Nurse O'Farrell was sitting alone one of the nights of that winter in the nurses' room off the main corridor of a certain hospital in the City. She had been four years or more in the profession, had passed through the stern novitiate, had seen life, agread at some private houses, main corridor of a certain hospital in the City. She had been four years or more in the profession, had passed through the stern novitiate, had seen life abroad at some private houses, where wealthy patients were under her hands; but her heart had not yet hardened at the sight of suffering, nor had it been closed up to the gentle influences that rained upon it, even though at widely separated intervals, from old and cherished friendships. From time to time she rose and passed into the adjacent ward, walking very gently in her soft felt slippers, and peering under the faint light of the lamps at the faces of the sufferers. Sometimes she had to raise hands; but her heart had not yet hard-ened at the sight of suffering, nor had it been closed up to the gentle influence that rained upon it soft felt slippers, and peering under the faint light of the lamps at the faces of the sufferers. Sometimes she had to raise up the bed-clothes, fallen from the arm of a restless sleeper; sometimes she had to raise and smooth a sunken pillow; sometimes she watched for minutes in silence to detect any morbid symptoms in some patient who had undergone an operation; and sometimes she had to speak a soothing word to some poor in valid, tortured by insomnia and staring half frantic from ceiling to floor to get some rest for that throbbing brain. She was too young to philosophize much on such matters; but the constant sight of suffering made her very humble; and, it was always with a little silent sigh of gratitude, she went back to the lonely room. This night, too, her thoughts had taken an usually deep and reveren-

sacrifice had emancipated itself completely from the things of earth and was walking in the eye of heaven. And beneath the sweet, solemn words there breathed a tone of gentle humility that brought tears into Annie's eyes.

"You know," she said, "we have the same vocation—you, to work; I, to pray, for those who are so dear to God. Sometimes I think that yours is the higher calling; and I say to myself: 'Won't you be surprised if you see little Annie very much higher than you shall be in Heaven?' Then, to reassure myself, put out my hand, for these thoughts aiways come in the watches of the night, and I touch the rough rug, or the coarse habit, of the masonry on the wall, that is not even plastered. I do this to give myself a little courage, so that I may be able to say I'm doing a little for our Lord. But then the thought occurs: 'Ah! but now the little martyr, Annie, is up and watching and alone: and I see Heaven? Then, to reassure mysel, a put out my hand, for these thoughts always come in the watches of the night, and I touch the rough rug, or the coarse habit, or the masnry on the wall, that is not even plastered. I do this to give myself a little courage, so that I may be able to say I'm doing a little for our Lord. But then the thought occurs: 'Ah! but now the little martyr, Annie, is up and watching and alone; and I see her as the hands go round slowly on the clock; and she must not sleep, nor even doze; for there beneath her hands are precious lives that must be protected so that the little fl-me shall not flicker, nor go out in the darkness. And I—I can sleep and sleep soundly; and I have no great reward. And then, Annie can pray as well as watch and work; and I see her dear face bent over her prayerbook or her book of meditations there under the gas-lamp when not as sound breaks the silence or interrupts her communion with God. Ah me! it is all very grand and beautiful; and I think how our dear Father, St. Francis, would love you, because of all your kindness to the little ones of Christ. And don't be surprised, dear Annie, if so ne night, when you are liftle gup and sooth-live and proved in the targed claims of the proper of the people in her lap, she went work all the letter of the young Colettine lay open in her lap, she went work all the letter of the young Colettine lay open in her lap, she went work all the letter of the young Colettine lay open in her lap, she went work all the letter of the young Colettine lay open in her lap, she went work all the letter of the young Colettine lay open in her lap, she went work all the sound again, as ayoung girl will, who has come to the years of the time lay open in her lap, she went work all the letter of the young fired again.

"It is idle to hope, I suppose, that they may have read they may serve God. I am quite sure that the good old doctor will get many and great grace proved all their way have no great reward. And then, Annie can pray as well as watch an work; and I see her dear face bent over her prayerbook or her book of meditations there under the gas-lamp when not a sound breaks the silence or interrupts her communion with God. Ah me I it is all very grand and beautiful; and I think how our dear Father, St. Francis, would love you, because of all your kindness to the little ones of Christ. And don't be surprised, dear Annie, if some night, when you are lifting up and soothing some poor sick child — don't be surprised if St. Anthony comes and places the Divine Infant in your arms. There! you'll say, I suppose, I'm rhapsodical; stranger things have nappened, and then, nothing can be too great or good for my Aunie.

