

AT SIGHT OF THE GREEN FLAG.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

When Jack Conolly, the Rory of the Hills Inner Circle, was incontinently shot by Sergeant Murdoch, of the constabulary, his twin brother Dennis, joined the British Army. The country-side had become too hot for him; and, as the seventy-five shillings were wanting which might have carried him to America, he took the only way handy of getting himself out of the way. Before his Majesty had a less promising recruit, for his hot Celtic blood seethed with hatred against Britain and all things British.

The sergeant, however, smiling complacently over his six feet of brown and his forty-four inch chest, whisked him off with a dozen other of the boys to the depot at Fermoy, whence in a few weeks they were to be sent to the top of the rotor for foreign service. It was the darkest hour of the land struggle, when the one side came out with crobar and battering-ram by day, and the other with mask and with shot-gun by night. Men driven from their homes and potato-patches found their way into the service of the Government to which they ascribed their troubles, and now and then they did wild things before they came.

There were recruits in the Irish regiments who would forget to answer to their own names, so short had been their acquaintance with them. Of these the Royal Malloys had their full share; and, while they still retained their fame as being one of the smartest corps in the army, no one knew better than their officers that they felt bitter hatred for the flag under which they served.

And the centre of all the disaffection was C Company, in which Dennis Conolly found himself enrolled. They were of the tenant class to a man; and their whole experience of the British Government had been an inexorable landlord, and a constabulary who seemed to them to be always on the side of the rent collector.

Dennis was not the only moonlighter in the ranks, nor was he alone in having an intolerable family blood-feud to harden his heart. Savagery had become savagery in that volved civil war. A landlord with an iron mortgage weighing down upon him had small bows for his tonantry. He did but take what the law allowed; and yet, with men like Jim Holan, or Patrick McGuire, or Peter Flynn, who had seen the roofs torn from their cottages and the folk huddled among their pitiable furniture, upon the roadside, it was ill to argue about abstract law. A stricken man can only feel his own wound, and the rank and file of the C Company of the Royal Malloys were sore to the heart.

There were low whisperings in bar rack-rooms and canteens, stealthy meetings in public-house parlors, bandying of passwords from mouth to mouth, and many other signs which made their officers right glad when the order came which sent them to foreign, and better still, to active service.

For Irish regiments have before now been disaffected, and have at a distance looked upon the foe as though he might, in truth, be the friend; but when they have been put face on to him, and when their officers have dashed to the front with a wave and a halloo, those rebel hearts have softened and their gallant Celtic blood has boiled with the mad joy of the fight, until the slower Britons have marvelled that they ever could have doubted the loyalty of their Irish comrades.

rising of the moon." "So it was with these others," answered the Sheik Kadra, pointing with his sheathed sword towards the old battle-field. "They also had a day of little water and a night of little rest, and the heart was gone out of them, ere ever the sons of the Prophet had looked them in the eyes. This blade drank deep that day, and will again before the sun has travelled from the sea to the hill.

"And yet those are other men," remarked the Berber dervish. "Well I know that I have placed them in the clutch of our fingers, yet it may be that they with the big hats will stand firmer than the men of Egypt."

"Pray Allah that it may be so," cried the fierce Bagarras, with a flash of his black eyes. "It was not to chase women that I brought seven hundred men from the river to the coast. See, my brother, already they are forming their array."

A fanfare of bugle calls burst from the distant camp. At the same time the bank of bushes at one side had been thrown or trampled down, and the little army within began to move slowly out on to the plain. The three chieftains still lingered upon the knoll, looking down with hungry eyes and compressed lips at the dark steel-tipped patch.

"They are slower to start than the men of Egypt," the Sheik of the Hadendawas growled in his beard. "Shower also to go back perchance, my brother," murmured the dervish. "And yet there are not many—three thousand at the most."

"And we ten thousand with the Prophets grip upon our spear-hafts and his words upon our banner. See to their chieftain, how he rides upon the right and looks up at us with the glass that sees from afar! It may be that he sees us also."

The Arab shook his sword at the small stamp of horsemen who had spurred out from the square. "Lo, he beckons!" cried the dervish; "and see those others at the corner, how they bend and heave. Hal by the Prophet I had thought it!"

