

A Little Irish Girl.

By "THE DUCHESS."

[CHAPTER V. Continued.]

"I may speak to your father, then?" says she, as if rousing out of a reverie; and then, "Yes, yes!—feverishly—do. The sooner I can feel that he and I were separated for ever—the better. This outbreak, incoherent as it is, has evidently something to do with the reverie into which she had fallen.

"You mean Anketell?" says Eyre, watching her.

"Yes, nodding her head with determination; 'I have been thinking, and it seems to me he wants me quite as little as I want him. Let him go, then.'

"By all means."

"You think—'anxiously—as I do, don't you?—that he doesn't care for me either?"

"I have never thought about him. If you thought of him as little as I do it would be better for you."

"Ah! yes. But I have told you how hard it is not to let the mind dwell on the people who torment one most." She stops and looks searchingly at him. "Do you know," says she slowly, "I have come to the conviction that he hates me."

"He is brute enough for anything in my opinion."

"And that he would be glad to know our engagement at an end."

"Why, if so," says he joyously, "our task is half accomplished. Why not let me speak to him, in a casual sort of way, you know, not mentioning anything exactly, but—"

"No, I forbid you to do that!" says she, almost fiercely. "Speak to father if you will, but not to him."

"I see. I am sorry, darling. I suggested it. Of course you would not care to appeal to him in any way. Not that I meant anything like appealing; I thought only of giving him a loophole of escape."

"Escape?"

"From this foolish engagement between you and him, where love has no part on either side."

"Oh, I see," says she, and bursts out laughing—such curious laughter!—laughter so extreme that it brings tears to her eyes. "You think he would be glad of a chance to find himself free again?"

"I guess so much from what you have told me, and the sourness of his expression, whenever I have seen you with him."

"You have guessed rightly," says she, standing up and looking down at him with parted lips and brilliant eyes. "I myself have noticed how changed he has been of late. He is tired—tired of me. She laughs again; it is the strangest little laugh. "Fancy two people wanting to get rid of each other, and not knowing how to do it! But I shall help him—I shall let him go free!"

"To-morrow, then, I shall speak to your father."

"To-morrow? Must you put it off till to-morrow?" she has grown so anxious now for him to interview her father as she had been frightened about it before. "Well—and say everything. Everything you can about my—my dislike of Sir Ralph. You might even call it hatred. You know I told you I hated him. Yes, say I hate him!"

"I'll say all I know," says Eyre fervently. "You may be sure I shan't let a single point be lost."

"I must go now," says she, rising. She is looking very pale and tired. "There are some things I must attend to. I shan't see you again to-night."

"Not to-night! Why, it is only six o'clock now!"

"Six o'clock! Why, it is really so late? Time for all invalids to be in bed!" says she, smiling, though half-heartedly.

"I expect you will be glad to get rid of me," says he, smiling in turn, and by no means believing in his words.

"No," returns she, shaking her head. "That is well, because, as things stand, you are not likely ever to get rid of me. But—what a hurry you are in, Dulcie! I suppose if the doctor is to be relied on, I shall be able to move by the end of the week?"

"You mustn't bury yourself; you must be careful not to undo all the good work he has done," says she kindly, hospitably. "And, to begin with you ought to be in bed now surely. I shall send Patsy."

"She moves to the door. Patsy, the factotum, has been in the habit, up to this of helping Mr. Eyre from one room to another. At the door, however, she pauses, and looks back at him. Her eyes are troubled.

"You needn't be uneasy," says he lightly. "I'm all right; better than ever I was."

"Yes, I think you do look better," says she softly. "But there was something" (confusedly) "I wanted to say to you; and you have put it out of my head." She turns again to the door, hesitates again, and again looks back at him.

"By the-by, did I abuse him to you?" asks she.

"Him?—who? Oh that fellow! Anketell?"

"Yes."

"Well, you did rather. Why? He has crossed the room to her.

"Oh, nothing!" letting him take her hand and caress it; "only—it sounds horrid, doesn't it?"

"What does?"

"Why, horrid to abuse anybody. It isn't a nice thing to do—oh? Your other friends—the girls you know, I mean—who are in society, they wouldn't do it, would they?"

"Do what, darling?"

"Why speak unkindly of people, even their enemies, openly?"

"Oh, wouldn't they though!" says Mr.

Eyre, giving way to mirth. "My word, you don't know them! You should hear them sometimes, and (with tender meaning and a loving glance at her) 'you shall some day, I hope; and believe me, they will open your eyes. The way they abuse their enemies is frightful—only is prepared for that; but the way they abuse their friends—that's a surprise, if you like!'"