"I wonder do you often go down to the bearing of the stranger than the stranger than

happy weeks together. and the old gray castle, and the gentle

and the old gray castle, and the gentle old doctor, and that poor boy, whom the gypsy said his mother was calling—"

But here the letter fell from Annie's hand; and she began to muse an i think. And she saw two sad pictures, which she would have liked, if she were able, to blot from memory. The one memory was of a certain winter night, when she was bastening to her night, when she was bastening to her night, duty across was of a certain winter night, when she was hastening to her night-duty across the city; and she passed at a certain street corner a group of young men; and they whistled and chirped; and turning round indignantly, she thought she recognized the face of Jack Wycherly, and that he slunk back into the darkness before her eyes. The other memory was of another night, when the streets were deserted, but for a group of giddy were deserted, but for a group of giddy students and shop-girls who were chatting and langhing boisterously at a street corner; and she thought again that the lamp-light fell on the familiar face. Then, one day, he came enrolled as a clinical student to the very hospital where she attended. But she passed him by. She heard his name mentioned as the most brilliant and promising pupil of a leading surgeon in the city; and she watched the operations with renewed interest when he was there. Once were deserted, but for a group of giddy and she watched the operations with re-newed interest when he was there. Once she thought her heart stood still when she heard the operating surgeon call Wycherly come here, and take that

forceps. I can depend on you."
But she never spoke to him—partly because it was more or less against the etiquette of the hospital: her many because it was more or less against the etiquette of the hospital; but principally because he had been gravely low ered in her esteem. But she noticed him; noticed that he had grown rapidly into mannood, that the broad forehead seemed to have expanded under the clusters of hair that now seemed deepening into auburn; and she noticed, or thought she saw the fires of genius kindling in those deep blue eyes, which had looked up at her so reverential and because it was more or less against the etiquette of the hospital; but principally because he had been gravely low ered in her esteem. But she noticed him; noticed that he had grown rapidly into mannood, that the broad forehead seemed to have expanded under the state of hearthy now seemed deep.

I knew."
"Oh, but I am, Miss O'Farrell," he

half frantic from ceiling to floor to get some rest for that throbbing brain. She was too young to philosophize much on such matters; but the constant sight of suffering made her very humble; and, it was always with a little silent sigh of gratitude, she went back to the lonely room. This night, too, her thoughts had taken an usually deep and reverential turn, for she had been reading a letter which had come by the evening mail from the far-off convent where her friend, Mary Liston, was carrying on another heroic woman's work in prayer for smitten humanity. Annie had read the letter hastily when the post came in. Then she had been summoned to tea. Now, in the intervals of her solemn watchings, she had more leisure to take up the precious paper and study it, line by line.

They were the words of a fine soul, which by one stupendous act of self-sacrifice had emancipated itself completely from the things of earth and was walking in the eye of heaven. And beueath the sweet, solemn words there hereathed a tone of gentle humility that some, lever Jack Wycherly; and every self-marked as to get gentle humility that some constant sight of the first gas-lamps, is not the Jack Wycherly; whom I knew long ago! "He was silent, looking at her, wonderingly, doubtingly. Then, suddenly, a great wave of offended pride seemed to seep over his soul, for he turned away muttering:

"These are things that drive men to the devil!" should not recognize each other. Yet at times her heart was troubled at his words: "These are the things that drive men to the devil!" and she used to watch him carefully when he was engrossed in his patients, to see whether the reached a tone of gentle humility that solve in filtering with giddy girls under gas-lamps, is not the Jack Wycherly; whom I knew long as lamps, is not the Jack Wycherly; whom I knew long as lamps, is not the Jack Wycherly; whom I knew long as left in filting when led was diversed to her devil to her a date was devented to he devil !"

