THE CATHOLIG RECORD

.

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XIL.-CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINCED. "Mess Barram," faitered the emaci-atel girl, "would you kindly trast us till next month for the rent? My cough hay been so bad that eister," with a glance at the head bowed over the work table, "thought if you would, she'd take me to a doctor. We wouldn't touch the money till we knew you'd trust us—but if you would."

would." Miss Borram's reply was one word, "No!" It seemed to Rachel as if it were hissed out, and involuntarily she re-

The girl who had spoken put her hand into her pocket, but before she could with-draw it, the girl at the table had sorong from her seat and caught her sister's

"You shan't give it," the almost

"You shan't give it," she almost screaned, "it is money that may save your life; do you see that?" She point-ed to another table, bare of cloth or paint and holding two cups of tea and two plates of black-looking bread. "That is cur own dinner-we were going to take it when you came. We left it till late because we can have no supper unless I can finish my work to-night. Do you see that-there is no sugar, nor milk, nor butter, and you come for rent. I tell you 'no.' God made us; He intended us to live; to have a home He intended us to live; to have a home somewhere on the earth He made for His children. You can't put us off the

earth." "No, but I can put you out of my houss," answered Miss Barram, in tones that showed she was not in the least moved by the passionate speaker, " and if you do not choose to pay your rent now, and it is not paid by the middle of next week my agent shall evict you. There are dispensary doc ors to take your sister to, and no money will be needed for that

But money will be needed for the

"But money will be needed for the nonrishment the dispensary doctor may or ler," rejoined the girl. Miss Burram replied: "You can do as you choose, but I must have my money by the middle of next week, or you shall be put out of my house. Come, Rachel !!" "One fad !!" meaned the girl who hed and bread for her dinner, she didn't have anything to say. She just looked when Miss Burram told her to give the rent to me, and I didn't see what kind of food they had. Do you think, Jim, they might have had more than bread and tra on Saturder." me, Rachel !" Oh, God !" moaned the girl who had

Saturday.

Come, Rachel " "Oh, God !" moaned the girl who had spoken last, and then she returned to her seat by the table, 1st Ler head fall for-ward and burst out crying. Richel's tears flowed too; they streamed down her face, but Miss Barram dit not look at her, and the sister who had the money drew it from her pocket, put it hurriedly into Miss Barram's hand, got her receipt in return, and then shut the door on Miss Burram and her Charge. All the way home Rachel fancied she heard the sons of the flower-maker, and every time she thred to look at Miss Barram she saw that lady as grim and silent as she was during the journey of the moraing. Nor did Miss Barram speak to, or seem to look at, her Charge, even when they had reached home, and wore seated at the dinner table. Rachel

"Make's a difference," said Hardman "for when you ain't got neither, tea's purty bitter." great cheerfolness: "Next time it'll be better, because Miss Burram won't be along; and you and me, even when they hal reached home, and wore seated at the dinner table. Rachel could eat nothing; the dry bread and black tea which she hal seen that day seemed to come between her and every montrafil. Sarah, waiting on the table, noticed that the child did not est, and she had her own thoughts about it; she also noticed that her mistress' seeming appetite was pretense, for that lady did not eat much more than Rachel, and Sarah bad her thoughts about that too.

nct eat much more than Rachel, and Sarah had her thoughts about that too. When Rachel wou'd have said her customary formal "good night," Miss Burram detained her. " Would you like to earn some money for yourself, Rachel ?" The abrunte s of the question at d the

The abruptre s of the question and the

The abruptice is of the question and the fact of Miss Burram saying snything at all except her wonted cold "gcol-night" was so unexpected, that the girl only looked in wonder, without replying. "Why don't you answer?" Pasked Miss Burram impaiently. Then Rachel said slowly:

slowly : "I don't know what you mean." _to de

when there's queer goin's on like this under her very nose." And she took up the lamp and went out.

Rachel only stood and involutioning raised her eyes. Nother bowed as if in apology for the slaum he had caused, picked up his whip and springing into his saddle was off at a raid caused. CHAPTER XIII.

and springing into his bacdie was on at a rapid canter. "May I never be burned nor drowned alive?" said Sarah, "but he just done that to have a look at you." "At me?" said Rachel, betrayed into speech by her utter astonishment at such a remark; it seemed to her as if the in-cident had been quite natural, and that the gentleman had hardly looked at her at all. "Yee, at you," repeated Sarah; "I sup-

