or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WEEKS ESCAPES IN THE RIOT .- IS PUR-SUED BY A CONSTABLE.—CLIMBS OVER A WALL, LEAVING HIS COAT TAIL BE-HIND HIM IN THE CONSTABLE'S HANDS, AND FINALLY DISAPPEARS. — ELSE TAKES HER LEAVE, AND RETIRES TO BENRAVEN MOUNTAIN, THERE TO PASS THE REMAINDER OF HER LIFE-LANTY HANLON, IN THE DRESS OF AN OLD WOMAN, WINDS UP THE STORY.— POSTSCRIPT, WHICH IS CHARACTER-ISTIC OF THE AUTHOR OF THE PREFACE, TERMINATES THE STORY IN MANNER SIMILAR TO THAT IN WHICH IT BEGAN.

On examination, it was found that the unfortunate man had carried a small dirk or stiletto in the breast pocket of his coat, which, having been displaced by the fall, was driven by the crushing weight of the horse fairly through his heart-the animal dropping so such as to leave him no time to extricate his

feet from the stirrups.

Captain Petersham and his friends, on hearing the melancholy intelligence, hastened to the scene of the disaster and there found the body stretched or the road, and surrounded by a gaping the road, and surround and wondering crowd. "Dead?" inquired the captain. "Yes, your honor," replied a police "Yes, your honor," replied a police.

touching his cap: this dagger passed straight through his heart; I drew it out this moment."
"Shocking!" exclaimed the priest, stooping and laying his hand on the forehead of the corpse; "most shock-

forehead of the corpse; " most shock-ing! Gone to meet his God without a

nent's preparation."
And in the very flush of his guilt, added the captain, gazing at the dead " The victim of his own inveterate prejudices and his love of gold, for I'm very much inclined to think the fear of losing his share of the reward had more to do in driving him to this last ct of desperation than his hatred of the young man. Hand me the dagger. Kate, you and Mary had better leave here at once," he continued, turning to his sister; "we shall call for you at

Greenmount."

"And bring Father Brennan with you," said Kate; "don't forget that."

"No—but look you here, madeap; take care not to present Mary suddenly to Mr. Guirkie, as he may lose his senses altogether; be prudent." As the captain took the dagger in his

hand to examine it, Roger O'Shaugh-nessy, who was standing by, touched him on the arm, and whispered in his ear, "That's Else Curley's yer " This dagger !"

Yes, sir.

· Else Curley's !—you must make

mistake, Roger."
"No, sir, that's her old Spanish dagger. I'd know it amongst a thou-But how could it come into Mr.

Hardwrinkle's possession?"
"Ahem! I don't know that, yer honor; unless, whin he was strugglin with her on the floor of the court house, he might have wrested it from he

That accounts for it, then," said the priest. "I saw Else waving a dagger after the riot commenced."
"Hump! then he died by his enemy's

weapon though not by his enemy's hand -curious enough, eh!"
"Yes; and I'm very happy to think

the poor old woman, after her long thirty years of deadly enmity to the nate man, is still guiltless of his She's a desperate woman, Father

Brennan-desperate."
"True, she was always of a wild, un-

governable temper; but yet not half so bad as she seemed. Her care and love of Mary Lee, the once houseless and orphan, and her fidelity to Barry, in requital to his uncle's kindness at the siege of Madeira, are enough to redeem worse women than Else Curley."
"But where is she?" inquired the

captain, lookin round.
"Where is she, indeed !—now that I

think of it. There she is," replied some one in

the crowd. "There, beyont, yer honor, settin on that stone, by the ditch, with the ould goat beside her." As the captain, followed by the priest and Dr. Henshaw, approached the old woman, she seemed absorbed in deep thought; her head bent, and her folded arms resting on her knees.

folded arms resting on her knees.
"Else!" said the captain, touching her shoulder, to make her aware of his

Else Curley ! "Humph!" ejaculated the woman, looking up slowly. "What's

Come-you must go with us to

Castle Gregory.

We want to see you there."

