MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RANDALL BARRY'S TRIAL .- KATE PETER SHAM ON MOLL PITCHER. - SHE BALKS, BUT FACING THE WALL A SECOND TIME, CLEARS IT. - THI NEGRO ON THE WITNESS STAND.-ELSE CURLEY COMFORTS ROBERT HARDWRINKLE.

When Father Brennan, accompanies by his learned friend, arrived at the court house gate, he found the yard filled with people. At the door stood two or three policemen, with bayonets on their muskets, keeping out the crowd, now clamorous for admission, and on the walls several groups of men and boys, peeping in through the win-dows. As the priest made his appear-ance, however, the noise ceased for a ent, and the usual whisper ran d, "Ta shin saggarth, ta shin saground,

garth "-There's the priest, there's the priest. "Stand back," cried a voice in a tone of authority; "stand back, and t his reverence pass." The priest glanced quickly in the di

rection of the speaker. "Who is that ?" inquired Henshaw. "Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive."

"What ! our quondam skipper ?" "The very man—what a fool-hardy crack-brain he is to come here after carrying off Miss Hardwrinkle. He hasn't got an ounce of sense, that fel-low."

"'Fall back," shouted the police men ; " fall back, and let the gentle-men into court. Make way, there." As the latter gained the upper step

at the court house door, a loud cheer suddenly broke from the crowd.

"Hurrah ! there she comes, the dar ling !

So ho !" ejaculated Henshaw, turn

ing on his step ; "what now ?" "Kate Petersham! I declare it is." "Hurrah !" shouted the same voice;

" there she comes, on Moll Pitcher." " Hold on," said Henshaw.

What's the matter ? " Look ! look ! sir ; she faces that

wall. Pooh ! that's nothing."

"Good Heavens ! sir, she'll breal her neck.

Not a bit of it-she learned to ride in Galway.

'It's sax feet high-there !-hold. her horse balks !" "Balks ! that's strange, eh ! what

while the parks i that's strange, on i what can have happened? something she shied at, I suspect. Moll Pitcher was never known to balk in her life." Whils the priest was yet speaking, Kate rode her horse close up again to

the wall, as if to show her the difficulty she had to encounter, and then wheel ing round cantered back for another

" She'll balk again," said Henshaw

confidently. "Wait a while-we'll see."

Every voice was now hushed, and every eye fixed on the rider, for the leap was dangerous, and the spectators, as might naturally be supposed, felt anxious for the safety of their favorite. The spot where she tried to cross was the only one in the wall accessible for leap, on account of the large rocks which lay along either side for a disquarter of a mile or more and even there the ground rose so ab-ruptly as to put the horse to a perilous disadvantage. Had the rider been aware of the danger before she ap proached the leap, very likely she had ridden round, and avoided the diffi very likely she had tellty; but having once made the at-tempt, she determined to risk every thing rather than fail. Perhaps, too, the sight of so many spectators, the cheers which reached her, and something to do with confirming her resoluti

As the fearless girl turned her horse's head to the wall, she let the reins drop for a r over on the saddle, tightened the girths a hole or two; then adjusting her cap, and patting the spirited animal on the neck, again cantered along at easy gait. "Now !" said the priest ; " now for

neighbor for the credit of being first to "What means all this uproar ?" de

"What means all this uproar ?" de-manded Captain Petersham, suddenly appearing at the court house door, ac-companied by one of his brother magis-trates—" eh, what has happened ?" "Miss Petersham has fallen, sir, crossing that stone wall," replied a collicemen policeman. "Fallen - impossible. What ! on

Moll Pitcher ?" "I tear she's hurt, captain," said the

priest. "Ah : Father Brennan, you here,

too? Hurt-nonsense !" He had hardly uttered the last He had hardly uttered the last word, when another wild shout rose that made the very welkin ring again ; and here, plain to every eye, came Kate, firmly seated in her saddle, bounding along the meadow, and wav-ing her handkerchief in acknowledg-ment of the gracting.

hent of the greeting. As she jumped the last ditch, a man apparently in disguise-for his clothes seemed to accord little with his figure and gait-advanced and laid his hand on the reins.