CHAPTER XIII. The first of the next month falling on Sunday, the rents, according to Mirs Bar-ram's latest arrangement, were not col-lected till the following Saturday, and Rachel collected all the rents of Mirs Burram's big double decker tenement house—that is the rents were given into Rachel's hand after Miss Burram had briefly introduced her as "my Charge," and explained that in future her Charge would take the place of herself in collect-ing the rents; and the rents of the collect-sion were all paid; the entire payment being due possibly to the fact that it was the seventh of the month and rot the first; and as they all paid Rachel re-ceived her extire commission, thirteen dollars, and Miss Burram took the thir-teen dollars not from the dirty, greasy, ton money of the tenants, but from a supply of new, bright, criep bills in her pocket-btock. Rachel in her own rcom contred the money again and again, and then laid it in a rustling heap in her bureau drawer; she could hardly weit for an opportunity to show it to Hardman. The next day being Sunday there would be no chance, for on Sunday there would be do duing duty in the house as a kind of butler. Nor on Monday could she see him, for instead of driving her to wall, to school attended by Sarah. On Monday sfernoon she could tell him, and she hardly waited to be well in the house after her return from school, till she took her way to Hardman's quarters. the gentleman had hardly looked at her at all.
"Yes, at you," repeated Sarah; "I sup-yose he's like the rest of them, wanting to know who you are."
"Who you *ere*," the question that Rachel herself wanted answered, and that now, though she usually cared vary little for what Sarah said, seemed to strike her with a new and more bitter significance. Of course she told Hardman all about it, and that practical man said it was all of a piece with Sarah's telling fortunes out of teaccups—that one thing meant no more a piece with Sarah's telling fortunes out of teacups—that one thing meant no more than t'other, and that Rachel was to think no more about it. But Rachel wanted confirmation of another of Sarah's statements—did Miss Burram never go to

statements—did Miss Burran never go to church on Christmas? To Hardman's knowledge, never. "I wanted to go because Tom used to take me," she said, and then she sat down in her usual place, the little chair Hardman had made for her, and she was solent for a longtime. Hardman went on polishing the harness he had been en-enced on when she entered, but he could when she entered, but he

gaged on when she entered, but he council and the council and being uausuall "Jim," she said at lergth, " will you go to church on Christmas " "To be sure, Miss."

she hardly waited to be well in the house after her return from secos), till she took her way to Hardman's quarters. "I've got thirteen brand-new dollars, Jim," she burst out, the moment she caught sight of him, "Miss Burram gave them to me for collecting the rents on Saturday." She spread them out on his little table. "Oh, in the morning very early: the same as I do on Sundays; because after breakfart I'll have to drive to the depot to get Miss Barram's friends; leastwise, that's what I've done 'most every Christ-mas since I've been here." There was another pause on Rachel's "I didn't feel so bad, Saturday," she went on, "because there didn't seem to te so many of them beg off like they did before, and that girl that had the cough that I told you about that had only tea and bread for her dinner, she didn't have

The short December day was going ou

The short December day was going out with a speed that seemed to make a light necessary all at once, and Hardman went to get the lamp. Rack el rose. "Christmas Day will be just like Sun-day?" she asked, "won't it?" "Just the same, Mise." "I mean, that I guts; Miss Barram won't noise me any more than she does on Sandays when she has her com-pany?"

"Like as not no," said Jim gravely;

"I think it will be pretty much the same," he answered, but she, hardly waiting to hear him, went rapidly ont of the carriage-house. When he had lit his lamp he went to the docr and looked out "them kind of folks ain't likely to have more one month than another." "Tom's mother used to like bread and tea most better than anything e'ss be cause her teeth was bad; but theu she always had plenty of milk and plenty of

He could not even see her fleeing figure, but he fancied he could detect the sound of her steps along the hard crisp ground, even above the monotorous wash ground, even above the monotorons wash of the water on the beach; but the steps seemed to be in the direction of the beach instead of the house. To assure himself he went also in the direction of the beach termined in the direction of the beach, stopping short when he came in sight of Rachel standing there. In her in sight of Rachel standing there. In her gray fur cloak and her motionless atti-tude--there was not wind enough even to flutter her garments--she looked almost like a part of the gray light that had eeitled upon everything. In a moment she flung the cloak back and stretched out her arms to the water. Hardman fancied he heard her call "Tom," and then he saw her kneel: but the fast groxner in that hotel—that she left orders for it—and that you was to go about with me while I was collecting the rents." "Yes, that's the plan; I'm to get a man from one of the city livery stables to mind the horses while I'm in the house "I wish it was next month now," "I wish it was next month now," Rachel said, and Hardman, for the sake of the gratification it would give her, echoed the wish. Christmas would intervene before the form of the next month, and Rachel then he saw her kneel; but the fast grow ing darkness wis making her figure in-distinct and giving the simple-hearted man no little anxiety as to the propriety man no fittle anxiety as to the propriety of Rachel so exposing herself. With a delicacy above his kind he was unwilling to introde upon her, and he tried to con-sole himself with the fact that the weather looked forward to the feetival with a sinking of her heart that no effort of hers could control. Caristmas had been "Tom's" special day for her and with her. He had teen won't by give up the whole day to her from the Church service in the morning, to which he took her, to the Christmas tree at night which he lighted for her with teners that he made himself. sole himself with the fact that the weath er was unusually mild—to his own knowl-edge the mildest at that season for years. In a few moments, however, Rachel har-self relieved his anxiety by rising quick-ly and darting homeward, patsing Hard-map without seaing him.