These are things that drive men to the devil!" an

think how our dear Father, St. Francis, would love you, because of all your kind-ness to the little ones of Christ. And don't be surprised, dear Annie, if some night, when you are lifting up and soothing some poor sick child — don't be surprised if St. Anthony comes and places the Divine Infant in your arms. There i you'll say, I suppose, I'm rhapsodical; and these are dreams of a sick nun, but stranger things have happened; and sysurown roomat the hospital.—Hark!

deepen. Aunie rose more frequently than her duties demanded, and walked her ward on tiptoe. It was the deepest hour, preceeding the dawn, and sleep seemed to hang heavy on the eyelids of the sufferers. At least, she thought, I shall have little more to do to-night until the day-nurse comes at 8. I shall read a little; think a little, dream a little; think a little, dream a little; ah! if I could only pray much, and not a little. Ah! my little Collettine, you are up now after your four hours' sleep. I see you in the dim cold choir, where the yellow lamps are smoking and giving barely light enough to read the office. I see you in your choir-stall, bending down very low in adoration. The great darkness over your head is alive with angels; and now you raise your head and look where the discarded and set aside. He had you raise your head and look where the discarded and set aside. He had come to that sad pass when a man looks choir-stall, bending down very low in adoration. The great darkness over your head is alive with angels; and now you raise your head and look where the red lamp is burning in the mystic oil before the Holy of Holies. Are you thinking of me, as I of you? You are, I know it, else why do I feel so fairly happy.

happy.

The deep clangour of the night-bell

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THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY

By Rev. P.A. Sherman, D. D.
Author of "My New Curate." Luke Delmege."

"Lishen," "Glenanar," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX

A REVERIE AND A NIGHT CALL.

Nurse O'Farrell was sitting alone one of the nights of that winter in the nurses' room off the main corridor of a certain hospital in

so timid ever so many years ago. Then, one day, she nearly fell when a strange-think there was a row, and he's pretty bad."

Her heart seemed to stand still with apprehension: but she said calmly:

"I shall ring when I'm ready."

But in a moment her woman's wit and self-possession came back; and, looking him steadily in the face, she said coldly:

"You are not the Jack Wycherly that winter in the nurses' room off the main corridor of a certain hospital in

"Oh, but I am, Miss O'Farrell." he

appliances she deemed necessary; took one look around to see that nothing was wanting, and then touched the bell.

Through a sense of duty she remained standing in the room, although she would have given worlds to get away from the stifling apprehension that oppressed her. Her heart beat quicker as the muffled tread of the attendants came near; she opened the door, and held it open for them, then she gave one quick giance at the insensible form that lay on the stretcher; and she saw her worst fears verified. It was Jack Wycherly, quite insensible, and there was a froth of blood around his mouth.

Silently, she helped to undress him, not daring to ask a question. Once, as she had to stoop overfluis face, the odour of spirits, mingled with the rank odour of blood, seemed to exhale from his lips. And then, as the form of the prostrate

she had to stoop over this face, the odour of spirits, mingled with the raik odour of blood, seemed to exhale from his lips. And then, as the form of the prostrate student swayed helplessly to and fro under her hands, and she saw the degradation, as well as the sorrow of the thing; her firm will gave way, and she found to her intense humiliation that she was weeping. The doctor saw it, stared for a moment at her, and then went over to contemplate the fire, twirling his stethor scope between his fingers.

When all was right, and the student lay back on the dry, cool pillow, the doctor came over, bace the nurse uncover the chest of his patient, applied the stethoscope, moving the hollow tube gently over every region of the chest. There was no need of examining the back or shoulders. He raised himself up, and pointing to one conspicuous spot beneath the left collarbone, he said:

"Just there the trouble is."

Then he added, looking at the nurse, who had now regained her perfect composure:

"It is a case of violent hemorrhage, the was struck just there, and somewhat violently, I should say. Look, there is a livid mark. You know the rest. He has had occult phthiss for some timd: and the lung was weakened."

"But this coma—this stupor?" said Mr. Reeves sadly but courteously. It makes one despair of Ireland to bear composure:

"It is a case of violent hemorrhage, the said Mr. Reeves sadly but courteously. It makes one despair of Ireland to bear composure it is a livid mark. You know the rest. He has had occult phthis for some timd: and the lung was weakened."

"But this coma—this stupor?" said Mr. Reeves sadly but courteously. It makes one despair of Ireland to bear composured by a prominent at the propertion of the people of that idea of independent in this state that is such things, we may agree; but no or an antionhood."

