

## A LITTLE STORY

BY H. O'R.

Tell you a story? Yes, child, I will. Well, one New Year's eve not long ago, two little children the streets did roam, hungry and friendless, without any home. The boy was handsome, with sunny curls: The girl was dark with teeth like pearls. Silvering and shivering in the cold. Like two little lambs lost from the fold.

Nobody heeded their feeble cry— Indeed, some said "let them die"; Hand in hand they trudged along, Till, footsore and weary and not over-strong, Their journey they can no longer prolong. They knelt and pray in the fast-falling snow; "Please, God, take us home, it is growing late."

God heard their prayer from his throne of late; And those poor little lambs so wan and cold, In the morn had joined the Master's fold. St. John, N. B.

## SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

## A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

## CHAPTER XXV.—Continued

"And now a word about myself. You know already how suddenly what I may call my disease left me. From the moment my eye rested upon the poor, lost girl in that den in infancy, I thought I no longer loved her. Not long since the clergyman to whose care I had confided her wrote to me, saying that a wealthy merchant who knew her whole history had been smitten by her extraordinary beauty, and intended to propose marriage to her. And the good priest thought it right to acquaint me with the circumstance. I assure you, it did not cause me the slightest pain,—not the faintest symptom of jealousy did I feel. Neither did I feel any pleasure on learning afterward that she declined the rich man's offer, preferring to remain with the good nuns, and endeavor to atone for those sinful years by a life of repentance. But when my reverend friend wrote to me again, after a few months, to inform me that Rose Mulvany was dangerously ill, then I found my mistake in supposing I no longer loved her! Accompanied by my young friend, Neddy, I hastened to the city. I found her surrounded by the good Sisters, some kneeling by her bedside, and one leaning over her, reversing Gerald Griffin's beautiful picture of the 'Sister of Charity,' whom he represents with her hair 'wet with the tears of the penitent girl.' Rose Mulvany's hair was wet with the tears of the Sister of Charity.

"The priest had prepared her for my visit. She held out her hand when she saw me, but she closed her eyes, and a faint blush stole over her wasted cheek. "Rose," said I, "I'm sorry to see you so ill."

"She turned her head away, and wept silently. After a while she looked at me, and said:—

"I trust and believe God has forgiven me, and why should I be afraid to look at you,—you who saved me?" But the effort appeared to have exhausted her, and she closed her eyes again. If it were not for the light pressure of her hand I should have thought she had fainted. Her mind began to wander, for she asked me:

"Are they coming still?"  
"Who, Rose?" I asked.  
"The people,—the young girls. Are they still coming?"

"Coming where, Rose?"  
"Coming to America," she replied.  
"They are," said I.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, opening her beautiful eyes and fixing them earnestly on me, "tell them not. Tell them to stay at home. Tell them of Rose Mulvany."

"She appeared to become unconscious again for a minute or two. One of the nuns motioned me to kneel, and I did so. They continued reciting the rosary, and I soon saw the dying girl's lips move and could even catch the words—"Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." When the prayer was ended she started, and said, "Oh, that is Mary! And—and she forgives me; and my father, and my poor mother. They all forgive me!—they all forgive me! Look, look! my mother is opening her arms." Here she attempted to raise herself up, but finding she had not strength to do so she turned to one of the nuns.

"Sister Patrick," she said, "won't you raise me up to my mother?"

"The nun bent over her to raise her

up, and as she did so, Rose Mulvany died in her arms.

"I remained in the city to see her laid in her grave in the little cemetery attached to the convent. As I was leaving the cemetery, Sister Patrick placed a folded paper in my hand. It contained a long, shining tress of golden hair. To me it is more precious than gold. . . . Connor has come in; he is, I am glad to say, much calmer. But do not forget what I have said."

"I must look to this," said Brian, as he folded the letter. "It did not occur to me before."

On his return, he was startled to see a party of police coming out of the churchyard. But on coming closer to them, his surprise was turned to horror, for they carried a dead man between them, and Brian saw at a glance that the dead man was Mr. Oliver Grindem. He hurried into the grave-yard, and saw a riderless horse grazing upon the rank herbage, with the bridle under his feet. He approached the doorway of the old chapel, and as he passed the mounds (we cannot call them graves) he shuddered: the headstone of the grass of one of them was stained with blood. He noticed a spade and a shovel thrown across the mounds, and thought that perhaps a funeral was approaching, and that they were intended to dig the grave. There was no one within the ruin, and the utter stillness of the place seemed awful to him. On the ground—near the slit in the wall—his eye rested upon some object that made him start. It was a revolver!

"Great God!" exclaimed Brian, "it is as I feared. He has stained his hands with the wretch's blood. He stooped to take up the weapon, but a feeling of disgust would not let him touch it with his hand. He moved it with his foot among the nettles, under a fallen fragment of the old wall.

By crossing a field Brian came up with the police, who were in the act of placing the dead body in a cart procured at the next farm-house.

"How did this occur?" he inquired of the constable.

"Accidentally, sir."  
"What! do you say it was an accident?" exclaimed Brian, while surprise and pleasure struggled with incredulity in his looks.

"We were present, sir," said the constable; "no one is to blame."

