MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXVIII .- CONTINUND.

The captain hesitated a moment-at whether to call on Mary for her testimony in presence of so many spec-tators, or suffer the circumstance to pass unnoticed, and come to some con-clusion respecting the cabin boy with out further delay. His deliberation, however, was suddenly interrupted by the sheriff, who now rose and begged to be permitted to leave with his prisoner as soon as possible—it being late in the afternoon, and the distance to Lifford

jail some six hours' travel.

"What's the amount of the debt?"
demanded Else, interrupting the captain, who was about to reply to the sheriff. "Mr. Lee shan't leave here

sheriff. "Mr. Lee shan't leave here the night in your costidy if I can help it. How much is the debt?"

The sheriff, looking for an instant at the execution, named the sum.

"Humph!" ejaculated Else, running her hand down into her pocket and drawing out her wallet—"humph! the sum's big but I've enough here to provit."

You ?" "Ay, me. Hah! hah! Isn't a witch's money as good as a queen's, if it's current? Mr. Weeks there will tell ye these notes come fresh from the bank; hah, hah!"

bank; hah, hah!"
"Why, how's this?" demanded the captain; how did you come by this large amount of money?"
"That's not a fair question, captain, and I'm not bound to answer it; but to plaze ye I'll tell ye: I got eighty sounds of it from that gentleman there. pounds of it from that gentleman there, Mr. Weeks, for sarvices rendered, an the rest here in goold I saved from my husband's earnins. Here, Misther Sheriff, count out yer money, and let

the prisoner go."

The sheriff took the bills and gold, and laid them on the table; then count ing over the amount marked on the back of the execution, he receipted for the and handed the document, with the balance of the money, over to the

While this transaction was passing, the whole audience seemed in commo-tion; every one expressing his astonish-ment to his neighbor, that a woman of so infamous a character as the fortune-teller of the Cairn, should thus part with the gold she loved so much to save a parative stranger from the hands of law. Even the light-keeper himself was taken completely by surprise, and the magistrates looked at one another, and shook their heads, as if they suspected some mischief at the bottom of it. As the sheriff was about to consign the bills to his pocket-book, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and drawing out a small bank detector, he laid it before him, and took up one

the notes to examine it.
'Humph!" he ejaculated, after pause of considerable length; "I might have suspected as much. Witness, let have suspected as much. Witness, let me see that note of hand and execution a moment-I fear I made a mis-

"Too late, sheriff," responded the old woman—" too late; but if the frag-ments 'd be of any use to ye, they're Anything wrong?" inquired the

chairman.
"Yes, sir; these notes are counterfeits on the Bank of Dublin.

Counterfeits !"

"Not a doubt of it sir. The Dublin Bank, in its last circular cautions the public against tens and twenties, coun-terfeits of its new plates; and here," he added, handing the detector and one of the notes up to the bench, "you can see in an instant the plate is a for-

The captain examined it for a moment, and then turning to the witness, de-manded to know if she could affirm on oath these notes were given her by Mr.

I protest against putting that question to a woman of such disreputable character," cried Hardwrinkle, "and but this moment convicted of an attempt to pass counterfeit money. I object to the question."

Those of the spectators within hear-

ing of this unexpected disclosure, who happened to have had any dealings with Weeks during his short stay in the neighborhood, now began to feel alarmed; and one of them, a dealer in dry goods, who had furnished him with ary goods, who had turnished him with fishing tackle, gaffs, landing nets, &c., stood up and begged to inform the bench he had now in his possession a bank note from Weeks in a payment for goods delivered, and prayed the chair-

man to examine it.

The latter took the paper, and after looking at it for a moment, pronounced it an impression from the same plate.

"Here's another, place yer honor, cried a little tailor, who had mounted on the shoulders of his neighbors, and flourished a bill over the heads of the audience; "here's another I got from Mr. Hardwrinkle, and I'm afreed it's here's another I got from of the same family.'