man without seeing him.

sffright at the nearness of the horse, but Rachel only stood and involuntarily raised her eyes. Nother bowed as if in apology for the laum he hed consed picked no his whip Rachel sat down, relieved that there was still so much time before meeting the

from sudden joy at having been so re-membered. Sarah's description of Miss Burram's refusal to celebrate Christmas as Chris-tian reople did was not exeggerated—she did not even meet her Charge with a "merry Christmas," and the Charge could not have said "merry Christmas," to Miss Burram if it were to save her life. Nor was there any reminder of the festival in anything about Miss Burram —the breakfast was like the treakfast of any other day, silent, and without a ripple of the cheer that enlivened almost every othershome. After breakfast Hard-man was sent for the expected guests, and Rachel was left to do as she chrse. She chose to walk upon the beach, but a strong desire was drawing her to go out-side Miss Burram's gates. The day was warm and bright ecough for epring, and Sarah put ther hands under her apron Sarah put har hands under her apron and began to twirl her thum's. "It's about Jeem, Mies," looking down at her apron; "being as he's cut on the bias, and has to come to things in a round-about way. Id like to help him, Miss, to get them straight." Rachal stared. "He's a lone man, Miss, without the comforts of a wife, and that's a harl thing at his time of life—and he's had me out sailin'—"

Bailin'-" Rachel stared harder than ever, but Kachel etsred nako used upon her Sarah's eyes were still fixed upon her spron, "He's had me out sailin' threa times, a thirg as he hasn't done to no times, a thirg as he hasn't done to no times, a thing as he hasn't done to no other woman to my knowledge, and he's locked at me, Miss, and Mre. McElvain eave when a man takes a woman out sailin' and that man looks at that woman, it's a sign that he has a tender feetin'; end I was a thinkin', Miss, it you'd write it for me I'd send it to him and he'd get it quick." "Write what?" burst out Rachel. "Why, that I'm willin' to marry him; side Miss Burram's gates. The day was warm and bright ecough for epring, and the atmosphere was unusually clear; Rachel could see much farther across the Rachel could see much farther across the bay than she had done for a week, and the very water had a clearness and sparkle that seemed to make her spirits lighter, but at the same time intensified her desire to go without the gates—'o go to church—Hardmen's church. It would be dischedient the hear that

her desire to go without the gates—10 go to church—Hardman's church. It would be disobedient, she knew that, and she said so to herself many times as she paced the beach; she might ask Miss Burram's permission, but she was sure it would not be given, and anyhow she would not, could nct, think of asking a favor from Miss Burram. If she could just go to church it would seem like being with Tom again and Miss Burram wouldn't know, and it would make her, Rachel, very heppy. The temptation grew stronger; it actually made her Rachel, very heppy. The temptation grew stronger; it actually made her leave the beach and made her go to the part of the grounds most removed from the house, and where there was an un-used path leading to a small gate which opened upon the rcad, but which gate was seldom or never used. She knew where the key of the gate hung in the carriage house, for noticing it one day and asking about it, Hardman had toid her. When she reached the gate she turned and fled back, fled as if she were fleeing from a pursuer, back to the beach, turned and fied back, fied as if she were fleeing from a pursuer, back to the beach, and for ten minutes she forght anew the temptation. Then the temptation con-quered; and frightened and bold at the same time, she hurried to the carriage house, snatched the key from its peg and fled to the cart. Her hands trembled so house, snatched the key from its peg and fied to the gate. Her hands trembled so much she could scarcely lock the gate behind her, and pulling her large beaver hat as far over her face as possible, she walked quickly in the direction of Hard-man's church. She had not far to go, and the hour being that of the principal ser-vice at the churches, she did not meet any one till she found herself at the half-open door of the church. open door of the church. It seemed to be full of people, but as

afraid to breathe, and she wedged hereelf against the wall at her back in order to be braced against the making of any unto-ward sound or motion. But, with the first sentence from the pale, spare man in the pulpit, she iforgot everything else. Did he know about her that he was preaching about the virtue and the re-ward of obscience, and the duty it was to do kipd things even to those whom we do kind things even to those whom we

