THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D.

CHAPTER XXVII

A STERN CHASE Captain Nesbit, Chief Coast Guard Captain Nesbit, Chief Coast Guard Officer and Inspector, sat on a wicker chair outside the white wall that surrounded the Coast Guard Station. This was his fourth visit within a few months. He was much disturbed in mind this evening. He indicated it by biting his nails and looking anxiously the persying waters. The truth was that he had been reprimanded severely from headquarters. He had been sent down to ferret out and destroy a nest of smugglers that were hidden somewhere along the western coast, and he had ignominiously failed. Every effort had been thwarted, and he had long since failen back on the belief that the authorities had been hoaxed. In this view he was confirmed by the belief of his men, who assured him that

who was now in charge of the station.

"Any news, Pelham?" he asked
anxiously.

"None, sir!" said Pelham, saluting.

"Were the men out last night?"
"Yes, sir. I myself was in charge."

"How far did you go?"
"Six miles to the west, where we ambushed in a creek. Then we pulled out to sea and skirted the coast down to

"And saw nothing?"

"Not a sail, nor an oar, sir, except
Mr. Wycherly's Water-Witch."
"You didn't follow her?"
"No, sir," said Pelham, looking with
surprise at his officer. "Mr. Wycherly,
sir, is the young gentleman at Rohira—
an ex-naval hofficer."
Nesbit was wilen.

an ex-naval hofficer."
Nesbit was silent. He thought long and earnestly.
"We have swept every inch of the coast," he said at length, "up from Waterford, and down again from Kinsale. If there's anything wrong, I don't see how it could have secanced us. Buthow it could have escaped us. But-

can that boat well carry a sail?"
"Yes, sir, if we manage careful and the wind lies low." "All right. When does the moon

Sets early, sir. It will be pitch-dark sir, I'm sure."

But Nesbit had drawn in his boat till

So much the better. Have the boat and four meu ready at half-past nine. And bring your arms."
"Ay, ay, sir!" said Pelham, saluting.

And bring your arms.
'Ay, ay, sir!" said Pelham, saluting.
But he "ingered round.
"Any suggestions. Pelham?" the
officer asked, noticing his hesitation.
"No, sir! But that gypsy woman
comes around here pretty often; and I
don't like her tampering with the men
and feeling the women."

and fooling the women."
"Certainly not" said Captain Nesbit.
"You must sternly forbid her coming near the station again. When was she

frightened. Some are doubtful. I tens them that these gypsies are simply try-ing to please the old man, so that he may not disturb them. The young master wanted to clear them out long

ago, but the doctor would not allow him."
"What? Do you mean that Mr.

"What? Do you mean that Mr. Wycherly was anxious to remove these people? Have you heard that?"
"Yes, sir. Judith has mentioned it again and again to our people. And she says they can defy him, so long as the old master lives.'

Another theory knocked on the ad," muttered Nesbit to himself. "All right, Pelham. I'll have some tea at nine o'clock, and have the men ready Ay, ay sir!" said Pelham, saluting

and entering the station again.
When the moon had set, the men got

out their long boat and pulled silently into the deep. Outside the shelter of out their long boat and pulled silently into the deep. Outside the shelter of the land, when the light wind caught them, they hoisted a sail and moved noiselessly in a direct line southward from the shore. Nesbit steered. They carried no lights, but a dark lantern was hidden beneath the seats. When they had sailed three or four miles from shore, they veered round and, altering their course, sailed in an easterly direction and almost parallel with the coast. The men kept a good lookout; but it was the control of the control of the control of the coast. The men kept a good lookout; but it was a close shave this time. The men kept a good lookout; but it was weary work and waiting; and after a time they lowered the sail and lay to. It might have been an hour from midnight when the lookout whispered:

"A sail to the windward, sir! Keep her helm steady!"

"But it cannot remain a second "".

aer nelm steady!"

And Nesbit had hardly time to grip the radder-ropes when the full wing of the Water-Witch swept within a few yards of the coast guard boat and vanished in the durkness, leaving a white wake behind. "Hoist the sail as once, Pelnam," shouted Nesbit, "and after her. By Jove, that was a close thave. Keep in her wake and tack if ou come too near!"

"Tis the Water-Witch, sir—"

Tycherley's boat."

Wycherley's boat," said Pelham.
"How do you know?" said Nesbit, somewhat impatiently.

