

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR ARRIVED IN EILY'S COTTAGE.

Are vaunting speeches, deceiving me, I'm not Aurora, nor the goddess Flora.

"You're not Aurora!" muttered the first voice. "Wisha, dear knows, it isn't aisy to contradict you."

"What voyage? Who is it! have there at all?" said Poll, in a tone of surprise.

"Tis as good as two months, almost, I believe." "Two months, eroo?" "Tis six years if it's a day."

"The dairy farm! lost in the boat! I don't know what is it you're talking about at all, man."

Thus introduced, Phil and Lowry took off their hats and bowed repeatedly with a most courteous and profoundity of obeisance.

"Well, Lowry, what news eastwards?" "Oh, then, nothing strange, Mrs. Naughten. I was twice by this way since I seen you that night."

"I believe you're lost with the hunger, Phil, stir yourself, an' put down something for supper."

"Don't hurry yourself on my account," said Lowry, affecting an indifference which he did not feel.

"Why, then, she may as well throw her cap at him." "Why so, eroo?" "Oh-for reasons."

"And are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora, Or Eutherpasia, or fair Vanus bright."

"Here the same air was taken up by a shrill and broken female voice, at a little distance from the house, and in the words which follow:-

"Sir, I pray, be aisy, and do not tease me With your false praises most jestingly;

"Your golden notes and minstrelsy-shuns

And they'll go themselves and shoot one another like dogs, for less reason."

"It's thrue for you," returned Lowry. "Sure 'twould be a blessing for a man to be aiting a dhyr platie from morning till night, an' to have quietness. I'll tell you what it is, Misher Naughten I spake for myself; of all things going, I wouldn't like to be born gentleman."

And then to be watching yourself, an' spake Englified, an' not to ate half your 'nough at dinner, an' to have 'em all looking at you if you took a bit or done anything again manners, and never to have your own fling, an' let you do what you liked yourself. I wouldn't lade such a life if I got Europe.

"Every one to his taste, Lowry. Many men have many minds. Phil, will you go out now and help Danny to put up them goats, not to have them strayin' over on Myles Murphy's ground as they wor on Teusday week? I see Danny coming down the mountain."

"The obedient husband did as he was commanded, and Lowry took advantage of his absence to enter into a more confidential communication with his formidable hostess."

"Well, Mrs. Naughten, if I was to hear a person swear this upon a book, I'd say 'twas a lie he was telling me, if I didn't see, it with my own eyes."

"What is it you see?" "Oh! then, nothing but what I'm pleased to see. Well, I thought that one that once gave themselves to a bad habit, could never be broke of it again, no more than a horse could be broke of starting."

"And tell me now, Mrs. Naughten," continued Lowry not perceiving the indication of incipient wrath, "how did it come on you first when you droopt the cursing that way entirely? I think I'd feel a great loss for the first week or fortnight."

"Folly on! Misher Lowry, folly on! You're welcome to your sport this evening."

"Sport! Faiks it's no sport to me, only an admiration. All the people that I ever heard of making a vow of the kind wor sure to break it again, if they didn't get inside of it one way or another by skaming. Sure there was, to my knowledge, John O'Reilly, the blacksmith, near Castle Chute, made as many vows as I have fingers an' toes again' the drink, and there isn't one of 'em but what he got the advantage of. First, he med a vow he wouldn't drink a drop for six months to come, any way, either in house or out of a house. An' sure 'tis where I found him the fortnight after, was at Mike Normile's an' he drinking as if it was for bet, an' sitting in a chair upon the threshold of the doore with a leg at this side and a leg at that. 'Is that the way you're keeping your vow, Misher O'Reilly?' says I, when I see him? 'Tis, says he, 'what else? Sure I can drink here,' says he, 'an' no thanks, while I'm neither in the house nor out of it. An' sure 'twas thrue for him. Well, there's no use in talking but some people would live where a fox would starve. Sure, of another time, he med a vow he wouldn't drink upon Ireland ground, an' where do you think did I get him after, only sitting cross-legs upon a branch of the big beech tree near Normile's, an' he still at the ould wood, drinking away. 'Wisha, long life to you,' says I, 'if that's the way; a purty fruit the tree bears in you,' says I, 'this

morning.' People o' that kind, Mrs. Naughten, has no business making vows at all again' the drink or the cursing either."

