EB. 6, 1904.

SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 19

bend his summer holidays upon Inis-toir in quest of Gaelic folle-songs, is friend, Finian Lynch, heard of the

"Go by all means," he wrote, "and I warrant you'll find no more charm-ing seanachie than Brigid ni Briain. She has all the old ranns and stories

She has all the off by heart; and tells of the place off by heart; and tells them very sweetly, too. Besides she is very beautiful. But you are not

to fall in love with her, mind, or try to make her fall in love with you,

for she is bespoke already, and Pea-dar Ban would make short work of

you if it came to blows. His hand-

So Gilchrist landed one July after-

veyed him across the mile of rocky

Dara Ua Brian-the father of Brigid

-with whom he was to take up his

abode during his stay on the island.

wide stretch of grey storm-swept le

el stone, intersected here and

himself to wipe his damp brow.

"God save all here," he said

white blinding glare of the sun.

"God and Mary save you," cam

doorway, with the strong search

came upon his senses like a rainboy

and the dark army of storm cloud

the ordinary costume of the island

on her feet were the native pampoot

inder its nimbus of glorious red hair

He stared boldly at it, noting it

ist's delight; the noble breadth above

firm chin; the creamy paleness of the

the sweet red lips: the delicate nose

slightly aquiline, and the dark blue

"Oh Mac Giolla Chriost." she ex

claimed pleasantly, giving him hi

full name in the Gaelic, which means

"Is it you that is in it? Come in

then, gentleman, and a hundred thou

Her exclamations brought Dara

with outstretched hands and friendly

seat in the corner of the settle, and

the tin of foaming milk which Brigid

greetings. Gilchrist gladly tool

Sibeal, his wife, to the doo

Son of the Servant of Chnist

almost purple eyes, which held

simply in answer to her look.

SAN

fac

ies of cow-hide. This much

interest became rivetted on her

where the steamer dare not

from the currach that had co

vince you of that."

The cottage

dows.

he had ever seen.

scarlet

ing beams of day full upon

When John Gilchrist res

project with hearty approval.

to rouse the people, ole and entening the liry. Harry made a ng bird's eggs, and the steeple in search vas always in the he did so. It was still he was not auld miss his way through his mind in t takes me to write

was dressed and on hunch, which was a om his home. When hurch, he tried the When by chance, it was left was securely locked. around the base o hase of nd the easiest place and that on one side covered with ivy. ly, he managed to way up; rem r spout came down he worked himself e found it. Then it

blowing around him if it would tear the his frail support r presented itself to was old and half n to loosen from its boy was in eminent hurled into eternity. ents and by e of little niches in ne, he overcame the

ly easy to climb

was numbed with the ands and feet were g from contact with of the spout.

was hours on his , but in reality he ntnutes. His upward within a foot of a e belfry, and taking he swung himself in

down the ladden church. He rang the r about ten minng of the bell awoke they, seeing the to the scene of the

ours of tough work. re King un aving the Squire's ildings. The battle o'clock in the morn-

uire Halloway heard e act, his act, his surprise He visited Harry's . He visited Harrys ad her what he could

w what would be he said. "He is very l, and I should like college education. If our influence in geta chore boy around ould get a free educaexpressed a wish that

I can do about it." oy like that earn his I'll be hanged if I if I can help it. Not " he exclaimed when er hearing. feat was noised ahe envied of all his

sed one day, not long as, by receiving a ne Squire, containing ith his name engravthe next mail he rethe effect that after olidays he was to go e, where his expenses in recognition of lered to his ever Squire Halloway. ndered manager of a large m in his native town e taken in as a parts to the education he he hands of his dear-

Squire. H he climbin is children he return

miu TO crib

85 8 scriber of the k, who and ca bers to

a sple obtair chroni (rish

d is luring

W The At-

and

velcomes.

made haste to offer.

The Passionate Hearts of Inisgloir By ETHNA CARBERY in "Donahoe's Magazine."

daughter.

her

truth.

blue tear-wet eyes. She

meaning of the name a secret.