"By the cut of her sail sir! the man answered. 'I'm sure 'tis the Water-Witch. Isn't it, Orpen?"
"I think so," said one of the men, who was pulling the sail-ropes through their pulley. "There's no other yacht around here, except Wycherly's."
"Never mind!" said Nesbit. "Keep after her. If we can overhaul her, no harm's done!"

ptain Nesbit, Chief Coast Guard and Inspector, sat on a wicker outside the white wall that surded the Coast Guard Station, was his fourth visit within a few hs. He was much disturbed in this evening. He indicated it by g his nails and looking anxiously angrily across the heaving waters, truth was that he had been remained severely from headquarters, and been sent down to ferret out and oy a nest of smugglers that were en somewhere along the western, and he had ignominiously failed, of effort had been thwarted, and he long since fallen back on the belief the authorities had been haved, and he fof his men, who assured him that bing was quite impossible in these harm's done!"
Then commenced a race upon the mid-In this view he was confirmed by the belief of his men, who assured him that the thing was quite impossible in these days of vigilance and circumspection, when the whole coast from station to station could be swept by the long glasses of the men; and when a diver could not cross the horizon without being noticed. But here were his peremptory orders. Clearly, the revenue authorities believed that something illegal was in progress, and he it was who should seek it out and destroy it. He lit a cigarette just as the dusk of evening fell and, after a few minutes' reflection, he called over Pelham, a shrewd, cautious Englishman who had been warrant oflicer in the service and by the believed that something is the service and been warrant oflicer in the service and services. Wycherly put down his helm and glided under her stern; and answered in reply to a muffled "Boat ahoy!":

"Quick! Put her round and hoist every stitch of canvas. The coast guards are at hand!" if the absence.

every stitch of canvas. The coast guards are at hand!" He made the circuit of the schooner

He made the circuit of the senooner repeating his orders and then flew back to where the coast guard boat was still lumbering through the waves, drew it completely out of the track of the smuggler and into his own creek beneath Dunkerrin Castle, pulled down his sail, got Pete out in the punt, and awaited events. Nesbit in the eagerness of his pursuit,

Nesbit in the eagerness of its paratic, and forgetting altogether that he was only acting upon suspicion, almost ran his boat upon the rocks. Yet he dreaded from lack of power or lack of evidence to proceed further. Wycherly chal-

she glided almost stern to stern with the yacht; and with the dark lantern he

glowering down upon Nesbit, "with your most impertinent examination of my boat, you are at liberty to come aboard. And, if you are not satisfied with that, you can bring your men up to my father's house and pursue your investi-

said Wycherly. "Meanwhile, you will allow me to throw out my anchor. allow me to throw out my anchor. There!"
"Well, good night!" said Nesbit.
"And a more pleasant introduction next

time."
And the boat swung round under the strong arms of the men and vanished in

the darkness. the darkness.

In a few seconds the little punt, guided by Pete, glided out and ran alongside the yacht. and the two men stepped ashore. Pete remained behind, tying up the boat; but Wycherly went forward and strode into the Witch's

cave. A dark lantern was faintly smoking in A dark lantern was faintly smoking in a corner. Against the dim light and faintly outlined against the irregular, arched entrance, like a statue in a niche was the tall form of Judith. She stood still and almost unbreathing, her hood covering her head and her hands folded beneath her cloak. The tide washed over the weed-fringed rock and lapped her bare feet, for the gypsy preferred to go barefoot at all times. Not a sound broke the stillness until she said:

please!" he replied.
"You claim no share?"
"None! I simply want to have nothing more to do with the nefarious business."

please!" he replied.

"You claim no share?"

"None! I simply want to have nothing more to do with the nefarious business."

"Very good!" she replied. "Edward Wycherly, it is not men like you that win empires."

"I suppose not!" he said, turning away.

"I suppose not!" he said, turning away.

"CHAPTEK XXVIII

The burning of Kerins's hay-rick on the night of the concert did not improve matters in the parish. Kerins at once applied to the necessary authorities for compensation; and he was awarded a large sum more than sufficient to cover his losses, and it was levied exclusively on the parish. The rate fell heavily on the farmers around; and, although it was quite impossible to blame Kerins for defending himself, yet the taxation was so neavy that each felt he had a grievance against Kerins personally, so the parish priest, who had demounced the outrage in unmeasured terms from the altar, shared his unpopularity. But somehow now the latter had begunt to head such things less than ever. He had turned away his face from the noise and batting of men and was striving with all his might for eternity. Annies where the cover of workerings and unity with the residual had been and batting of men and was striving with all his might for eternity. Annies where the cover of workerings and unity with the residual had been on the parish. But there's a good God above us to night—"

"Look hee, Missus," said the Inspector; "out, Mr. Carmody, this is a serious matter for you. I don't think there's occasion for laughter."

"I assure you, wis:" said Carmody, steeping forward, "that so far from was teatements of this woman!"