"Well, Lanty, is the trial over ?" demanded Kate, bending to her saddle-

bow, and whispering the words. "No, my lady, it didn't begin yet." "Glad of it—I feared I should come

late. Is your ladyship hurt ?"

Not in the least "Nor Moll Pitcher ?"

"Not a particle.

"The darlin," exclaimed Lanty, lay-ing his hand on the mare's neck; she's as true as steel. O, my life on her for

million." The moment will soon come to try her," said Kate, as Lanty stretched out his arms and lifted her from the saddle. "Are you sure all's ready?"

"Ay, ay, never fear." "Where is Miss Hardwrinkle?"

"In the mountains, safe and sound." "And the police, how many here?" "Not many," responded Lanty; "but

"Not many," responded Lanty ; "Due don't stay, or the guard will suspect

The above conversation passed stealthily and rapidly, under cover of the cheers of the crowd.

"Fall back!" again bawled the blice; "fall back there, and make police;

way for the lady." "Ho! Kate, my girl," cried the jolly

captain, snatching his sister up in his arms, and kissing her affectionately, as she ascended the steps. "The rascals here would have you hurt or killed; but they little know the metal you're but they little know the metal you're made of, nor the gallant bit of flesh that carries you, Kate. A little out of sorts by the fall-bruised or stunned, eh?" "Not a whit," responded Kate. "I

could ride a steeple chase this moment with the best blood in the country.

Ah, Father John, you here? I'm glad to see you;" and bending reverently, she kissed the priest's hand. "My dear girl," responded the latter, "I'm delighted to see you unhurt, for I must confess I felt rather anxious."

"'O, it was nothing—a mere stumble; the mare lighted on a round stone and fell, that's all. O, hoh' and Dr. Hen-shaw; I'm glad to see you too, sir," she continued, holding out her hand. "You must come up and see us to mor-row at Castle Gregory. Now don't say a word : I shall have no excuse. You a word; I shall have no extended a word; I shall have no extended a word of the shall have no extended a shall have no ex commands on you to present yourself and Dr. Henshaw at Castle Gregory to

"And, Kate, you must put in a good word for me," said the captain, looking over good humoredly at the doctor. "But never mind; we'll settle all that to morrow; let us now proceed to busi-ness. Come in, gentlemen; we have some spare seats on the bench. Ho, there, police! make way, make way. Come in ; there's quite an interesting case in court.' the parties took their seats and

looked round the room, the first object that arrested their attention was the negro. He was standing in the witness

by a padlock in front. Randall Barry was now in his twenty-

choly on his countenance that made

slowly over the faces of the multitude

resting now and then for a moment on those he recognized. But when Kate

court, he glanced at her sharply for an

instant, and then, as she raised her eyes to his, bent his head and blushed

at the thought of his degradation. But

to return to the negro. "Your name is Sambo?" resumed

Captain Petersham, addressing the wit-

"You're a negro-that's pretty evi-dent; but what's your surname?"

"What are you called, Sambo Smith,

or Sambo Brown, or Sambo Robison ?

Yon've some family name, have you

" Ees, massa."

"Sambo what ?"

" Nigger Sambo."

' Don't know, massa.

the

Petersham appeared, and took place assigned her by the clerk of

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

thought it prudent to apprise his o

kept communing with his own thoughts, weighing his chances of success and

failure, till the boy rose and begged the court to allow him the privilege of

being confined in the same cell with

'Yes, sir. Here, constable, hand

this to the gentleman. Have the g od-ness to resume your seat, Mr. Weeks,

I should have said ; we shall want you presently. Clerk, call Else Curley."

" I'm here," responded Else, prompt

ly, rising from the low step on which she had been sitting, and brushing back

her gray hair under her hood with her brown, bony hand—" I'm here."

As Else advanced, every eye was up

glimpse of that far-famed fortune-teller and solitary of Benraven. "Having taken the usual oath the old woman folded her arms in her gray cloak and awaited the pleasure of the

"I thank you," replied the latter; "no, I should prefer to examine her

wrinkle, addressing the captain.

reside on Benraven Mountain ?

daughter, of Araheera lighthouse ?"

