THE HALF By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER VI.

Delay the bridal? Bid Our friends disperse and keep their mirth un For another morn? Fie! fie! Have you a

name ? What a scandal will it bring Upon your fame!—A youth, brave, nobie, fortunate.
Worthy as fair a fate as thou couldst offer, Were it made doubly prosper.us. What, think you, Makes you thus absolute?

The haughty independence of spirit which she loved to indulge, or to affect returned with more than its accustomed ferce on the heart of Emily Bury, when she learned that Hamond had finally and fully effected the half menace which his letter contained. She could hardly his letter contained. She could hardly blame him, and she would not blame herself, so that her only resource lay in resuming the general air of indiffer-ence which she had relinquished so instantly, on discovering the mistake in which Hamond's silence originated. In this she succeeded so well that her friend Martha was once more at a loss to conjecture what was the real effect of the disappointment she had exper ienced. Miss Bury, however, was per haps too clever for her own interest haps too elever for her own increases, if or the perfect case and carclessness of her manner exposed her more than ever to attentions which made her heart sick, and solicitations which she feared en tirely to discourage, even while her soul turned in disgust from their dull passionless monotony. She dared however, suffer this secret feeling to become in any degree apparent, for she dreaded, beyond all other evils that now lay within the range of probability, any diminution of number or brilliancy in the train of her admirers. The sys tem of duplicity (though she would esteem the term hardly applied) inhappiness of so many joyous years to both. She made no overture, there-fore, and in a few years more, Emily Bury, her husband, Eugene Hamond esteem the term hardly applied involved her in many difficulties. She lost, in the first place, the confidence, and in a great measure, the friendship of Miss O'Brien, who, though she could not penetrate Emily's secret, was yet quick-sighted enough to know that her little share of influence on the mind of the letter no longer existed. Neither the latter no longer existed. Neither could she hope that the fashionable love which she had excited in the heart, or in the head perhaps, of young E— would continue to grow and flourish on absolate coldness; and she ventured, in the fear of a second desertion, throw him one or two words of doubtful encouragement, which he took the liberty of estimating at a far higher worth than she intended. He became worth than she intended. He became importunate—she toyed and shifted her ground—he blockaded — she pouted; her frierds first wondered at her, and then blamed her—and at last persecuted

her. Every body said that young E -that he was entitled to a far higher union-and that he exceedingly ill treated - Miss Bury her own mind-she wa taking very strange airs upon her, etc And so to relieve her conscience—and to satisfy friends—and to reward her swain for his perseverance, Emily dre a long deep sigh, and promised him marriage.

And now 'a long day, my lord ! The u-ual exclamation of convicts after sentence of death has been passed. you please," she said with a bitter gaiety, after she had listened to his

raptures with great resignation.

'The shortest will be long,' said her lover. 'Let it be a double knot. her lover. "Let it be a double knot. change her name next Wednesday."
"Very well," said Emily, coldly

"you will consult your own convenience I declare I'm not anxious one way

or another."

Lord E -- had none of Hamond's sensitive folly about him. He seemed not to notice the contemptuous indifference of her manner, but resolved within his own mind to "let her know the differ once" when once he had satisfied hi own vanity by getting her into his

weddings were celebrated wit on the same day, but under very different auspices to bott parties. Miss O Brien gave her hand freely, and felt it pressed with a tender which assured her it was valu ness which assured nor it was valued at its full worth; she was conscious of no evil motive — of no concealed deraugement of heart; she loved quietly, and she loved well and happily. Early, indeed, was able to sustain her part at the attar's foot, with a much apparent composure as her as much apparent composure as her friend, but she could not prevent her heart from sinking (when the ceremony was actually concluded) so very low, as to render it absolutely impossible for her to sustain the part she had under-taken without suffering the actress to