As he spoke a little woolly puff of smoke spurted up at the corner of the square, and a seven-pound shell burst with a hard metallic smack just over their heads. The splinters knocked chips from the red rocks around them. "Bismillah!" cried the Hadendawas; "if the gun can carry thus far, then ours can answer to it. Ride to the left, Moussa, and tell Ben Ali to cut the skin from the Egyptians if they cannot hit yonder mark. And you, stand to the right, and see that three thousand men lie close in the way that we have chosen. Let the others beat the drum and show the banner of the Prophet; for by the black stone their spears will have drunk deep ere they look upon the stars again."

a battalion of Guards, and on the left wave of dervishes lapped over the hillocks and burst upon the machine-gun locks and the right front of the line. The sailors were overborne in an instant; but the Malloys, with their fighting blood aflame, met the yell of the Moslems with an even wilder fiercer cry, and dropped two hundred of them with a single point-blank volley. The howling, leaping crew swerved away to the right, and dashed on into the gap which had already been made for them.

But C company had drawn no trigger to stop that fiery rush. The men leaned moodily upon their Martinis. Some had even thrown them upon the ground. Conolly was talking fiercely to those about him. Captain Foley, thrusting his way through the press, rushed up to him with a revolver in his hand.

"This is your doing!" he cried. "If you raise your pistol, Captain, your brains will be over your coat," said a low voice at his side. He saw that several rifles were turned on him. The two subs had pressed forward and were by his side.

"What is it, then?" he cried, looking round from one fierce mutinous face to another. "Are you Irishmen? Are you soldiers? What are you here for, but to fight for your country?" "England is no country of ours," cried several.

"You are not fighting for England," you are fighting for Ireland, and for the empire of which it is part." A black curse on the Empire!" shouted Private McGuire, throwing down his rifle. "Twas the Empire that backed the man that drew me out the roadside. May me hand stiffen before I draw a trigger for it."

"What's the Empire to us, Captain Foley, and what's the Widdy to us ayther?" cried a voice. "Let the constabulary fight for her."

"They'd be better employed than pullin' a poor man's thatch about his ears." "Or shootin' his brother, as they did mine."

"It was the Empire that laid my groanin' mother by the wayside. Her son will rot before he upholds it, and ye can put that in the charge sheet in the next court-martial." In vain the three officers begged, begged, persuaded. The square was still moving, ever moving, with the same bloody fighting in its entrails. Even while they had been speaking, they had been shuffling backwards, and the useless Gardner, with her slaughtered crew, was already a good hundred yards from them. And the pace was accelerating. The mass of men, tormented and writhing, was trying, by a common instinct, to reach some clearer ground where they could reform. Three faces were still intact, but the fourth had been exved in and badly mangled, without its comrades being able to help it.

Would it break, or would it reform? The lives of five regiments hung upon the answer. Some, at least, were breaking. The C company of the Malloys had lost all military order, and was pushing back in spite of the haggard officers, who cursed and snored and prayed in the vain attempt to hold them. Their captain and the subs were still intact, and jostled, while men crowded toward Private Conolly for their orders. The confusion had not spread, for the other companies in the dust and smoke and turmoil had lost touch with their comrades. Captain Foley saw that even now there might be time to avert a disaster.

"Think what you are doing man," he yelled, rushing toward the ring leader. "There were a thousand Irish in the square, and they are dead men if we break."

The words alone might have had little effect on the old moonlighter. It is possible that he had already planned how he was to club the Irish together and lead them to the sea. But at that moment the Arabs broke through the screen of camels which had fended them off. There was a struggle, a screaming, a mule rolled over, a wounded man sprang up in a caecoles with a spear through him, and then through the narrow gap surged a stream of naked savages, mad with battle, drunk with slaughter, spotted and splashed with blood—blood dripping from their spears, their arms, their faces.

Their yells, their bounds, their crouching, darting figures, the horrid energy of their spear thrusts, made them look like a blast of fiends from the pit. And were these the allies of Ireland? Were these the men who were to strike for her against her enemies? Conolly's soul rose up in loathing at the thought?

He was a man of firm purpose, and yet at the first sight of those howling fiends that purpose faltered, and at the second it was blown to the winds. He saw a huge coal-black negro seize a shrieking camel-driver and saw at his throat with a knife. He saw a shock-headed tribesman plunge his great spear through the back of their own little bugler Millstreet.

He saw a dozen deeds of blood—the murder of the wounded, the hacking of the unarmed—and caught, too, in a glance, the good wholesome faces of the faced-about rear rank of the Malloys. The Malloys, too, had faced about, and in an instant Conolly had thrown himself into the heart of C company, striving with the officers to force the men with their comrades.

