THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Author of "My New Curste," Luke Delmege,"
"Lisheen," "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER XLI

A QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER Doubting, wondering, puzzled, pushing forward in the darkness toward Crossfields, then suddenly retracing bis footsteps, angry, yet pleased, vindicting but forgiving. Dick Duggan made was footsteps, angry, yet pleased, vindictive but forgiving. Dick Duggan made whs way at last to the little "screen" or shrubbery at the rear of the Kerins house The night was pitch dark, but the whole yard between the screen and the house was illuminated with a flood of light from the open door of the kitchen, where lamps were burning and a mighty fire was blazing, and all the hurry and bustle of a great entertainment showed that this was the centre of the evening's hospitality. Across the

For some time Dick Luggan waited and watched, growing ever more angry and impatient, as he contrasted his own loneliness and the dark and gloomy cabin he had left with all this brightness and tumultuous rejoicing. Once or twice the thought occurred that the gypsy girl had made a fool of him and was

cabin he had left with all this brightness and tunultuous rejoicing. Once or twice the thought occurred that the gypsy girl had made a fool of him and was now orobably laughing at him as a victim of a cruel joke. But he argued that/this was impossible and that the girl, altogether independently of her fear of him, could have no motive whatsoever for playing such a foolish and cruel prank.

At last he was about to go away and return to his home with no pleasant feelings in his heart, when a slight figure, quite unlike the sturdy forms of the servant-maids, appeared at the door. He knew instantly who it was and moved a little forward. The figure passed into the darkness of the yard, and very soon he heard a light footfall near him on the dry needles of thefir trees. He stood motionless, and after a pause long and painful he heard his name whispered in the darkness. He waited for a repetition of it and then stepped forward and confronted the girl.

"Well!" he said. "I'm here!"

Dick it was was adviced by any mitigation, or reason for what they deemed the offence on the that any young lady could not believe that any young lady could not believe that any young last could not believe that any young la herself at the call of duty, to nurse, or help, or comfort what they sucrelize herself at the call of duty, to nurse, or help, or comfort what they deemed the offence en wher a day could not believe that any young law could not believe that any young law could not believe that any young law rever dawned upon them, for they could not believe that any young law rever dawned upon them, for they could not believe that any young law could not believe that any young law rever dawned upon them, for they could not believe that any young law rever dawned upon them, for they could not believe that any young law rever dawned upon them, for they could not believe that any young law the the all of duty, to nurse, or help, or comfort what they gener dawned upon them, for they could not believe that any young law the that any young in

be there was never a hand and former was never a hand and favour the became a flerce zealod responsible the saw two on any promise; and the sort own of betting us. Dick, nor any promise; and the sort own of the sound of the wash tyour fault, but you could a texpet me to grow up into a withreed ould woman, like Annie Relity and Bride Gallagher!"

"If this in high places," he said, "are allowed to break the law of God an' to wash to break the law of God an' to wash to

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"Av I was as false as him, I'd say so," said Dick sullenly, "and then bide my time. But, because I'm a true man, I'il writ in big letters over every inch of ye. Go down now to the 'Cross,' and shy ye. Go down now to the 'Cross,' and shy ye. The best less than a count husband, an' whin it is settled, there'll whist yere undher this roof, keep a civil

husband, an' whin it is settled, there'll be no arrares."

She heard his footsteps retreating across the dry grass and leaves: she heard him leaping over the ditch and the soft thud of his feet, as he descended into the ploughed field, but she stood still irresolute and frightened. A low laugh in the shrubbery woke her up to a sense of her position, and, shaking off the stupor in which her interview with Dick Duggan had left her, she returned, silent and thoughtful, to the house.

shrubbery at the rear of the Kerins house. The night was pitch dark, but the whole yard between the screen and the house was illuminated with a flood of light from the open door of the kitchen, where lamps were burning and a mighty fire was blazing, and all the hurry and bustle of a great entertainment showed that this was the centre of the evening's hospitality. Across the glow of light that shone through the door, dark figures came and went, as the servants rushed into the yard for firewood, or turf, or flung out dirty water, or useless remnants of vegetables. But there was always a jest and a laugh, a tiny echo of the hilarious merriment that proceeded within doors.