" Can you describe it ?"

Shall I examine her ?" said Hard-

Your name is Else Curley, and you

"Do you know Mr. Lee and hi

" Have you ever seen a rosary of a

peculiar description in Miss Lee's pos

of that far-famed fortune-teller

rive testimony in this case.'

Summoned

glimp

magistrates.

the captain.

session ?"

' I have."

myself.

"Why, you rascal, do you mean to ell me you've got no family name?" "O, sartin, massa, I'm got famly

'And what is it, then? Answer directly, sir. I've been examining this stupid fellow a full half hour, and can get nothing out of him," added the cap-tain, turning to the priest; "he's the most provoking creature I ever met with. Answer me, sir; what is your name?"

family Famly name, massa !"

"Yes, yes, yes; you had a father, I suppose?" "Fader -- well, supposin I'm had a

"Supposing you had a father? By George, this is absolutely intolerable. Had your father a name?" "Sartin, massa." "And what the fury was it?" "Sambo, massa — him was Nigger

Sambo, too. Here the whole assembly, magistrates and spectators, broke into a loud laugh at the discomfited captain, and the negro yah-yah'd, and shook his sides in

true African fashion. "Excuse me, captain," said Hen-shaw, "but these unfortunate creatures

seldom or ever have a surname." "Yes, yes I was aware of that; but! have an object in ascertaining what his

second name is. He must have a name either from his father or master Silence in the court, there! Tell me, sir," he continued, "what is that boy's name, sitting there before you;" and he pointed to the individual in ques-

tion "Dat boy ?- Natty Nelson."

"Where was he born?" "Don't know, massa."

"Where did you first see him ?" "I seed him in de baccy field-yah vah!

In what state?

"Ole Virginny."

"Ole virginny." "On whose plantation ?" "Whose plantation ? Can't tell dat, massa, no how," replied the African. "You must, sir; I shall order you the bastinado this instant if you rethe witness. "Ah," thought Weeks, "I guess I'm about long enough here. I see the tears in his eyes—he'll never hold out; and if he comes to blab, I

fuse." "Yah, yah, massa; this am free "Yah, yah, massa; this am good as country. Nigger here am good as white man."

At this stage of the proceedings stir was seen in the crowd at the lower end of the room, and presently entered Mr. Ephraim C. B. Weeks, covered with jewelry, a gold headed cane in his hand, and the silver card case protruding as usual from his pocket.

Sambo was so intent on evading such questions as might be likely to criminote his *portege*, and so fearful, at the same time, of provoking the magistrate's anger, that he neither heard nor saw anything of Mr. Weeks, till that gentleman attracted his notice by throwing his feet upon the very platform on

"Take your place on the witness stand." said the clerk. "Golly, Massa Charles you dar?" he exclaimed, as his eye turned on the new comer. "Massa—I mean Massa Week," he added, endeavoring to coron her. Hundreds there who had come from a distance to hear the trial of the young rebel, and had never seen Else Curley, now pushed forward to get a

rect the blunder. Captain Petersham's quick eye saw the confusion this unexpected recognitton caused the Yankee, and instantly writing a few words rapidly in pencil, dropped them on the clerk's desk, and again resumed.

again resumed. "Witness, I again repeat the ques-tion-on whose plantation did you first see this boy ?' Me no tell dat, massa," replied the

negro, decidedly. "Then I shall commit you. Clerk, make out his commital. I'll send you

presently where you can have plenty of time to determine whether you'll answer or not."

" Mr. Petersham," observed Hardwrinkle, leaning over on the bench, and speaking in low tones, but still sufficspeaking in low tones, but still sufficiently loud to be heard by his brother magistrates, "it does not appear to me that the name of the proprietor of the plantation is essential in this case."