"An ine antionhood than they can he thus, "said Reeves, rising, "I have look to the price to the thing to said Reeves, rising, "I have look to the price to the solid advantages of life and grasp a

Annie anxiously.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the man of science, smiling. "That will pass off. But, you understand, he must be kept absolutely quiet. If there is any recurrence of the bleeding, I shall leave a But, you understand, he must be appeared absolutely quiet. If there is any recurrence of the bleeding, I shall leave a little ergotine with you to inject. And you understand the rest."

She took his directions in silence. Then, as he folded up the instrument the property of the propert

and was turning away, she said:
"I suppose it is the beginning of the

end?"
"Oh, not necessarily," he said.
"These hemorrhages are not always the worst sign. It all depends on himself.
'Tis a great pity. He was the most brilliant student that ever walked these

ance of law, thundered denunciations against the criminals. No one seemed be a little shocked at our nagged noors, against the criminals. No one seemed to are to ask who was the criminal, all gaginst noor sells, and the rough masonry of our correct say, I suppose, I'm rhapsodical; these are dreams of a sick nun, but tager things have happened; and and, nothing can be too great or good by Annie.

I swoll spot where we spent a few of workers of the cold spot where we spent a few of workers of the cold spot where we spent a few of workers of the cold spot where we spent a few of workers of the cold spot where we spent a few of workers of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the cold spot where we spent a few of the torch that fired the rick of hay the torch that fired the rick of the torch that fired the rick of the torch that fired the rick of the torch that the torch that the torch that the

come to that sad pass when a man looks

come to that sad pass when a man looks to the grave as his only hope. Reeves was surprised at the sudden alteration in the old man's appearance. He expressed some solicitude which was curtly, if courteously, received. Then once more he repeated his thanks for The deep clangour of the night-bell rang shrill and harsh down in the hall, just as she was passing into her room, in a half-dreaming mood. She paused on the threshold. She knew what it meant. Then, swiftly, as if by instruot, she ran to the surgery; and put together some surgical instruments and lint; and turned on the hot-water tap into a white basin.

Then she waited.
She heard with all the indifference

Reeves was opposed by a prominent young Nationalist, a farmer in the local-ity, who had been a prominent Leaguer in his time and had spent one month in his time and had spent one month in gaol. As a Leaguer and a leading spirit amongst the politicians of the parish, he had been in open sympathy with the Duggans and had done all in his power to compel Kerins to give up Crossfields and go back to America. o Crossfields and go back to America.
Although he made no attempt to conceal
his feelings and sympathies, he had never
been offensive and had drawn the line
rigidly between what he considered a
legitimate diversity of view from his
parish priest and open rebellion against
the authority of the Church. Hence,
although he had espoused the cause of
Duggans, his refusal to support them in
their composition to the paster had dimtheir opposition to the pastor had dim-inished their friendship; and, consider ing the power they exercised in the par-ish, it made him nervous about his suc-

He also called on the parish priest, but with fear and trembling. His Irish heart softened when he saw the debility of the old man, as he felt his way along the hall and opened the dining-room door. He twirled his hat nervously be-tween his hands as he entered and was bidden in a cold and formal manner to

"I'm going in for the vacant place in the Union, yer reverence," he said, "and I came to ask your support." "You don't deserve much considera-tion from me, Gleeson," said the old

an. Gleeson hang his head. 'You have taken a wrong 'You have taken a wrong stand against Kerins," continued the priest relentless-ly. "You have taken the side of injusly. "You have taken the side of tice against justice; and you have aided and abetted crime in the parish.

and abetted crime in the parish."

"How is that, yer reverence?" said
the young man, bridling up. "I certainly thought that the Yank might have
stayed where he was and left the Duggans that little bit of land that they
wanted. But here committed as a they wanted. But I have committed no crime and I offinded the Duggans by not goin

agin you."
"I have no feeling one way or the other about myself," said the priest.
"What I consider is the law of God. "What I consider is the law of Got. And the man that committed the crime of firing Kerin's haggart and putting a heavy tax on the parish was guilty of a terrible crime and is unquestionably bound to restitution."

bound to restitutiou."

"You don't mane to say, yer reverence, that I did it?" said the young man, deeply grieved.

"I have no evidence one way or the other," said the priest. "But suspicion points in one direction and takes in all their friends and sympathizers."