She could have cried from remorse for her disobedience when he had finished and she wanted to fise home; but the

remorse and rapture, she remained wedge against the wall till the sound of some one descending the stair just at her right caused her to look up. It was Nother; his eyes met hers, but there was nothing in the expression of his face to show that her commenced event herein the solution of the start herein the solution of therein the solution of the start herein the solu in the expression of his face to show that he remembered ever having seen her be-fors. And, having given that one brief glance, he passed out of the church. Kachel went out also, and, runninz, never stopped till she was within Miss Burram's grounds.

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"Not till a quarter to 5, and its only 4 now-and I'd fike to ask yon something, Miss." press of the friendyss, and then the moon and the peeping stars shut up and disappeared. And by this time they had gained the friendly shelter of the hills. Carn Tual, high and mighty, was in front of them, and, like a genial Irish mountain, put on a friendly smile of golden rays on his summit to welcome them at the time

they drew near. It was a glorious summer morning. The sun's rays came slantingly across the distant sea, the air was sweet and the distant sea, the air was sweet and fresh, the heather around was creep-ing into redness, and, except an odd lark singing high in the morning air, there was not a thing or a sound about. Whatever noise there was arose from the striking of the horses hoofs against the stony way. The air in these high latitudes is exhilarating, and the travellers felt its effect. They were enjoying it to the full as they moved on in single file, non speaking, silent. The sensations were much too

pleasant to be interrupted by talk. Presently, however, the silence is the one behind says in a broken, for

low voice and startled-"Look, George !-look !"

Majone turned round quickly in his saddle and looked at the speaker. What ?-

before their former

could hear the laughing shouts and

hails of their pursuers-laughing, so

"Well, we must do the best we can.

God is good !" returned Malone. "Push on ; we're nigh a mile ahead of them still. Push on !"

Malone had not much more hope of

a successful ending than the other,

out he was of a cheerier nature, and

thought, moreover that the good word

They left Carn Tual to their right,

and from its high base the ground

was just as useful as the bad one.

sure were they of their prey.

horse is getting tired."

other's gaze, which was fixed in a westerly direction, he did not need to

"Write what?" burst out Rachel. "Why, that I'm willin' to marry him; I'll tell you what to say, but I can't write meself, and Mrs. McElvain can't write either very good, butshocantead writin'; don't you see, Miss, what I want?" Bachel did see enough to know that what Sarsh wante i, she, Rachel, did not want at all; she shrank from the very thought of having Hardman marry Sarah, but how could she refuse Sarah's request. "You'll do it, Miss, won't you?" the woman went on, beginning to apprehend a refusal from the solemn expression of put the query. He saw it all at a glance. This is what he saw :

woman went on, beginning to apprehend a refusal from the solemn expression of the child's face. "Yon see, I'd like to get it to-night, and I can hand it to him meself when we're all parting for the night, after supper. I made him a present of a mufiller for his neck this morning, and the way he smilled when he took it was enough to cheer any woman's heart; so, if yon'll only write it for me now, Miss, I'm just in the humor of tellin' you what to say." A troop of lancers, the morning sun shining brightly on their pennons and their red coats bringing out the colors their red coars bridge. By their sides with strange avidity. By their sides hung their swords, and in their sheathing their carbines. They were going along the ancient military road, so long unused as to have fallen back into its original savagery, but now they halted, and the forms in the saddles turned their

faces eastwards. " My soul to glory ! They see us !"

the troop went about and were riding in their direction. It did not need It was the high after balley in the valley, The men were asleep in the valley, on the grass, under the hedges, where-ever they could enjoying a needed and much urging to send the two travellers pressing forward. They carried their lives in their hands on a very ever they cou'd enjoying a nee well earned rest, for they had proved the manhood that was in them on that short lease-and both knew it. they went forward. Their horses were not very fresh. They had seen a good deal of exercise

watch and ward. Lights glimmered faintly in the windows of a farmhouse on the verge.

again grew darkened, as a form ap peared thereat, blocking it. The form appearing at the door whistled, and from the gable end a