"I'm hearing to you, Lowry," said Fighting Poll, with an ominous sharpness in her accent.

"An' do you hold to the same plan still, ma'am?" "What plan do you mane?"

"The same plan as when I met you that night at the Dairy Cottage. Not to be talking, nor drinking, nor cursing, nor swearing, nor fighting, nor—Oh! murther, Mrs. Naughten, sure you're not going to strike me inside your own doore?"

"To be sure I would when I see you dar mave a hand o' me!" "What hand am I makin'?"

"Every hand!" exclaimed the Penthesilea, raising her voice. So saying, and with the accustomed yell of onset, she flourished her short stick, and discharged a blow at Lowry's little head, which, if it had not been warded off by a dexterous interposition of the chair on which he had been sitting, would have left something to think of for a week to come.

"The scuffle waxed hot and would have doubtless terminated in some serious bodily injury to the party assailed, but that the sudden re-entrance of Phil with his brother-in-law, Danny Mann, brought it to a premature termination."

"Poll, Poll, aye! Misher Looby! What's the matter? Worn't ye as thick as cousins this moment?" "Ah, Lowry, is dat you? What's all dis about?"

"Don't hould me, Phil, an' I'll bate him while bating is good for him; an' that's from this till morning."

"Here's usaghe, Mr. Naughten! Mr. Mann, here's thrament! G! me my ould hat an' let me be off; I was a fool to come at all! And after my civility, eastwards, when you came dripping wet into the cottage! Well, it's all one."

"Whist, eroo!" said Danny Mann, in a conciliating tone, "come dis way, Lowry, I want to talk to you." And he led him out of the cottage.

Eily, who was perfectly aware of the cause of this misconception, had listened to the whole scene, at one time with intense and painful anxiety, and at another with an inclination to laugh, in spite of all the difficulties and dangers with which she was surrounded. Before long, however, an idea entered her mind, which wholly detached her attention from the melee in the kitchen. She resolved to write to her father by Lowry, to make him aware, at least of her safety, and of her hope to meet him again in honor, if not in happiness.

This would at least remove one great load from her mind, and prepare him for her return. While she arranged her writing materials at the small table, the thoughts of home came crowding on her so thick and fast that she found a difficulty in proceeding with her task. It was an humble home, to be sure, yet it was her home. He was a humble father, but he was her father. She painted a little picture unconsciously to her own mind of that forsaken dwelling. She saw her father sitting by the turf fire, leaning forward with his elbow resting on his knee, a finger beneath his temple, and his gray watery eyes fixed on her accustomed chair, which stood empty, on the opposite side. His hair had received another shower of silver since they parted. She scarcely cared to breathe aloud, lest she should disturb the imagined loneliness of his condition. On a sudden she figured to herself the latched door put gently back, and the form of Lowry Looby entering with her letter in his hand. She marked the air of sold and sad indifference with which the old man recognized him and received the letter. He looked at the direction—started—tore off the seal, and looked within, while his whole frame trembled until the gray hairs were shaken loose upon his temples; she saw the passing struggling in his throat, and her own eyes were blinded by tears. The picture here became too vivid for her feelings, and pushing the little desk aside, she sank down into her chair in a violent fit of sobbing.

While she remained in this condition, Poll Naughten, entered the room, arranging her disordered head-dress, and bearing still upon her countenance, the traces of the vanished storm. Its expression, however, was completely altered when she observed the situation of Eily.

"What ails you, a'ra gal?" she asked in a softened voice; "Ar'n'd you bether after the sleep at all?" "Poll, do you know that man who is in the kitchen?"

"Is it Lowry Looby? Ah, ha! the scoundrill! 'tis I that do, an' I'll make him he'll know me, too, before I part him."

"Hush, Poll, come hither. I want you to do me a service. I know this man too."

"Why then, he's little credit to you or any one else."