" Certainly not, so far as we regard simply the ownership of the rosary ; crucifix set in diamonds. but there's a secret of some importance.

the constables took him off, he never imagined it could possibly involve him in any trouble. Hardwrinkle was not so, however. The instant he saw the even described it, before she saw it, as consisting of silver beads and a gold crucifix set in diamonds. Now, for my part, I don't believe you could find an-other rosary through all Europe of the other rosary through But proceed, s., same description. But proceed, s., satisfy yourself, by all means." satisfy yourself, by all means." satisfy curley," said Hardwrinkle, " of what religrosary, he knew it, at once, to be a duplicate of that he had seen with his sister Rebecca, and already awaro of the boy's connections in Virginia Virginia.

Eise Curley," said Harawriter, ressing the witness, " of what religddressing the ion are you ?' ' I was once a Catholic," replied the

of the danger, and accordingly des-patched a private message to him to that effect; the latter, believing his bid woman ; " I'm nothin, now " Do you believe in a future state of presence at the trial might be the means of deterring the negro from divulg-ing the name of his master, if he should

rewards and punishments ?" "Humph!" she replied ; "why shouldn't I ? God surely'll punish the happen to be so inclined, made his ap-pearance in court, as we have already described. Things, however, had taken persecutor and the murdherer in the nixt world, if the law don't in this ;" described. Things, nowever, had taken rather a different turn from what he expected. The African was now com-mitted for contempt, and on the point of being separated from his *portege*—a separation he know to be most painful and as she uttered the words, she fixed her keen, deep-sunken eyes on questioner. " How long is it since you've been in

were disastrous. She sank back with a shudder, drawing the bedclothes over "Well on to thirty years." "Yell on to thirty years." "You are commonly called the witch and fortune teller of the Cairn, are you to both; and he began to feel somewhat apprehensive lest the negro's promise of fidelity should give way to his love for the boy. "Well, I swonnie," said he to himself, as he pointed the pencil, or rather whittled it, (if one could not ?'

were already too busy and her anguish too acute to allow of the sleep whi "Sometimes fortune-teller, and some times she-devil," replied Else; " just as the people fancy." " Do you know what crime it is to take a false oath ?" alone could give a respite Was it she, her very self, who sprang up yesterday full of happy plans, with

or rather whitted it, (if one could judge by the quantity of chips,) "I swonnie, I don't know. I guess it might be just as well to make tracks from this here place as soon as possible; things are beginning to tighten in so's one hundred duties and pleasures await-ing her? To day she was to leave " I do.'

"What is it ?"

Parjury." "And what is perjury ?" "The crime yer lather committed whin he swore agin my only sister, and things are beginning to tighten in so s to make one feel sorter uncomfortable. There's that darned note, though, of the light keeper's—if I had that cashed. I kinder think I'd bid the folks in this section good by for a while. Well, the sint her to an untimely grave. section good by for a white. while, the sheriff's after him, any how—that's a comfort—and O, crackie ! if I don't make him pay for his insults at Castle Gregory. If I don't screw him tight up—weil, if I don't, it's no matter; that's all." In this fashion Mr. Weeks Here a laugh came up from the crow below; but it was soon suppressed by the police, and Hardwrinkle proceeded.

"I repeat the question, witness what is perjury ?" "The crime yer father committed

whin he swore my brother to the hulk, and sint him to die in a forrin land, with irons on his limbs. The crime ye committed yerself whin ye sint me twice to the dark dungeons of Lefford jail, and whin I come out, driv me to burrow lake the brock in the crags of Benraven."

stiff and strange, and he had replied darkly: "Very well, if you wish it, of course, you are free to go." So now she must go. Rather die than sue for "Woman, I shall send you to jail for the third time, if you persist in using such language in court."

might feel sorter unpleasant;" and so thinking, he took his hat and turned to quit the court house. "Excuse me, Mr. Weeks," said Capsuch language in court." "Scoundrel: hypocrite ! murderer ! I defy you," cried Else, throwing back her hood, and raising her shrivelled arm as she spoke ; " yer villany's dis-covered at last. There," she ejacu-lated, pointing to Weeks, " there, tell the court who sent that man to me for melle melle mere to mele Mary Loo tain Petersham, "we must detain you a little longer—you're summoned to