"I want you to look up Mick Maher and George Malone, and send them to ma. Dun't he long "

me. Don't be long." The door closed the form re entered, their horses up the other side, they wenten. But the others behind, some

wards the door opened, and two men entered and were shown into the par

entered and were shown into the par-lor, where a number of men were sit ting around a table. "George," said he who sat at the head of the table, to the first who en-tered, "I want to send this letter to Degree I to most important it should a sid fire. But the distance was to Dayer. It is most important it should and fire. reach him at once. I select you be cause you know the Wicklow hills so well. You cannot go Arklow way, be-escaped unburt. The boulders, as they came to Carn ause the soldiery are all around there Tual, became more frequent and the way heavier. They had to ride--guarding every road." "Very well, Mr. Ryan," said the young fellow addressed, readily. "You will go with him, Mick, bescramble, rather-around these huge masses of granite, and were sorely delayed. True, their pursuers would cause it is too important to be chanced to one. Anything may happen to one in such times as these. But two will be able to help one another, and if evil have to do the same thing ; but these detours making large curves, were bringing them within easier range of gunshot, and if man or horse got a mischance comes to one the other can builet, then where were they ? It was ake up the running. You underall up with them. And what 'all up" meant they very well know. The military doings in Wexford and Wicklow left no doubt about that. stand ?

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said Malone as he reined np. "Will be be able to carry on, d'ye think ?" But he got no answer, for the horse presently shivered a bit, shock himself. "Will ears fre plunged forward on his head and side, and took all Maher's quickness to get feet out of the stirrups before he soldiers and save himself from being pot ther

The cheers and ribald shouts of their were h pursuers wers plain enough now-plain almost as if beside. come de

three hu

there.

It was

Each

view of

with ho

or both

"If I were never to see the satting the ne "If I were never to see the setting sun again I'll put a kink in their laughing," said Malone as he leaped out of the saddle, and slinging his gun, got it ready. "Don't mind that horse, Mick, don't bother yourself about him, he'll never travel a foot again. Get Daath your gun.

It was fortunate the horse was a close t trouper's horse and could stand fire, for they both rested their muskets on shiver The the so his back, took steady aim at the yellhis pursuers behind, who were in no the g hurry now knowing their prey was wante certain, and fired. more Briton

They were both good shots. Much firing at hares and wild fowl in these thing same regions in the more peaceful days had made them so. When the On at th days had made them so. that their pur-smoke lifted they found that their pur-and concupy and concupy suers had something else to occupy elves with than yelling forth ri-8.5 8 bald insults. They were in a state of confusion, and their horses were rear mon Mick

ing and trembling. "There ! that will delay 'em a rabb time," Malone said, slinging up his gun again and leaping into the saddle. thra Now, Mick, jump up behind me. 7hy-eh? What the devil are you Why-eh?

Say Well ! Saint Aidan help us! Of doing cart all the loonies I ever saw ! Jump up, will you - while there's time !" IRSt

The words came in a wildly desperate voice-hot with indignation and wrath. all

Mick Maher did as he was told. We'll never make it, George," he "We'll never make Glenmasaid. This horse is tired, an' two's too lure. muc

"He wouldn't be much the better for having your saddle on him," said Malone angrily. "Anyhow, we can only do the best we can. "It's all in the hands of God ! How dreadful dark

it's growing !" Two were too much on him, as Mick Maher had said. That was evident from the labored way in which the from the labored way in which the horse strove to get along. That was quite evident. All the more evident when, going through a narrow cleft, he staggered visibly against the cleft side rock, scraping the rider's shins. George Malone felt Maher's fingers, helding on the him go in through his

holding on to him, go in through his ribs at this. 'Never mind," he said, in reply to

this unintended remark. "It's all right. The best horse in the world right. might do that. Did you bring the

cartridges ?" "No," said Maher with a choke " No, they're under the saddleskirts. I never thought of them. Why did

you hurry me ?" This seemed to be the last straw for

Malone. "Ah-oh my !" he said gulpingly. "Yes, I know. I forgot all about the cartridges. Never once thought of 'em, no more than yourself. Oh, my Do you know what we'll do, Mick ?"

What ?" "We'll make for Darrycorrig. It's all we can do. We'll get shelter there

a bit." "But what's the good of that?" broke in Maher, with something like a sob. "They can shoot us from the anks, like bares in a trap."