"I want to caution you against saying a word or my name while he is in the house. It would be ruinous both to your master and myself."

"Faiks, I'll engage he won't be a bit the wiser of it for Poll Naughten."

"And I wish, besides, that you would give him, if he intends going to Americk, a letter, which I will have for you in a few minutes. You need not tell him from whom it comes; do not even let him know that it is from a person in the house. And now, Poll, will you light me one of those candles, and close the window-shutters?"

This was done, and Eily commenced her letter. Before she proceeded far, however, it occurred to her, that the superscription might awaken the suspicion of Lowry, and besides she felt a very accountable difficulty about the manner of addressing her offended parent. Finally she decided on forwarding a brief and decorous note to "Mr. Dunat O'Leary, Hair-cutter, Garryowen;" in which she requested him to communicate to his old neighbor the circumstances of which she desired the latter should be made aware.

Whilst she folded the letter, she heard the cottage door once more open, and two persons enter the kitchen. A stillness ensued, which was broken by the voice of Danny Mann.

"I was spaking to dis boy, here, Poll," he said, "an' I see 'tis all rising out of a mistake betune de two o' ye. He didn't mane anything by it, he tells me. Eh, Lowry?"

"It would be long from me, Mrs. Naughten, to say anything offensive to you, or any o' your people. Misher Mann here, explained to me the nature of the matter. I own I didn't mane a ha'p'orth."

"Well, that's enough, that's enough. Give him the hand, now, Poll," said her husband, "and let us ate our little supper in pace."

Eily heard no more, and the clatter of knives and forks soon after informed her that the most perfect harmony has been reestablished amongst the parties. Nothing further occurred to disturb the good understanding which was thus fortunately restored, or to endanger the secret of our heroine, although Lowry was not without making many inquiries as to the name and quality of the lodger in the inner room. It was a long time, too, before he ceased to speculate on the nature of the letter to Foxy Dunat. On this his hostess would give him no information, although he threw out several hints of his anxiety to obtain it, and made many conjectures of his own, which he invariably ended by tossing the head, and declaring that "it flogged the world."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW EILY UNDERTAKES A JOURNEY IN THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND.

Eily heard Lowry Looby take his departure on the next morning with as lively a sensation of regret as if he had been a dear friend. After the unkindness of her husband, she trembled while she wept to think that it might be a long time before she could meet one more interested in her fortunes.

Happier anticipations than this might not have been so perfectly fulfilled. The first weeks of winter swept rapidly away, and Eily neither saw nor heard from Hardress. Her situation became more alarming every moment. Her host and hostess, according as she appeared to grow out of favor with their patron, became at first negligent and surly, and at last insulting. She had hitherto maintained her place on the sunny side of Poll's esteem by supplying that virago with small sums of money from time to time, although her conscience told her that those donations were not appropriated by the receiver to any virtuous end. But how her stocks was running low. Hardress—and this was from mere lack of memory—had left her almost wholly unprovided with funds.

She resolved to write to him, not with the view of obtaining more pecuniary assistance, but in order to communicate the request which is subjoined in her own simple language:-

"My Dear Hardress, Do not leave me here to spend the whole winter alone. If Eily has done anything to offend you, come

and toil her so; but remember that she is now away from every friend in the whole world. Even if you are still in the same mind as when you left me, come at all events, for once, and let me go back to my father. If you wish it, nobody besides us three, shall ever know what you were to your own "Eily."

To this letter, which she entrusted to Danny the Lord, she received no answer, neither Hardress nor his servant being seen at the cottage for more than a week after.

Matters, in the meantime, grew more unpleasing between Eily and her hosts. Poll treated her with the most contemptuous rudeness, and Phil began to throw out hints which it was difficult to misconceive, respecting their poverty, and the unreasonable of people thrusting idlers upon them, when it was as much as they could do to maintain themselves in honesty. But Poll, who possessed the national recklessness of expense, whenever her husband spoke in this niggardly humor, turned on him, not in defence of Eily, but in abuse of his "maifness" although she could herself use the very same cause of inactivity when an occasion offered. Thus Eily, instead of commanding like a queen as she had been promised, was compelled to fill a pitiable situation of an insecure and friendless dependent.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

To Those Who Suffer From Head-aches, Back-aches and All-ments Peculiar to the Sex.

