display of wit at their expense, after whispering a few remarks, all gathered together and rushing forward in a body with their drawn swords, drove the crowd before them, the impulse of which in an instant overturned the rude stage and Bob O'Mahony with it, he, however, with the agility of a cat, alighting on his feet, amid the throng beyond, where he proceeded to dismember himself of his spotted habit, as at the same time exhibiting beneath a suit of most unexceptionable broad cloth. After whispering to a few students who at their turn spread the intelligence he gave to their companions around, Bob, with a rapier which somehow or other he had possessed himself of, began forcing his way towards Bully Jackson, and at last a regular uproarious scrimmage commenced in the street around the fallen stage. Men and women swayed to and fro, swords clashed, and clenched fists resounded upon sturdy chest and forehead, when, just as the uproar was at its highest, Hans Connor, who was a corpulent and aged man, found himself with his three daughters and Winnie Walton at the very centre of the fray. As he stood, perplexed and fearful, looking from side to side for some way by which to extricate himself and his charge, two gentlemen, who we may as well say at once, were no other than Handsome Charlie and his friend Tom Fenton, pushed their way up to him, and bade him be of good cheer, promising at the same time to conduct himself and his charge safe through the roaring crowd.

"This way—this way, good sir," said Charlie, with great politeness, as he and Tom Fenton made their way before towards the wall opposite the fallen stage. "Quick! or you'll break in the crowd will fill it up in an instant."

Hans Connor puffed and pushed onward—the four terrified girls following; and Handsome Charlie and his companion clearing the way in front—and at last had the satisfaction of seeing himself and all safe on the other side of the crowd. Charlie and Tom now offered their services to escort the party safely home. They, after they accomplished without any adventure, and that night Handsome Charlie had the satisfaction of receiving, over a tankard of wine the marked and especial thanks of old Sam Grimes for the service he and his companion had rendered to Winnie Walton.

Next night Charlie attended duty at "The Jolly Drummer," and over another tankard of claret, began making his overture in old Sam's regard to Winnie. The cautious old

man listened for a long time without a word, merely nodding his head with a shrewd wink at the brilliant pictures and alluring episodes of domestic happiness, of which the eloquent Charlie was delivering himself.

"My estate is entirely gone," said Charlie—"not so far sunk but that a little money would redeem it."

"I understand," said Sam, at last venturing to speak.

And, resumed Charlie, "If I marry your niece, who, I must say, is fit for any man in the kingdom, you of course, would get rid of this business—convert the whole concern into ready money, and come to live with us in the country, for I am heartily tired of the wickedness of the town!"

"Probably," echoed old Sam, with another sagacious wink.

"Then," said Handsome Charlie, "we had better, I think, come to business at once. What fortune will you be able to give Winnie? I am particularly seeing that my estate stands in need of present redemption."

"Well, sir," answered Sam, shaking his head dolorously, "I am much grieved to disappoint your expectations, on that score I am a far poorer man than they say, and the fact of it is—I think, if my niece were to get married to-morrow, I could scarcely leave her even my old boots, which I haven't worn since the sack of Drogheda, where I had the honor of serving as one of Cromwell's troopers!"

This answer Charlie at first pretended to take as a good jest, but when it was repeated by old Sam with perfect earnestness and solemnity, he became convinced that the chance of redeeming his estate, or, in plain language, of enabling him to pursue his career of dissipation by means of Winnie's fortune, was but a poor one indeed, and after another cup of wine, he hastily took his departure and repaired to his garret, where his bosom friend, Tom Fenton, was awaiting him.

"Well," said the old fellow, with an additional wink at a huge arm-chair opposite, as Charlie went out, "if that is now as sweet-tempered and angelic a course of my life, my name is not Sam Grimes. Good as he is, though, I do not think I can give him Winnie and the old boots."

Handsome Charlie, after getting the rather disheartening answer from old Sam, which we have related above, for some time gave up all thoughts of Winnie Walton, and once more turned his attention to the alluring vicissitudes of the gambling-table.

Now it was that he hated Rupert Russell with that bitterness and intensity which only a man mad in love is capable of feeling towards a successful rival. He sought, however, no occasion of public quarrel with Rupert, but from the depths of his heart he swore to be avenged upon him at the first opportunity. And that opportunity speedily presented itself.

One night Charlie and three of his companions were returning from a masquerade, and, entering a narrow and deserted street that led beside "The Jolly Drummer," saw, by the indistinct light of a solitary lamp that burned in the distance, the figure of a man approaching.

"Now," whispered Charlie, "we cannot be recognized in our masks and strange dresses, and if this be a Trinity man coming down the street, we will give him a little pinking, to accelerate his motions towards Alma Mater.

"Stop, girl!" hissed Charlie, in a feigned voice, as Rupert came up; "out with you, and let your betters take the wall!"