"It's the only thing to be done. It's better than hiding in the boulders here, where they could stalk us at their like deer. Isn't it growing itfully dark ?" 8888 It was indeed growing frightfully dark, as their horse, under its double weight, stumbled along. One would think old Carn Tual was putting or mourning for them-as indeed well he might. Men could not bein much more deadly plight-in worse extremity Th.y had some six miles to go, perhap The eight, to reach Glenmalure. The might as well try to make their hors fly to the moon ! They had only thre to reach Darrycorrig-they might, by a miracle, reach that. It was no much; but, at Malone had said, it was the only thing to be done. Darrycorrig was a narrow ravinesomething like what they call a cano in Arizona-about a mile long. the long aforetime, when Wicklow w and rent and torn by convu sions of nature, before the form of m had been seen on this round globe, had been made. Just as the scalp h been rent asunder-just as the sev ance where the Avoca ru through at Cconbane had been ma -just in a similar manner had nati made this great rent. It was not m than twice the length of a horse's le in width, but it was v deep. Its sides were studded w protruding rocks, out cropping gr ite, and among these grew in pl straggling with bushes. Other its walls were steep as the side-wall house. And bulker in the bed of a house. And below, in the bed of ravine, ran a tiny brook-tiny not the summer, but roaring wild in winter, when Carn Taul caught rains and the snow smelted on its summit and sides. To its sh they turned their horse's head. Pounding down the rocky floundering across the spaces of sh heath, laboring heavy and with lifeless strides, their steed fi reached its edge, about centre in its length. They did not e he would do so much But he did whipping off the winkers, they t him loose and crept over the e the precipice, just as the yell shouts of their pursuers came of

"Spell it anyway you like, Miss; I'm not particular, and I den't think Jeem will be." easy to take it in ; for, with the clearness of the air and the fresh brightness of the sun-rays, they did not seem a quarter of a mile away, though Rachel wrote "Jeme." they were probably a mile. '' That they do,'' said Maher. '' We had better ride for it. They TO BE CONTINUED. THE RISING OF THE WATERS will be on us immediately." They were, indeed; for presently It was the night after Bally ellis.

Rachel went to her desk, and Sarah ready to hug here? in her delight that her request was to be granted, began, the moment that Rachel had dipped her pen into the ink: nto the ink: "DEAR JEEM," "How do you spell Jeem?" asked the

It seemed to be full of people, but as their backs were toward her, Rachel felt emboldened to go quite within and wedge herself in an engle formel by the jutting out of a part of the rear wall. Just opposits the angle was the stair that led to the choir. Her heart beat furiously, but still she felt assured, because no one saw her, and the clergyman just ascend-ing the pulpit was too remot s to give her any uneasiness even if he did notice her. It was so still that she was almost afraid to breathe, and she wedged herself against the wall at her back in order to be

disliked? His eyes, dark, glittering ones, seemed to her as if they were fixed upon her face, and his finger, as he raised his arm in exhortation, seemed actually to point to

music chained her; it was like the music she had heard with "Tom," and she could not leave it, and, divided between

exclaimed Malone, in the instant in which he took the scene in. It was

memorable day. Only an old scout on the hills around was awake, keeping

the previous day, owners had fallen from the saddles, and save the rest during the evening They glimmered presently more brigh ly, as the door opened and a beam of light shot outwards on the bawn, and and early part of the night, had had little for some time. And they had come a long, troublescme, tiring way already. But they were strong and in good condition, and they were now

put to their best. Over the rocky heather, taking ad-

shingle into a depression and urging

and the stream of light of light was shut off. Less than half an hour afterten or twelve, were equally well mounted, and their horses were fresher, so they kept their own with them, if, indeed, they were not gain-

"Earn many to spend—o buy—to do as you wish wi h it; do you understand now—would you like it?" "To spend, to buy with;" they were well-nigh meaningle swords to Rachel who

weits git instantigie stoppend in the whole had never a money to spend in the whole courte of her life, "Tom " having bought for her the occasional candy which other for her the occasional cancy which other children bought for themselves. At d for what should she spend—what could she buy, and what could she do, to earn morey? She understood the meaning of the word earn, but only the meaning of the word earn, but only in its menial sense, as Hardman, and Sarah, and Mrs. McElvain earned money. Was it to earn in some such way as that M as Barram meaut-Rachel caught her breath with a k nd of involuntary inner rebellion, feeling that "Tom" would be against such a proposition; but in the page agains in the Tom" seemed to seemed to very same instant · Tom ent himself with his shabby c'othes and his poor home. Money earned by her would be money earned for him, to be given to him when he came home. glow came into her face.

"Yes, I should like to earn money." Miss Burram was surprised at the sudden energy in her tones.