"Send it up."
The tailor's note, like the haber dasher's, proved also to be a counter

feit. "Clerk," said the captain, " make out a warrant instantly for the arrest of Ephram C. B. Weeks, in the name of the state, on a charge of having uttered counterfeit money.'

" And I," said the light-keeper, "as Mary Lee's guardian, charge Ephraim C. B. Weeks with having stolen that young lady's rosary from my house at

Araheera Head." "Clerk, when you have made out the warrant, take Mr. Lee's deposition. " he added, motioning to Else

"you have done-you may

"Ay, ay," muttered Else, drawing the hood of her old gray cloak over her head as she turned to leave the witness stand; "I'll retire now, but there's more work to be done yit afore the sun

Else, halting on her step, and casting back a look of intense hatred at her persecutor; "ask yer own conscience if ye have any. All I say to ye now Robert Hardwrinkle-luck to yerself for God will soon call ye to yer reckon-in; "and so saying, the old woman slowly descended the steps, and silently took her place close by the dock where Randall Barry stood patiently await

ing his doom.

The reader, perhaps, may think it strange that such insulting language as Else Curley uttered during her examination should have been permitted in a court of justice; but it must be remem-bered that Else bore the reputation of witch and sorceress, and in that char-acter claimed for herself privileges and immunities which no ordinary woman would dare have aspired to. Besides, she was well aware that as long as Cap tain Petersham presided in court, sh had little reason to fear Hardwrinkle's resentment. In addition to all this, however, Else Curley was naturally a bold, fearless woman. Her look, her speech, her very gait proclaimed her speech, her very gate producted as such the moment she appeared. Supercilious to her equals, she was as arrogant in her intercourse with those above her; and very likely had the judges of assize presided in that court house, surrounded by all the pomp and irrogartance of supreme judgical power. circumstance of supreme judicial power, instead of humble county magistrates, Else's conduct towards Hardwrinkle have undergone would

change. change.

"Miss Lee," said the chairman, when Else had retired, "I regret exceedingly to be obliged to call on you for testimony in this case, or rather, that your uncle's deposition, just made, requires it. But you will perceive it's a matter of grave importance, and needs thorough and patient investigation. Have the goodness, if you please, to take the witness stand."

As Mary rose and advanced, leaning on Kate's arm, her whole frame trembled and her heart seemed to sink within her at the thought of being exposed and questioned before so many spectators. In passing the dock where Randal Randall Barry stood shackled, patiently awaiting his trial, she raised her handkerchief to her face, under her veil, as it to hide it more effectually from her lover's gaze, and timidly ascended the

platform.

The moment the audience saw the graceful figure of the young witness. and heard it whispered about she was the light-keeper's daughter, a general rush was made in the direction of the Those in front forced their way along the passages either side the coun and, despite the threats and efforts of both policemen and magis-trates, succeeded in obtaining positions where they could behold the far-famed beauty of Araheera Head.

"Your name is Mary Lee-is it not?" began the captain, after silence was again restored. Yes, sir.

"Will the witness have the goodness to remove her veil?" said Hard said Hard wrinkle.

Mary trembled as she heard the vords, but made no motion to comply with the order.

I must insist upon it, however pain

ful. "Miss Lee, I fear you must gratify the gentleman in this little matter," said the captain. "According to the usage of the court, the witness should uncover the face during examination. I had hoped, indeed, Mr. Hardwrinkle, under the painful circumstances of the case, might have waived this point of court etiquette; but I find I have been witchen. nistaken.

Mary slowly raised her veil, and with trembling hands, laid it gently over her shoulder. As she did so, a murmur of broke from the crowd o spectators, like that we sometimes hear at public exhibitions, when the cover-ing is removed from the face of a beautiful statue.

"God bless me! how lovely she is!" exclaimed one of the ma conscious of what he said, and gazing on her face as if it had been a vision.

And well he might gaze, for never saw he such a form and face before. And yet it was not so much in those features, so perfectly moulded by the plastic hand of Nature, that her beauty lay, as in the angelic blush and un-affected modesty with which her pure soul had so radiantly suffused them.