appear.
The friends parted soon after the ceremony, Martha O'Brien setting off with her husband for Munster, and Emily accompanying her lord to the house of his father. The necessity for dissimulation with the world now no longer existed, and Lady E — felt a kind of miserable relief in touchin ground at last, and feeling that at all submitted, therefore, without murmur ing, to the congratulations of her ac quaintances; allowed herself to whirled about in a magnificent dress, in order to gratify the vanity of her husband for a few weeks and then dis covered what, indeed, before was scarcely a secret to her, that his pur poses were in a great measure answer by the display, and the object of his long probation almost entirely accom-plished. However ill disposed Emily was to correspond with any manifesta-tions of esteem or affection on his part, her womanly pride was not the less burt hy the neglect with which she soon found herself treated; and although she was far too proud to complain—the silent discontent in which she lived, and the dissipation in which she min gled began in the course of a few years very perceptible inroads upon Castle-Connell, her health. Lahinch (a watering place on the west ern coast, which has of late years been superseded by Miltown-Malbay, and more lately by the improving village of Kilkee), and many other places, were tried without success; and at length it was found expedient that

she should spend some months in a for-eign climate, where the air, more tem-pered and lighter than that of her natic land, might agree better with the subdued tone of her constitution.

These months turned out to be years. E—refused to accompany his wife, lest it should be supposed that he was put-ting his estate "to nurse;" and ting his estate ting his estate to nurse; and migrated to the British metropolis, as the representative in the lower house of an Irish county, where, it was said, he did not scruple putting his honour to nurse in the lap of the reigning minister. New connections, or a dislike of the old, contributed to render him a permanent absentee, while Lady deterred by the continuance of her ill health, and not a little by a reluct-ance to encounter the revival of many ance to encounter the revival of many painful associations, seemed to have re-linquished all idea of revisiting the land of her birth. Her guardian (her only relative in Ireland) had died within the year after her departure, and she had now no triends in that country for whose society she would endange the shattered remnant of her peace of mind, by exposing it to so many rude remembrances as must necessarily present themselves to her senses on her return. Martha, kind and good as she had always been, until her friend thought proper to cast her off, was now the happy and virtuous wife of a sensible man (who understood nothing of romance, and hated pride, although he was a Scot), and the care-rul mother of a pair of chubby little Manster fellows. Without having one black drop of envy in her whole composition, Lady E—— could not help teeling that Martha, the matron, would not be the pleasantest companion in the world for Emily, the forsaken and the neglected — and she had her doubts moreover, whether that lady would her self be anxious to renew the earl friendship that had constituted th

Bury, her husband, Engene Hamond— and the story of their strange court-ship, were perfectly lorgotten in the circles in which they had mingled during their residence in Ireland. We love not to dwell longer than i necessary to the development of ou tale, on the history of feelings (however interesting from their general application to human nature), in which n opportunity is afforded for illustration of national character — that being the principal design of these volumes. The reader, therefore, will allow us here to return to our own Munster, congratulating ourselves on our escape (it indeed we have escaped) from our adventurous sojourn in a quarter of Ireland endered formidable to us by the prior occupation of so many gifted spirits— and where, last of all in the order of time, though far otherwise in the order of genius, the vigorous bands that penned the O'Hara Tales, have vrung from the Irish heart the uttermost relics of its character, and left it a dry and barren subject to all who shall succeed them. We return, then, with pleasure to Munster—an unsifted soil, where we may be likely to get more than Grati-ano's two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff for our pains.

> CHAPTER VII. Let me know some little joy—
> We that suffer long annoy
> Are continued with a thought
> Through an idle fancy wrought.
> —The Woman Hater.

We have our cwn good reasons for re questions concerning the occurrences which filled up the time between Ham-ond's flight and the year preceding that on which our tale commenced — a year which is still remembered with sorrow by many a childless parent and house ss orphan in Ireland, and which ap to have been marked by a train of calamities new even to that country -a famine - a plague - a system of rebellion the most learful, silent, and fatally calm that the demon of misrule to the hideous pageant with which it and suffered itself to be mocked on the preceding year.