But the rank and file had no heart in their work. They had broken before, and this last dash of murderous savages was a hard thing for broken men to stand against. They flung away from the furious faces and dripping loresaws.

Why should they throw away their lives for a flag which they cared no longer? Why should their leader urge them to break, and now shrink to get to reform? They were wiled to get to the sea and safety. He flung himself among them with outstretched arms, with words of reason, with shouts and gaspings. It was useless; the tide was beyond his control. They were shredded out into the desert with their faces

set for the coast. "Boys, will you stand for this?" screamed a voice. It was so ringing, so strenuous, that the breaking Malloys glanced backwards. They were held by what they saw. Private Conolly planted his rifle stock downwards in a mimosa bush. From the fixed bayonet there fluttered a little green flag with the crownless harp. God knows for what signal of revolt that flag had been treasured up within the Corporal's tunic. Now its green wisp stood amid the rush, while three proud regimental colors were rolling slowly backwards.

"What for the flag?" yelled the private. "My heart's blood for it! and mine! and mine!" cried a score of voices. "God bless it! The flag, boys, the flag!" C company were rallying upon it. The stragglers clutched at each other, and pointed. "Here McGuire, Flynn, O'Hara!" ran the shoutings; "Close on the flag! Back to the flag!" The three standards reeled backwards, and the seething square strove for a clearer space where they could form their shattered ranks; but C company, grim and powder-stained, choked with enemies and falling fast, still closed in on the green ensign that flapped from the mimosa bush.

It was a good half hour before the square, having disintegrated itself from its difficulties and dressed its ranks, began to slowly move forwards over the ground, across which in its labor and anguish it had been driven. The long trail of Wessex men and Arabs showed but too clearly the path they had come. "How many got into us, Stephen?" asked the General, tapping his snuff box.

"I should put them down as a thousand or twelve hundred, sir." "I did not see any get out again. What the devil were the Wessex thinking about? The Guards stood well, though; so did the Malloys."

"Colonel Flanagan reports sir, that Company C took the whole brunt of the attack, and gave the square time to reform." "Tell the Hussars to ride forward, Stephen," said the General, "and try if they can see anything of them. There's no firing and I fear that the Malloys will want to do some recruiting. Let the square take ground by the right, and then advance."

But the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendawas saw from his knoll that the men with the big hats had rallied, and that they were coming back in the quiet bustle of men whose work was before them. He took counsel with Moussa, the Dervish and Hussein the Bagarras, and a woestruck man was he when he learned that the third of his men lay dead on the field of battle. So having still some signs of victory to show, he gave the word, and the desert warriors lifted off unseen and unheard, even as they had come.

A red rock plateau, a few hundred paces ad Remingtons, and a plain which for the second time was strewn with slaughtered men, was all this day's fighting gave to the English General.

It was a squadron of Hussars which came first to the spot where the green flag had waved. A dense litter of Arab dead marked the place. Within the flag waved no longer, but the rifle still stood in the mimosa bush, and round it, with their wounds in front, lay the Fenian private and the silent ranks of the Irish company. Sentiment is not an English failing, but the Hussar Captain raised his hat in a salute as he rode past the blood-soaked ring.

years Those of the inmates too old for the pursuits named above find many things to do in the wash house, in the furnace room, shovelling snow, wiping cups and plates, not only for the great refectory, but for the fifty to sixty poor tramps who seek a bite and a hot drink here every morning during all the long hard winter.

So well do the good Sisters develop the spirit of faith in these souls that instead of being depressed and sad because of their affliction they are so bright and joyous that the cheerfulness of the house strikes a visitor at once. Always, at every hour of the day, may be found ardent adorers before the Blessed Sacrament in quiet meditation, or with our Lady's chain in their hands. Of this happy community Little Mary now became a member. She was uneducated, untaught. However owing to the naturally wide awake American spirit that she brought to Canada with her, she learned very rapidly. On all occasions she would not only declare her nationality, but take first place as hers by right.

An American lady boarding there some time ago took the greatest pleasure in having the child visit her in her room. Mary would sit perched on her friend's knee, delighted and happy for hours, repeating all she had learned. She is naturally a very intelligent child and remembers easily, as do all whom God has deprived of sight. At this time she could repeat page after page of her Catechism; recite grammar and spelling lessons; sing our beautiful church music in Latin, also French and English hymns; read and write the braille, and end it all by playing wonderfully well on harmonica and accordion. Then after thus giving her friend samples of all she knew, with a funny little hop, skip and jump she would dance out of the room.