not worth a further thought, she could not bear to recall it. How could she have cared for such extraneous matters spells and charms to make Mary Lee marry him ; who tould him of the as to grow hot and angry in the asserwitch tion of her own opinion? As if it mattered what he or she or anybody and fortune-teller of Benraven ; who tould him she would sell her sowl to fill her pocket? Ah, little ye thought, thought about such things ! when ye made this greedy cousin buy up the light-keeper's notes, that ye might have the means of sending him to and more remote, the clucking of the hens in the farmyard-this day that had turned her life to gall. jail if he refused his niece, little ye thought the bedlam of the Cairn was no use in lying here indefinitely ; he

would think she meant to shirk carry-ing out her threat. Wearily she arose watching ye-"Hold ! hold, woman !" exclaimed Captain Petersham. and dressed. She would wear her usual " What does all morning gown ; he could not expect to see her in hat and coat at that early this mean ?

" Mane !" repeated Else. " It mane

that this cousin of his, this man of

trinkets, come here from America in search of the heiress of William Talbot,

and that Robert Hardwrinkle conspired

with him to take her off by fair manes or foul. It manes that at the instiga

tion of that devil there in human shape, the Yankee here paid me eighty British

pounds for spells and charms, and my good word besides, to make her marry

him. It manes that, after watching for thirty years, I found at last evidence to prove to the world that the pious,

God-fearing, saintly, smooth-spoken gentleman on the bench there beside ye

is a hypocrite and a villain." "Police ! take charge of this woman,"

commanded Hardwrinkle, his long, dark, sallow face pale with confusion

and anger; " take her away." " No, no; not yet, Mr. Hardwrinkle, not yet," interposed Captain Peters

after casting such aspersion on your

it !" 'The girl is decidedly mad, sir,'

said Henshaw. "Hush ! she raises the whip."

Moll Pitcher knew well what that sign meant, and with a snort and a toss her saucy head, sprang forward with the fleetness of a greyhound.

"God assist her," muttered the priest to himself; "it's a frightful risk.

Amen," replied Henshaw, catching the words ; " amen-though she don't deserve it-her fool-hardiness is unpardonable."

Now !" and the priest unconscious ly seized his friend's arm-" now !" As he spoke, Kate again raised the whip, and Moll Pitcher ross to the

For a second or two stillness reigned

fifth year; but misfortune and disap-pointment had cast a shade of melanas deep as death. If the animal touched the wall in crossing, horse and rider would both, in all probability, been seriously injured, if not I. If she did not, there was still killed. danger from the broken, stony ground on the opposite side.

exclaimed Henshaw. Hold " they're both down — good Heavens, sir, they're killed !"

The mare rose and stood in almost perpendicular attitude for a second, as f to gather all her strength for the It was an instant of painful effort. anxiety to the spectators ; but it was only an instant, for in the next she made the spring and crossed without touching a stone, the foam flying from her month, and the streamers from he rider's cap floating back in the breeze.

" Hurrah ! hurrah ! God bless her !' now broke in one loud burst from the crowd ; but the exclamation was sudchecked, for it was soon found denly that rider and horse had both fallen. ' The girl's killed,'' exclaimed Hen

shaw.

God forbid !" replied the priest, straining his eyes as he spoke. she has certainly fallen." But

not ?" "Nothing, massa," replied the Afri-Then a general rush was made to wards the gate, each vying with his | can, "nothing but Sambo

I suspect, in connection with the case which I'm anxious to discover." box, apparently awaiting the return of

"But are you justified, nevertheless, the in committing witness for your own personal gratification ?

box, apparently awaiting the return of the presiding magistrate to resume his examination. On the right of the bench, and immediately below it, sat the cabin boy, wrapped in a thick, blue blouse, and looking pale and emaciated after his sickness. Beyond him, and near the dock in which Randall Barry stood abackled and granted by two "Perhaps not; but at present I'm disposed to run the risk," replied the captain; and turning abruptly from Hardwrinkle, he handed the committal to a constable, and ordered him to take stood, shackled and guarded by two constables, appeared the tall form of Else Curley. She was seated on one of the witness forthwith to the barrack, and keep him in close custody. The negro, finding himself in the

the steps leading up to the jury room, the hood of her cloak, as usual, drawn hands of an officer, looked beseechingly first at Weeks and then at the boy, but over her head, with the white elf locks

visible beneath it. But the object which appeared to attract every eye, said nothing. "You may depend on it, Sambo, said the captain, as the poor fellow left and challenge universal attention, was the witness box, "you shall never leave the lock-up till you tell who the owner the noble, manly figure of the young outlaw, as he stood before his judges, awaiting his trial, his left arm still in a sling, and his right bound by a chain of that tobacco field is, or was, when you first saw this boy - away with running round his waist, and fastened