In the spring, or, rather, early in the summer of this year, on a red and blowing morn, the surface of that part of the Shannon which lies between Kilrush and Loup Head, was covered with the eraft which is peculiar to the river, the heavily laden and clumsy tur the heavily laden and clumsy tuck boats, Galway hookers provided with fish for the Limerick market, large of burthen going and returning o and from the same city, and revenue their sails from the black and lumbering eraft above mentioned, and presenting, by such variety, a very lively and aninated picture on the often dreary and The red clouds, which became massed into huge and toppling piles upon the western horizon, and confronted the newly risen sun with an augry and threatening aspect, afforded 'an indica tion, which experience had taught him to appreciate, of the weather which the boatman was destined to contend with in the course of the day. All seemed to be aware of this and the utmost exwere made by the helmsm accomplish as much as was possible of their progress before the southerly gale should become too heavy for their can-

On the forecastle of one of the Galway hookers, a tight-built little vessel, which, by the smallness of its bends, its creyhound length, and gunwale distin uished by a curve inward (technically called a tumble home) was enabled to bear a heavier see and make a much eeter progress than the other open boats of the river-on the forecastle of such a vessel, two men were placed; one, who belonged to the boat, as appeared by his blue frieze jacket orna mented with rows of horn buttons coarse canvass trousers, red comforter. battered and bulged hat covered with an old oil cloth, and tied about with a bit of listen as a succedeneum for a hat band; the other seated on the fluke of the anchor, in a thread bare brown coat

and cord knee-breeches, old brown hat and dark striped woollen waistcoat, and making it sufficiently manifes by his odd staring manner and raw questions that he was a reserved. that he was a passenger, and a strange to the part of the country by which he

was sailing.
"Put down your ruddher a taste

"Put down your ruddher a taste, Bat," said the former to the man at the helm. "I see a squall comen."

"See a sq all! see the wind!" exclaimed the man with the brown coat; "that bates all I ever heerd. They say 'pigs can see the wind, whatever the raison of it is, but I travelled many's the mile of water fresh and salt, an' I nayur seen a sailor that would an' I nuvur seen a sailor that wou hold to seeing the wind yit."

"You see more now than uvur you seen, far as you went," said the boat man. "Af you put your face this way, sideways, on the gun'l o' the boat, you'll see the wind yourself comen over

The pussenger, supposing that he w really about to witness a nautical wonder, did as he was directed, and placing his cheek on the towl pin, looked skance in the direction of the gale nothing doubting that it was the very invisible element itself the boatman spoke of, and not its indication in the darkening curl that covered by fit; the ne was making his observation, however, the helmsman, in obedience tanother command of "closer to wind, from his companion on the forecastle put down the helm suddenly, and caused the little vessel to make a jer with her prow to windward, which clipped off the mane of the next breaker and flung it over the weather bow into the face and bosom of the passenger. He shifted his place with great expedition, but not deeming it prudent to which passed quickly between the boat men, he resumed his former place at the lee-side of the vessel.

"It's wet you are, I'm in dread," said the forecastle man, with an air of nock concern.

"A trifle that way," replied the other, with a tone of seeming indiffer ence—and adding, as he composedly applied his handkerchief to the dripping breast of his coat—"Only av all the Munster boys wor nuvur to be dried (dry thirsty) than what myself is now twould be a bad story for the publi

Why, thin, I see now," said the boatman, assuming at once a manner of greater frankness and good will, "that you are a raal Irishman after all, be your taking a joke in good parts."
"In good parts! In all parts, I'm o

opinion," replied the passenger merrily extending his arms to afford a full view of his drenched figure. " But indeed am, as you say, a sort of a bad Irish-And your frind b'low in the cabin

what is he?' "O, the same to be sure-and

great gintleman, too, only he's not Milaysian like meself.

Wasn't it a quare place for him to take-a man that I see having money s flush about him-a place in the cabin of a hooker, in place of a berth like any responsible man in the reg'lar packet ?