"I shouldn't like," says Dulcinea disparagingly.

"I know it. That's why I so love you," says he frankly. "Well, to-morrow, then, Dulcie, detaining her; 'you give me to try my—our—luck to-morrow!'"

"Yes," she pauses; and then, "Yes! again, with sudden vehemence. Oh, how I should like to show how independent I am of him!"

"After all, it is hard to be independent of one's father," says Eyre.

"Miss McDermott starts at him for a moment. Her father! Then she turns and runs away. It had seemed to her impossible to explain.

VI.

"I've a sweetheart blithe and gay,
Fairer far than fabled fay
Light and airy,
She is bright and d'cbonnaire,
Softly falls her golden hair,
I all other loves forswear,
Little fairy?"

Mr. Eyre, having brought himself to a thorough belief in Dulcinea's misery, dwells upon it. That she has been forced into an engagement with a most objectionable man by a mercenary father, seems to him the correct reading of her history so far. To alter that history seems to him also to be the work allotted to him. Her beauty has come home to him with a persistency that has dwarfed all other beauty remembered or imagined, and the plaintive face of his pretty hostess has awakened in his breast a chivalrous desire to hazard all fortunes in her cause. As a fact, he has fallen in love with her; if not very seriously, still seriously enough to make him ambitious of making her his wife. A considerable zest is added to his passion by the belief that he, and he alone, can save her from a 'loveless union'—this is how he puts it—with another, and that a most desirable creature, according to her account. The certainty that she is wearing her heart away with grief—that joy is unknown to her—that she is fast growing into a state of mind that will produce consumption in the body—is somewhat rudely destroyed by her entrance into the old schoolroom next morning, shortly after his own descent into that time-honored apartment.

"Oh! I've such news—such news!" cries she, rushing in and banging the door behind her with an emphasis that makes his nerves (still rather beyond control) jump again.

"It is evident she has run to him straight with her news whatever it is. Her pretty hair is flying all over her head, her eyes are sparkling. Smiles wreath her charming lips. She is waving a telegram over her head. The very incarnation of joy and fresh young life might be painted from her as she stands there laughing, triumphant. She is looking lovely."

"A telegram from that fell wretching off the engagement," decides Eyre within himself. "It is settled, then?" says he quickly.

"Oh, yes—a certainty this time?"

"Oh, I needn't speak to your father!"

"To father?" (as if puzzled). "Oh, he knows of it. He will be glad too!"

"Your father?"

"Why, yes—yes—yes!" (almost dancing up to him). "Do you think that, because they have had a skirmish or two, father won't be pleased to see him? I tell you he is pleased! And so will you be when you see my Andy?"

"Your what? Mr. Eyre has retreated to his chair once more."

"Andy? He's coming! Haven't you understood? He's coming to-day!"

"And who is Andy?" demands Mr. Eyre, feeling a trifle aggrieved. Of course, he tells himself, he is glad of anything that has lightened the burden that so hardly presses upon her. But that it should be—Andy! And such a very beloved Andy, to judge by appearances! What a name! Perhaps, after all, Andy is a girl: Andromeda—Andromache. Some people called their children by queer names, and Andy might be an abbreviation of either of these.

"Not know Andy?" cries Dulcinea, lifting her brows.

"A friend of yours?"

"Yes" (smiling).

"Evidently a nice girl?" hazards Mr. Eyre.

"A girl! Andy a girl! Miss McDermott breaks into irrepressible laughter. "Oh, wait till he hears that! Why, he has just been gazetted to the 18th Hussars!"

"Ah!" (somewhat stiffly). "Brother, perhaps?"

"No, no, indeed, I!" (as if by no means sorry for the fact) "have no brother. But Andy is better than any brother."

"Is he? As?" (disagreeably) "you haven't had one, I don't quite see how you can know that."

"I've seen other girls, and heard what they said of theirs," says Dulcinea sagely.

"Then this Andy is—"

"My cousin. And such a nice one!" says Miss McDermott warmly. "Fancy you not having heard of him! Well, when you see him, you'll know him all in a moment. He's (happily) 'is such fun!'"

"Is he?"

"Oh, wait—wait! By the-by!" (bringing out her left hand from behind her back). "I had nearly forgotten, but I found them, and I brought them to you. Violets! Emell them," thrusting them under his nose. "Delicious, aren't they? I found them under the ivy wall, Andy and I planted them there last year."

"Andy and you seem to be great friends," says he in a gentler tone, taking her hand, violets and all, and holding it. Somehow it has come to him that this charming child is not in love with Andy, however delightful that young gentleman may be.