Dear reader, this lovely girl was a child of Mary—an humble, gentle servant of the Mother of Jesus. And there lay the great secret of her beauty. The perfection of her features nature gave her, but that which defies all the art of the sculptor or the painter-that inexpressible charm which animated them-was the gift of religion.

Looking at this exquisite being, as there before the admiring multitude, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes, one could hardly help thinking of those fine lines of Williams's Sister of Charity:

Thy soothing how gentle! thy pity how tended Choir music thy voice is, thy step angel

grace, And thy union with Deity shrines in a splendor Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face. "Miss Lee, have the goodness to look at this, and see if you can recog-

nize it," resumed the captain, handing the rosary. After a moment's examination, she

replied in the negative.
"Any marks by which you can dis

tinguish it from yours?"
 'Mine, sir," she replied, "was much more worn than this." 'Ah! from constant use, I suppose,'

said the captain. Mary kept her eyes cast down, but

"Don't blush, my child, don't blush; you love your religion, and practise it. I wish to Heaven we could all say as much for ourselves. As to the devotion of the rosary, though I'm far from being a Catholic myself, I look upon it as the most beautiful devotion

"Thank you, captain," said the more work to be done yit afore the sun sets. Let the wrong-doers luck to themselves."

"Stop, woman! for whom is that "before very long, there's a charm in threat intended?" demanded Hardwrinkle.

"Ask yer own conscience," replied "Thank you, captain," said the priest; "thank you for your generous to before very long, there's a charm in the rosary you little suspected. The Immaculate Virgin, whom that spotless creature has so long served with such

tender affection, will not suffer her love to go unrequited."

"I don't know, but by the Lord Harry," responded the burly captain, "I'm beginning to think there's some mysterious influence at work;" and he hitched his chair a little closer to the est in the investigation.

" And now, Miss Lee, can you inform the bench when you missed the rosary?'

" On the 12th of-"

" From what place?"
"From an old family Bible, in which

usually kept it. "Did you make a thorough search for it ?" Yes sir."

"Did you see Mr. Weeks, here present, at the light-house on that day?"
"I did, sir." "Where-in what part of the house?"

" In the parlor. Was it in that room you kept the Bible ?" " Yes, sir,"

"Did any other person visit the lighthouse on that day?"
"A gentleman called, but did not enter the parlor."

"I have but one more question to ask, Miss Lee. Are you of opinion that some one not a member of your family took or stole the rosary?" I am, sir.' "Whom do you suspect?"

I know of no one who could have taken it but the gentleman I saw in the

That enough, Miss Lee-you may retire," said the captain, leaning back in his chair. "Gentlemen," he continued, addressing his associates, testimony of the sick girl, Mr. Hard-wrinkle's servant, who found the rosary on the floor of Week's room, the morn-ing after his first visit to the lighthouse, and Miss Lee's corroborative evidence make the case a pretty clear one against Weeks; and as it comes within our jurisdiction, being but a case of petty theft, we must commit him, and send the forgery affair up to a higher

Hold on a minute," exclaimed the Yankee; "you ain't a-going to commit me, I expect, without hearing me in my

own defence?"
"Well, sir, go on," replied the chairman; "proceed, but don't be long about it, for we haven't much time o spare. This trial has taken up too

