

A Little Irish Girl.

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XL—Continued.

As for Anketell—he has even forgotten he is silent, so busy are his thoughts with all the past miserable hour.

And then—the agonized watching for the train to come in. The horrible fascination that compelled him to wait and wait...

But she had not given him that opportunity. He had watched her impassioned change of decision—her vehement recantation of her design—her vehement relief when she saw her cousin.

A heavy breathing from his companion's white lips at this moment wakes him from his stormy reverie.

He turns to her.

A star or two have pierced the heaven's dusk by this time, and there on the left, a pale, still crescent is stealing to its throne.

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not in touch with her. He feels nothing for her. Her distress causes him no pain. It is impossible he should know her unfortunate affair with Eyre; and yet once again her heart dies within her.

XII.

"Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers. Which stay not whilst one may measure them."

"The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang."

It has come to an end at last—this interminable drive! He has driven her up to the back gate, has lifted her carefully down, and hidden her a most distant good-night. Miserable—frightened—leaving hope behind her, and expecting a storm before her, she runs down the short road, through the farmyard and into the house.

Racing upstairs at the top of her speed, she rushes into her own room and into the arms of Mrs. Driscoll.

The old woman, worn out with fear for the faith of her darling, has spent the last two hours wandering from room to room, and praying loudly to all her saints. Prayers unheard except in heaven, as the giant old house is virtually empty.

"Oh, Bridget!" says Dulcinea, clinging to her—"oh, Bridget!"

"There, now! There, me darlint! Take yer breath now. 'Tis home ye are, an' safe wid yer old Biddy. Hush now, alanna!"—squeezing her to her ample bosom.

"Where were ye at all, at all?"

"Oh, Bridget! how I love you!" cries the poor child gratefully, clinging to her with all her might.

"Is it me, asthore?—me who nussed ye?"

"Well, he said you had it 'in for me, or something like that."

"Who, darlint? Tell me the name of the scamp who'd say such words of me!"

"It was Andy."

"Master Andy! You've seen him, then?" says the old woman eagerly.

"He was wid ye, Miss Dulcinea" (drawing her to the fire). "Sit down here, agra!"

"She leads the girl to the roaring wood fire that is blazing up the chimney—a fire so carefully tended in hopes of her darling's return, that it is now indeed a jolly spectacle—and pushes her into a big arm-chair. And Dulcinea, worn out with conflicting passions—doubts that have grown to certainties, and certainties that have once again resolved themselves into doubts—sinks into the well come chair, and drawing down the old nurse to the hearthside, pours into her ears the tale of the evening.

"It is all over now, honey—all at an end" (soothing her). "There—there—now to spoil yer purty eyes! Sure, what were ye, but a bit mistaken! Bid scran to Master Andy for frightenin' ye like this. 'Twill be all over in no time. Sorra one will know of it—"

"He knows of it—part of it—he—"

"Master Eyre? He's a gentleman," says Mrs. Driscoll, who has in her pocket at this moment the very handsome dounce he had bestowed on her at parting.

"Mr. Eyre! I'm not thinking of him."

"Of who, then, darlint?"

"Sir Ralph" (faintly).

"Arrah, nonsense! Sure you know, he'll never hear of it!" says Nurse, who, after all, in spite of her many good qualities, is frail.

"He will know. He shall know!" says her young mistress, springing to her feet.

Dulcinea, dear,' says she with all the air of one trying to cajole an angry child. 'I shall tell him!' says Dulcinea, with determination.

'Faix you won't,' says Mrs. Driscoll. 'Tis mad ye are just now; and 'till the mornin' comes, an' I've a talk at ye agin, ye'll know where yer right road lies.'

'Oh! tomorrow!' says Dulcinea, with a groan. 'Do you know he is coming to dinner to-morrow. Father asked him, and—perhaps he will get out of it now. He hates me. I know that; I've reasons for knowing it.'

'Reasons! There isn't a reason in ye,' says Mrs. Driscoll, with supreme contempt. 'As if any one, with an eye that wasn't yours, couldn't see that he just delights in the sight of ye. Why, 'twas only yestherday I overheard yer father sayin'—'

'Oh, father!' (impatiently). 'Father wants to think as you do. By the bye, Bridget' (turning a frightened face to her nurse), 'what of father? Where is he? What did he say? Was he asking for me? Is he very angry?'

'Wisha, me dear, he knows nothin' of it.'

'Nothing?'

'Ne'er a h'porth. By all the luck of the world Mickie Flynn took to fightin' agin this evenin' shortly after yer wint for yer walk—and a purty bad thrade he made of it. It appears he and Danny Murphy went at it tooth an' nail down in the village below, all about nothin' but that odd ancient goose as Danny would to Mrs. Flynn for a shillin' [an' fair, between ourselves, miss, it was very odd; an' Mickey let into his skin like mad, an' Danny is now lyin' kilt below in his cabin, wid the wife screechin' over him like a burnt cat.'