"Who wants to see me—you?"
All of us. Mary Lee, in particular,

before she leaves. Besides, I should like to make some better provision for your old days, than the cabin on the Cairn affords."
"No, no," said Else, rising and fold

ing her gray cloak round her emaciated shoulders—"no—I'll go to see my foster-child afore she leaves Fanid; but I'll niver quit the cabin till my bones are carried up to be laid with my sister's, in Massmount churchyard. And that won't be long, either; for now, since the one I loved best has found a father, and him I hated most a grave, I have nothing in this world to live for. In regard to the ould cabin, it's but a dissolit spot to look at, cap-tain, but it's all the world to me. I lived in it so long, and ivry rock and blade of heather about it got so familiar to my eyes, that if ye put me in a palace. I'd steal back to it again." palace, I d steal back to it again.

"But, Else, remember you're old,"
remonstrated the captain, "and will
need some one to take care of you."

"Ay, ay, take care of me!" she
said, with a melancholy smile. "Care'd
kill me afore my time, captain. I me

kill me afore my time, captain, I'm so unused to it. No, no; as I lived alone, unused to it.
I'll die alone.

"Ah!" she replied, " the weight

that lay upon it for thirty years is at last removed—and now I begin to feel life in it again."

"Thank God, you're guiltless of the death by which that heavy load was re-

moved, at all events."

"Amen," said Else; "amen. Three times did Mary Lee stand atween him and my vengeance, and now, for the fourth, the thought of her kneelin to me fourth, the thought of her kneelin to me at the lighthouse with tears in eyes, to persuade me against his murder, held back my hand as I raised it to plunge the dagger in his heart. But he's dead now, and so is my anger—fare ye well! fare ye well!" and the old solitary turned her steps in the direction of Arabeera Head, followed closely by her faithful companion, bleating and trotting after her, to her

mountain home.

There she goes, poor old soul, said the captain, gazing after her, and leaning his hand on the priest's shoulder as he spoke; "I fear her death, like her life, will be miserable."

"No, no; don't fear," said the priest: "I'll take care of her."

"God bless you! and for her temporal comfort I'll look to that myself."

"Humph! I see you begin to take an interest in the old woman."

"Why not? who could help it, after

"Why not? who could help it, after those proofs of fidelity and attachment

to Mary Lee?"
"O, poor Else! the creature's as true as steel. You see how she clung by Randall Barry, too, and protected him even at the imminent hazard of her life. But, by the by, where is Lanty all this time—eh?"

"Lanty! O, never mind him; he'll take care of himself."
"The police may have got hold of

him-the unfortunate fellow !' "Of Lanty Hanlon!—no, sir; there's but little danger of that. He'll turn up somewhere, depend on it, before the week's out. Come, we must follow the

ladies to Greenmount, and see how Uncle Jerry behaves after his discovery of Mary Lee. "He'll go crazy, I fear, when he sees her.

'Shouldn't wonder in the least. I told Kate, however, to prepare him for the meeting. But come—I have althe meeting. But come—I have already given directions for the removal of the body:" and the speaker, taking Father John's arm, turned towards Greenmount, leaving Dr. Henshaw and the light keeper to follow after.

They had gone but a short distance, however, when they overtook a woman in a blue cloak and ruffled cap, (both leaking without worse for the wear), and

looking rather worse for the wear), and to judge from the stoop of her shoulders and a distressing cough, evidently very old and sickly.
"Hilloa!" cried the captain, in a

bantering tone, as he passed her. "What the mischief brings such an old hag as you here among blood and bullets?"
"Me!" replied the crone. "Ugh,
hugh, captain, dear, it's no wondher ye
say it, for this cough's killing me. I'm
—ugh!—ugh!—I'm racked to death's
doore with it!"
"Then why didn't you stay at home?"

Then why didn't you stay at home?" "Ay, ay, dear; true enough, captain; but—ugh, ugh—it's an ould sayin, and a true one—The old fool's the greatest of all fools."

"Did you see Lanty Hanlon any where about here, lately?" inquired

the priest.
"Is it me—ugh! ugh!"

"Ay, you," repeated the captain, half provoked at the delay.
"Ugh, ugh! O dear, I can't spake a word with this terrible cough; and dear it's always was a hour captain, dear, it's always wuss about

"Confound you and your cough to-

"Confound you and your cough together! Come, Father John, let us hasten on to Greenmount."
"If it's Lanty Hanlon ye name," said the old woman, at last, "I didn't see him since ye seen him yourself, captain;" and the speaker uttered a sort of low chuckle, as if she saw something amusing in the inquiry.

"What's the matter, now, old dame?