hind your gentle smile, my Brigid

and the discovery may be a calamit

ous one for me;" at which Brigid

to reassure him. She was a radian

Then his tactics would change and

formality, avoiding the wistful ques

cruelty so far as to ignore the dain-

ties she had made specially because

tax both his teeth and his patienc

to the utmost over the tough bread

that was the acme of Sibeal's culin

ary skill. Brigid would lie awake at

night weeping, praying, tossing from

side to side in an agonized wonder

as to what her fault had been, to

rise unrested with swollen .eyes and

pallid cheeks in the dawn. When h

saw her thus he felt gratified enough

to alter his humor, and perhaps th

first sign of relenting would be his

deliberate soft touch upon her hand

as she moved the things to and fro

would meet and on poor Brigid's side

One day of days-the most blissful

perhaps of all that wonderful time-

Peadar Ban's currach to the south

Island. Gilchrist, in his usual fash

ion, fell a-dreaming to the rise and

fall of the waves. He cauld watch

Brigid where she sat erect and slen

der in the stern, and he thought of

her tenderly as his glance followed

the steady sweep of the oars. Peadan

Ban was a fine rowen, for sure; see

how carefully he could steer the boat

in and out the snares of those twist

rious how indifferent Peadar was t

would

did not

have loved her really or he

But then these islanders

have

he went across with Gilchrist in

upon the table. Then their

all would be forgiven.

his

at the gate. Often he carried

words of his love.

Sibeal had moved out of earshot, and Dara had gone to bring water from the well. "The Passionate Hearts. It may mean that it you are no longer dangerous in war y may yet be dangerous in peace." under Brigid paused. "How might that he, Mac Giolla Chriost?" "Why in friendship-in love, for in-She lifted her dreamy eyes

shake, when you meet him, will conand gazed at him doubtfully. There was no sign of amusement on hi countenance and she believed he spoke in all seriousness. She knit her brows, perplexed. ture. He clambered up the bare ter-races of limestone to the house of

stance."

"I do not know." She spoke shyly as if ashamed of her own ignorance. "I never heard that meaning given. Yet it may be so," and a sudder deep blush crept up from her neck to the golden glory of her hair.

stood on a high green plateau that seemed strangely out of Gilchrist soon made himself quite keeping with its dull surroundings, at home on the island. He becam Inisgloir was-save for a few of free of every house from end to end these isolated fertile spots -a long of it. Sometimes he might be found seated beside an old woman at he knitting, tossing the ball of wool there with deep natural clefts in which the idly from one hand to another, while delicate maiden-hair and the rock she crooned for him the peasant balviolet grew fearlessly. Gilchrist had lads he loved; or perhaps it would to venture over many of these chasms be by a child's cradle, taking down on his way up from the beach, and it from the mother's lips as she nocked was with a sigh of satisfaction that the sweet hushful lullaby with its he dropped his heavy valise on Dara's threshold, and straightened swaying refrain. At Eamon's or ner, when the fisher-folk foregathered in the evenings, he heard tale after tale of the marvellous past of Eri of giants, of wild witch-women, Gaelic, leaning one hand on the linthe sea-people who dwell beneath the tel and peering into the dark into-rior, darker to his eyes after the blue waves, and of the Sidhe- the -hidden away in lis or in the heart of lonely green hills. He heard, too, songs of battle, of love, of hate, the response in a clear vibrant voice songs which saddened or thrilled him as a girl stepped out from the sha as the theme changed with the mood Gilchrist mechanically pulled of the singer, until his blood surged off his cap at sight of her, for a mo hotly, and he felt that those singing ment felt too amazed to speak. But in the pleasurable thrill that flashed were so many cruel instruvoices ments tearing away the shrouding through his whole body he recogniz veil of his desires. From Dara, out ed her as the most beautiful creature fishing in his currach, he learned the Standing there in names and habits of the fish darting like swift streaks of silver in the her and would sit transparent depths. He the gloom of the kitchen behind, she for the timid rock-fish, which is so delicate in flavor, and whose wonder leaping between the sword of the sur fully speckled body has the grey-blue sheen of a spear. He joined too in in a battling sky. She was clad in the pursuit of the sunfish - libhan greine-the natives call it. and when homespun petticoat and the elusive bright body disappeared hodice of dark blue, while round he into a sheltering whirl of foam h neck was folded a white kerchief, and invariably breathed a sigh of relief. hated physical pain, and loathed to see the tortured fish dragin that first glance, before his quick ging behind the currach. Only for the thought of those cruel hooks he would have taken more pleasure in the company of the fishermen, they perfect loveliness, with all an artwere so calm and serious, and could dream to his heart's content the brows; the rounded beauty of the swayed in the brown boat on a soft ly wrinkling sea. He did not relish cheeks contrasting so vividly with so much his one experience as cragsman when he followed Peadan Ban at night down the beetling cliff question as they met his own. "I am John Gilchrist," he said to the ledges where the puffin and gannet and scarlet-beaked chough lay in slumber, and while the islande tied the legs of the sleeping birds his own brain grew dizzy in the star lit dark, so that he would have fallen but for Peadar Ban's strong arm which went around him in answer to his cry and dragged him to safe

ty. Thereafter he preincred to study ornithology from a less perilous point of view. With the island-women specially he

quickly became a favorite. What mo-ther's heart would not warm to him when he stooped so gently to kiss the child in her arms, praising its infant beauty, and whispering 'God Of the bright star of knowledge be-

side, narrating tales of past heroism, and mournfully bewailing the lack of roes in the less spiritually inclined to-day, he generally left his listener the impression, skilfully conveyed, that at least one man had in herited the bygone intellect and bravery and grandeur of character, although, so far, those gifts of the gods had not been stirred to the surface by oppontunity.