To this query, the passenger in the brown coat only answered by casting, first, a cautious glance towards a small square hole and trap-door in the forewhich the wreath of smoke which were issuing, showed it to be a substitute for that apartment which is termed the cabin in more stately vessels. The man then crept softly towards the aperture, waved the vapor aside with his hand, and looked down. The whole extent of the nether region was immersed in an atmosphere to which the paradox of the "palpable obscure" might have been applied and ceased to be a paradox. In was some time before the objects beneath became sufficiently discernible for the passenger to form any conjecture (if were his intention) on the transactions which were taking place in the cabin but when they did so, his eye was ver occasioned, and which seemed as enabled to comprehend the circuit of a fall the hereditary evils with which Lttle excavation (as it appeared) about he land was ever afflicted had welled four feet in height, eight in breadth, out their poison from new sources upon and nine or ten in length, in which a number of persons, about eight to ten and nine or ten in length, in which a men and two old women, lay huddled on a heap of straw-the latter sitting erect, nursing children—the others, some looked in a pleasing forgetfulness quietly conversing on the state of the ountry-a subject of paramount inter-Through the volumes of smoke which about his head, the passenger few bricks at the end of the cabin beside which sat a swarthy, wild-haired boy, roasting potatoes and eggs, and eeming as much at his ease as if he were inhaling the purest aroma. Opposite to this youth—his arms folded, ais legs crossed, and his head reclining against one of the ribs of the vesselay a person of a very singular and perplexing appearance. His eyes had all the wildness which characterises that His eyes had all of a maniac, and were only contradis tinguished from it by the fixedness and intensity of expression with which their gaze rested on the object, whatever it was, which, for the moment, awakened the interest of their owner. His face the interest of their owner. was dragged and pale-marked with the lines of sorrow, and a little tinged with the hue of years-but so very slightly, that if it were not for th assistance which Time had received from accident and circumstance, the man might yet have taken footing within the ground of maturity. He were a loose blue silk handkerchief on his neck-a sailor's jacket, and trousers of frieze, of the same color-(the manufasture of some village weaver), and a double breasted black silk waistcoat, which, opening above, afforded (in better light, however, than that in

> charge of total inconsistency.
>
> After he had reconnoitered the cabin to his satisfaction, the passenger drew back from the trap-door, making a wry

hawking "

face, as the smoke penetrated his eyes, tures above the mouth, which, in this age of refinement, it may suffice to indicate by an allusion to the organ of

"I might as well go down a chim-bley," said he, expressing as much distaste by his manner, as Cob might be sup-posed to do in uttering one of his genteel invectives against "that vile, roguish

"The taste of smoke is convenient such a night as last night was," said the boatman. "See how your friend likes it."

The passenger replied to this obse tion by looking unusually wise, as if for the purpose of affording, by a counter-indication, a clue to the cause of his "frind's" peculiar opinions, and by touching his forehead mysteriously with his finger.
"Light?" asked the boatman.
"Cracked!" said the

"Cracked!" said the passenger. Innocent. In some things only, that For you never see how he can talk to you, at times, as sober as anybody— and at other times with a tongue that you'd think would never tire; preacher like the clargy—and at others again, man alive, he'd ate you up, you'd think, for the turn of a hand. He can't abide any o' the quality at all—that's his great point—being brought into a

dale o' trouble once, on their account He mislikes all gentlemen—"

And ladees ? "Iss, then, an ladies—although you seem to misdoubt that part o' my story. He can't abide anything o' the sory. He can t ablee anything o' the sort. Sure, av it wasn't for that, what sort of a livery would this be for mehis own gentleman (for that's me title be rights, though I don't claim it in his presence)? or what sort of a place would that cabin be (though indeed it's a nate cabin and a tight little hooker. for a hooker, considering—)but not at all fitten for an estated man like him."

"Where is he from?" "O yethen, many's the place we're from this time back, travellen hether an' thether, back'urds an' for'urds, to and fro, this way an' that way, be sea an' be land, on shipboord and every boord, in Ayshee and Europe, an' Africay an' Merrikey, an' among the Turkies and Frinch an' Creeks, an' a mort o' places an' things more than lean mintion to you now—but latterly it's from London we're comen, himse being appointed one o' given out the money to the poor left witout anythen, we hear, by raisen of the great rain that was last year, that pysin'd all the skillaans in the which the English (an' sure it's

a new story wit 'em) subscribed for 'em
-an' sure 'twas good of 'em for all.'
"Why, then, it was. We must only
take what we can of a bad debt, and sorrow a much hopes there is of all they have of ours, be all accounts."