"Thin I may tell your reverence," said the young man, "that it was nay ther Duggan, nor any friend of the Duggans, ever sot fire to Kerins' hayrick. The people well know who did it, and can put their hand on them."

"Then why don't they do it?" asked

can put their hand on them."
"Then why don't they do it?" asked
the priest, although he knew it was a foolish question.

"Because thim that did it would do

worse," said Gleeson. "But it will all me out a yet.' Then, after a pause, he rose up, say-

"I may take it thin, yer reverence, that I'm not goin' to get your support?"
"You may take nothing of the kind,"
said the priest. "Mr. Reeves was here
this morning, and I refused him."

"What?" said the young man in sur-prise. "Everywan says that Reeves is

prise. "Everywan says that Reeves is your man."

"Then what brought you here?" said the priest.

"I wanted to get the refusal from your own mouth," said Gleeson.

"My God!" said the old priest in despair, "these people will never understand me. What right have you, or any of your likes, to say that I have given a wrong vote in my lifetime, or done

my sympathies are with the people from whom I have sprung. If any Nationalist candidate steps forward, I shall support him. If none, I shall not record my vote."

"I was hoping," said the other with unroffled temper, "that the time for those distinctions had gone by, and that it all classes were now united in view of the common welfare."

The old man shook his head.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said.
"At least, so far as I know, we have not reached that point as yet."

"I think," said Mr. Reeves, "that bygones should be bygones. The worst of our people is that they are so retentive of things that should long ago be forgeten and forgiven. So long as the classes are at war with one another, what hope can there be for the future?"

"Not much, perhaps," said the priest. "But, you see, our ideals and principles are wholly irreconcilable. At least," he said, correcting himself hastily and speaking with the methodical accuracy that years of close reasoning and training had taught him, "our larger ideals do not meet with mutual acceptance. In small matters, such as industries and such things, we may agree; but no smount of material prosperity can or rather ought to wean away the minds of the people from the great ideal of their own nationhood."

"An impossible ideal!" said Reeves. "Why should the people forget the said, sat he young man met him in the said, as the young man met him in the said sate, which he did not feel.

"The side of the men that fought on the bravest of the men that fought for Ireland, before any of you, you insolentand ignorant young puppies, who have fought their battle, who knew the bravest of the men that fought on the said shade in the said shade in the passes were now united in view of the said charactery of the people from the great ideal of their way should the people from the great ideal of their own nationhood."

"An impossible ideal!" said Reeves. "Things are going well, Dick," he said, as the young man met him in the said supporters. His visit was taken coidly, whould the people forget t

for his country.

But the latter had his revenge. It

But the latter had his revenge. It soon became quite clear that the Duggans were exceedingly hopeful that their ambition was at last to be realized. Crossfields, the snug farm on the hill-side, with its trim hedges, its deep, dewy soil, its comfortable dwelling-house and spacious out-offices, was house and spacious out-offices, was practically theirs. For now Kerins had practically theirs. For now Kerins had become, under the burden of much trouble, a stooped and worn man. All the fires of independence which he had brought from the Western States seemed to have smouldered down into white ashes of despair; and, although still, with the instinct of industry and thrift, he kept his place neat, it was quite clear that he was taking to that solace of the wretched—drink; and that it was only a matter of time that he should become ia hopeless bankrupt. Many a clear that he was taking to that solace of the wretched—drink; and that it was only a matter of time that he should become is hopeless bankrupt. Many a morning, before the larks rose up from their dewy nests in the thick clover, Dick Duggan watched across the boundary-ditch that separated his farm from Kerins's—watched with eager and vetous eyes the rich meadows, where the coverous eyes the richmeatows, where the purple and white clover was smothered beneath the rich, sweet grass, which was rapidly shooting into the yellow tassels of the hay; watched the cattle knee-deep in the succulent pasture, and the long parallel ridges, where the

when Keeves, with all the coolness and effrontery of his class, called to solicit his vote, Duggan hesitated, asked questions, delayed answers, and prac-tised all the arts of a skilled 'diplomat-ist, until he had extorted a half promise from the wary landlord that, should

and dismissed the subject with the re-

flection:

"'Tis now every man for himself and
God for jus all!" And—Dick Duggan
had the majority on his side.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DEAREST OF ALL By Katharine Tynan

There are some people who when they die leave a gap in the world even for those who have only seen them at a distance. When he died a whole country-side felt it so. Something had gone from the green glens and the purple mountain sides, from the long, sweet, winding roads where one might never again hear the feet of his little pony trotting and see him coming along with his kind old rosy face and his eyes bluer than a child's. People said: "There is no one like him left. The country is not the same without him. He was a part of the country." And it was so. He had become a part of the country. He was one of the immortals whose place in the serried ranks of the ages of men will never be filled by another made after his likeness.