"Well," said Weeks, gathering in his legs, and rising to his feet, "I can't say I know much of English law, though I do think I'm pretty well posted no in much of our time already. I do think I'm pretty well posted up in law of the States. But, gents, I've got a sorter notion—well, I may be mistaken, ye know—but still, I've got sorter notion that there's no law to b found in any civilized country in the world to punish a man when he hain't committed no crime. I guess that's a point won't admit of much dispute, any how. Well, let's see now what injus-tice I have committed. There's Miss Lee to begin with; I hain't stolen her rosary. I took it, I allow-inadver tently put it in my pocket; but I had no intention of stealing it, not a mite. We Yankees ain't a given to hooking, as a general thing; it ain't our nature. We speklate once in a while beyond our capital, and come it over greenhorns now and then in the way of trade, but hooking ain't a Yankee trick, no now, specially such a tid-re-eye consarn as that. I acknowledge I took it, gents, and you may do what you've a mind to about it; but as for hooking the affair, I swonnie I never thought of it from the time I left the lighthouse till cousin Rebecca showed me the darned thing a day or two after, and called me a Papist in disguise for having it in my posses-sion. Now, as to this old lady here, sion. Now, as to this old lady here, she hain't got nothing to complain of either, that I know of. The hull amount of the matter is, she did nothing for me, and I paid her nothing; ain't that so, gents? Ha, ha! the old thing thought she was smart—and so she is a darned sight smarter than I took her for—but she forgot she had a Yankee to deal with;" and Weeks shut one eye as he spoke, and thrust his hands down into his breeches pockets-"she forgot she'd a Yankee to deal with, a live Yankee, with his eye peeled and fresh from Connecticut. Here the magistrates, after command-

ing silence several times, (for the audi ence got so tickled at Weeks' languag and gestures they could no longer re-strain themselves) at length broke out into a loud laugh, the captain's fat side shaking as he turned to and fro to say a merry word to the priest or his next

neighbor on the bench.

"Silence, you rascals down below
there," he cried, when he recovered
himself. "Can't a man speak without a brogue on his tongue, but you must laugh at him? Silence, and let the man be heard.

Stand him up, captain, jewel; stand him up on the table—we can't hear him," responded several voices in the crowd.

"Up with him! up with him" now became the general cry, and Weeks, in the midst of the uproar, mounted the table, and trusting to his own resources to elicit sympathy from the audience

boldly resumed his defence. "Well," said he, pulling up his shirt collar and pushing back his long sandy hair behind his ears, as he looked round the hall—" well, ladies and gents, guess I hain't got a great deal more to say. All of you know pretty much by this time that I'm a stranger in these parts, and I know, on the other hand, you're Irish to a man. Well, I ain't agoin to make the inference—no, I leave that to yourself. All I shall say is, the Irish at hum and abroad are famous for their hospitality to the stranger."

"Be alsy, avourneen," said some body near the door; "be alsy now, and don't be tryin to soft soap us that way Don't ye remimber the weddin Ballymagahey?'

Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks. turning round to look.
"Who's that?" demanded the cap-

tain. "By thunder! if it ain't the tarnal rascal again!"
"Who?"

"Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive." "Impossible—the police are now in

pursuit of him."

"Well, pursuit or not," replied Weeks, "if he's out of limbo, that's he or I ain't Ephraim C. B. Weeks."
"Police, see who that fellow is," said the captain.

"Lanty Hanlon's the man, and no mistake," repeated Weeks. "I could swear to his voice on the top of Mount "Ho there? at the door below! has

the detachment from Milfred arrived?" demanded Hardwrinkle. The answer came up in the affirma-

"Then let search be made instantly "Then let search be made instantly for Lanty Hanlon. You, sergeant, hold a warrant for his arrest—see that he escape not, at your peril."
"What! how's this?" demanded Captain Petersham—a "a re-enforcement without my knowledge or con-

I apprehended a riot and rescue of the prisoner," replied Hardwrinkle.

"Ha! a rescue!" and the captain turned to look at the young outlaw.
"Rescue a man with a broken arm, under charge of constables! What, shackled, too—good heavens! this is barbarous. Constable, remove those irons—off with them instantly. What! chained like a felon, even before he is found guilty!"

