



# THE COLLEGIANS.

## A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

### CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued)

Eily, as if yielding to a mechanical impulse, glided into the little room, which, during the honeymoon, had been furnished up and decorated for her own use. She restrained her eyes from wandering as much as possible, and commenced with hurried and trembling hands her arrangements for departure. They were few and speedily effected. Her apparel was folded into her trunk and for once she tied on her bonnet and cloak without referring to the glass. It was all over now. It was a happy dream, but it was ended. Not a tear fell, nor a sigh escaped her lips, during the course of those farewell occupations. The struggle was deep and terrible, but it was firmly mastered. A few minutes only elapsed before she again appeared at the door of the little chamber, accoutred for the journey.

"Danny," she said, in a faint, small voice, "I am ready."

"Ready?" exclaimed Poll. "Is it going you are, a-chree?"

Nothing could be more dangerous to Eily's firmness at this moment than any sound of commiseration or kindness. She felt the difficulty at once, and hurried to escape the chance of this additional trial.

"Poll," she replied, still in the same faint tone, "good-bye to you. I am sorry I have only thanks to give at parting, but I will not forget you when it is in my power. I left my things within; I will send for them some other time."

"And where is it you're going? Danny, what's all this about?"

"What business is it of yours," replied her brother, in a peevish tone, "or of mine either? It is de master's bidding, an' you can ax him why he done it when he comes, if you want to know."

"But the night will rain; it will be a bad night," said Poll. "I seen the clouds gatherin' for thunder, an' I comin' down the mountain."

Eily smiled faintly and shook her head, as if to intimate that the changes of the seasons would henceforth be to her of trivial interest.

"If it be the master's bidding, it must be right, no doubt," said Poll, still looking in wonder and perplexity on Eily's dreary and dejected face; "but it is a queer story—that's what it is. Won't you ate anything?"

"Oh, not a morsel!" said Eily, with a look of sudden and intense disgust; "but perhaps Danny may."

"No, but I'll drink a drop if you have it," returned the lord, in a tone which showed that he doubted much the likelihood of any refreshment of that kind remaining long inactive in the possession of his sister. To his delight and disappointment, however, Poll handed him a bottle from the neighbouring dresser which contained a considerable quantity of spirits. He drank off the whole at a draught, and we cannot more clearly show the strong interest which Poll Naughten felt in the situation of Eily, than by mentioning that she left this circumstance unnoticed.

Without venturing to reiterate her farewell, Eily descended with a hasty but feeble step, the broken path which led to the Gaproad, and was quickly followed by the little lord. Committing herself to his guidance, she soon lost sight of the mountain cottage, which she had sought in hope and joy, and which she now abandoned in despair.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW HARDRESS LOST AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Eily had not been many minutes absent from the cottage when the thunder-storm predicted by Fighting Poll commenced, amid all the circumstances of adventitious grandeur by which those elemental convulsions are accompanied among the Kewey mountains. The rain came down in torrents, and the thunder

clattered among the crags and precipices with a thousand short reverberations. Phil Naughten, who had entered soon after the storm began, was seated with his wife at their small supper-table, the latter complaining of the assault made by Danny on her spirit flask, which she now, for the first time, discovered to be empty.

Suddenly the latch of the door was raised and Hardress Cregan entered, with confusion and terror in his appearance. The dark frieze great-coat, in which his figure was enveloped seemed to be drenched in rain and his face was flushed and glistening with the beating of the weather. He closed the door with difficulty against the strong wind, and still keeping his left hand on the latch, he said:

"I am afraid I have come too late. Is Danny here?"

"No, sir," said Phil; "he's gone those two hours."

"And Eily?"

"An' Eily along with him. He gave her papers that made her go."