These were his best moments. At other times he was a different being. He honestly meant to be true to the better part. Now and again he felt exalted and noble enough to die for a great cause, but in the revulsion he as readily betray it. The forces of good and evil, which in some souls fight half-heartedly, in his waged battle all day long and with all their power. Often he would give way to an impulse of passionat praying, and rise from his knees to seek his boon companions, in who excesses he would be the most boist erous and most daring. Yet withal even those who knew him best and realized his failings bestowed upon him their pity rather than their blame

To Brigid ni Briain the coming o Gilchrist to Inisgloir was as the advent of a light into a black desolation. Life the gray quiet life she had endured without deeming it endurnce, was now a realm of radiance full of warm color, of sweet sounds of unutterable joyousness. She had not hitherto imagined that the hard work-a-day earth could so swiftly be come a kingdom of enchantment, and solely because of one passing guest All thought of Peadar Ban and his faithful love slipped away into the background of her memory. She felt a dream moving through a like dream in which the thin sallow fac of the newcomer was ever before her and the echoing halls of her fancy were filled with the melody of hi voice. Her sympathies grew to quiver under his moods, so that she became dull or gay as he was either of these. When she sang him the ballads he had come in quest of, she knew it was her soul going forth to meet his on every wave of the sad exquisite music. The idea never entered her mind that he had set the snare of his experience to draw her neart out of her-to bruise or break. Even had she known that this was so, she would have loved him just the same, for her nature was such that its surrender to its first strong assion must necessarily be complete She could not understand half-meas ures in a case of life and death, and the love of Gilchrist meant the life or death of her happiness. One old song. Oganaigh an Chuil Cheangailte (Ringleted Youth of my Love), which was among his favorites, and which she never tired of singing. verse that seemed to her the personi fication of her own fancies concerning nim:-In the Gaelic it is many times more melodious and more passionate than in this cold speech of the Sassaach:-

'I thought, O my love, you were so-As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,

And 1 thought after that you were snow cold snow on top of a moun The

tain And I thought after that you were

Like God's lamp shining to find me, one another; they seemed more en-

"Children, or man and woman, he lounged by some homely hearth- ly blind when he looked upon his is always the same, Brigid. And you Under their unseeing contentment know it, pulse of my heart.' Gilchrist wove the network of his he bent again to his oars. snares around Brigid. He had many

Gilchrist stirred restlessly in ways of torturing her now that he whirl of emotion. The peace of his grown certain of her love. Onc mind was gone. That unexpected rehe told her how he had permitted a mark of the young islander had been man who had been his enemy to de a revelation to him. It ennaged him, a wrong deed, when a word from him it offended his refined susceptibilities would have prevented the doing. He it fanned his vanity, and augmented told the story graphically, not sparhis desire. "I shall not let him win ing himself, solely fon the pleasure her," he stormed inwardly. "She is mine. She must be mine." Then he of seeing the shocked misery on he face. She had a strange faculty of reflected that there might easily be experiencing sensations in colors o worse situations than existence her mental vision, and as he con Brigid on Inisgloir. What if he defessed this fault, lying back careles termined there and then to make ly in his chair, she saw his word his wife, and begin a new life with dancing before her mind in a fiery her on the lonely, little world of line of scarlet-the color of shame rocks. Would his wayward disposi-Yet when he had ended and turned tion settle down to the level of these an interrogative glance on her h serious fisher folk-he never asked met only the piteous loving appeal o himself if it could rise to their would heights-and while his children grew not believe his own accusations of up around him, would the monoton himself, and sorrowfully wrought up ous slow-passing hours bring him n on him, until to soothe her he took regrets. He pondered long over ithe her into his arms and denied th question, until in the stress of answering it he forgot where he was For days at a time she walked on sea and lowering sky and the forgot the borderland of paradise —he was so tender, so devoted. "My Passionheaving boat. A heavy rain-drop splashing on his cheek recalled him ate Heart," he called her, playfully to actualities. He sat upright with taxing her with keeping the tru a start, and crushed the hateful question into the far recesses of his brain "Some day I shall waken to find much as a murderous hand might out what it means and what lies be press a drowning head deeper into