"He's a bold, daring fellow," pleaded

Hardwrinkle.
"Psaugh! psaugh! sir, your explanation only makes the matter worse. Your conduct's a disgrace to this bench sir, and an outrage on the feelings o

your brother magistrates."
"Hush, hush, captain," renonstrated the priest, laying his hand on "You must take another time and place to rebuke Mr. Hardwrinkle." No, sir, I shall not," replied the

indignant captain. "This is the proper time and place to rebuke him; and I tell him now, here in open court, that his conduct throughout this whole affair has been both unchristian and

ungentlemanly."
"Captain Petersham, you know I'm
a man of peace," said Hardwrinkle,
"or you would hardly dare to utter such ch language here."
"Dare!" and the captain turned on

him such a look as might have withered "I shall quit the court under pro test," said Hardwrinkle, rising, "since neither the law nor the feelings of a

gentleman are respected here."
"Not an inch, sir. Move but one step from where you stand, and I commit you."
"What! commit me?"

"Ay, you, sir, for conspiring with your worthy cousin there to carry off by force and violence the person of Mary Lee, in an open boat from Ara-heera Head to Malinmore, in the event of her not consenting to the marriage. I have now, sir, in my possession due information to that effect, sworn by

two of the very men you engaged to ex-ecute that damnable design."
"The charge is false," said Hard-"The charge is false," said Hard wrinkle, but in tones so low and husk that the very sounds spoke his guilt.

"And that no time might be lost. pursued the captain, without noticing the denial-" that no time might be lost, the young lady was to have been carried off this very night, as soon as the sheriff had removed her uncle, and no one left to protect her, in that remote and desolate spot, but her old and feeble servant, Roger O'Shaugh-

Here a murmur of indignation ran through the audience, and every eye turned on Hardwrinkle. That gentleman made no reply, however, but after a moment's reflection quietly resumed his seat, as if he had made up his mind to bear his sufferings with the patience

and humility of a martyr.

During the interruption, Weeks stood on the table, or platform, with his hands driven down into his breeches pockets, and apparently as little con-cerned at what was passing as if Hard-wrinkle had not been "a drop's blood to him in the world." Even when th charge of conspiring to carry off Mary Lee was made against that respectable relation, he hitched up his shoulders and jingled the silver as usual, but showed no sign of either surprise or re sentment. At length, however, silence was restored, and at a nod from th

chairman, Weeks again pulled up his shirt collar and resumed his defence. "Well, ladies and gents, I ain't a-going to detain you long. No; speech-making ain't in my line; but still, you know, every man should be able to tell his own story. Well, as to this darned old critter here, half devil, half catamount. I guess I have given a pretty considerable fair account of my transaction with her-well, enough to show hadn't done her no wrong, any how Then, as to the dry goods man, let him produce his bill, and if I hain't paid him the full value of his goods already in pure gold, independent of the \$50 note, why, I'm ready to suffer the consequences; that's all. I calklate, gents. to give every man his due, but dang a copper more; and if I find a man tryin to impose on me, I manage, some how or other, to pay him off in his own coin I repeat it, gents, let this dry goods man, who supplied me with fishing tackle and all that sorter things, let him stand up here and produce his bill That's plain talk; ain't it, gents? Well. then, all that remains now, is count for my transaction with Mr. Hardwinkle here about that note. It goes agin me to do it, it does—that's a fact; but considering the fix I've got into, I feel bound to go through with it. Mr. Hardwrinkle may feel a little put out about it, I guess, but he's here, you know, on his own soil, while I'm stranger, and nothing to depend on but truth. Besides, this is about the last day, I reckon, I can spend con veniently in this section of the country and for the sake of New England, should like to leave it with a good name.'

"And why wudn't ye, asthore—by the powers, ye earned it richly," said some one close by, in a stage whisper. "Faith, yer a credit to the country ye came from, avourneen. ' commanded the "Silence, there,"

chairman, hardly able to supplied the chairman, hardly able to supplied the chairman, there, and respect the court."
"Go ahead," cried Weeks, "who-

ever you be ; go ahead ; I'll wait till you've got through, I ain't in nurry.