Hardress heard this with an appearance of satisfaction. He leaned his back against the door, crossed his feet, and fixed his eyes upon the ground, in a silent soliloquy, which was to this effect:

"It is done, then. I would have saved her, but it is too late. Now, my good angel, be at peace with me. I would have saved her. I obeyed your call. Amid the storm, the darkness and the rain, I flew to execute your gentle will. But the Devil had taken me at my word already, and found me a rapid minister. Would I had saved her! Ha! whisper's that? There can come nothing worse of it than I have ordered. Forsaken! Banished! That is the very worst that can befall her. And for the consequences, why, if she be so weak and silly a thing as to pine and die of the slight, let nature take the blame, not me. I never meant it. But if that madman should exceed my orders. And if she should," Hardress suddenly exclaimed aloud, while he started from the door, and trembled with fury; "and if he should," he repeated, extending his arms, and spreading his fingers as if in act to gripe, "wherever I meet him—in the city, or in the desert; in the lowest depth of this accursed valley, or on the summit of the mountain where he tempted me, I will tear his flesh from off his bones, and gibbet him between these fingers for a miscreant and a ruffian."

He sunk, exhausted by his frantic burst of passion into a chair—the chair which Eily had occupied on that evening. Phil Naughten and his wife left their seats in astonishment, and gazed on him and on one another in silence. In a few minutes Hardress rose more calmly from the chair, and drew his arms out of the great-coat, which he handed to Poll, signifying, by a motion of his hand, that she should hang it near the fire. While she obeyed his wishes, he resumed his seat in silence. For a considerable time he remained leaning over the back of the chair, and gazing fixedly upon the burning embers. The fatigue of his long journey on foot, and the exhaustion of his feelings at length brought on a heavy slumber, and his head sunk upon his breast in deep, though not untroubled sleep. Poll and her husband resumed their meal, and afterwards proceeded to their customary evening occupations. Phil began to repair the pony's saddle, while Poll twisted the flaxen cords, according as her husband required them.

"I'll tell you what, Phil," said his wife in a low whisper, "there's something going on to-night that is not right; I am sorry I let Eily go."

"Whisht, you foolish woman; returned her husband; "what would be going on? Mind your work, an' don't wake the master. D'ye hear how he moans in his sleep."

"I do; an' I think that moan isn't for nothing. Who is it he was talking of tearing a while ago?"

"I don't know; there's no use in thinking about it. This is a cold night with poor M'Donough in his grave—the first he ever spent there."

"And so it is. Were there many at the funeral?"

"A power. The whole country was after the hearse. You never heard such a cry in your life as was set up in the churchyard by poor Garret O'Neil, his own natural, after the grave was covered in. The whole place was in tears."

"Sure Garret wasn't with him this many a year?"

"He was not, until the very day before he died, when he seen him in his own room. You remember a long wattle that Garret used always be carryin' in his hand?"

"I do well."

"That was given to him by the master, M'Donough himself. Garret axed him once of a Hansel-Monday for the hansel, and 'tis what he gave him was the wattle, as it was standing behind the parlour door."

"Here, Garret," says he, "take this wattle, and when you meet with a greater fool than yourself, you may give it to him." Garret took it without a word, and the master never seen him aither till the other day, when he walked into his bedroom, where he was lying in his last sickness, with the wattle still in his hand. The master knew him again the minute he looked at him. "And didn't you part with the wattle yeta Garret?" says he. "No sir," says Garret, "I can find nowhere a greater fool than I am myself."

"You show good sense in that, anyway," says the master. "Ah, Garret," says he, I b'lieve I'm going. "Going where, sir?" says Garret. "Oh, a long journey," says he, "an' one that I'm but little provided for."

"An' did you know you'd be goin' that journey?" says Garret. "I did, Heaven forgive me," says M'Donough. "An' you made no preparation for it?" says Garret. "No preparation in life," says the master to him again. Well, Garret moved over near the bed-side, and took the master's hand, an' put the wattle into it, just that way. "Well," says he, "take your wattle again. You desired me to keep it until I'd meet a greater fool than myself, an' now I found him; for if you knew you'd be taking that journey, an' made no preparations for it, you are a greater fool than ever Garret was."