Little Mary loved to walk out, to ride and to visit, so her friend would often take her and Rosie, another little afflicted one of about the same age, to walk, to ride, or to visit the stores. When the trio would stop before crossing the track to wait for an electric car to go noisily by, little Mary would cling to her friend, and, trembling from head to foot, exclaim in a frightened voice, "Oh, is it coming right over me? I'm so afraid!" One day in winter Rosie slipped on one of the frozen sidewalks, as she held on tightly to her friend's hand, all three fell flat, but fortunately managed to pick themselves up with nothing hurt—except their feelings.

Just before Christmas that year the trio paid a visit to the wonderful five-cent store of Montreal. How the little girls did enjoy feeling the different toys and finding out what they were; they squeezed anything that would blow; shook anything that would shake; pulled anything that would pull; rattled anything that would rattle; and in general had a grand time without doing much damage, owing to the watchful eye of their friend.

As the store was full of Christmas shoppers, of course these little blind girls attracted much attention, and many a charitable Christmas heart, knowing them to belong to the Institute, slipped cents and nickles and dimes and quarters into their hands and were quickly lost in the crowd, not waiting a word of thanks, pulled and pushed, over \$2 was found, to the great joy of the girls, who said, again and again, "We'll pray for those kind ladies who gave us the money."

In anticipation of a Christmas visit to Ladies of the Sacred Heart in their large academy near by, they prepared a long programme of hymns, songs and recitations they knew, and tied it with a red ribbon. The Mother Superior received them most graciously and conducted them to the recreation hall with program, red ribbon, harmonica, accordion and all, and for one hour they amused and delighted the interested nuns.

Mary is now a tall, fair girl of fourteen years. She has grown up as a fair lily, very sweet to look upon, but if one may judge by the delicate state of her health, destined for only a brief sojourn in this world of ours. But no one who knows her doubts that when the time comes she will pass to God with the same beautiful spirit that she displayed on a certain occasion some months ago. Coming one day to her friend, greatly excited, she exclaimed, "Sister Rose says I may go to St. Anne du Beaupre, I know see! Oh, won't I be glad!" Then after a pause, she raised her pathetic eyes, and said, in her earnest, thoughtful way: "But Sister says if I'm not cured I must not be sorry, because little girls can't see on earth will see a great deal better and a great deal more when they get to heaven. So I'll be willing to wait. God knows best, doesn't He?"—V.O., in the Golden.

MINISTER CONVERTED.

Rev. George Albert Cain, lately a curate of the Protestant Episcopal church of the Holy Innocents at Hoboken, N. J., has announced his conversion to the Catholic faith, and expects soon to begin his studies for the priesthood. He was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Hubert D. Gartland, chaplain of Newman school, a preparatory school for boys conducted under Catholic direction at this place.

Mr. Cain upon his ordination as an Episcopal clergyman became a curate at Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth street, New York, leaving there later to become rector of St. John's Church, Long Island City. For the last year he had been curate of Holy Innocents, Hoboken, the church erected by the Stevens family.

AN INCIDENT.

BY THE REV. DONALD...

On the day of the coronation of the Earl of Leinster, the Earl and his wife, the Countess, were seated in the front of the procession. The Earl was dressed in the most magnificent manner, and the Countess in a gown of the most exquisite taste. They were surrounded by a vast number of lords and ladies, and the whole scene was one of the most magnificent that has ever been witnessed in this country. The Earl and Countess were seated in the front of the procession, and they were surrounded by a vast number of lords and ladies, and the whole scene was one of the most magnificent that has ever been witnessed in this country.

LAST...

On Thursday, the 11th inst., at his home in Shannon, the late Rev. Fr. John J. O'Connell, D.D., died at the age of 89 years. He was a member of the Holy Trinity, and was one of the most distinguished prelates of the Irish hierarchy. He was born in the year 1826, and was educated at the University of Dublin. He held several high offices in the Church, and was a member of the Synod of the Province of Dublin. He was a man of great piety and a devoted pastor.

When they...

When they were in the city of New York, they were very popular. They were seen everywhere, and they were the center of attraction. They were very kind and generous, and they were very much loved by the people. They were a great blessing to the city, and they were a great credit to the Church.

So that...

So that the people were very much pleased. They were very kind and generous, and they were very much loved by the people. They were a great blessing to the city, and they were a great credit to the Church. They were a great blessing to the city, and they were a great credit to the Church.