But it was a great relief, wasn't it?

The male, an' the employment, an' all them things." "O yethen middlin, like the small

praties. There was a mort o'money sent over, I hear; but then it was all mostly frittered away among shoepur visors an' clerks an' them things, ont'l at last it was the same case a'most as with the poor little natural that laid out all his money on a purse, and then had nothen to put it afther. The bene-fits that the English (on sure they mean well, no doubt, only being blind folded about the way they'll go about sarven uz)—the benefits they strive to do uz, their charter schools, an' their binnyfactions, and all them things reminds me of the ould fable of Congcul lion, the great joyant, long ago, which in dread you mightn't have heerd, I'll tell it to you. Into Ulster it was they marched some troops, that is, of the king o' Connaught, and there they wor bate disgraceful, and they run for their life as you'd see a proctor run at sight of a pike; and comen ould eastles that was blown up sence be Cromwell (the thief o' the airth!) they saized it, and kep it, and made them selves up in it, so as not to allow the sodgers of the King of Ulster withside the walls. Still an' all the Ulster boys strapped to, an' they tuk the tuk the castle, barren the tower, that was defended by an ould woman only all the rest of the Connaught boys being to this tower was very cross, intirely being up one o' those crooked staircases like a cork serew, an sech as only one man could mount at a time, which was sorry for, there being a in the doore at the top, an' the ould hag (the rogue!) used to shoot out an and down he'd fall stone dead to b sure. An' the same case wit the one, whoever he'd be, that would coom up after him. Well, the king of Uster didn't knew what to do, an' he called a council o' war, an' says he to his gin erals, an' lords, an' all the great people, 'I'm fairly bothered,' siz he people, 'I'm fairly bothered,'
'wit this ould 'oman, an' what'll at all wit her?' siz he. 'I'll tell you that, then,' says one of his great gin-erals; 'send for the great joyant Congcullion,' siz he 'an av he don't mak her hop,' says he, 'you may call me ar honest man.' 'Who'll go for him,' siz the king of Ulster, siz he, 'or where is he to be had?' siz he. 'Con of the Fleetfoot will go for him,' siz the gineral again, meaning another joyant that was in hearen. Well an' good, Con of the Fleet-foot was sent for Conscullion the joyant, the big o' that hill over-right us, that was wanderen over and bether in the woods be raisen of being bate in a fight be a grand knight coort, an' haven his hair cut off for a disgrace. Well, this Con (that used to take a perch o' ground in one step) he travelled some hundred o' miles, an last he found my lad in a wood erry fast usleep. 'Get up here,' Kerry fast asleep. 'Get up here,' siz Con, 'an' come with me, an' a pretty lad you are, siz he, to have me to call you, an' the king an' all which he was now placed) a twilight glimpse of a shirt which, from its finewanten you all so fast, siz Con, siz he. Well became Congcullion, he never less and whiteness, accorded ill with made him an answer, being fast asleen the same time. So what does Con do but to take his soord and to cut off the though there was something in his attitude, and in the intelligent inquiry eye, which would little finger off of him-and then you Congcullion stretchen himself redeem it in some measure from the yawned a piece, and axed what was the matter, or what fly was it that was tittlen him? So Con up and tould him the whole biziness from first to last,