"That was frightful!" said Poll. Hush! Did you hear that? Well, if ever the dead woke, they ought to wake to-night! Did you ever hear such thunder?"

"'Tis great, surely. How sound Mister Hardress sleeps, an' not to be woken by that. Put the candle at this side, Poll, an' don't disturb him."

They now proceeded with their employment in silence, which was seldom broken. Any conversation that passed, was carried on in low and interrupted whispers, and all possible pains were used to avoid disturbing the repose of their weary guest and patron.

But the gnawing passion haunted him even in the depth of sleep. A murmur occasionally broke from his lips, and a hurried whisper, sometimes indicative of anger and command, and sometimes of sudden fear, would escape him. He often changed his position, and it was observed by those who watched beside him, that his breathing was oppressed and thick, and his brow was damp with drops of moisture.

"The Lord defend and forgive us all!" said Phil, in a whisper to his wife. "I'm afeard—I'll judge nobody but I'll afeard there's some bad work, as you say, going on this night."

"The Lord protect the poor girl that left us," whispered Poll. "Amen!" replied her husband aloud.

"Amen!" echoed the sleeper; and following the association awakened by the response, he ran over, in a rapid voice, a number of prayers, such as are used in the service of his church.

"He's saying his litanies," said Poll. "Phil, come into the next room, or wake him up, either one or the other; I don't like to be listenin' to him. 'Tisn't right of us to be taking advantage of anybody in their dhramas. Many is the poor boy that hung himself that way in his sleep."

"'Tis a bad business," said Phil. "I don't like the look of it at all, I tell you."

"My glove!—my glove!" said the dreaming Hardress; "you used it against my meaning. I meant but banishment. We shall both be hanged—we shall be hanged for this—"

"Come, Phil! Come—come!" cried Poll Naughten, with impatience. "Stop, eroo!—stop!" cried her husband. "He's choking, I b'lieve! Poll! Poll!—the light! Get a cup of wather."

"Here it is! Shake him, Phil. Master Hardress!—wake, a'ra gal!"

"Wake, Master Hardress; wake, sir, if you please!"

The instant he was touched, Hardress started from his chair as if the spring that bound him to it had been suddenly struck and remained standing before the fire in an attitude of extreme terror. He did not speak—at least, the sounds to which he gave utterance could not be traced into any intelligible form; but his look and gesture were those of a man oppressed with a horrid apprehension. According, however, as his nerves recovered their waking vigour and the real objects surrounding him became known to his senses, a gradual relief appeared to steal upon his spirits. His eyelids dropped, his muscles were relaxed, and a smile of intense joy was visible upon his features. He let his arms fall slowly by his side, and sunk down once more, with a murmur of painful satisfaction, into the chair which he had left.

But the vision, with which he had been terrified, was too deeply impressed on his imagination to be at once removed. His dream had merely represented in act a horrid deed, the apprehension of which had shaken his soul with agony when awake, and had brought him amid those obstacles of storm and darkness to the cottage, of his neglected wife. His fears were still unquieted; the frightful image that bestrode his slumbers yet haunted him awake, and opposed itself with a ghastly vigour to his eyes, in whatever direction they were turned. Unable to endure the constant recurrence of this unvarying suggestion, he at length hurried out of the cottage. He paid no attention to the voice of Poll Naughten, who followed him to the door, with his great-coat in her hand, but ran down the crags, and in the direction of his home, with the speed of one distracted.

The light which burned in the drawing-room window showed that all the family had not yet retired. His mother, as he learned from old Nancy, was still expecting his return. She was almost alone in the house, for Cregan had left the cottage about a fortnight before in order to escort Miss Chute to her own home. She was seated at a table, and reading some work appropriate to the coming festival, when Hardress made his appearance at the door, still drenched in rain, and pale with agitation and fatigue. He remained on the threshold, leaning with one arm on the jamb and gazing on the lady.

"What! up yet, mother?" he said, at length. "Where's Anne?"