" To hear ye inquirin for Lanty Hanlon ;" and the speaker's voice changed

all of a sudden.
"What! hillo! whom have we got and the captain drew back here, eh the hood of her cloak. "Lanty him-self! by George, it is! Why, you

unfortunate vagabond, don't you—''
"Whist, whist! the constable's beside ye, there. Don't mintion my
name for yer life. Reminber the warrint ye sent afther me for taking the loan of Miss Hardwrinkle." "I do-and I tell you now, Lanty,

what you may rest assured of.'

"That you'll be hung if you stay here—you will, sir. By the Lord Harry you will.

"Ay, you, sir!"
"Hung!"
"Yes, sir; hung by the neck." "That rope's not made yit, captain No, no, my pride niver carried

me that high. " Quit the country, sir; quit the country—that's my advice to you—and quit it immediately, too, for I can save

you no longer."
"Cudn't ye hould out for another

year, captain?"
"No, sir; nor for another week, either. Are you not aware that the abduction of Miss Hardwrinkle is a

abduction of Miss Hardwrinkie is a transportable offence? [But why another year, pray?"

"Well, there's a sort of a sacret in that," responded Lanty, wiping the blood from his face.

"And what's the secret?"

"Why then it isn't much to spake

"Why, then, it isn't much to spake of captain, only in regard of a bit of a girl up here, that I had a kind of a of, and she tells me she's no just to say ready, yit."
"Ho, ho! that's it — well, never

mind, I'll make her ready. Who is she? "A girl of the Kellys of Minadreen

"A daughter of one of my tenants -very well; send her up to Castle Gregory to morrow of next day-I'll give her her outfit. Send her up, and prepare yourself to leave, for you're

"But what of your soul, Else?" said
e priest.
"Captain," said a policeman, touching his cap, "Lanty Hanlon, I fear, has escaped."

"Yes, sir. We have searched every where, and can't find him."

"Shouldn't doubt it, sir, in the least," eplied the captain. "By the Lord "Shouldn't doubt it, sir, in the least," replied the captain. "By the Lord Harry, sir, you should—every man of you—be drummed out for a set of poltroons. Ten constables, and couldn't make a single arrest? I shall see to it, You have the Yankee still in cus tody, I trust.'

"No, sir; he has escaped also."
"Escaped!"

"Yes, sir; he jumped the wall, and fled in the confusion of the moment." "And could nobody catch him, sir?"

"Not on foot, sir, for he ran like a greyhound, his long hair floating back on the breeze. I pursued him myself for nearly a mile, but found it was of no use, and gave it up as a bad job. Once I thought I had him, as he scrambled no extens force. I salized him by bled up a stone fence. I seized him by his coat tail, but he left the tail behind him, and disappeared."
"So that's all that remains of him,"

said the captain, looking at the piece of gray broadcloth in the policeman's

"That's all, sir," replied the constable, holding up the skirt for inspec

"Well, it's of no consequence; let him go. He has seen enough of Ireland, I suspect, Father Brennan, without visiting our jails—ch? don't you think

"He's not the only one," said Dr. Henshaw, coming up behind, "has seen enough of Ireland. My own expaireance of the country is vary short, but I think I've seen plenty to know it's rather a hard place for strangers who are ford of their comforts." "You must matriculate, doctor," said Father John, good humoredly.

" Matriculate! "Certainly. And after that you'll feel quite at home." "Humph!" ejaculated the doctor.

"My matriculation then — as you call it—is ended, for I leave to-morrow." "To morrow!" repeated the captain; "nonsense! By the Lord Harry, my dear fellow, you'll do no such thing."

"To morrow, sir, at daybreak; you may rest assured of it."
"What! and Mary Lee to be married to-night, and Uncle Jerry to dance at the wedding! you musn't think of it."
"Ure made up my mind, captain."

"I've made up my mind, captain."
"But Kate — you know Kate has an apology to make about that quarrel you've had. She'll never forgive you f you don't come with us to Castle Gregory.

"No, sir; I've been once at Castle Gregory, and that I think is quite enough for me. I thank you, captain, however, for your profered hospeetal-But, my dear sir," urged the cap

tain, "I should feel very sorry to have you leave with bad impressions of the 'Humph!" said the doctor, in reply

'I'm vary much inclined to think, if I remained longer, they would grow worse. 'Worse!"