He was of so dominant and energetic a character that the weakness of old age in him had a poignant sense of pain

alighting now and again to feel the sides of his cattle, or merely reining up his pony by a feeding group of them and eyeing them contemplatively while he pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pulled away at the pipe which was never the pipe which was

eyeing them contemplatively while he pulled away at the pipe which as never out of his mouth.

He had his stories of those fields—the very names of which, "Larry's Field," "The Cuckoo's Field," and so on, had magic for him. There was a little ancient castle or watch tower of the early Irish somewhere midway of those dream-haunted fields, which had its rath, its ghosts and fairies. Under the shadow of the tower was a little thatched cabin of two rooms. He was so fearless that any story of the superinner room. In the outer they were playing cards by the light of a tallowcandle. He could make you see it all as he saw it through the doorless aperture he saw it through the doorless aperture between the two rooms. He could make you see and smell the night outside, the dews, white moon of May and the in-toxicating airs of the hawthorn as they call it in Ireland. Within, the rough heads bent over the filthy cards, the dirty walls of the cabin, furnitureless dirty walls of the cabin, furnitureless but for the table and a few makeshift

tassels of the hay; watched the cattle knee-deep in the succulent pasture, and the long parallel ridges, where the tender grass-corn was springing from the red earth. Many a time his gaze wandered across the fields to the long white-washed walls of the farm-house, nestling beneath its roof of thatch; and a very sweet and gentle vision (for such visions do come even to such hardened natures as Duggan's) of domestic felicity, shared by one of the bonniest maidens of the paish seemed to arise and shed its radiance across the dull, gray monotone of the now wifeless and childless home. Yes! Even Dick Duggan was so cocksure of Crossfields that he had almost made his formal engagement with Martha Sullivan; and had even indulged the imagination of his future bride with a repetition of all those blissful fancies that were haunting himself. Hence when Reeves, with all the coolness and effortery of his class, called to solicit his vote, Duggan hesitated, asked questions, delayed answers, and practical all the arts of a skilled 'diplomatist, but he had extorted a half promise is, tuntil he had extorted a half promise

two stories,
Once he had a friend who suddenly

manger and the rack and to pull one's self up to the floor above. That ascent into the loft, occupied by the naked madman with the razor, was, I think, a feat few would have cared for: the pers

feat few would have cared for: the person ascending was so absolutely defenceless. But he—so fearless was he that he was not conscious of any bravery in the act. He simply could not be afraid. He heaved himself into the loft as though it held nothing but the hay.

"Isn't it a shame for you, John," he said, "to be sitting there without your clothes? Here, I've brought them to you. Put them on for goodness' sake.

said, "to be sitting there without your clothes? Here, I've brought them to you. Put them on for goodness' sake, and then we can talk."

He sat down on "a lock of hay," as he would have called it himself, and proceeded to empty his pipe of the ashes and fill it again. I can see him so well with the empty pipe on his knee while he mixed the tobacco in the palm of his hand and talked in an even flow as soothing as the fall of waters. Meanwhile the naked madman in the corner had begun to clothe himself."

"Surely to goodness, John," went on the quiet voice, "you wouldn't be hurting yourself or anyone else with that razor. What on earth are you doing with it open like that? Why you might cut yourself, so you might. If it was shaving you wanted the barber would do it for you. Put it down, man, before you cut yourself with it."

The madman put down the razor quietly and allowed his friend to take possession of it. More, when he was clad he allowed himself to be driven to

shill toward the farm where the Duggans lived. He was heavy an heart airer his or nonorrow with his pastor; but he was asking and search airer his site was anxious about poporters. His visit was a rather on the pastor of the p

creed; an goin' over to the landlord an' the souper?"