about the ould 'oman, and the rest of 'em. Well, I'm maken a long story of it, they come to the king, the two of 'em, an siz Congcullion, 'Now where's this woman,' siz he, 'or what am I to do with her, and sure it's a droll thing to be senden all the ways to Kenry to. to be senden all the ways to Kerry for a gorson like meself to fight an old hag, a gorson like mesell to figuran our hag, siz he. 'There she is in the air out fronten you,' siz the king. So he looked up, and what should he see above only a quern stone, like that they uses in grinden the whate, and the hag sitten up upon it, and shooten down arrows through the hole in the middle arrows through the hole in the mutute at the king's men, an she flyen about that way be magic art in the air above. 'Aha, my lady, thinks Congcullion in his own mind, but he said nothen, 'I his own mind, but he said nothen, 'I think I'll soon have you down off o' your filly foal, although it will be a nice mark to hit off,' siz he to himself, manen the hole in the quern. sooner said than done, he tuk and shot up an arrow right through the hole and through the woman moreover, an down she an' her quern came tublen into the middle of e'm and whack upon the head o' Feardia, one o' the est sodgers the king had, an' med ereens of him. 'Well, didn't I do it?' siz Congcullion. 'O yeh, wisha you did,' siz the king, 'an' more than it an' I never seen the peer o' you,' s an' I never seen the peer o' you,' siz siz he, 'for whatever good you do you're always sure to do it in a way that it would be better you didn't do it at all,' siz he. (Tradition is a powerful magnifier. The hero who is mentioned in the above legend, figures in O. Hellessn's history as Communication. O'Halloran's history as Congcullion, a knight of the Red Branch, where his dimensions shrink into the common scale of humanity.) It's the same way wit the English when they try to do good for uz here in Ireland."

"Why then 'tis in a great measure you-but still an' all it's a great thing for 'em to mane well bekays be that mains there's hope they'll be set right one time or another

"O yeh, then, there is. But I'd be

sorry there was a little hopes of our comen safe to shore this holy mornen." While this conversation passed be tween the politicians, the bad weather which had been threatened by the ap-

pearance of the morning, began to make its word good. A small hand make its word good. A small hand-somely-rigged sloop was the only vessel that seemed likely to dispute the palm of superiority, in point of speed, with the hooker, which last, as it appeared. make its word good. was a sailer of high reputation on the river, and the trial of force, which presently took place between them, at-tracted the interest of those who tracted the interest of those who manned the more unambitious craft. Loud were the shouts of the crews as the sloop attempted, and almost suc ceeded in coming between her rival and the wind, and thus causing her sails to slacken and deadening her way for some minutes at least; and louder yet were the sounds of gratulation and of triumph, when the latter, observing the manceuvre, ran suddenly close to wind, and being enabled by the smallness of her size to run much nearer to the shore than the sloop, soon left her lumbering far upon the lee. But the interest of the spectators was excited to a far higher degree when our friend in the hooker, after calculating with a precision which experience enabled them to use, the difference in the speed of both, formed the hardy design of sailing round her foe, and thus combining utter and absolute disgrace with discomfiture. She watched her oppor-tunity well, and taking as much "odds" as she thought would secure her tri umph, she suffered her sails to fill loosened the main sheet, and put the helm a little to windward. The sloop perceived her insolent intention and attempted to baffle it by a similar proedure. Finding that she was making sufficient way, however, she struck out a reef, at the risk of some perilous "heeling." This was a meas-ure on which the hooker had not She pers vered undertaking, nevertheless, and swept the next plunge of the latter which shone in the livided the froth oker's wake. Her triumph was com lete, however, and the shout which er crew raised as she bounded fleetly ver the breakers to the leeward, wa answered from shore to shore by the b atmen of the surrounding vessels, who had watched the rather perilous assay with an intense interest.

While sports like these were used t checquer the tediousness of their river voyage, (tedious to them from their perfect familiarity with all its magnificscenery,) they were ent details of naking rapid progress They had now passed the islet of Scat tery, with its round tower and eleven churches—the ruins of which may be all comprehended in a single coup d'wil-a little spot which has been immortalised by the legend of St. Senanus, and by the sweet melody which our national lyrist has founded on the same subject. The sun was now fully risen, and as the vessel approached the Race of Tarbert where the river dilates to the extent o several miles, and assumes the appear ance of a considerable lake, the most agreeable opportunity was afforded to the voyagers of appreciating all the varied splendors and changes of this celebrated stream. On the left was the bay of Clonderlaw, an opening of some miles in extent, where the red and ruffled waters presented, to a considerable distance from the shore, on either green hue of those which ran in heavy swells and breakers in the channel of the river. On the right lay the villages of Tarbert and Glyn, (the hereditary domain of the far famed Knights of the Valley,) while the undulating face of the surrounding country presented an appearance of sunny richness and cultivation, which rendered the scarcity of wood, (the only void by which the glancing over the prospect) scarcely, if at all, observable. the Race was covered with innumerable vessels of all kinds-brigs, ships, (as three - masters are here emphatically termed) schooners, sloops, turf boats, and hookers. The heavy sea, which and hookers. The heavy sea, which ran in the centre, rendered it rather a dangerous passage to the small craft.