"You'll have to fight, then, for the right of way," answered Rupert, stepping back, and instantly drawing his rapier. "The wall I must and will have, so I warn you, gentlemen, to pass on, else—"

"Else what, sir?" hissed Charlie again, now quivering with passion, as he found himself face to face with his hated rival.

"Else I will run you through the body!" answered Rupert, making a sudden lunge at him, which Charlie succeeded in parrying without a scratch.

"Pink him! pink him!" shouted the companions of the latter, as Rupert placed his back to the wall and prepared to defend himself.

"Yes, pink him!" echoed Charlie. "Toss the base hound's body into the gutter!"

"Some of you will go first," retorted Rupert, undauntedly, as he succeeded in plunging his rapier through the shoulder of the man nearest to him. "How do you telish that, my friend?"

The man gave a yell of agony as the cold steel was withdrawn from his flesh, and now attacked Rupert with implacable fury. The result of the contest was that the four masqueraders, taking away with them some signal marks and tokens of Rupert's prowess, left the insensible body of the latter behind them, lying in a pool of blood upon the solitary street. About half an hour afterwards, as a belated bacchanal was making a number of sinuosities down the street, he stumbled over Rupert's body, and the fall sobering him somewhat, he scrambled to his feet, and called eagerly for assistance. Rupert's body was immediately borne to "The Jolly Drummer," and there laid upon old Sam's capacious arm-chair, to await the arrival of a surgeon. When the latter arrived he found that Rupert still exhibited some symptoms of life. He bandaged up the several serious wounds that the young student had received upon face and limb, but there, was one near the region of the heart which he paused over for a long time before making a decision regarding it.

At last, after a most minute and careful examination, he pronounced it not mortal, and when it was dressed, poor Rupert, still almost insensible, was conveyed to bed.

It was broad daylight when he awoke to consciousness. When he did so, he was barely able to give an account of the transaction as it had occurred, but he could not give the slightest guess as to the names of his assailants. The news of the affair soon spread, and a vast amount of indignation was thereby aroused in old Trinity among the students, by all of whom Rupert was greatly beloved.

But, Rupert was in good hands without any mistake, for, Winnie Walton nursed him through the long illness that followed, as only a loving heart could nurse the object of his adoration. At length he arose from his weary bed, and witnessed, with a throbbing heart, the joy displayed in every way by the gulleless and lovely Winnie at his recovery. One morning, as she left the room in which he was sitting, with a sweet smile upon her bright face, he registered a vow within his heart that, come what might, he would, when strength returned, ask her to become his wife. And he kept his vow, and was, as the reader will castly guess, accepted by the loving Winnie.

The next business was to communicate with old Sam Grimes. Rupert felt a little perturbation at the thought of encountering the shrewd old fellow, regarding such a delicate affair; but Sam seemed to take it all after the best fashion, merely answering, however, in the precise words with which he had put off Handsome Charlie. But Rupert was not to be disposed of so easily.

"I care not," he said, "what you can give her. I will now turn my thoughts to a profession, and trust to be able to marry her independently after a short time."

"I advise you to marry her at once," returned old Sam, with a wink of mysterious meaning at Rupert. "My will is made; and, believe me, neither you nor my grand-niece will regret its wording when I die, notwithstanding the old boots."

And Rupert did marry her at once, and will venture to say that a lovelier bride than Winnie was not seen for many a year by the Lilley shore.

Sam Grimes, on the wedding day, wrote a letter to his absent son. Whether it was that the old fellow drank too much of his own sack that night, our authority does not say, but, however it was, Sam Grimes died the day after the wedding, and was buried with all due solemnity in St. Patrick's.

About ten days after the old man's death, Abel Grimes came over from England, to act as executor to his father's will. The latter was opened in the presence of Winnie and her husband and a few witnesses, and after the usual preamble, Abel read out, in a full-toned, satisfied voice, the words that gave and bequeathed to him his father's property, without a single reservation save one. This went on to say that—

"Forasmuch as my grand-niece Winifred Walton has lived with me since her infancy—has been to me even as a daughter, and perchance better; and has always been obedient to orders, from reveille to shutting up of camp, I therefore give and bequeath to her my old boots and their contents, which are locked in the black cabinet in my bedroom, and which I have never worn since obeying my lord, the Protector's orders, at the sack of Drogheda."

The black cabinet was opened, and the huge pair of old jack-boots brought to light and examined. They were both filled with coins of silver and gold—chiefly the latter—of them, the left having only a top layer of silver, the remaining layers being all gold. When this glittering heap was removed, Rupert found in the foot of the right boot a mass of papers and a parchment, which, on his examining them, to the infinite astonishment of all, proved to be the missing title-deed of the property of his fathers.