Every woman needs plenty of pure, rich, red blood and sound nerves to carry her safely through her times of pain and sickness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good in a special way for women. They actually make new health-giving blood. They will ease, strength and vigor. They stimulate all the organs to perform their functions regularly and well. They banish all pains and depression, all headaches and backaches, and all the secret distress that only a woman knows.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills bring the sparkle to dull eyes and the rosy glow of health to cheeks once pale and pinched with silent suffering. They bring health and strength when all else fails. Here is a bit of strong proof from Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N.W.T., who says: "For some years I was great y afflicted with the ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. I tried many medicines, but found nothing to relieve me, until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffering I endured has passed away, and life no longer seems the burden it once did. I know other women who have been similarly benefited, and I think the pills are worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

All over the land are suffering women who can obtain new health and strength through the use of these pills. Only the genuine should be taken and these bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, or sent by mail by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A FATHER'S DUTY.

The greatest duty every father owes to his children is to walk where it will be safe for them to follow.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

During a terrific thunderstorm at Greenwood Lake, N.Y., last week, Samuel Carey, a guide, was killed by lightning, while Mrs. R. V. Terhune and her baby narrowly escaped death. Carey was in the employ of Mr. Terhune.

Mr. Terhune, his wife, their baby and Carey, who was only twenty-two years old, went out on the veranda of the house to see the storm. While the party was watching the dazzling spectacle, a blinding flash came, accompanied by thunder.

The bolt struck Carey and he fell dead. It glanced off and struck Mrs. Terhune on the back of the hand. It then passed on to the infant, burning it severely.

Mr. Terhune went to the rescue of his wife and baby and Carey. The infant screamed loudly and Mrs. Terhune nearly fainted. When Mr. Terhune went to pick Carey up he found he was dead.

with natural grass pastures intended for stall feeding. The fall marketing cannot be had for than to be allowed a good field of rape. The response well to a rape sowing must be exercised in the evil odors may find their way to the milk pail.

rape to cattle and sheep should be taken to prevent. They should never be allowed to graze in a rape field when very early in the season. It should be observed if the rape is in dew, rain, or frost. Once it is to the feed, however, and it is at all times, it must be anticipated. Figs are affected in this way.

practically impossible to and when cured it is not as nor so valuable as when it is not much used in making.

ens where rather steady rains (once the hard frosts may be cut and put in to freeze. It should be the stable the day before or feed and allowed to completely before being fed, hawing and freezing spoilage.

al composition and feed-rape resembles clover. It is rather than clover in flesh constituents, and is excellent. Analyses show its content to run from about 89 to 4 per cent. The nutritive proportion of digestible (forming constituents) to carbohydrates and fats (forming constituents) is 3-47. Such a large proportion of digestible protein accounts at feeding value of the rape, since average, growing require a ration of a nutritive of about 1 to 5.5, it is why most animals rather food not so rich in with rape. Timothy grass pasture would be this purpose.

duce rape at Ottawa.

in spring ... ..\$2.00 (4 times) team, 3 ... .. 75

hour ... .. 30 at 8c ... .. 24 hours at 13c ... .. 40

single ... .. 53 day at \$2 ... .. 1.50 1 day ... .. 1.33 \$6.95

nt of land be considered commercial fertilizer or manure, be applied, the cost would, of course, be as already indicated, rnyard manure may be applied to land used

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been pastured here on od results secured. A steers made an average gain, live weight, in 3 area of 2 acres. About d been allowed to past- of this same area for 10 sheep had had at the access to a limited area grass pasture. A great fed annually on rape

perimental Farm at Ot- following record is sub- strate the part taken pork production, in one pigs were pastured from till snow in 1900 on hs of an acre of rape.

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er as a premium subscriber a neatly copy of the Golden Book, who will send and cash for 5 subscribers to the True

s a splendid op- to obtain a most chronicle of the Irish Catholics and laymen in during the past