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Church.
That there could be any mitigation, or

syprys girl had made a fool of him and was now orroadly laughing at him as a victing of a created jobs. But the argued that this grant of the could of a created jobs. But the argued that the call of duty, together independently of her for of him, could have no motive whatsoever for playing such a foolish and ornel pranis.

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you. Dick," the girl replied. "The black hatred is in your heart—and all for nothin."

"For nothin'? he echoed, in a sudden blaze of anger. "Is it nothin' that every morning I rise, I must see the land that should be mine and the cattle that should be mine and the cattle that should be mine in the hands of a black stranger? Is that nothin'? Is it nothin', while I stepped over the ditch and was harmin' nobody to be told to get out of that or that he'd blow me, body and sowl, into hell? Is it nothin' that at every fair, market, and cross it is thron in my face that I've shown the white feather and that I'm more aleard of Kerin's shooting-irons than of Almignty God? And is it nothin," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, in which were mingled affection and fury, "that he tuk from me the girl of my heart, for whom I'd open my veins and shed the last dhrop of my blood?"

The words touched her deeply, as she heard the despair of the man uttered there in the darkness. But she had to defend herself and she said:

"But there was never a hand and word betune us, Dick, nor any promise; and sure it wasn't your failt, but you couldn't expect me to grow up into a withered ould woman, like Annie Reilly and Bride Gallagher!"

"No-o-o!" he said, prolonging the word, as if he were doubtful whether he output, make the advancing the repeated to dorn in the defeat thee old priest said Mass in his to resolve the diceat thee old priest said Mass in his private oration. With a feeling akin to defeat thee old priest said Mass in his private oratory. He knew what was exected and what would be said.

"No matter!" he repeated to himself. Next Sunday I shall be there and they were the comments that were dead the himself and they bound at health of the properties were the comments that would be said.

"No matter!" he repeated to himself. The knew Many and various were the comments that would be said.

"No matter!" he repeated to himself.

Dring the week many and various were the comments that were made the edipting the were spared the

religion and every subject that come within the bounds of human knowledge. He found the place so pleasant, in constant with his home, that he spent the night there with boon companions, and between speechifying and scandalmogering and card playing, the time passed pleasantly by, so that when Dick woke up about one o'clock next day, he events of the previous night. But his throat was very dry, almost burning, and he asked in a week and tremulous voice for a "hair of the dog that bit him." It braced him up a little and then, with some difficulty, he swallowed a cup of tea and ate an egg. He would now have moved homeward, having had quite enough eloquence and drink for a month, but there had been a "big fair" that day at the market-town of M——six or seven miles away, and in the afternoon the farmers from that part of the country were returning home and, of course, their horses would persist in stopping at "the Cross." It was a peculiarity in those animals, and it was universal. No horse could pass the house without stopping at least until his owner could alight and ask the time of day.

Hence Dick Duggan, meeting so many "frinos," had to take a "thrate" and another and another, under penalty of

girl compassionately. "You ought to go home. Remember, you are out since yesterday."
"Give it me!" he said flercely. "I've work to do!"

The girl filled the class half full of water. He tossed it off in one gulp and went out.

The old pastor, the learned theologian, was the fire. Humbled, chastened, weary of the world, anxious for his final rect, he had tried to banish the spectres of troubles ome thoughts by fixing his mind on some subtetheological question, which admitted diversity of opinion and where he could balance with that disable the class half full of water on the most of the could be almost on the total to trible a proposal to the could be almost of the could be almost overthrew the table, and the right of the first of the farme, blocking the road. The gaugers? Waht gaugers?"

The cold pastor, the learned theologian, was the had niss to the could be almost overthrew the table, and the rather past of the tworn "he said. "The rewas a crower dark of the farme, block

And the state of t

knew was always left there. He found it, took off his coat, and was stooping to dath the water in his face when suddenly the light of a lantern was flashed on him and he was seized roughly from behind. He shouted and struggled until he saw two constables in front ready to give assistance.

"I arrest you on a charge of wilful murder in the name of the Queen." wild

"He says he must see your revenue."

If he say he must see your revenue.

If he say he must see your see he was seen to the post of your revenue.

