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Mrs. Shea for the time cried Nora...

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Glendariff, "on Dublin,"

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of the man and passing joyance. Had such a re- understood d officer said, o Dublin no rally. As it tone, and the e gave him ner that, had his interloer, t to rage it was most

it's not me, might all go, if the law'd juck-straw in- itly. "But

Miss Halloran's comments to the old soldier and the drawing-

Mrs. Halloran, drawing him, flushed and struggling, to her bosom.

no fears, therefore, for yourself and your employer. I shall give you a list of the effects belonging to me; he will know whether it is correct, and if I am entitled to them. When you receive his reply, they can be forwarded to me.

"But see here, madam; look at this clause. It will save you trouble, and me time," said the official. "Here: it reads, 'Mrs. Halloran knows what articles to remove, and will retain only such articles as she is entitled to by possession prior to her marriage with John Halloran.'"

"That is clear enough, madam; and if an old soldier may advise you, take advantage of it, without giving yourself any trouble."

"Thank you. That will do," she said, bowing to the police constable. Then her face dropped down in her long, slender hand, and she was silent and lost in thought.

"Madam, I do not know," said Captain Saunders, speaking with the broad accent which made his phrasing almost unintelligible whenever he was excited by an unusual emotion.

"That's what he called me! that's what he called me, mamma! How dare you call my father a rebel, you base English soldier!"

"You are a bold little rebel," said Captain Saunders, laughing, and trying to lay his hand on the brown, curly head, which still lifted itself defiantly toward him.

"It did not require much time and labor to select and pack the effects Mrs. Halloran intended to have removed to Fada-Bras Abbey.

Mrs. Halloran frankly held out her hand, saying, "I only thank the kind Providence that led you hither. You have been a friend and protector in these sore trials."

"Mrs. Shea wept abundantly, and exhibited the most genuine emotions of grief, which were quite satisfactory to all except Nora Brady, who said nothing, but looked sideways, and turned the end of her pretty *retrousse* nose a little more toward the zenith than nature intended.

It is no wonder they did recognize him as the lame beggar who had been

himself so many days about Glendariff, whose barbarous phrasing and idiotic speeches made them entirely unusu- pious of his being any other than just what he appeared, a harmless simpleton.

"That night, as Mrs. Halloran was sitting alone by her sleeping children, Nora came in quietly, and said she would like to speak to her, if it would not interrupt her. Since the change in Mrs. Halloran's fortunes, instead of behaving with greater familiarity, Nora had treated her with almost scrupulous ceremony, and had impressed it on the minds of Dennis and Ellen that they must never show, by word or look or act, their consciousness of the down fall of the family, but must make up by their respect what was wanting in the rest of the world toward her.

"Well, as you please. Yours is like sunshine to me, Nora, always. But what is the matter?—what do you wish?" said Mrs. Halloran, smiling and her hand over the glossy black brows on Nora's forehead.

"Well, mamma, I'm thinking, now, that, if you can spare me, I'd better go."

"How can I spare you, Nora? Yet how to refuse you I cannot tell," at last said Mrs. Halloran.

"Spare me, madam! Why, there's Ellen I've been drilling an' taunting until she bates myself out entirely, and a faithful, good, quiet girl she is, and handy at everything; an' Dennis—why, Dennis can do anything he sets his hands to, sure, an' willing enough he is now for me to go."

"America is a country of great extent, Nora. Suppose my husband should have left Boston; you'd find yourself in a strange country, friendless and unprotected," she suggested.

"Oh, Nora! Oh, Nora Brady! can I ever requite your love?" said Mrs. Halloran in a broken voice.

"That day week, Nora Brady was on her way, in the fine packet-ship 'Fidella,' to Boston.

sary to the formation of a great and good character. Nora and Dennis were named with affection, and many were the grateful messages that came to them; then followed words of cheer and full of hope.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

If we would break the bread of comfort to hearts oppressed by the burdens of the world we must strengthen our own hearts against temptations. We must be known not as frivolous weaklings but as men strong with the strength of prayer and patience and a life hid in Christ.

THE YANKEE NIECE.

A STORY WITH A USEFUL MORAL.

"You say he is always drunk," said the Yankee niece, looking hard at her aunt through the turf-smoke that filled the room, but not the kitchen.

"Wish!" (this scornfully). "Isn't it he wants the attracta? Wouldn't a body think we were young sweethearts, instead of being an old couple and done for these dozen years?"

"I have't read many novels, aunt, and none that my mother would not approve of (God give her rest this day! My ideas of life are taken from her example. She always dressed neatly, and had the table spread as daintily as if she were a duchess when father came home, and—"

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"I shall stay till I've cured Uncle Maurice," answered the girl gaily, as she tripped out of the smoke, through the yard and down a boreen, against a man who was walking unsteadily towards her, holding a scythe in a perilous position.

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you sit down to breakfast? It will be ready in a minute, but I must tidy the little ones first," and she went on spotting the youngsters without getting a spot on her own frock, so deft was she.

Mrs. Carey blushed a little as they sat down to the meal when Maurice remarked: "Eh! Faith, Nancy, but you're lookin' as young as the day we were spliced," but she enjoyed the compliment, nevertheless, and forgot to mention such a thing as a fault of his during the meal.

All day Eileen worked like a brick, dusting, scrubbing and cleaning. She was very tired, but she would not give in. There were three bedrooms upstairs which had not been dusted or swept for years.

So was Maurice; yet not quite reformed. Sometimes he stayed in during the evenings. At other times he had scarcely swallowed his evening meal when he was off to his old haunt.

"As sure as God is in heaven, it wasn't love of drink made me take it. The house used to be that thronged an' dirty, an' the children bawlin' an' crying—an—the short and the long of it was, I need to run from it all. But—"

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