Proceed, Mr. Weeks, and don't mind the fellow."
"Well, the hull amount of the mat-"Well, the hull amount of the last ter is, the note cost Mr. Hardwrinkle nothing, not the first brass cent; he got it from a Dublin attorney, on com-mission to make the most he could mission, to make the most

Hardwrinkle here attempted to interrupt him, but the captain interpose

and the speaker continued. "I ain't surprised at Mr. Hard-wrinkle's gettin riled, not a mite, for I swonnie it looks kinder mean in me to talk so after enjoying his hospitality; but I've got into a sorter snarl, gents, you see, about this here marriage concern, and I must tell the truth, for I don't see any other chance of getting out of it. Well, then, to be plain about it, we had an understanding—Mr. Hard-wrinkle and I had—well, it was just like this; if we succeeded in getting rid of Lee by means of the note, and could then induce the young lady to marry right straight off, or, if she refused, to carry her off to the neares place we could catch a vessel bound for the States—I say, if we succeeded in this, Mr. Hardwrinkle was to have \$10,000 cash, and I run the risk of the note, succeed or fail.

ejaculated Hard "Scoundrel!" ejaculated Hard wrinkle, hissing the words between his teeth. "Gentlemen, this is the most outrageous falsehood—"
"Psaugh! hold on a bit—don't get

riled, Cousin Robert."
"But what could I expect, when the fellow's ignorant of the very first prin-

ciples of religion?"
"Do say! Well, I never made much pretension about it, you know, cousin, and so you couldn't expect much from me in that line; but for you, who's praying and reading the Bible most part the time through the week, and Sabbath especially, why, it was going its leafly mits to strong to try to do it a leetle mite too strong to try to do me out that note—warn't it now, Cousin Robert? By crackie, Bob, for a pious, God fearing man, you're about as smart a one as I've met since I left Connecticut; you are, I swow; no mistake about t. But, gents, I don't see no use now in talking over the matter further. I was a goin to produce Mr. Hardwrinkle's letters to me before I left the States about this here marriage, to show you I ain't the only one to blame in the transaction; but I guess it's just as well to let the matter drop as it is. As regards the speculation I came here on why, all can be said about it is, I falled that's the amount of it. The fact is, gents, I always heard the Irish were an almighty green sort of folks, both at hum and abroad, and thought a Yankee, specially a Connecticut Yankee, had nothing to do but go right straight along soon's he got among them; but I find now I made a slight mistake in that respect. It ain't so, gents; the Irish at hum ain't so green by a long chalk as some I've met in Vermont."

" Nor all the Yankees so smart as they think," added the captain, smil-

"Well, sometimes we get sniggled, you know, like the rest of folks. Well, it's just like this: we hain't got to our full growth yet, but give us fifty years more to get our eye teeth cut, and I tell you what, captain, should like to see the foreigner then could come the blind side of us; that man'd be a caution, I tell ye. As for Mr. Hardwrinkle, here, I don't wonder he's smart, for he belongs to a pretty considerable smart kinder family Well, he's got a cousin in Ducksville, name of Weeks, said to be about as smart a man as you can scare up in that section of the country; and still he hain't been a hundred miles from home, I guess, all his lifetime."
"Brother of yours, I suppose," said

the captain. "Well, no, he ain't."

"I thought, being a Ducksville man, and a cousin of Mr. Hardwrinkle's here, he might be your brother, or cousin, at least.

" No. not exactly : he's much about the same, though, we've always been so intimate. It was he first told me of his relations here, the Hardwrinkles."
"First told you! What, did you not know that already?

'No; can't say I did." "Are you not Mr. Hardwrinkle's

"Not that I know of."
"Not that you know of! why, how's
this? Have you not passed for a
cousin of Mr. Hardwinkle's since you

came to reside here? Well, yes, pretty much, I guess. "Pretty much!