Aided by the persuasive contents of one of the old jack-boots Rupert soon entered into another law-suit, worked it up to a certain turning-point as his father did before him, then produced the title-deeds, and won the fog-contested property. To his splendid mansion beside the Boyne he then removed in triumph with his beautiful wife, and there they both lived happily during many a bright day and revolving year after.

Handsome Charlie, some time after failing to recruit his fortunes at the gaming-table, was lodged by the old Jew, Tom Fenton has? eaten him within a debtor's prison, where for two years he continued daily and nightly chewing the cud of sad experience, at the end of which time, by the death of an old aunt who had not forgotten him in her will, he was enabled to release himself, and came forth, a sadder and a wiser man. His lesson he had brooded upon in prison effectually cured him of his gaming propensities, but he still relished the town, and lived there till his death, always the most fastidious and exquisitely-dressed old bachelor in the merry city of Dublin.

The End

WEEK DAY MASS

It is an excellent practice to attend Mass on week-days, and it can be done so easily. Only get up a little earlier, and you can attend any of the Masses in our various churches. Besides, when we consider the great benefits that accrue to our soul in its salvation and our duty to God, we cannot understand why the attendance at these Masses is not greater. Think for a moment, if you were to be ill for a long time, unable to attend Mass, how gratifying it would be for you if you had, while you could have, attended week-day Mass. This would naturally go to your credit, and thus there would be no regret. Heed the ministers of God, visit Him, and approach His holy table. Do these things, and you will be doubly blessed in your old age. Masses are said from 5 to 8 o'clock, and last about twenty minutes. So when you think you only give twenty minutes of your time for a whole day which God gives you, you are not making much of a sacrifice. So try and go to Mass every day until it becomes a second nature to you, and you will surely feel the benefit. Go to Mass, open your heart to God, rouse up your soul, and pray with devotion and earnestness. Receive the Sacraments frequently, which will better enable you to serve God and your fellow-man. Remember, when you are in church you are in the presence of God. You go there to visit Him. Hence conduct yourself as you would before the greatest potentate on earth.

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GERALD GRIFFIN

Life-Story of the Great Irish Writer

A place in thy memory, dearest, Is all that I claim.

These words of the poet, dramatist and novelist, Gerald Griffin, suggest to us the idea of recalling some facts of his rather eventful life.

Gerald was one of a numerous family. He saw the light for the first time in the ancient and historic city of Limerick. Many are the associations that circle round the mere mention of that name, the most powerful, no doubt, is that it is the city of the "Broken Treaty," in the city that manifests to the world the deceit and falsehood of England. Many indeed were the open acts of treachery committed against the sons of the dear old Isle by her savage and brutal Saxon conqueror, but I doubt much if there be one which has held up England to the contempt of the world as her violation of the "Treaty of Limerick." Here beneath the shadow of the old "Treaty Stone," of the landmark of England's treachery, the first seven years of Gerald Griffin's life were spent. It was an object lesson to him in his youth and, like all such lessons, left its mark.

In 1810 Gerald, with his family, removed from the city to a quaint old home—"Fairy Lawn"—by the banks of the lovely Shannon. This change of scenery deeply impressed the youthful Gerald and influenced all his life and writings. He tells us himself "nothing can be more glorious than the magnificent flood of silver it presents to the eye on a fine evening in summer, when the sun is setting and the winds are at rest." Why should he not be impressed by it? As yet he was still young, but brought up in such surroundings, with the beauty of Nature at its best before his eyes and endowed with exceptional intellectual gifts, he soon learned to read and admire the works of God in the beauties of Nature. A distinguished writer has written of him that "the influence on his mind of natural beauty and of ancient traditions may be traced in all his writings, both of poetry and of prose. He had equally a passion for nature and a passion for the past."

The early education of Gerald was entrusted to an old Irish schoolmaster—MacEilgot, one of the real old type, pedantic and peculiar. This sage, convinced of his superior powers, on Miss Griffin entrusting her son to his care replied to her anxious entreaty that he should pay particular attention to the boy's pronunciation and reading. "Madam, you are not aware that there are only three persons in Ireland who know how to read." "Three!" she exclaimed. "Yes, madam, there are only three—the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare and your humble servant. If you choose, then, to expect impossibilities, you had better take your son home." It must have been hard for the dear lady to keep her countenance. Change of residence brought change of masters. We are not in a position to say of what stuff his new masters were, for we must conclude from the writings of Gerald that he had at least a maturing of Latin, with less Greek.

The youthful Gerald's first literary attempt appeared in the page of a Limerick newspaper, an example of the oft-repeated association of genius and newspaper. We select one incident from his connection with the Limerick press, as it brings well forward the impression made upon his youthful mind of the "Old Treaty Stone" of the Shannon's side. It was the business of the newspaper to "please the Castle," as it depended

on the government for its principal advertisements. Griffin's article "pulled the Castle about his ears. To the editor's smart reproach he said: "I wished to tell a little truth."