"Ay, sir, worse. Here's abduction, robbery, forgery, riot and murder, all in a single week. Good Heavens! Sir, there's not such another country on the face of the globe, and what makes its condition the more deplorable is, that its religion is no longer able to

"Its religion!" said the priest.
"Yes, sir; there's not even the ghost
of your old Katholeecity remaining. No, sir; what's left is syllabub and water gruel."

"I'm sorry you think so."
"And so am I too, sir. But so it isbetween your deviltry and your Katho-leecity, I have had enough of Ireland. Good by, gentlemen, good by!" and the doctor, having taken his leave of the party, thrust his thumbs into the of his waistcoat, and wended his way slowly to the village inn.

POSTSCRIPT.

Dear Reader-We have carried you through a long, and, perhaps, in the main, a weary, tedious narration. At length, however, it has come to a close, and such as it is, you have it; or, to borrow the words of Lord Byron, What is writ is writ:

Would it were worthier! but I am not not what I have been—and my visions flit Less palpably before me—and the glow Which in my spirit dweit is fluttering, and low.

SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

The above is the story of Mary Lee,

as it came into our hands.

Mr. Pinkie, it seems, had not finished it when he left Ireland, and was never afterwards able, on account of the rheumatism, to finish it here. We suppose this must have been the way of it. Whether he actually intended to make the end of Childe Harold the end of Mary Lee also, it's of course now very difficult to tell—though, indeed, for ourselves, we must confess we have a strong inclination to think in the affirmative, especially as, being brought up together, we remember well many personal proofs of his short and snappy disposition. But be that as it may, 'tis evident the tale wants another ioint, and so, being appointed his legatee, we have considered it no more than our duty to make up for the deficiency the best way we can. With that end in view, we wrote to a faithful correspondent at Rosnakil for information respect ing the fate of some of the principa actors in the drama, and the following

is the result : reply to your favor of recent date, I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the following facts. They you with the following facts. They have been obtained after very considerable trouble and inquiry, and there

fore I shall expect you to put them to my credit in the old account.

First, then, it seems the meeting between Mr. Guirkie and Mary Lee was very affecting—so much so, indeed that the captain, stout-hearted as he is after rubbing up his grizzly hair two or three times in quick succession, an plucking down his waistcoat as many more, was finally obliged to turn his face to the window and whistle against the glass. Uncle Jerry's joy knew no bounds; he sat her on his knee, and moothed down her hair, and looked up in her face, and wept, and vowed she was the very picture of her that was

gone. Mrs. Motherly, poor woman, is said to have entered the parlor just at that time with her master's leggings, to button them on, but seeing what she will be a thread short on her step and

did see, turned short on her step, and drawing the door after her with a bang. quit the house instantly, and was never heard of since. For the last fact I cannot vouch exactly, my own impression being that she did return once more and even had a pension granted her by Mr. Guirkie for her faithful and matronly services.

matronly services.

"As you are already aware, the captain entertained the party that night at Castle Gregory, and, so far as I can learn, a merry night they had of it. Mary Lee and Randall Barry were married, of course, by the good Father Brennan; and Uncle Jerry, curious enough, is reported to have given away the bride. It is further asserted, and on excellent authority too, that the same gentleman, after slipping a check same gentleman, after slipping a check on the Bank of Londonderry for two thousand pounds into Mary's hand as a marriage portion, instantly called on Kate to play the 'Sailor's Hornpipe,' and danced with his hands on his sides till he fell back on the sofa, and there actually went to sleep from sheer ex-

austion. "Ten days after the wedding, the captain's yacht was seen weighing anchor at Ballymastocker, and slowly moving up to the landing place under moving up to the landing place under the castle. Presently a party of ladies and gentlemen issued from the vesti-bule of the old mansion, and crossing the lawn, descended the bank of the rabbit warren, and stepped aboard. The party consisted of the captain and Kate, Randall and Mrs. Barry, Mr. Lee, Mr. Guirkie and Father Brennan. After a few minutes' absence, the latter After a few minutes' absence, the latter came ashore, and waving his hat in adieu, the little Water Hen moved off gently from the wharf. She had not cleared it a cable's length, however, when a brown water spaniel, followed by a tail old gray-haired man, in a long-skirted coat, was seen running down to the beach. The old man kept down to the beach. The old man kept waving his hand as he hobbled along; but the dog, who had reached the shore before him, sprang into the water and made for the little vessel, howling most piteously as he buffeted the waves. The yacht hove to for a moment, the dog was lifted aboard, and then the old man, apparently satisfied with what had taken place, fell on his knees, and with aplifted hands, seemed to pray fervent-