" Massa, massa, I'm want to sneak

one word to Natty." "Not a syllable."

" One lettle word."

" Not a letter of the alphabet." him look several years older. His face was eminently handsome, and his person The boy now rose, and in feeble ac ents begged permission to accompany ne negro to prison. "He has been

tall and muscular. Though far from being robust, his limbs were well monided, and evidently capable of great physical exertion. As he stood in the dock, his dark eye wandered the negro to prison. "He has been my friend," he said, " please your worhips, my best friend ever since I was child, and I would grive to part from

him." "I cannot be," replied the captain he must go alone." During this conversation Weeks sat

leaning back against a partition, with his feet stretched out before him, pointhis feet stretched out before him, point-ing a pencil with a penknife, and ap-parently quite indifferent to what was passing. He was cautiously deliberat-ing, however, all the while, whether it vere better to acknowledge he had taken the rosary from the lighthouse by mistake, or run the risk of the negro,

and the boy keeping the promise they had made him. If he admitted having taken it, he should produce it, and the existence of two rosaries would at once discover the whole secret. If he did not, and the boy, from his strong affection for the negro, should be driven at last to confess the truth, it might be worse still. The reader must here observe, that up to the moment of the boy's arrest at Crohan House, Mr. Weeks never dreamed of his having a

"It was a silver baded rosary, with a character. As your brother magis-ucifax set in diamonds." "Look at this one, and tell me if you tation, and must for your sake, and inever saw it before. Else took the rosary, and after look-

"It was a silver baded rosary, with a

ing at it for a moment replied, "This is the very pictur of Mary Lee's, if it been't itself." "Can you swear positively it is Miss

Lee's. No," responded Else, " but it's as lake it as one thing can be lake an-

other." "Have you seen a rosary like that in Miss Lee's possession ?" "A hundher times. I tuck one like

it from her dead mother's neck among the rocks of Araheera, the morin after the wrack of the Saldana, and put it on her own.

"On whose ?" "Mary Lee's. The child was livin in her mother's arms when I found

"What !" exclaimed the captain " you must mistake. Do you mean to tell the bench that you found a living child in the arms of a dead woman on the morning after the wreck of the Sal-dana, and that that child is the same Mary Lee who now claims this ros-

ary ?" 'I do," replied Else, confidently.

This declaration of the old woman made so promptly and positively, took the whole audience by surprise. Even Hardwrinkle himself, who thought he knew more of Mary Lee's history than any other in court, looked confounded astonished at the unexpected revelation. In a moment he foresaw disclosure would eventually lead to the discovery of his cousin's matrimonial speculation, the boy's relationship with the proprietor of the Virginia planta tion, and his own confusion grace, unless he succeeded in damaging

the witness's testimony. "Captain Petersham," said he, turning to the presiding magistrate, and speaking in the gentlest possible ac-cents, "may I take the liberty of putting a question or two to the wit-ness? It really cannot be possible she speaks the truth in this matter." wit.