The Griffin family had lived for many years in the old home—"Fairy Lawn"—when, acting on the suggestion of one of the sons, they bade farewell to it and turned their faces towards the West. They landed in New York in 1820 and selected for their future home a sweet spot in Pennsylvania. Gerald remained at home and began the study of medicine under the auspices of an older brother, Dr. W. Griffin. This was not his vocation and he soon discovered it.

In his nineteenth year he wrote his drama of "Aguire." It was the turning point of his life. He said farewell to medicine and determined to seek his fortune as a dramatic writer in the great city of London. He started out encouraged by the goodwill and full consent of his brothers. In 1823 the young Irishman, poor and untried, entered London, absolutely dependent for daily bread on his pen. There amid the busy throng he stood—a bold physique, with a dashing pen and a little cash. A struggle for existence began—a struggle that had in it all the bitterness of disappointment and the smart of wounded talent. He labored, waited and still hoped on despite many rebuffs, and that for three long years. His bold and resolute courage and independence sustained him throughout. Listen to his words, descriptive of London life.

My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine,
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine,
For though the pleasant sunlight shine,
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine—
I am alone—I am alone

The darkest day must pass, and so it did for Gerald. His sketches in the periodicals began to attract notice. In 1826 "Holland-Tide" appeared and was favorably criticized. Then followed "Tales of the Munster Festivals," a series of Irish stories which showed in their author talent of a superior order. As a prose writer he was now recognized, and awoke at last to his real vocation. The drama was now laid aside, and with it London life. We find him once more on "the old sod" in 1827.

Whatever may be Griffin's gifts as a poet or dramatist, it is in the novel he shines best. He does not describe, but reproduces. Intimate acquaintance enabled him to produce what only art and philosophy enabled others, hence the beauty of the Irish sketches. It is the absence of effort that makes him so effective.

In quick succession followed "Tales of the Jury Room," "The Collegians," "The Duke of Monmouth," "The Rivals," "The Invasion." Everything sailed smoothly now. His name was made and fame smiled upon him. Griffin, no doubt, reaches the climax of his genius and success as a novelist in "The Collegians." It is a beautiful story well told. One that has trod the streets of the old Irish town and has listened to the rich tongue of the Limerick peasant, and is familiar with every niche of old Garrison must needs feel his heart responsive to its note and his mind moved to appreciation. Even to those who are not thus familiar the tale speaks home with that touch of nature which makes "the whole world kin." The characters stand boldly out, in no imaginary surroundings, but as nature has them—natural.

One word of criticism before we

part company. I regret very much that Griffin did not select better Irish characters for his canvas. He seems to bring forward into too much prominence the unfavorable side of the Irish nature. Certainly he could have found some thoroughly romantic personage without any mixture of contemptible qualities.

The last scene of Griffin's career is undoubtedly the sweetest. He had climbed the rugged hill of fame and upon him shone the sun of fortune, yet he was not happy. His soul yearned for something more real. Instinctively he found himself called to tread the thorny path and bid farewell to home and fame to embrace the tedious but fruitful life of prayer. Answering the call, he entered as a humble brother the monastery in Cork. Here for two years he led the saintly life of a good religious. Then death softly touched him, and he passed away on June 12, 1840. What a noble character!

Behold him ye worldly! behold him, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain,
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

—St. Patrick's.

BOYCOTTED AT PRAYERS.

During the past week an incident occurred at Wilkesbarre that must be reprobated by every working-man. A leader of a number of striking miners, himself a Catholic, entered the Catholic Church during solemn services and called upon the miners present to leave the church because the fire-boss who had refused to go on strike was present at the Mass. About a hundred men arose and left the church. The action of the leader was disgraceful, but we are pleased to hear that the disgraceful character of his performance was brought home to himself, and that he apologized for his conduct. As we said last week, the subject of the miners' strike is one that should interest the whole country. From reliable sources it seems plain that the men are not decently paid, and the whole country should be interested in seeing to it that the condition of the miners is improved. But while all should sympathize with the men in their strike, yet no respectable workingman can ever sympathize with any man or body of men that will not allow a man to pray to his God in peace. The Church has a great mission to perform with regard to the laboring man; and the Church will do, as it has always endeavored to do, all that is possible to alleviate and make less hard the life of the workingman. But the Church can never tolerate such a manner of coacting a man as was attempted by the strike leader referred to. A man must be allowed to pray in peace when he enters the house of his God. From the apology made by the agitator, however, it is plain that his action was done in the heat of anger, and not through deliberate disrespect of either the church or of the fire-boss' rights as a Christian. But precedents are easily established, and the whole affair is to be sincerely regretted, on account of the consequences that might easily follow from it.—Chicago New World.

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