"Oh, the best, the dearest! I don't disguise from you," says Miss McDermott, growing suddenly serious, that at times we quarrel. We [thoughtfully] quarrel a good deal when together. But when Andy is away from me—ah! then I know what a perfect darling he is!"

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," murmurs Mr. Eyre, wisely re-

tracing from a smile. "And Andy, how does he regard you?—here—and there?"

"Her," as I tell you, says she, with a fresh, delicious laugh, "he makes himself so inimitable now and then. But when he is 'there'—oh, then Andy loves me!"

"I should think you and he should always be 'there,'" says her companion gravely.

"Well, I don't. I'm delighted he's coming. Bless me!" (glancing at the clock). "I've only half an hour to see about his sheets and things! and I don't believe Bridget has thought about lighting a fire in his room. There! Good-bye for a while. I must run. He'll kill me if he finds himself without a fire in his room!"

She rushes out of the room as she had entered it—like a heavenly spring wind that brings only joy to the receiver of it. Eyre, staring after, feels a quick throb at his heart. What a delight she is! How different from most girls! And this cousin of hers—this Andy! No doubt he is a young Adonis; a 'curled darling'—a creature half boy, half man, and wholly charming. But she is not in love with him. So much can be read by those who run.

But his manners make up for a good deal. He is full of bonhomie, brimming over indeed with the milk of human kindness. In the course of the five minutes he is permitted to spend with Mr. Eyre, who is still considered an invalid, he fires off as many jokes as would have made a reasonable supply for a month with anybody else.

Having then said he felt he ought to go and present himself to the McDermotts, who is his guardian, he beats a retreat, dragging Dulcie into the corridor outside as he goes.

"I say, he isn't half a bad fellow; but he isn't fit to hold a candle to Sir Ralph," says he in a whisper, still clutched by Dulcie by the arm.

"You know my opinion of Sir Ralph?" returns she, trying unavailingly to extricate herself from his grasp.

"Girls never have an opinion worth a ha' penny!" retorts he, letting her go with a disguised grimace. Already one of the quarrels!

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

Father Bridgett, the Redemptorist and well known historian, contributes an interesting paper to the first number of St. Peter's on Christian names. He has had a large experience in reading old documents such as wills, charters and deeds of sale, but can recall only one instance in which an English man before the Reformation bore two Christian names—this was Thomas Maria Wyngfeld, rector of Warrington, in Lancashire, in 1527, and also member of Parliament for Huntingdon.

Father Bridgett also draws attention to the fact that we rarely come across in medieval documents the names of the founders of religious orders or of the saints to whom the parish churches were dedicated. He can find only one pre-Reformation person whose Christian name was Joseph. There were no Dominics or Francises or Pauls. John was the most common name. Then came Thomas, William, Richard, Robert, Roger, Walter, Hugh, Peter, Bartholomew, Henry, Christopher, Philip, Gregory, Giles, Stephen, Andrew, Gilbert, Herbert, Reginald, Ralph, Gertrude, Maurice, Martin, Humphrey, Eastace, Fank, Osbert, Edward, Nicholas and Lawrence. Among the women Mary was almost unknown before the 16th century.

The most frequent name, judging from the long lists to be found in the analyzed archives of St. Paul's, is Alice (sometimes varied as Alou), and then Joan, Isabella, Matilda, Margaret and Marjery, Agnes (or Anne), Christina and Elizabeth. Both Thomas and Thomason are the feminine forms of Thomas.

Father Bridgett concludes his paper by quoting the following story told of Blessed Thomas More: "Ye be wiser than the gentleman was, when he talking once with my father, when she heard say that our Lady was a Jew, first could not believe it, but said: 'What! ye mock I wis. I pray you tell truth!' And when it was so fully affirmed that she at last believed it. 'And was she a Jew?' quoth she; 'so help me God and halidom, I shall love her the worse while I live.'"—London Tablet.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete report of patents granted this week to Canadian inventors by the United States Government. This report is specially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marston & Marston, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, head office: 185 St. James street, Temple building, Montreal.

600,672—William H. Harvey, Toronto, ice or snow locomotive.

600,534—Reinhard Hoffmeister, Vancouver, brake and foot rest for bicycle.

600,676—Robert E. Menzie, Toronto, apparatus for sizing cloth.

600,592—Joseph Moses, Toronto, scorp.

25 388—James Fax, Toronto, game board (design).

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THE PARSIMONIOUS CLASS.

Some Telling Remarks on Alms-Giving.

A Snap-Shot of a Circle Which Cling to the Dimes and Dollars.

The Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan, who has been delivering a course of Sermons at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, upon the "Dangers of the Day," on the occasion of his third Sermon, in dealing with the question of alms-giving, made the following remarks, which are applicable to all classes of Catholics. There are many of them in Montreal, who will appreciate the graphic picture which the distinguished preacher has drawn, and would it be too much to hope for that they would profit by the lesson it is intended to convey. He said:

"Thus one hears men say: 'Oh, I make it a rule never to give anything to a beggar in the street. They are always, or nearly always, impostors. Alms giving is a very good thing, but we must not encourage imposture,' and so forth. But neither do they like to give to beggars at their doors, their excuse being that 'one beggar tells another, and the constant visits of these attendations become a regular nuisance. Besides, one does not at all approve of having tramps and doubtful characters about the house.' And so for one reason or another, one excuses oneself from giving to anyone or to anything, or perhaps one's income is not equal to one's pretensions, and one wants to keep up appearances. We have a certain position or rank to keep up, and every farthing is needed if we are to continue living in our present style, and having so many servants. We don't hesitate to say that were we as rich as so and so, it would be a real joy to us to FOUND HOSPITALS AND TO BUILD CHURCHES

and schools and orphanages. In fact we quite envy the possessors of colossal fortunes, and think how much more generous we should be than they are were we in their position. But with our modern revenues it is as much as we can do to clothe and educate our children and take up our proper place in society. Besides we must 'put something by for a rainy day,' and 'it won't do to be improvident.' And so, for one reason or another, we rest satisfied, though we never make any real sacrifice for the sake of God's poor or for the sake of His Church. I do not wish to imply that there is never any truth or justice in the aforesaid arguments. Quite the contrary. The very danger of such arguments lies precisely in this, that there is just enough truth in them to make them effective. It is a well recognized fact that there is no lie so difficult to deal with or to answer as a lie which is half a truth.

PARSIMONY IS NIGGARDINESS AND STINGINESS; it is not prudence. But if we call it prudence we cover up the deformity and represent it as a virtue, and under that guise we do not hesitate to cultivate it. Instances of self-deception are constantly thrusting themselves under our notice. What are we to think, for instance, of a lady who 'really can't afford' ten shillings for some starving orphan or destitute children when we find her offering ten pounds for the restoration of a stolen quill? Or what shall we say of a gentleman whose family claims make it quite impossible for him to give a five pound note to a struggling mission? but who can yet afford to bet fifty pounds on a losing racehorse? But enough! Let me conclude by asking you to begin in God the grace to detect and to see through the wiles of Satan, and not to accept evil merely because it is presented to you under the appearance of good. On the contrary, listen to the warning of the Holy Spirit and beware of those who 'call evil good and good evil, and who put darkness for light and light for darkness.'

CONVERSION OF WALES.

Catholic circles in England have been much interested recently in the redoubled efforts now being made towards the conversion of Wales to the true Faith. The recently appointed Vicar Apostolic and other high dignitaries have under consideration several methods to accomplish this laudable object. Great, however, as is the influence of these dignitaries, none can influence the new movement more than the Rev. J. H. Jones, Roman Catholic priest of Carnarvon, who possesses unique qualifications. The Rev. J. H. Jones is closely in touch with the Vicar Apostolic, he is a born Welshman, and an old-fashioned Conservative. There are priests in Wales—English and Irish

—such as the Rev. Fr. Hayde, of Cardiff, who have acquired an excellent knowledge of Welsh, but Fr. Jones, in his church at Carnarvon, is the only priest in Wales who regularly preaches in the vernacular. The rev. father is an erudite scholar and a voluminous translator of standard Catholic works. He arrived in Cardiff on Wednesday, and will stay there for some days as the guest of the Rev. Fr. Hayde, of the Order of Charity. The immediate object of his visit is to arrange with the committee of St. Telo's Society for the publication of a Roman Catholic Welsh version of the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for the Sundays and greater feasts of the ecclesiastical year. The Biblical portion of this work will be translated by Fr. Jones direct from the Latin Vulgate, and the whole will be included in the new Welsh Roman Catholic Prayer Book, which has already been compiled by Fr. Jones, and will shortly be published. This will be the only work of the kind extant; Fr. Metcalfe's, printed at Liverpool in 1837, being now out of print.

HEALTH IS BETTER.
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TRADE RETURNS.
The trade returns for the month of February are: Imports, \$10,007,000, as compared with \$7,710,000 the year before; and the exports \$8,500,000, as compared with \$6,500,000, or a total of trade for the month of February, 1898, of \$18,497,000, as against \$14,210,000 the previous year.

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Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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