Weeks never dreamed of his having a solike that which Miss Lee lost as one rosary in his possession; and even when thing can be like another, and she had

deed for the honor of the bench, make

we cannot permit her to leav

trate of the county, and a gentlemanup to this moment, at least-of unex ceptionable character, with having con-spired with Mr. Weeks to take off Miss Lee by fair means or foul. of that fact can you offer ?" What proo

"That, on the third day afther Weeks arrived at Crohan House," promptly replied Else, "he came into my cabin on the Cairn, and paid me twenty pounds earnest for my sarvices to help him to secure Mary Lee, and that afore he iver seen a faiture of her face. How cud he know that I was acquent with Mary Lee, or how cud he tell that I'd take his money for sich a purpose, or how cud he know any thing about me, if Robert Hardwrinkle didn'

tell him who and what I was ?' "Yes, but all this amounts only to mere suspicion. Have you proofs ?" "Week's bank notes, that I have still in my possession, clean and fresh out of

the Bank of Dublin, is proof enough on his side, I'm thinkin ; and the hoped. the sheriff's hands can spake for Robert Hardwrinkle's."

Here the deputy sheriff entered the court house, accompanied by the light keeper and his afflicted niece, closely followed by her old, faithful domestic, Roger O'Shaughnessy, in the bottle green livery with the faded lace. As the constables drove back the ecoud to have and Mary account due to make way, and Mary appeared, deeply veiled, leaning on her uncle's arm, Captain Petersham rose and soluted her with marked respect, and then a mur-mur of sympathy ran round the assembly ; and as she advanced nearer to the ber ch, her dear friend Kate, eyes suffused with tears, and regardless of the spectators, ran to meet her, and flinging her arms round her neck, embraced her with true sisterly affection.

TO BE CONTINUED.

I only speak of what I know, and that is that flowers are the fairest and gentlest things the hand of God hath fashioned from His elements of nature; and one would almost hope they had souls to be reborn forever in the sunlit valleys of Paradise.-Rev. P. A. Shee-

lovingly, blindly. She had never liked marriag with this st Catholic, and had wept over the loss of her pet. Janet, Ruth's younger sister, had been able to fill Ruth's place as a companion to Aunt Martha : so she could now return home, and Ruth would go back to her old duties of reading aloud, nursing and housekeeping. She had been glad enough to escape from them and from the querulous society of Aunt Martha, to become the wife of the man whom she esteemed and loved above everybody she had ever met. But, still, what a blessing to have this haven now! She did not doubt that Aunt Martha would receive her. She did not dream of returning to her narents, who had a family of seven b ides herself to provide for.

The whistling became nearer, but hore subdued. No, it was not aggress-The whisting of the second sec He had never passed her window be fore without a tap or a call of some sort. was all over now. When she would be no longer living here would not miss these small items she

Suddenly her heart failed her bitter tears began to flow. "My God! my God!" she sobbed, " take this heavy pain from me. Make me more inscusible to my woe!" But deep down in her soul she knew that it was turough her own fault that she suffered : through her own stubbornness that she continued to suffer : and she ceased pray. Her pride was between her and God. between her and peace.

med strange and The dining room seemed strange and glubrious. True, she was accustomed to breakfast alone : for Francis was miles away on his road every morning before she awoke. But to day he had not igone, but yet he did not join her. He would never seek her, never take the first step to reconciliation, and she must carry out her threat without

"You don't look very well, ma'am," said old Margaret, the housekeeper, as she brought the coffee. "Do you think you can bother about the clearing of the shelves to-day ?" "No, Margaret, I won't mind them

to day, all the more as I want to drive over to my aunt's this morning." She stooped, surprised at herself, then went

two living husban you to suspect You know well, F be. I have also She stopped s how lightly she h evening that the for evermore. A not have said th anger she allud would not mean endant horrors between them! their standards hard and fast l her. His code. ow much loftie how he had stor side.

JULY 2 1%4.

have the trap re

on, with a rush of ener

He should see that

of her word. Why wicked? So many co that could not live in

She hastened off, le

fast almost untasted, should break down woman, who was in the

some new wear that the cupboord. Ma nurse; she loved him

for him as she had should not miss her, I

open her wardrobe must gack her clothes

together, and take How sickening ! No was enough for to day.

to leave him, the mathat would require

without these loathse

afterward. She was the boy Tom. What

the boy Tom. What seeing her going away Alas, he could only

what he and the whol

too soon ! Oh, fatal word, could she have spo must carry out her forgiveness and ackn

she herself had propo

wrong, and it was to evil like death. N humble herself so far

from her so stri stern. After all, she crime. Why did her

her special care, and ly even after she had to the other end of

went down the mid

with roses, where he

to stroll in the calm

O God, how foolishs life would be a bland

life even a possibilit

saw a tall figure in

toward her. Her been aching with a c

throb wildly. His fa

rigid. Was he comi hasten her depart speak coldly of the

How dark and unb

She knew his strict

jects, and respected was it Christian to

both his hands.

you from me ?'