"Pretty much! Why, sir—"
"Hold on," said Weeks, "hold on a
moment, captain; I can explain that, too, quite to your satisfaction, I reckon. The Weeks family, then, you must know, and ourn were terrible intimate, being next neighbors for a little more than twenty years—well, the fact is, we got to be so intimate we never made any difference with respect to relation ship, or that sorter thing—not a mite. Stop; you don't apprehend the question, I suspect; I want you, sir, to tell us in plain terms, and briefly a possible, whether you are, or are not, a relative of Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle here present;" and the captain motioned to the latter gentleman, who, to the infinite merriment of the bo

undisguised astonishment.
"Well, come to think of it," replied Weeks, as if he had been trying hard to recollect himself, "come to think of it. I guess there is some relationship. ou guess there is

holders, kept gazing at the Yankee in

"Yes, I rather think so-by mar riage."
"Mr. Weeks," said Hardwrinkle remember you are now in a court of

'Allow me, Mr. Hardwrinkle," in terposed the chairman; "I shall finish in a minute or two. Your turn comes next. You say you guess there is some relationship by marriage, Mr. Weeks."
"Yes; one of the Weeks married a Bigelow, if I don't greatly mistake, somewhere about the end of the revolutionary war or thereaway. I kinder think Uncle Nathan used to—"

"Stop, stop, sir! Confound you and Uncle Nathan. You can't speak a sentence, sir, but you have Uncle Nathan at the head and tail of it. Answer at

once, sir; are you or are you not a cousin of Mr. Hardwrinkle's?"
Why, as to blood relationship, I guess there ain't much of that to speak of. But still it amounts to pretty much the same thing in the end. The Weeks and Bigelows were always in and out, you know, like one family. And then young Ephraim and I—or Eph, as we need to call him that the or Eph, And then young spiration and 1—or Epn, as we used to call him bout the doors —went to school together for eight or ten years, and never kept a secret from another more than if we had bee

twin brothers. twin brothers."
"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the captain, turning to his associates, "if this ain't the coolest fellow I've met in my day! And so," he continued, looking at the imperturable Yankee, "it is turns out at last there's no experience of the continued of the conti relationship at all between you!'

"No, guess not, except by marriage. Still, it's much about the same thing Weeks have always been as intimate with us as cousins could be. Well, in fact we were cousins in every thing but the near blood."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SURRENDER OF DOROTHY.

Summer was gone. She had fled beore the September storms, tremulously dropping her last blossoms as the rollicking autumn came piping over the hills.

And now the fields were a riot of goldenrod, the scarlet banners of the sumas flamed by the wayside, the forests were flaunting traitor banners of crimson and gold.

And Dorothy, who had queened it at Maplehill since the June roses bloomed, was packing her big Saratoga trunk and sighing that her empire was past.

"I will never have such another summer—never! Eight—no, nine—proposals, for though little Dick Nevis only sixteen, still And the driving and the dancing and the boating! No wonder I haven't a rag left. Even my lovely Paris mull gone. And now—now—all is over for-ever, forever!" And Dorothea sank back amid a choas of tattered finery, with quivering lips and a suspicious dimness in her big brown eyes. For ments as it was, evoked a throng of ghostly memories.

It was in the first glory of that gown she had brought Jack Dalton to her feet; its dainty folds had throbbed to its lace flounce had been demolished by

his quick, angry step on the night he had turned from her, forever. Forever! it had seemed a light word then, with the dance-masic sounding in her ears, and a score of eager part ners waiting for her hand and her smile Tragic parting were no new things to little coquette Dorothy, who had a custom of dismissing an adorer at night and recalling him with roguish glance

and nod the next morning.

Ah, it had been a gay game all summer with hearts as trumps, and Dorothea holding all the winning cards, but Jack Dalton was not the man to play against hopeless odds. It was so stupid of him to think she really meant "no" forever. So stupid, so—so— "no" forever. So stupid, so—so-cruel! And the brown eyes were brimming over when, at a heavy step quickly dry and plunged desperately into packing again, as Miss Pamela lumbered into the room, and dropped

wheezing into the rocker.