and many of them were observed lowering their peaks and running to the anchoring places near shore—while others, with sails reefed close, and presenting, from the height of their turk the appearance of a lighter with lading, the appearance of a lighter with the bottom upwards, struggled on slow. ly, battling their way by inches against the heading wind, and steeping three rows of the turi which covered the lee-Limerick steam-boat have rendered the on, floated along the surface, like nooker) "a sod of handturf."

They passed the perils of the Race,

and entered a narrow, and less boister. ous channel, celebrated by a feat executed by a knight of Glin, similar to that of poor Byron at the Dardanelles, running between two rather elevated points of land in the counties of Limwood of considerable extent, weather-bound shipping.

DAN RILEY'S WILD RIDE.

WM. A. BOWEN.

The crimson glare of the senaphore Welmer made but a faint glimmering pathway through the cold mist, and a halo shone around the light inside the office window. It was the only night office between Seguin and Schulenberg. An all-night man had to be kept there because there was an up grade over two miles long just west of the depot. Here heavy freight trains were frequently stalled, and had to roll back

So when Jim Byrd, the night operator at Welmer, heard 101 slowing up without his having received any order for her, he ran out with his lantern to see what was wanted. The big mogul engine came to a sudden stop in front of the office, with all brakes down hard, puffing and wheezing, the air pumps working to full capacity and the popvalve blowing off with the sound tornado. The engineer leaned out of his cab, and the conductor rushed up the platform.

"Whew! She's pretty hot!" said Byrd.

"She's got to be to reach Houston on time. Worse than that, we've got you've got orders. They stop here unless you told us to pass Got any orders for us?" This was all said by the conductor in a loud, quick

forgot to tell me to signal you to go by, as I heard the clicker at Seguin siging for you to go ahead and make up lost time unless signaled down here.

you give us the white light then?" growled the engineer, grasping his lever and waiting for the conductor

east with puffs that told of an angry engineer, and the white glare from the plowed a pathway of light far up the track.

gan to nod, with his hand on the key, so as to be easily aroused if called. The rear end lights of the departing in the light fog, when Jim was roused as if by a blow. The key was conveying to him in its mysterious way the

with horror he rapidly wrote down the Latter

delayed by accident in office here."
"He didn't think 101 had had time

Shocked though he was at the thought of the collison that was imminent, Jim lost no time, but ticked to headquarters the exact situation, and asked if an engine could not be sent out of Schulenberg to overtake 83 which could not be far from there. The reply was worse than the first

message : "No engine fired up at Schulenberg Charley had stroke of paralysis at key; no one knew it until wired you. That caused delay in orders. Have doctors ready to take engine of 71 as soon as she comes and go down to wreck. No-

wird gunwale in the heaving brine. Now and then a huge porpoise was seen rolling its black and unwieldy bulk above the surface of the waves, in its hungry pursuit of a terrified salmon (a lab in which the river then abounded fish in which the river then abounded, though the weirs which have been since erected, and the clattering and noisy Limerick steam-boat have rendered them much more rare at present)—and at longer intervals, the head of a seal, which had come up from his peaceful solitude in the river's bed to look about him and see how the world was going use a similitude of our friend in the

points of land in the counties of him-erick and Clare, where the wood was more generously scattered over the soil, imparting an air of greater finish and improvement to the numerous scats which were within sight, and harmonizing well with the many ruins that lifted their viced and tottering bulk on the emi-nences in the distance. Further on, the Shannon again dilated to a breadth of several miles, affording a view of a hilly but cultivated country, on the shores of which the waters formed numberless creeks and petty peninsulas, studded with cottages and old castles, and orna-mented on the Clare side by an oak skirted the anchorage of Laba Sheeda (the silk bed,) a favorite road for the Gut of Foynes, which was her resting-place for the night, and the final destination of two of her crew — the brown-coated passenger, and his companion, or master, in the cabin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

and beyond the station to "take a header for the hill and force the grade."