Brian leaped upon a wall, and cast a searching look around. He returned to the churchyard and explored every nook. He made inquiries at the houses adjoining, but could get no trace of the objects of his search.

Let us relate what took place in the church-yard during Brian's stroll to the cromlech.

Connor Shea—for it was his groan that interrupted the poor maniac in her wanderings—stood with his forehead against the wall, trying to summon up courage so accost her. He heard the sound of voices outside, and looking through the slit in the wall, saw a man with a spade and shovel on his shoulder, opening the church-yard gate. A horseman, accompanied by five policemen, then entered. The police approached the poor maniac, and began to speak kindly to her; but she clung with a terrified look to one of the headstones. Evidently distressed at the task imposed on them, they looked toward the man on horseback, who began to gesticulate violently, and to utter inarticulate sounds. Connor Shea looked more closely at him now, but was barely able to recognize his former landlord—the author of all his misery—so frightfully was he altered. He had but partially recovered from an attack of paralysis, which had left him speechless. His jaw fell down upon his chest, the mouth open, and the tongue lolling over the under lip, while the slaver trickled down his neglected beard and over a dirty napkin which was tied under his chin. The face was that of a corpse, save that the red, glassy eyes glared hideously in the midst of it. He had come with the police to have Sally Cavanagh arrested as a "dangerous lunatic." The man with the spade and shovel was brought to level the mounds which the poor woman supposed to be the graves of her children. Her melancholy history was attracting so much interest that an English tourist, who had been the guest of poor Sally's friend, Parson Stephens, had taken a note of it. Mr. Oliver Grindem resolved to put a stop to this. He gesticulated to the police, who reluctantly dragged the poor woman from the headstones. She struggled violently, and seeing nothing else to

catch hold of, seized the magistrate's bridle rein. He began to strike her with the butt end of his whip. The horse backed to within a yard of the slit in the wall, and when Connor Shea heard the hard buckhorn knock sharply upon the fleshless knuckles of his wife, he ground his teeth with rage, and pulling a revolver from his breast, thrust it through the slit: the muzzle was within three feet of the monster's heart. But at this moment he changed his mode of assault, and struck his victim in the face with the lash of the whip. The hard whipcord entered one of her eyes, and with a scream she let go the rein. The horse reared, and before Connor Shea could pull the trigger, the brutal tyrant fell heavily to the ground,—his head striking against the stone slab which Sally Cavanagh had erected to mark what she imagined to be the grave of her youngest little boy.

The poor maniac ran screaming into the ruin, and with a bursting heart Connor clasped her to his breast.

"Oh save me—save me!" she cried, in an imploring voice.

"I'll save you; yes, I'll save you. But oh! Sally, don't you know me?"

"He comes down every night when the stars do be shinin'," she whispered, "and now they want to take me away."

"Oh Sally, look up—look up and say you know me," he sobbed. And as he raised her face from his bosom, he kissed her wan cheek passionately.

"They're dead," she murmured, "all dead. Poor Norah, an' Corney, an' Tommy, an' Nickey, and little Willie with the blue eyes—an' all."

"But don't you remember me, Sally—your own husband? Thry, Sally, and remember ould times."

But there was no meaning in her smile.

"My God! my God!" cried the distracted man, "what did I ever do to deserve this? Sure I was mad awhile ago, when I thought to take his life. O Heavenly Father! restore her sinces, an' a thought of revenge I'll never let enter my heart again! Holy Mary, Mother of God, intercede for her," he exclaimed aloud, in a voice of the most intense entreaty.

"Look at me again, Sally, my heart's bright love."

He felt her start slightly, and holding his cheek close to hers, repeated the words. She raised her hand, and bent her head in a listening attitude, like one trying to catch some distant sound. Again he murmured the words in her ear. She covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "If we were all together," she murmured; "what harm, if we were all together!"

He remembered these were the very words she used when he bade "God be with her," the night of his departure for America. Looking upon them as an indication of returning reason he knelt down and exclaimed, fervently, "My God, I thank you for your mercy!" and taking the revolver from his breast again, he flung it upon the ground.

"Come, Sally," said he, "let us go."

To his surprise and delight, instead of resisting, as he expected she would, she gave him her hand, and allowed him to lead her like a child over the broken wall, at the opposite side of the old ruin, and up towards the angle of the wood, where he stopped the night he parted from her, to take a last look at his home.

"You're forgetting the spade and shovel," said one of the police to the man who had come to level the mounds. "I'll have 'em there," replied the man; "they'll be wantin' to dig his own grave."

(To be continued.)

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT

District of Montreal, } No. 2119.

Dame Emma Fletcher Reed, of Montreal, authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas A. Bishop, of Montreal, Contractor, Defendant. An action for separation of property has been instituted.

Montreal, 8th March, 1893.

HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,  
34-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT,  
Province of Quebec, } District of Montreal, } No. 1839.

Dame Della Vlau, wife of Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the parish of St. Constant, District of Montreal, duly authorized to *ester en justice*, Plaintiff, vs. the said Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the same place, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been returned into Court, in this case, on the 13th February last.

Montreal, 2nd March, 1893.

P. LANCTOT,  
33 5 Plaintiff's Attorney.

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