"Ha! Hardress! Oh! my dear child I have been anxiously expecting you. Anne? Do you forget that you took leave of her a fortnight since?"

"I had forgotten it. I now remember. But not for ever?"

"Why should say so? What do you mean?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Is not your bridal fixed for the 2nd of February? But I have mournful news to tell you, Hardress."

"Let me hear none of it!" exclaimed the unhappy youth, with great vehemence. "It will drive me mad at last. Nothing but mournful news! I'm sick of it. Wherever I turn my eyes, they encounter nothing now but mourning. Coffins and corpses, graves and darkness all around me! Mother, your son will end his days in Bedlam. Start as you will, I say but what I feel and fear. I find my reason going fast to wreck. Oh! mother, I shall die an idiot yet!"

"My child!" Hardress reiterated with petulant emphasis. "And if I am your child, could you not care more kindly for my happiness? It was you that urged me. You brought me into the danger; and when I would have withdrawn, you held me there. I told you that I was engaged; that Heaven heard, and Earth recorded, my pledge, and that I could not break it. Oh! mother, if you were a mother, and if you saw your son caught by a treacherous passion—if you saw that he was weak, and yielding and likely to be overcome, you should have strengthened him. It would have been a mother's part to warn him off to take the side of honesty against his weakness, and make him virtuous in his own despite. But this you did not. I was struggling for my falling honesty and you strove against me. I rose again and again, almost discomfited, yet still unwilling to yield up all claim to truth and again and again you struck me down. Behold me now! You have succeeded fully. I am free now to execute your will—to marry or hang, whichever you please."

"Hardress!" exclaimed his mother in an agony, "—"

"Oh! no more remonstrance, mother. Your remonstrances have been my curse and bane; they have destroyed me for this world and for the next."

"You shock me to the soul!"

"Well, I am sorry for it. Go on! Tell me this mournful news. It cannot be but another drop in the ocean. I told you that my reason

was affected, and so it is. I know it by the false coloring that has grown upon my senses. My imagination is filled continually with the dreariest images, and there is some spirit within me that tinges, with the same hue of death, the real objects I behold. At morning, if I look upon the east, I think, it has the colour of blood; and at night, when I gaze on the advancing shadows, I think of palls and hearse-plumes, and habits of mourning. Mother, I fear I have not long to live."

"Fie, Hardress!—fie! Are you growing superstitious? For shame! I will not talk with you to-night upon that subject, nor will I tax you with the manifest unkindness of your charges on myself, so often refuted, yet now again repeated. I have a matter of weightier interest to communicate. You know Mrs. Daly, the mother of your friend Kyrle?"

"There again!" exclaimed Hardress starting from his seat and speaking with passionate loudness. "There again, mother! Another horrid treason! Why, the whole world are joining in one cry of reprobation on my head. Another black and horrid perfidy! Oh! Kyrle, my friend, my calm, high-minded, virtuous and serene companion! He trusted me with everything; told me his secrets, showed me his fears, and commended his hopes to my patronage. And what have I done? I pledged myself to be his friend. I lied! I have supplanted him! How shall I meet him now for evermore? I feel as if the world were met to spit upon my face. This should be my desert. Oh, fool—blind fool! Anne Chute! What was Anne Chute to me, or I to her, that I should destroy my own reputation, betray my friend, resist my Maker, and forsake my—"

suddenly arresting his speech at this juncture, he sunk back into his chair, and added in a low murmur: "Well, mother, tell this mournful news at once."

"It is soon told," said Mrs. Cregan, who had now become too well accustomed to those bursts of transient passion in her son to afford them any angry consideration. "Poor Mrs. Daly is dead."

"Dead!"

"But this evening I heard it. The circumstance is one of peculiar melancholy. She died quite unexpectedly in her accouchement."

"And if the virtuous are thus visited," said Hardress, after a pause, lifting up his hands and eyes, "what should not I expect? I wish I were fit to pray, that I might pray for that kind woman."

"There is one act of mercy in your power," said his mother; "you will be expected at the wake and funeral."