That night he spent several hour writing a letter. It was to his fianwould shake her bright head gaily cee, and he purposely made it a very amusing letter-full of details and is beam of happiness under the sweet land gossip, for she enjoyed trivial-Her name, given at the papities. tismal font, was Brigid, but it had for days he would treat her with icy been refined into Bedelia during her school-days at a fashionable convent tioning of her eyes. To Brigid this Gilchrist made a jest of the absurd was the flaming sword of the angel exchange and called her Brigid notwithstanding her protests. He now smiled grimly to himself as he wrote the objectionable name he had hinted a desire for them, and

the clutch of engulfing billows.

"To-day I was out with a young fisherman for a row to another the islands. He was the owner of our currach, and guess what he had called it? But you will never guess. Brigid' no less. Yes, indeed, your dean name. I spoke my thoughts aloud, forgetting. 'That is my favorite name.' I said, 'the name I love best in all the world.' There was a girl in the currach with us-an is lander-going across for something or other. She blushed at my invol untary speech. It appears her name is also Brigid and she concluded was paying her an indirect compliment. Poor silly creature! She did not understand that there was only one Brigid in the universe for me." He nodded his head knowingly to himself and his smile deepened. 'That will both gratify and pique ner," he mused, "my lady has more than a fair share of the vanity and curiosity of her sex. How curious Then he laughed out she will be." right; sealed the letter with a heavy blow of his hand, and blew a kiss on his fingers gaily in the direction an imaginary Bedelia.

Although the mellow haze of autumn had come to veil the grave ing white foam wreaths. It was cu the dead summer, John Gilchrist still Brigid's charms. He could never lingered upon Inisgloir. Somehow he could not comfortably face the ide of his departure. He was reasonably been jealous many times of late. happy-the present contented him the future-well, why cross make any visible pretence of love in one's bridges until necessity decrees. So he their matches; they ranely embraced dallied with the soft, warm wind of Brigid's adoration and preened his ossed in the practical consideration

she came near and took her into his

"You have hunried, my share of the world," he said, striking her flushed cheek tenderly.

There is always hurry on me, Mac Giolla Chriost, when you are needing me.

"And I need you now, Brigid, a muirnan," for I have had unwelcome news." "I know it, Mac Giolla Chriost,

Then

You are going away." She tightened the clasp of her arms

about him and threw back her ruddy head so that she could look into the lepths of his eyes.

"You are going away, Mac Giolla Chriost-that is the news you have for me. I know it; I have felt it coming; I have seen its evil shadow in my dreams. You are going back to your own world, and you will me now, and promise to return. But will you return, Mac Giolla Chriost? Answer me that-answer me.

She spoke in a quiet repressed way that startled him. He had bargained for tears and recriminations, but not for this subdued vehemence. He replied soothingly:

"I shall come back, girl of my heart; never doubt but I shall come back, and maybe sooner than you think. I do not want to go, but my work at home is being left while I am here and the fascination of your tales and songs can hardly make an excuse for me. And you would not have me termed an idler, now would you, Brigid my dear?"

He did not tell her that the letter was from the other woman-and that the orders for his return were peremptory: couched in the tone of who already anticipated a wife's privileges. In that instant his heart fluctuated in a choice between the gold of Bedelia's coffers and the livng gold of Brigid's wind-blown hair. He sighed, even as his heart set the two in the balance, remembering how unequal the comparison was, and that his bonds were too securely wound about him by his own act for a loophole of escape. Brigid watched with the hungry intentness of him one who sees a hope trembling on

unfolding wings. "Now would you, Brigid?" he re peated.

She unloosed her clasp then and lifted his hands to her bosom, crush-ing them against her warm young

body in a strong fierce pressure. "There," she cried. "It is my heart vou feel. Mac Giolla Chriost, and it is yours, all yours, yours and none other's. If you do not come back it will break, it will consume of its own fire-it will be drowned in a sea of sorrow. But you will come back. Swear it: Swear it before Christ and Mary and our Blessed Enda- swear that you will not leave my heart to break or burn or drown."

"My poor, sweet, frightened love." he cried, drawing her close until her pale cheek touched his own. "Have no fear. I swear it. I shall come back. You will find me coming perhaps, when you are not watching or thinking of me at all."