"The land sakes, did ever any one see such a clutter? Everything in rags and ribbons! I'll set in and show you how to pack in earnest, child, as ny wind. I hev hed a turn that just naturally took my breadth. Uncle Jeb has just been up in hot haste from Dalton Manor. Jack Dalton is dying, and wants a Romish priest." Dying! Jack Dalton dying!"

Dorothea started to her feet, white-faced and wide-eyed. "Not dying, Miss Pamela—"
"Took suddint last night. Heart this last month, Jeb said. But to ask for a Romish priest at last, when the Daltons have been professing members for three generations to my certain knowledge! As if good could not give all the dying could not give all the dying comfort any man would ask. But this is what comes of sending boys off to Popish colleges. A Romish priest! Thank the Lord, as I said to Uncle Jeb, there's not one to be found within fifty miles

But here little convent girl Dorothy found choking speech. "On, yes there is, Miss Pamela; yes, there is. Father Marr is at the Mountain House. I saw him as I rode by yesterday."
"Eh? What! Good Lord, don't

tell me, child, you are a Jesuit, too,

gasped Miss Pamela in holy horror. "Oh, no, no!" said Dorothea.
"But—but he is chaplain at Saint Mary's, and I knew him there. Oh, send for him, Miss Pamela, please, please," and the speaker's voice broke

down piteously.

"Not I," said Miss Pamela, grimly.

"Uncle Jeb's gone off, I don't know where, and there's an end of it. I'll set no fellow creature, let alone Jack Dalton, to idol-worshiping with

"Oh, you don't know, you don't mow," said Dorothy, in a husky voice. I have been in a convent, and do. It is cruel to keep a priest from a dying man. I'll go for Father Marr myself," added the trembling speaker, springing with sudden resolution to her teet.
And before good, duil Miss Pamela could quite grasp the situation, thea was gone indeed, and mounted on her pony was galloping wildly over the mist veiled hills, her heart, for first time in all her glad young life, pulsing with the fierce fever-beat of love and fear—and anguish, too, which sooner or later all human hearts must

Dying-Jack dying! Bold, brave true hearted Jack; Jack, who had loved her, as he said, more than his own life, who had woodd her with such simple, straightforward honesty, with a his dark, earnest eyes that had haunted Jack dying! God,

the vanity, the coness that had drive It was a whi little Dorothy t broad piazza of where Father Ma arm-chair, was f attack of hay fev exclaimed the go in surprise. "
or her ghost!" "Oh, Father,

JULY 16, 1

come for you. dying, and he is one at Saint Bed "Young Dalt That spiendid y all the honors you say, my chil absolute strange "Oh, yes; fift But I know a cu the young voice who had shown trail." "Oh,

trail." "Oh, quick. He is dy ing sob that ca the good priest with pity and pa had crowned wit three brief mont Stray little la his fold, Father been good friendhad found her se few grave fathe her flight. Dor three boardingposed to keep to but somehow F had altered her spoken to her in Dorothea darling of fond her life. Madcap thous had held her a

his little favor But this was: with white, stra and dark with over the mo answering in sh his questioning pony up the ste Father Marr's hard to follow grew the way, tangled by wile God bless

beautiful years

seen her go wit unguided hear

at last, as his over a huge. Oh, yes, y tremulous answ memories of the her side ? He climbed to gat works, whose her with flas

they had pic burned among sweet with th here was the grandfather ha rook that ! water-sprite la to the gorge, swollen into fie swept down th outery t wild anguish r She drew There had bee sweet summe shady place v

and drink. I swirling in foam.
" Missed Father Marr something of o' the wisp gr "No," sai bridge only a A ford looking at t madness to swept to de Come! We road. There somewhere n

Jack had alw

We wou all the way,'
ly. "Oh, w
be deep. F
will try it."
"Dorothy Marr tried t Urged in tress, Fanc water. The fright and that flung

swimming

waters, dar Dorothy-a " Dorothe It was through the seemed drift met her ga strong, true she whisper waters that

ears. No, no; th tried to cro I, by God's bank in tim " But-b "I, Dor Uncle John had been r

from college last. Unc now. Und