'Not dead?' (horror-stricken).

'Oh, no, me dear! just a rib or two; but 'twas a most marvellous occurrence. You see, they sint for the mather at once, an' niver a word has he heard of yer bein' in or out.'

'Oh! says Dulcinea, with a long sigh of intense relief. So much will be spared her, at all events.'

'I've had a grudge agin Flynn for ten year,' says Mrs. Driscoll. 'He once promised to marry me sister's cousin's nephew by marriage, an' he niver got as far as the altar; but I forgive him. He's done a good job for ye this night. An' now, darlint, won't ye let me undress ye, an' put ye to bed? ye're worn out. I can see it; an' a poached egg an' a cup o' tea, that'll be the revivin' of ye. I'll bring it up to ye, whin yer undressed. Ye'll sleep aisy after it.'

XIII.

"Is there no place left for repentance, none for pardon left?"

"My life's a load!"

But, in spite of the poached egg and the tea, Dulcinea hardly slept at all. The was half an hour here and there of broken slumber, in which uncomfortable dreams held full sway, to the greater undoing of her peace when waking from them; but beyond that she lay all night with open eyes, thinking unhappy things, and crying inwardly with great longing for the day.

And at last it comes, reluctantly, as all winter mornings come, having no light of life to warm them. The sun for them lies dead. He may be there, somewhere; but his glory is denied them. A dull, cloudy, gray, taciturn day makes clear the window panes to Dulcinea—so silent, so devoid of sound is it indeed, that one might almost think of Nature as lying in her shroud.

A shroud typical—outside, all the world is swathed in a white sheet—the garb of death. During the night the soft flukes had fallen, silently, steadily; and now branch and leaf are laden with them. There had been snow before, but nothing like this. And still it falls.

"Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends. At first thin, wavering, till at last the flakes Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day With a continual flow."

Dulcinea's first thought on seeing the day is, that probably Anketell will not be able to come over to dinner. This should have caused her relief; but to

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her surprise it causes her only a deepening of the depression that is weighing her down. Oh, he must come! He must! How can she live with this burden on her mind? She will confess all to him; will tell him everything; will open to him the way to rid himself honorably of her—to put an end to his hateful engagement.

All day she wanders aimlessly from room to room, longing for, whilst dreading, the hour that shall tell her if he is or is not coming. Towards five o'clock she finds herself in the schoolroom once again, and sinking into a chair rests her elbows on her knees and lets her lovely, disconsolate face fall into her little chilly palms.

Five! If coming, he will be here in three quarters of an hour. The snow is still falling, heavily, steadily. It is almost impossible he should come. No one could go out on such a night unless compelled; and he—why, no doubt he will be glad of the excuse to keep away. And yet something within her whispers he will come.

Three quarters of an hour! It must be a great deal less than that now. Raising her eyes to the clock, she is astonished to find that it is only three minutes less. What on earth is the matter with that old clock? She taps it—listens—no, it is going as methodically as ever. Will a quarter to six ever come? He is sure to arrive then, The McDermot dining always at six sharp, and being seriously annoyed if a guest is not on the spot some time beforehand. If so often she and Sir Ralph had laughed over that little eccentricity of his.

A sound in the fireless room behind her makes her spring to her feet. Oh, no! not yet. Not until she has grasped the back of the chair, and has learned that the incomer is Andy, does she know that she is trembling from head to foot, and that her lips have grown so cold—so horribly cold.

(To be continued.)

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The following graphic account of a wonderful cure—in fact a miracle—has been written by Mr. J. B. Bousier, of 4, Starke Street, Winkley Square, Preston.

Received by the Reverend Mother of an English convent. The writer—an Irish nun in Paris who was a witness of the miracle—is unaware her beautiful and graphic account of the cure of a sister nun will find its way into print.

A copy of the letter, was, however, seen by me, and it is such a testimony to the glory of God and the fame of Our Lady of Lourdes that I have obtained permission that it might be made public, and so be one more authentic record of the wonders daily worked at the shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes.

"My dear Mother—You sympathize with us in our trials, and it is only right that we tell you of our joy. Our Blessed Lady has had a great consolation in store for our Mother: the complete cure of Sister M. Amanda, which she so much wished for, but which she did not dare hope to receive, as two doctors at Madrid, one the Court physician had declared her to be attacked with disease of the spinal cord, and humanly speaking, there could be no hope of a cure. However, with the slight hope of at least prolonging a life so precious, M. M. Celestine decided to send her to see Doctor Grant, at Montpellier. This was as a last resource. The route by Barcelona, being most direct, was chosen. Sister Mary Amanda was so much attached to Madrid that she suffered much at the thought of leaving it; however, as obedience had spoken, she accepted the sacrifice. All in hope of recovery as well as all wish to live had left her. She felt that she was dying."