He smiled into her troubled eyes, and at the smile her fortitude gave way. A shudder stirred her from head to foot; she clung to him wildly, sobbing, lamenting. He said no word further, but waited until the storm of her grief ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

When will you be going, Mac Giolla Chriost?" she asked at length striving for control, despite the trembling eloquence of her lips.

"This very day, when the steamer calls again," he answered, "give me the parting blessing now, Brigid. my dear, beautiful girl. Sav it bravely and remember that I shall return in a little while."

She said it bravely, as he bade her, although the repression in her void

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of his duar- He has given ing of church en never tire ned good for IM Ders. premium ra neatly he Golden o will send tash for 5 o the True endid op- n a most	The Pasionate Hearts! What a delightful idea. What does it mean? Does it mean that you are very fierce and dangerous, and to be avoided?" Dara smiled and shook his head, but Brigid stopped in her work of piling fresh turf on the fire to an- swer.	And the star of knowledge behind me." The discovery that Brigid had shed her love like soft rose petals about him caused Gilchrist little surprise. Sometimes, it is true, his conscience troubled him as he remembered the girl he had left behind with his less upon her lips-the girl to whom he had given his word, and whose for- tune was to make his future. But then, "She will never know." his worst solf whispered. "She is far a- way, and she is too wise to trouble her sensible head with doubts." And with this assurance he lulled the un- ruly accusing voice to rest. The superb unconsciousness of Pea- dar Ban gave a fresh impetus to his pursuit of Brigid. The young island- er was proud to see his handsome girl so admired by the gentleman stranger, and it awakened no jeal- ousy to him to find hen time occu- pied by Gilchrist. It was no new thing for visitors to the island to	bi providing to the version and seeking a wife; in fact no one of them would venture to ask a girl unless he had his house ready for her coming. Engagements, such as were the custom of the outer world, were unknown amongst them. "The 'Passionate Hearts!' Where does the passion come in, I wonder?'' Gilchrist almost Haughed aloud at this stage of his musings. Suddenly he caught sight of a name on the vide of the currach, and leant over to read'it. The spray beat up against it so that he spelt out the letters with some difficulty. "Brigid!' he exclaimed. "Brigid! yes. That is the name she has for sure, Mac Giolla Chriost." said Peadar Ban, meeting his look. "The dearest name in the world, it is then." said Gilchrist. "My favorite name."	In a lover of anxiety, when at last he lifted his gaze to hers, as he rose to go out, she knew intuitively that her fears were well founded. He was going away. There was a quiet rock-sheltered	 told how hard the effort was. "To the White Lamb I commit you, O treasure. To Mary, who turns the wheel of the stars. To Brigid, that her mantle may cover you In the dark, in the light, in your comings and goings. To Patrick, shepherd of the fold. And to Colum, the Dove of Christ's house. I commit you with my prayers, my love, and my tears." Then Glichrist, with one last kiss, turned and left her. "My darling. (To be Continued.)
endid op-	 and dangerous, and to be avoided?" Dara smiled and shook his head, but Brigid stopped in her work of pilling fresh turf on the fire to an- swer. "Ah no, gentleman" — her voice was full of a sweet gravity, "not have been so in the iar-of times, but now we live in wild days indeed, and because of this, even in their flippant moods, they accorded a respectful attention to his opinions. Some women look with a prand snatched from the burning. was full of a sweet gravity, "not iar-of times, but now we live in 	er was proud to see his handsome girl so admired by the gentleman stranger, and it awakened no jeal- ousy to him to find hen time occu- pled by Gilchrist. It was no new thing for visitors to the island to seek her company on their wander- ings over it; she knew more of its history than any of the other young people, and had all the old ranns to give for the asking. Even in Siheal's motherly heart three was not a shade	Chriost," said Peadar Ban, meeting his look. "The dearest name in the world, it is then," said Gilchrist. "My favorite name." Brigid blushed happily. "It was the name Peadar put upon it long ago, oht so long ago, Mac Giolla Chriost when we were but children," she hastened to add, noting a shade akin to displeasure on the other's face. Peadar turnen round to her at the world bit strong sumformance sufficiences	she went about her household duties in a fover of anxiety. When at last he lifted his gaze to hers, as he rose to go out, she knew intuitively that her fears were well founded. He was going away. There was a quiet rock-sheltered cove on the western side of the is- land where Gilchrist often went to read and arrange the ballads he had collected. As he sat there now, star- her hims with the start of the start of the start her hims with the start of the start of the start of the hims at a house see he herd	(To be Continued.) A MASSACRE. The London Foreign Office has re- ceived news of the massacre of a British expedition under the auspices of the East Africa Syndicate by Turkhana tribesmen in the neighbor-