The east-bound "Sunset Limited" was known to the trainmen as No. 101. It stopped only at county seats or at large towns that were intersected by other roads or at telegraph offices when signaled for special orders. This did not often occur, especially when the train was late, for its time was very fast and delay was difficult to make up

voice "No," answered Jim. "I guess they

"Why in thunder didn't they have

to swing on to the mail car.

Then the great machine started of

Jim went in, sat at his desk and be trsin were still to be made out vaguely excitement thrilling from the nerves of Jim was awake in an instant, and

following from the despatcher's office: "Signal 101 for orders! Tell him to pass 83 at White's switch! not stop! Hold 71 at br until all others are clear!

to get here yet," thought Jim. "How she must have been running! There she goes just by the bridge siding now!"

Have doctors

thing can provide the second of the second o

the situation.

"You may be a help some he said. "Get up and d you run and awake up the lill be ready for 71." As the boy started training down the hill and

the tank one hundred yard station. Of the brakeman from a box car, Who's pulling you to nig "Riley."
"Dan Riley? What's he ing you? I thought it was way that train dashed in ar "Why, there was a lot ishable stuff, and all the were out. Dan was han and they nabbed him wi

Jim rushed down to the shouted: "Riley, come quick! Have your firema to pull out, and I'll have h while we get orders!"
Riley told his fireman t ready and then run the office. He himself raced

To the wondering crew at the office, Jim explaining Just as he had finished, in half dressed carrying

Riley, there's no tin said Jim. "You must be Here are the other de now! Somehow I feel a going to find a way out of In reply, Riley turne

" Ned, I'm going to c 101 before she gets to Wi You needn't go unless yo can fire and run her, too, You doctors who ain't must be prepared for the trip you ever took! I hundred people on those only way to save them eatch that Limited—and flying to-night !" As he talked he was

ngine, the others inst lowing. Dan, Ned and tors silently got into the placed the doctors when hold on and not be in just behind him, one s apron between the ten-and holding on to the right-hand side, and the same position on the lef moment the great mandown the track, and Jin ticking the news to hea The steam - gauge pounds, and Ned began

coal. Riley slowly pul open and threw his less the engine fairly flew for sparks over the telegra emed to gather hers plunge into the night.
As the drivers bega gently pulled on his th his lever a notch, g her steam as the pist and out faster and fa in silhouette against thrown back from the they felt an awe creep The bell kept ring Ned was shoveling c bot throat of the iron iew seconds the shrie warned all creatures of to stand aside. Before the first switch at the

more than a half mile the engine was almo was she gaining s steady, regular pull a Riley kept his eye rails. The headligh gleam of white that so mist into walls of each side of the tra appeared like two cr

through which

light from unknown of He pulled his leve r notch, drew the last cog, and l It showed one hun pounds, and the pop-The time was n Many farm houses sl their windows, and people heard the shrieking whistle ar pop-valve, and ren Limited has just go By the time the Sandy bridge, the s

so fast that they

only up and down, peared like gigant solid iron. To keep upright with all their stren and lurched every coal. Then over opened mouth, the black that was st serve as a reflect faces and forms of

venturing against sudden death. Suddenly Ned p and began shoveling Riley pulled his cog, and the mach palling leap. Ne sleeper, but they and the Limited w of more than fifty Southern Pacific country, but it w night.
The pursuers

fifty miles, and that flying train
White's switch, w fourteen miles ab floor; the pick not be kept in stand up and h