ly for a happy vogage.
"Next day the Water Hen returned, but none of the party was seen to step ashore but Kate and the captain. Where the others went to, no one here can tell. It is generally surmised, however, that the United States was their destination, and that Lanty Hanlon and his winsome wife, Mary of the black hair, went out with them having been snugly ensconced under the Water Hen's hatches before she weighed anchor on the evening of her departure from Castle Gregory. "Roger O'Shaughnessy, now too in-

firm to venture on so long a voyage, remains at the castle at his old occupation. Once or twice a week he burn-ishes up the old silver salver as usual, and tells how often it has served wine to the lords and ladies at Castle Tai-

"And Kate Petersham too—I musn't forget her. She is now, I am happy to tell you, a fervent Catholic, devoted to ther religion, and a model of piety to the whole parish. But you must not conclude from all this, that she has changed in other respects. Not at all. She practises her religion faithfully at the altar and in the closet; but beyond this, she is the same reckless, light-hearted being she ever was, and ready at any moment to cruise in the Water Hen, or ride a steeple chase on Moll Pitcher, with the best blood in the country. She has been trying hard to bring the captain over to the church people say. But I'm a'raid she'll too, people say. But I in a late hardly succeed — at least for the present. Indeed, the captain said as much sent. If a waaring at the same time he to myself, swearing at the same time he liked the religion well enough, but by his Lord Harry, he never could get 'I offered to com over the confession. 'I offered to com-promise the matter,' he added, 'but Father John wouldn't listen to it. He insisted on the confession as a nece sary condition, and I insisted, on the other side, to have that clause left out.

So there rests the whole difficulty.

With respect to Ephraim C. B.
Weeks, he made his way to Rathmelton bareheaded, and with the remaining skirt of his coat tucked under, to give it the appearance of a jacket. more only was he seen, and then at the Liverpool packet office in Derry. A friend of mine, who happened to be present at the time, assures me he did nothing but curse Ireland and all the darned Irish in it, from the time he entered the office till he left it. He swore you couldn't find such 'a tarna-tion set of varmints in all almighty creation, side the big pond, if he wornt a goin to give them "jessie" in the newspapers.'
And so, lighting a cigar," added my
friend, "he took up his valise and umbrella, and started furiously for the New York packet.

THE END.

The Year as Dedicated.

Each of the twelve months of the year has been dedicated to Catholic de otion in the following order: January, the month of Holy Child

February, the month of Passion.

March, the month of devotion to St osepn.
April, the month of Resurrection.
May, the month of Mary.
June, the month of the Sacred Heart.

June, the month of the Sacred Hear July, the month of the precion Blood August, the month of the Heart of

Mary. September, the month of the Pilgrim Orders.
October, the month of the Angels and

of the Resary.

November, the month of devotion of the souls in purgatory.

December, the month of the Nativity of Our Lord.

No one is fit to lead who has not th courage to stand alone.

THE PEARL BROACH.

He was walking down Grafton street when his eye was caught by a girl who was standing motionless, looking in at a window. He could only see the back of a bronze head and the pensive outline of a pale cheek. As he passe had a fancy to see what it was that so attracted her. He was a head taller than she was, and he looked above her head. There was a skirt displayed in the window of filmy green stuff, with a trail of water lilies upon it.

"Ah, poor little thing," he said to himself. The girl had looked poor even to an unobservant glance. It would have gone delightfully with her bronze head. But I'm afraid it was out of the question for her."

He was a young English artist, Walter Gascoigne, visiting Dublin for the first time, and delighted with the old city of glorious ghosts and memories. He was on his way at this moment to a curio dealer, who had a picture to sell which he much desired to make his

The shop of the curio dealer was long and narrow. The stock was headed in higgledy piggledy fashion, one thing upon another, all over the place. Al-ready the artist has extracted some charming things from heaps of others worthless or nearly worthless. He enjoyed the searching almost as much as the finding, although it was bad for his hands and his clothing.