"You may put it anny way ye like," said Duggan. 'But me and me father will vote for Reeves, av it was only to shpite thim that's backing you."

"May it do you good!" said Gleeson, "But you may be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the tothe days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry trom them to the days when he should farm the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood in the sound farm. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood in the sound farm. To be sure the sound farm the sound fa "May it do you good!" said Gleeson, moving away. "But you may be sure 'twill nayther be forgiven or forgotten for ye."

And Reeves, landlord, Unionist. Member of the Defence Union, IHead Emergency man, etc., was elected by the votes of the people over the head of the young Nationalist, who had slept on the young Nationalist. The would pull in his pony at the top of an upland pasture, and sit inhailing deep breaths of the mountain air while gazed down over the placid fields where his own roan and strawberry cattle were standing in quiet groups.

He could spend hours in those fields, alighting now and again to feel the sides alighting now and again to feel the sides with the bull in. There was no further trouble with the bull after that.

oattle and were met by the winderless of wide tossing horns, the terror of the quiet country through which they were driven, may be imagined. After all they proved to be gentle beasts and no evil results followed.

Animals always loved him despite his testestreeners. In anger he was tem-

Animals always loved him despite his tempestuousness. In anger he was tempestuous, spiendid, like the storm-wind. I can remember a big Irish kitchen with an enormous rosy fire that sent its glow far out into the night. A "half-door" gave entrance from the farm-yard into the kitchen. Before the fire would be basking half-a-dozen dogs in perfect content. Presently in the yard outside would be heard a tumult. Something half happened: a man come home drunk

he night as it had been.
Of his fearlesness I must tell one or blame and not he.
Woo stories, had a friend who suddenly
He had in a most extraordinary way the

Once he had a friend who suddenly developed a homicidal mania. Word came to him that the man had escaped to a loft above his stables where, naked as the hour he was born, he held at bay those who would seize him, for he was armed with a razor.

He never hesitated for a second. The entrance to the loft was by a square aperature above the heads of the horses in the stable. One had to climb by the spirit of the country. He was a wonder ful talker, and as you sat listening to him

the nicotine. He who kept pipe and side and woke up a night to smoke. He tobacco, enough to younger man reel. himself by calculat a richer man he wo had not been a sm splendid personal health, the clear re nsullied blue of h blast to the haters He loved to talk

was out of our of of the dances at the the old customs, we fore the famine broad grant-ships had ca had much to tell. old life in the C would tell the h would tell the h
that one, branchi
narrative to tell
characters in the
said an Oxford pre
him entranced for
and would have many days if he m many days it he m
I pick up a book
'Eighties by an
Ireland and sift
evidence that cam
of opposite creeds
tics and points of Irish question. down what he hea

a lot which recall more, in which hi Saga-like quality professor. "A American descri thick blue serge sheep, with a m forehead towering one large smile." hear him as he ta through the mour ing his pony gent "We took a de the American wooldier and a man performance—an bore the name of

and called cousin families of the ar a delightful dri and back along the and there the lof we clattered alor of a little village lage were the rui melancholy rows window-panes of hands. There paper-mills here murmured: 'nov ated, simply become of the Empire de be no tax on ki papers were sold for a sixpence. doesn't work.' three years ago at work in this n all gone, ruined tion.' In the go very different. the car as he s and some of its grandfather Cu plenty of land. farm-work by o would buy twe oakwood, strip t it in Dublin. select what was building, and the daughters. H weavers and al and the family wool of their flannel and dr coats, jackets home-made. T to spare for ev ot a weaver in My great-grand farmer in Wi acres, but he kept fifty men frames for the l

as many to d hold, with occa in another a afterwards for per later. Ter sionally danci liked those for symposia in t ner were such found in any o Story-telling literary argum Let me recall would be John chief: there there would would be G

ber him well, a the O'Tooles he

He would go of those who had time: but the only wanted to question was a of it.

This quotatio derful hospita

delightful hous

There would be the fighting dhold were treing Mr. Parada campaign he great meeting Parnell "Cha ture with a locket till the would be jounewspapers. from over-sea pleasant. It back: and in

letters and po his daughters politician an English, Ame English, Ame letters of re-were not alre-parsons and d There was a t hardly at all, of the Sund the days whe even the mag ity could have ite: and the