"You shall earn it by collecting my rents-as you saw me do to-day. rents—as you saw me do to-day. Hard-man will go with you into each apart-ment so that you shall be protected and if need be, aided. You shall receive a commission on all the rents you collect. The entire sum is one hundrad and thirty The entire sum is one hundred and threy dollars. I shall give you 10 per cent, on that, which is thirteen dollars. You will thus be earning thirteen dollars a month. Next week Ishall show you how to keep your accounts as I do. From what have learn d about you you seem to have made progress enough in arithmetic to learn easily how to keep accounts. Goodnight

And Miss Burram herself went out of And Miles Burram nergent went cut of the room leaving Rachel completely bc-wildered. She was tco tired and she had undergone too much that day to be able now, even were her mind more ma-ture, to comprehent it all-and rents, commissions, Hardman, and even the promised thirtean dollars, we t swimpromited thirteen dollars, welt swim-ming about in her brain in a very tantal-

for her with tapers that he made himself. His presents to her were nothing more than a very cheap toy, and some candy,

Rachel sighed; then she said with

Jim, 'll just have it to ourselves; Miss Burram said so when she gave me the money; she said I was to have my dir-

ner in that hotel-that she left orders for

first of the next month, and Rachel looked forward to the festival with a

that a very cheap toy, and some candy, because he was so poor, but they were his presents, and to her they were more than all Miss Burram could give her. In-deed, being so absorbed in her sad recol-lections and farities howing for UTlections and fruitless longing for she hardly gave a thought to what Christ mas gifts Miss Burram might make her But Sarah enlightened her; shortly be But Sarah enlightened her; shorty be-fore Christmas, when she was attending Rachel from school, and on all sides of them there were reminders of the ap-proaching festival, either in the ivied decorations of the stores or the fragments of conversation they chanced to overhear. "Miss Burram never makes no pres-ents, Christmas," Sarah said suddenly, with a graph her principles though how it 'it's agen her principles, though how can be agen a body's principles to give a new dress, or a dollar or two, like every Chris ian fam ly does to their help, is past my comprehension.

Raci el as usual made no answer. Sarah continued:

'Miss Burram ain't never give any

thing any Christmas to Jeem or me, o Mrs. McElvain, and she don't keep Christ mas like everybody else does; she don't go to church and she don't give anything to the Societies that buys things for the poor and the heathen and she don't have

any company only just the same people she has every Suuday." Still Rachel did not answer; but Sarah was by this time so accustomed to her silence that it made very little difference. Strah's remarks, however, had given Rachel a new disappointment. She had been encouraging herself to hope that been encouraging herself to hope that Miss Barram would take her to church Miss Burram would take her to church on Christmas morning; she wanted to go because "Tom" had taken her on the other Christmas days and she had not even hinted her hope to Hardman less it should be taken from her, arguing with a queer kind of child's legic that the dis-appointment would be easier to hear the appointment would be easier to bear the longer it was deferred. Now, however, it was ruthlessly dashed by Sarah, and

Rachel's silence turned to a very angry silence against Sarah herself, and she walked on with her eyes on the ground, She was so angry she would not even

ming abcut in her brain in a very tantal-ming abcut in her brain in a very tantal-izing way while she went up to her room. In spite of it all, however, she slept the moment her head toached the pillow, and when Sarah came up to ex-ingnish the light that peculiar woman nodded her head several times as she looked at the sound litt'e sleeper. "You've been in it to-day," she said to herself, " and you couldn't eat your din-ner to-night because you'd been in it, as I told Jeam, bat he wouldn't give me no answer, only his bias look. But it's a-comin', for I ain't a woman as gives up

CHAPTER XIV.

"Merry Christmas!" The words seemed spoken into Rachel's ear as she awoke; she was positive she heard them, and she sprang up in bed; and looked abouther; there was no can in the room but herself, and with a sob she lay down again, clasping her hands over her breast and shutting her eyes and her

breast and shutting uer eyes and he tech hard to keep back her tears. "I mustn't," she said to herself, "I mustn't; I promised Tom I wouldn't, but it's Christmas," and then the thought of how on every Christmas that she of how on every Christmas that she could remember, she had been awakened by "Tom's "" Merry Christmas" shout-ed outside of her bedroom door, and a little later, followed by Tom himself with his simple Christmas gifte, was more than she cond withstand, and she pulled the she could withstand, and she pulled the quilt over her head and sobbed violently. She was sobbing sil when Sarah, at

her usual hour, knocked at the putting her head outside of the quilt putting her head oniside of the quilt long enough to say, "Come in," she im-mediately covered her face so that no trace of her grief could be seen. But Sarah was full of a parcel that she car-

ried under her apron, and with her eyes upon that she said, the moment she entered :