He found plenty to amuse him, although the curio dealer was engaged with another customer when he arrived. He had unearthed something very interesting when the customer had finished his business and departed. The curiodealer was shutting up his little trays of *old jewelry, when the door was pushed open again, and another person

came into the shop.
Walter Gascoigne was quite content
to await the dealer's convenience. He
had taken out his cambric handkerchief nad taken out his cambric handkerchief and was tenderly dusting the little picture he had unearthed, oblivious of the horrible results to the handkerchief. But he looked toward the counter as the new customer's voice fell upon his It was a charming voice, young and oft and gentle. He stood up and

soft and gentle. He stood up and came forward a little, although still standing in the background, as though to get the light of the picture. Yes, he had not made a mistake. He was certain now that this was the same girl he had seen inspecting the pretty frock in Grafton street. To be sure, he had only seen the back of her head; but

had only seen the back of her head; but there was something unmistakable about it and the way it was carried. The dress, too; but then, any one might have worn the navy blue serge, neatly made, but plainly far from new. And the hat with the violets, and the little tie of fur for trimming. He was glad she had such a pretty voice. It quite suited her face as he conjectured it. He returned to his dusky corner, having no desire to eavesdrop. He thought, with a little tender pity, that perhaps she was going to sell some trinkets to buy the pretty frock. He

amining it, really wondering what the girl's face was like, and many other things about her.
Standing there, he heard the conver sation at the other end of the shop.

remained here in the background, with the picture in his hand, apparently ex-

"I assure you, miss," said the dealer that this is the most I can afford to that this is give. Those old things have really no value. There are any number of them going about."
"It would be no use," said the girl,

sorrowfully, gathering up the despised trinkets. "A pound would be no use at all. I thought their age gave them greater value than that. "If you wanted the money, miss that's a pretty thing you're wearing. I have a client who asked me for one of those old seed-pearl broaches, the other

day. I wouldn't mind giving you £5 for that." "Oh, I couldn't sell that! It was my mother's," broke from the girl so sharply that the involuntary listener started.

'I beg your pardon, miss,' the dealer d civilly. "Of course, I didn't know, said civilly.

or I wouldn't have asked you.

The girl said nothing for a moment or two. Then in a hesitating voice, "Could you keep it, if I let you have

it a little while, on the chance that I could buy it back?" "Certainly, miss," said the dealer. Perhaps that client of his was a myth. Perhaps that client of his was a You'd I could keep it a month or two. You'd give me a little profit, of course. Now that I see it closer, I could give you £7 for it.

Gascoigne watched the girl with something of the anxiety with which a good angel might watch the struggle in a soul between good and evil. He heard her sigh, half to herself, half to the dealer. "No; it would be no use. I could not buy it back. If I sell it, I must sell

outright." For a few seconds there was silence. Then the girl seemed to have made up her mind. "Thank you. I will take the £7," she said, half under her breath.

So the poor vain desire for the finer had made her sell her mother's broach Gascoigne felt shocked and grieved about it, although the girl was a perfe stranger to him, and he had never even

seen her face. Some fifteen minutes after the gir had gone with her £7 the broach was his own. He had given the dealer a comfortable profit on it, wondering t himself why on earth he had bought it. It was a charming old thing, but he had no special use for it, being a lonely man without female relatives of any kind.

A week later he was at a ball at house in Merrion Square. He was a favorite with his hostess, none the less that he was a keen dancer, and always willing to dance with the girls she He was sitting by her, when in the distance he suddenly saw the green frock with the trail of waterlilies. Yes, and it was surmounted by a bronze almost red head. He forgot the unworthiness of the girl who had sold her mother's broach to buy herself a frock.
He only felt that he wanted to know her,

to see her face, to hear the soft voice addressing him.
"Now," said Mrs. Verschoyle at his ear—he had not been listening to her for a minute or two—"since you have for a minute or two — "since you have been so good, I am going to introduce you to any one you like. What about Miss Barton, or Miss Vallings? They are both beautiful girls, and as charming as they are beautiful."

"Thank you very much," he said, with an eagerness that amused her.
"I'm afraid I should make countless enemies if I were to take up a minute.

enemies if I were to take up a minute of either lady's time. But, since you give me my choice, I should like to be introduced to that lady in green with the water-lilies. She is shading her face with her fan at this moment."

"Kitty Devereux?" Yes, I will introduce you to Kitty. I will tell you about her presently. She is a dear little girl, but nothing at all to her sister. Many the present of the control of

ter, Molly, who is not here to-night."