He came close t

"Ruth ! my dea "you spoke hastily

do not seriously me out any grave fault

She was sobbing ried in his shoulder

lifted from her hea

at her inferiority in "It was all a bac mured "I was wret

prompted me to con this time. Ob, how

" And yet you wasaid, " if I had not

He gave a deep her down on the old

acacia where they v

" My dear girl,' ever to be repeate know exactly how I

ly, what is but a you is solemn sin t

to be true to you t

have taken you fo

I can never be free

forever bound to

you, according t

happy, I shall alwa during your life t

family or hope for pass all the rest of

solitude," because

turned out a failur

open to you, while cannot break with

know that my C

She has knit me

though the law of

my conscience wi

that she is a divin

her rules are ba

good apart from t wishes of individu

separate, I am th

affection, and my

how things stand Ruth. I can onl

sank lower and

Now she lifted i

tion to rehabilit

ity of my forming

How can you

she exclaim

While he had b

erosity.

people.

y my Church b

the advantage o

ake another vent

She was silent an

d she must brace l

She turned to ret

so incensed ? Slowly she put he and went out into good-bye to the bees

moval.

Her effects

She returned to her

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wider.

grew

TILL DEATH DO US PART.

(By Ban Hurst in Ave Maria.)

of the shutters and made its way over

Ruth watched them, still half unco scious, instinctively feeling it better n

to awake. She lay with her eyes balf

opeu, loathe to stir or to define the duil ache at her heart. But the beams grew

At last she was forced to sit up and

She who had been a happy bride all these months had herself pronounced

the fatal word of separation, and now all was at an end. Last night's guarrel returned to her in a flash. It was a

trifle, a nothing — nonsense without meaning or interest : but it excited her

her head once more ; but her thoughts

them forever. She had no longer a husband nor a home. What an age it seemed since she had been troubling

over the drawing-room curtains and the

trifles? The carpenter was to call that

very afternoon about the additional kitchen shelves. What a mockery was

all her housekeeping; how futile he

arrangements. Life was not worth living. If marriage was to be taken so

However, she must be just, and the

facts were against her. It was she who had first alluded to a separation, and

Francis had only accepted it. At least

he had turned very pale, then grown

pardon or humble herself by showing

her regret-her despair. Oh, if only

dispute about something so puerile was

e chirp of the birds smote her ear:

hour. And she had preparations to make; clothes to pack and keys to de

liver up. She would do it all calmly and methodically. She would not as-sume light heartedness, but neither

ing! Ah, how little she was to him! -what a small part of his life! And yet he passed for the man so serious, so

earnest in all that he did. The break

ing of a tie which he had knit so sol-

emply meant, then, nothing more to

him than this? Not that his whistling

sounded defiant nor gay; on the con-trary it was half stifled, as if he feared

to arouse her. But the very fact of his being able to whistle denoted careless-ness. He could be indifferent, after

His part was the easier. House and

remained to him as before her arrival,

and little in his life would be changed

while she-Well, her aunt would welcome her,

because he was not losing much

and the old congenial occupations

The sound of whistl-

would she betray remorse. What was that? The sou

The

she had not spoken of departure.

lightly it were better it should

exist at all.

ikelihood of being able to pure

larger sideboard for the din

How could she have cared

and sounds from outside became n

look her misery in the face.

the bed, across the room, in threads that gradually became

The light flittered through the chinks

"You must re Protestant," sh Tell me, Fran were gone and choose a Catholi A shower of outburst. He him. "When partner through thought of the any other. Nei

case whether she speaks the truth or not about the discovery of the child. She swears positively that the rosary is as like that which Miss Lee lost as one

"As you please," replied the captain; "but I don't see how it can affect the