"During the night after Sister M. Philomena's death, and being fully awake (she had for a long time suffered from want of sleep, loss of appetite, and inability to use her limbs) Sister M. Amanda felt the presence of a dear Sister lately dead, who said to her in the depths of her soul that she should go to Lourdes and be cured by Our Lady when bathing in the piscina. Sister M. Amanda, upon whom this made a profound impression, but who was afraid that her imagination had played her a trick, did not speak of it to anyone. "I thought she," the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me she is powerful enough to change the route of our journey and make me go to Lourdes." In the morning came a letter from M. M. Celestine, deciding that the journey should be made by Tarbes, and thus enable the poor sick Sister to sleep a night at her convent at Lourdes, thus avoiding spending a night amongst strange cars at Barcelona. When Sister M. Rosalie read this letter to Sister M. Amanda her face became radiant, and being asked the reason, "It is," replied she, that the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me, and she told me the Mother all that had happened during the preceding night, adding her profound conviction of being cured. Though Sister M. Celestine was told everything, she kept it secret, but we began a novena to Our Lady with great confidence that our prayer would be heard. The journey, so long and tiring, did not fatigue her overmuch. From her arrival at Lourdes she began to get back her sleep and to take some food, but her poor legs still refused to be of any use. Two Sisters were obliged to help her when she moved even a few steps. When she was taken to the Grotto she was pitted by all who saw her, but her faith and that of Sister M. Angeles increased each moment. Indeed she had little doubt of the miracle that she had already chosen the spot to hang up her crutch as an ex-voto—she even bought a ribbon to tie it on. It was decided that Thursday, 27th January, at nine in the morning, Sister M. Amanda would bathe in the piscina. Whilst at the same time a Rev. Benedictine Father of St. Maur said the Mass of the Apparition to obtain this much desired cure. M. M. Enquin, who had a bad cold, could not, to her great regret, accompany her, but Sisters St. Francis and Angels were her happy companions. At half past eight they went to the Grotto to finish the novena, and prayed on the very spot the Blessed Virgin had appeared to Bernadette. During this time we at Paris were also engaged in fervent prayer. We had a firm conviction that Our Blessed Lady would hear our prayers.

"After having drunk at the miraculous spring, our three Sisters went to the

piscina. They chose that part where the image of Mary is sculptured in the marble, and where it is said the most wonderful miracles have taken place.

"Kneeling in the piscina, they recited the Creed, and then Sister M. Amanda stretched herself out so as to bathe her head and neck, where she suffered most pain. The Sisters who helped her were more dead than alive on seeing her trembling with cold and as pale as death, but, reanimating their faith, they commenced the Litanies, Sister M. Amanda repeating the invocations and the others answering. When they came to the invocation 'Queen conceived without original sin' they repeated it three times. At that moment Sister Amanda, with a sudden movement, opened her arms, which up to this she had kept crossed on her breast, pressing the package of intentions which the Sisters at Madrid had given her. 'What is the matter?' inquired Sister M. Angeles. 'It is done,' answered she; 'I am cured.'

"Quickly our dear Sister is taken from the piscina. Her joy was so great, her emotion so profound, that we were obliged to help her to dress herself. Then she almost ran to the Grotto to thank Our Lady and listen her crutch as an ex-voto. In the hope of hearing a Mass in thanksgiving she went in all haste towards the Basilica, and met the Benedictine Father, who was just leaving the Basilica after having said his Mass for her cure. He stopped her, and, not recognizing her, said: 'What of the sick Sister?' 'I am the Sister,' she replied. 'I am cured.' The poor Father was unable to speak, and could scarcely believe his eyes that she was the same Sister whom he had seen an hour before trying to drag herself to the Grotto, not able to walk a step without stumbling. He told the Sisters that at the elevation of his Mass he had felt deeply touched—so much so that he could hardly pronounce the sacramental words. This was just the moment when the Sister had called out 'I am cured!'—the moment, a thousand times blessed, when the gentle hand of the Immaculate Virgin was placed on the soul of her child, giving to us all a sure proof of her merciful tenderness. What by thus of thanksgiving were sent up to Heaven, first at Lourdes, then Paris, Madrid and Montpellier, where telegrams were at once sent to tell of the wonders Our Lady had wrought!"—Catholic Times.

When any part of the body isn't doing the work that nature intended it to do, it puts the whole system out of tune—out of harmony. Sickness in one part of the body is likely to run into all parts of the body. When children stand a row of bricks on end, they knock the whole row down by upsetting one brick. That is exactly what happens to the health when the bowels fail to perform their proper functions. Constipation makes trouble all along the line—poor the liver out of order, is bad for the kidneys—bad for the stomach. It holds in the body poisonous matter, and because it cannot go any place else, it gets into the blood. The blood carries it all over the system. That makes sluggishness, lassitude, bad breath and foul taste in the mouth, fills the stomach with gas and causes windy belching, stops digestion in the stomach, causes sour stomach, heartburn and headache. You can avoid all such trouble, for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its attendant evils.

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