If he say he must see your revenue.

If he say he

into old France was only me

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into old France was only me to him than that gentleman quoting Tom Moore's poet Moria Livingston."

"Moria Livingston!" rejelder Dillon. "Why, I knew He was old Dr. Livingston ol avenue — great man in his good friend of mine. He car same part of Ireland. His beautiful woman, and verabout the religious duties of same part of Ireland. His beautiful woman, and ver about the religious duties of band's young friends. Many took us before dinner to c St. Stephen's." The ele laughed; his blue eyes twindied, the doctor made some tions — where he is now I He must be rather old. Iste in life! remember. I'd whether! could be useful to I wonder if we might get At call on this little actress something. You don't kn what! owe to the dear old his wife."

his wife."
Dillon figeted with his was uneasy. He never cou undesirable acquaintances would acquire in his beneve which were frequent. which were frequent.

"Aunt Susan's out of to
coldly. "And it wouldn't b
a man of my age to go ha
stage doors. What would pe

a man of my age to go ha stage doors. What would pe The elder Dillon frowned. "I should never have do in my life if I had stopped e discover what people thou certainly find out something ingston and his daughter, been on the stage long?"

"She has made her entr-part, the newspapers say, may not be your friend's da "We'll see. If she is, I'll for her father's address to-The elder Dillon finished silence. Ah, those were p when, a high-spilited, gener lad, he had dined twice a w

lad, he had dined twice a w kind Livingstons!

"It's time to go," said hit Dillon would have been by some persons who did rwell; but he was not a pronly inexperienced, intole had acquired a horror of all because his father, in his much too effusive. It is father did many kindly timpulse of the moment, and at once, while Dillon him kinds of inquiries at dhesits often lost the opportunity undesirable people would sin the street, and shake hand tell him about the and tell him about th and tell him about the Dillon, who was much wishated this sort of thing; be Dillon was incorrigible. I capable of inviting anybody a dinner to dine with him. lawyer with a settled socia son felt that he must be father and son were about. father and son were about
the table, when a gust of si
struck the big club windov
they had been sitting.
Dillon looked at the glo wi
with a humorous twinkle ir
"You don't want to go
dad," said Dillon, smilling
not very keen about it, eit!
The cleder Dillon gave a
"I should like to see ho
ter of my old friend looks o
ter of my but we can go ago

ne said, "but we can go ag he said, "but we can go ag
This isn't the only nigh
Let's stay at home and tal
Dillon led the way to
room. It was empty, yet
ing color of the fire and the
the carefully shaded lampe
of occupation—a personall
"Let's stay at home
peated the father, a little
sank into one of the aro

sank into one of the arm the fire. "If your moth I shouldn't be talking The son took the other cigar.
"Dad, do you know I had a home — of course and very tuxurious rooms

is different."

"You might have a hor ried." The father smiled but his eyes became ser suppose a busy young mano time to think of that. I had been married two yer the day I first saw well as if it was yesterda.

The elder man's face. The elder man's face

for the moment he look his son. "And I tell wasn't a rich man's son, and when I saw the girl knew she was was intend the first—the thought of a long consideration of tion, I tell you! I was bat my father, with his s his rack-rented Kerry it too. It was in Dublin I She was coming out of in the Jesuit's church, me, and I passed her a Your mother's face was a I often think of that 'Evangeline,' where—"
"You saw mother in cloonfession!" said Dillon, and his eves becoming but my father, with his s

confession!" said Dilton, and his eyes becoming I time like this, the younge his real nature. He wimpassive, cold, convent the laboriously acquired college set destroyingly "On my word dad, it's q h "Queer?" repeated the irritation in his tone. should it be queer? Sh should it be queer? She be the daughter of one of the University, and of introduced me."

"Oh!" said the son, really, "I don't mean queer."

queer." The father had drifte The father had drifte There was the sound of a servant drawing the snow was beating agai panes, of a passing auto "I meant," the son reflort, "that—"he was of making confidences though his father mader to king "that I have to him, "that I have

to him, "that I have same experience!"

He paused, his face light of the fire. His finis reverie, and his eywas tempted to laugh his son's expression the second of the se was very serious.