" A merry Christmas to you, Miss; and I've got something for you as mesself and Jeem, and Mrs. McElvain made up to I've got son give you. Jeem didn't want anything told about his part in it, but I wouldn't told about his part in it, but I wouldn't hear to that, Miss, as he was the one that give the most to it. Meself and Miss. Mc-Elvain had been makin' it up, seeia' as you was away from your own folks and more like to be lonesome this first Christmas than any other time—and we didn't know as how Miss Burram would make any more of a Christmas for you than she dces for the rest of us; so we thought you'd be pleased like to get some

though you'd be pleased like to get some little thing from us, as was given with a good heart from all of us, Miss; and when good heart from all of us, Miss; and when a Jeem came to know what me and Mrs. McElvain wanted to do, he took a hand in it too; but, as I told you, M ss, he didn't want nothin' said to you about his obser only I available to hear of the method. hare, only I couldn't have it on my conscience to consent to that-so here it is, Miss, and a 'Merry Christmas' from all

of us As Sarah's speech progressed the quilt As Sarah's speech progressed the quilt was gradually disappearing from Rachel's face, and with Sarah's lest word Rachel was eiting up in the bed, beholding with mazement a large, and gardily dressed doll that Sarah was presenting to her with every evident pride and delight. The child found voice enough to say: "Thenk you, thank all of you," and lor?"

Had Hardman been in the carriage house and up to her own room,

Instead of being summoned to an early dinner as on Sondays, she was surprised by a message from Miss Barram, born by Sarah and delivered by that perso by Saran and delivered by that person with a kind of breathlers amazement. "You're to have dinner with the com-pany, Miss; so you're to have lunch now, and after that you're to put on your blue wellent dere." velvet dress.

" Dinner with the company !" Rachel was sppalled; in her present state of misery she wanted no company but Hardman, whom she was longing to see in order to get some relief by telling him what she had done. Now there would be what she had to be him all day because dianer with the company meant dianer at 5 o'clock in the evening, and Hardman at 5 o'clock in the evening, and hardman would not be free from his duties befors that time, which, to day as on Sundays, kept him a good deal about the house. And the company! those staid people who came every Sunday and who were so utterly strange to her; it made her almost sick to think of meeting them.

When Sarah came up to help her to dress she was bolder than ever in intrud dress she was bolder than ever in intra-ing her gossip, presuming upon Rachel's obligation for the gift of the morning, and Rachel, partly for that reason, but morr for the reason that she was paying hardly one attention, was forbearing to the da any attention, was forbearing to the de-gree of maintaining an absolute silence. So long, however, as the woman could talk without being reproved or awad into quiet, it make little difference whether quiet, it make inthe dimerence whether she was answered, and Rachel's patient silence, so different from her usual man-ner, emboldened Sarah to lead up to a re-quest that she had for days been think-ing chert.

ing about. "There, Miss," she said, as she finished buttoning Rachel's dress, "you look like

a little queen." Bat the little queen was not moved by the flattery; she said only: "When am I to go down to the par-

"Very well. When will you be ready?" They understood. "We'll never make Glenmalure,

They would be ready in half an George," said Mahar, one time when bullets came singing around, and they hour.

The letter was handed to them, and with muskets strapped across their shoulders, they got into these saddles and moved across towards the bawn gate. Other riders had owned these

horses and sat in these saddles that morning-men with gleaming helmets and high plumes thereover, with burnished breastplates, steel shoulder-straps, and swords by their sides-but se men were lying somewhere in the valley, too, and would never again mount horse or sit in saddle.

There was a heavy mist, the mist on summer night, lying over the ground but the moon would be up presently And, indeed, as it was, the round silver orb was creeping slowly into

sloped. "Now, Mick, we're all right. We're going down the hill. Mind your horse's feet; keep a fast hold on the horse's feet; keep a fast hold on the view over the sky line of Carraclough. It was a strange and unaccustome scene its peaceful rays would stream reins, and we'll make it yet. Good down on a little later ; but the two

gracious ! What's amiss ? way farers never even thought of that The curving path had left pursuers they turned their horses' heads and pursued not quite a quarter of a mile away, as the crow files. They northwards.

Taey could not go by the Arklow were at the ends of a large chord, way, as Esmond Ryan had told them --from the circumstances cfathe nor, indeed, by any of the known roads; for, after the events of the ground-exposed, and the former had taken advantage of the position to fire day became known to them-and ill

news travels fast-the crowding a volley. "My horse is hit in the shoulder, soldiery would be keeping watch and George. See." Maher rubbed his hand along the ward everywhere. They, therefore,

d the meadow-lands and corn shoulder, lifted it for view-it was lands, and towards the Wicklow hills streaming with blood. "That's a bad job, devil a worse,"

The moonlight kept them in company until the gray light came creep.