He hardly caught the latter part of
the sentence. His eagerness amazed himself. A moment or two later he was bending over Miss Kitty Devereux's hand, asking her for the favor of a dance, feeling all the time the oddest sense of disappointment.

To be sure, Miss Kitty was charming,

pink-cheeked, satan-skinned, blue-eyes, with little, even white teeth, a lovely and innocent-looking child, but not as he had fancied she would be. The voice, too, was full of haunting echoes of the one he remembered; yet there was something missing in it — some

was something missing in it — some sweetness, some softness.

Miss Kitty, however, found nothing amiss with her partner. He had a grave, kind manner, and he danced superbly. After their dance was over he took her to a quiet room and sat down by her in a quiet corner. Kitty chattered like a child who is sure of heing pleasing, and he bent a kind being pleasing, and he bent a kind. handsome young head to listen to her. Even if she was not the girl he had imagined so vividly she was sweet enough to console any man for not being exactly what he had expected to find.

"I shall have to go early," said Kitty, because my sister Molly will be waiting for me."
"Oh!" said Gascoigne, "I remember Mrs. Verschoyle told me you had a

sister. Is she-is she-like you, except that her cheeks are pale where yours are pink, and her eyes brown, just the color of her hair, where yours are blue? And is she—was she the owner of a brooch of seed-pearls with an emerald in the middle?

"Ah, I see Mrs. Verschoyle has been telling you," said Kitty. "Yes, that would be Molly. Molly is an angel, and I'm not worthy to be her sister.
"And she is not here?"

Kitty suddenly turned the deepest pink. "She's not here," she said. "She's sitting at home, in our lodgings, at the very top of a melancholy house in Gar-diner street. I don't know why I tell you. Molly would say it was a babyish thing to do. But, oh, she is such an angel! We are as poor as church-mice, angel! We are as poor as church-mice, Mr. Gascoigne, and when the invitation came from Mrs. Verschoyle, who is mother's old friend, Molly said at first we couldn't go; that we couldn't possibly afford evening frocks. But I did so want to go that I burst into tears. And then Molly cried too. And after she'd wiped her over the west out and in the evening eyes, she went out, and in the evening this beautiful frock arrived for me. How she managed to get it I don't know. To be sure, she's most awfully clever. But she couldn't manage a frock for

herself, and so I had to come alone. "Ah, I see," said Gascoigne. Then, with a glance at the frock, he Your sister's brooch would have gone excellently with the frock, Miss Devereux. You are not wearing it.

"Why, that is the odd thing," said itty. "I asked Molly to let me have Kitty. "I asked Molly to let me have it, and she refused. To be sure, it was mother's, and she values it immensely. Still, she has never refused me any thing before.' the Molly he had imagined. Mrs. Verschoyle had listened with sympa-

thetic eagerness to the story of the pearl brooch, and had arranged the "Talk of the Irish being impulsive, Cecil," she said to Captain Verschoyle, the only sharer of her secrets. "We're not a quarter as impulsive as the English, if this man's a fair specimen. I believe he'll propose to Molly before month is out. To be sure, he was head over ears in love with her before he ever saw her face. And then, thanks be to goodness! since Molly was too

proud to take help from any of u those two girls will be lifted out poverty." It was as she had prophesied. Scarcely a month had gone by — to be sure, Gascoigne had seen her nearly every day of the month, having broken down Molly's pride and shyness by his masculine persistence—when he was in the drawing room of the house in Gar-diner street, where Mrs. Cliffe's board-ers saw their afternoon callers, alone with Molly, as it happened.
Suddenly he extracted

from his pocket, took out the brood from its wrappings of tissue-paper, and laid it before Molly.

Molly gave a little cry on seeing it, and reached out her hand toward it,

something

then drew it back.
"I don't know how you came to have it, but it was once mine," she said and suddenly tears filled her eyes.

He blurred out his confession then.

"Can you ever forgive me, Molly,, he asked, "for so misjudging you? You see, you didn't know nswered, very gently.
"I believe I always knew you," he inswered, "from the instant I saw your

head as you looked in the window. So there is the less excuse for me. But, darling Molly, I will believe that you forgive me, if you will take the brooch—and me, Molly. Molly will you? Molly leaned over and took up the

"It will be doubly precious now." she said. "My mother's first, and then yours."—Katharine Tynan Hink-

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