"And there I shall meet with Kyrle!"

"What then?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" He paused for several minutes during which he leaned on the table in a meditative posture. His countenance at length assumed an appearance of more peaceful grief, and it became evident, from the expression of his eye, that a more quiet train of feeling was passing through his mind. "Poor Mrs. Daly!" he said at last. "If one would be wise at all times, how little he would sacrifice to the gratification of simple passion in such a world as this! Imprimis, a cradle; item, clothing; item, a house; item, a sire; item, food; item, a coffin: The best require no more than these; and for the worst, you need only add—item, a gallows, and you have said enough."

Mrs. Cregan heard this speech without the keen anxiety which she would have felt if Hardress had been less passionate in his manner and less extravagant in his mode of speech. But knowing this, she heeded little in him what would have filled her with terror in another.

"Well, will you go the wake, Hardress?" she said. "You must set out to-morrow morning early."

"I will," said Hardress. "It's a long distance, but I can be there, at all events, by nightfall. When does the funeral take place?"

"I suppose after to-morrow. I will have the curdle at the door by day-break, for you must set me down at Castle Chute. Go now, and change your dress at once, or you will suffer for it. Nancy shall take you a warm foot-bath and a hot drink, when you are in your room."

Hardress retired without further question. The idea of meeting Kyrle Daly, after the unmanly neglect and even betrayal of his interests, was now the one which occupied his sole attention. Half love is vanity; at least, a fair moiety of Hardress Cregan's later passion might be placed to the account of that effeminate failing. It could not therefore, continue to maintain its hold upon his heart against a passion so new and so terrible as that of remorse. His love for Anne Chute was now entirely dormant in his mind, and his rea-

son was at full liberty to estimate the greatness of his guilt without even the suggestion of a palliative. When we add to this his cruel uncertainty with respect to the fate of Eily O'Connor, it is probable that few who hear the story will envy the repose of Hardress Cregan.

For one instant only, during his conversation with Danny Mann, the idea of Eily's death had flashed upon his mind, and for that instant it had been accompanied with a sensation of wilful pleasure. The remembrance of this guilty thought now haunted him with a deep feeling of remorse, as if that momentary assent had been a positive act. Whenever his eye-lids dropped, a horrid chain of faces, passed before his imagination, each presenting some characteristic of pain or death—some appearing to threaten, and others to deride him. In this manner, the long and lonely night crept by, and the dreary winter dawn found him still unrefreshed and feverish.

(To be continued.)

### BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other season. This is because the little ones suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve, and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep Mrs. P. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new born upwards. They contain no opiates or poisonous "soothing" stuff sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### INSECT PEST.

The gypsy moth caterpillar is doing a tremendous amount of damage this year in Middlesex County, Mass. There are thousands of trees as bare as in mid-winter.

### A LITTLE SELFISH.

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of twelve dollars a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes.

"I'll try, Jack," replied she. "But what will you do?"

### THE LOUNGER.

If you ever expect to amount to anything in the world, you should resist an inclination to loiter or lounge around as you would a temptation to any other evil tendency. You can never make the most of yourself if you succumb to the lounging habit.

### TWO METHODS.

George Gould once engaged a stenographer, but said nothing about the time he was to report in the morning. The man came in at ten o'clock, and found Mr. Gould hard at work. The next morning he came at nine. Mr. Gould was there. The third morning the stenographer, willing to work and anxious to please, arrived at eight. Mr. Gould looked up from his desk covered with papers, and remarked, "Young man, I should like to know what you do with your forenoons."

### NEW YORK'S STRIKE.

The strike which has kept building operations at a standstill in New York for nearly two months has been a serious loss to the participants.

During the 51 days of the shutdown, according to the New York "Times," the total loss has not been less than \$68,000,000, nearly a million and a quarter per day. This loss may be divided as follows: To the strikers, in wages, \$18,000,000; to the contractors, in interest, office expenses and loss in contracts, \$30,000,000; to other workmen, \$20,000,000.