"Woman!" she each full line of the concerned in a surface of the woman, you cawbogue? I wouldn't demane meself by comparing me family wid yours—"

"Look now, look now," said the Inspector; "out, Mr. Carmody, this is a serious matter for you. I don't think there's occasion for laughter."

"I assure you, Mr.—" said Carmody, steeping forward, "that so far from Mr. Said the parish priest, unvisely breaking in, "that I heed such things less than ever. The had turned away his face from the noise and battling of men and was striving with all his might for eternity. Annie's departure, too, so mysterious and unintelligible, seemed to snap the last link the chair of human sympathies that bound him to earth. The great gap which her absense created had closed up, although he still retained his deep affection for her; and she was still in the habit of spending her holidays with him, and an occasional Sunday when she was off duty. But the intervals were not too dreary; and if his sight had not been growing more impaired under the steady progress of the disease, he could say that the evening of his life was the best, and that he could anticipate the peace of eternity. But there were hours and days of deep melancholy, when he

only acting upon suspicion, almost ran his boat upon the rocks. Yet he dreaded from lack of power or lack of evidence to proceed further. Wycherly challenged:

"That you, Pelham?"

"Yes, sir!" said Pelham. "Captain Nesbit is on board."

"You have had a hard run. Did you take me for a smuggler?."

"No, sir. But—"

"No, sir. But—"

"No, sir. But—"

"No, sir. But occupant is officer.

"Mr. Nesbit, sir, would like to know what you were doing out on the deep seas at such an hour."

"Tell Mr. Nesbit that that is my own affair. I shall go and come upon the high seas at my pleasure."

"Oh, of course, sir! Meant no offence, sir, I'm sure."

"Oh of course, sir! Meant no offence, sir, I'm sure."

But Nesbit had drawn in his boat till But Nesbit had drawn in his boat till long time he bore the privation in a long time he bore the privation in silence. Then a few times he murmured But Nesbit had drawn in his boat till she glided almost stern to stern with the yacht; and with the dark lantern he threw a yellow glare across the deck of the boat. It revealed nothing. But Wycherly affected the fury of insulted innocence.

"If you are not satisfied, sir," he said, glowering down upon Nesbit, "with your most impertinent examination of my hand." time. He did not quite understand the burden and trial he was assuming. But he persevered grandly, and it was the source of numberless helps and graces to

"Certainly not" said Captain Nesolt.
"You must sternly forbid her coming near the station again. When was she here last?"
"You have been an officer, Mr. wycherly," said Nesbit, half ashamed but yet suspicious, "and you know that an officer has duties to perform which are sometimes unpleasant."
"Yes, Ido," said the officer, reflecting.
"Yes, Ido," said the officer, reflecting.
"Has that apparition been seen since."
"Oh, yes, sir!" said the man. "It is quite a usual thing, especially on moonlight nights!"
"And you think still that these people get out this property-ghost to please the old doctor?"
"I do, sir" said Pelham. "The mendon't."
Then they believe it is a real ghost?"
Then they believe it is a real ghost?"
Then you believe that smuggling is Then they believe it is a real ghost?" search for smugglers along this coast."
"Then you believe that smuggling is going on?" asked Wycherly.
"Well, so it is reported," said Nesbit.
"Mug perhans I could see you again at a more opportune time and we could distribe them. The young master wanted to clear them out long." Certainly! I shall be most happe." hatred and dislike toward the children on account of the attitude of their parents. It was a manifest calumny, but the Commissioners deemed it a subject for inquiry, and accordingly ordered the Inspector of the district to hold a formal investigation. Fortunately, he was an experienced man and perfectly under stood human methods of reasoning when personal interests are at stake. He requested the manager's presence, and the latter and his curate attended. The inquiry was formally opened by a brief speech and the prosecutor was called to give evidence. She was the mother of

give evidence. She was the mother of one of the children. 'I'm a poor widda, your honor," she said, "an' sure the poor have no friends now."
She cast a withering look on the

Sne cast a withering look of the parish priest and went on—
'I've only a small little holdin' an' I'm only milkin' two cows (their calves died last spring); but if I'm poor, I'm honest, an' no wan can say that he has the black of his pail anin me.

houest, an' no wan can say that he has the black of his nail agin me."

"I'm quite sure," said the Inspector mildly, "my good woman, that all you say is correct; but it has nothing to say to the subject of this inquiry. I must ask you to keep close to that."

"An' I am, your honour," she said, "I'm comin' to it; but you must lave me tell me shtory me own way, or I've no bisniss comin' here at all."

You must remember." said the Inspector, "that it was you solicited the inquiry and formulated certain charges

quiry and formulated certain charges

this teacheragainst this teacher—"
"An' good right I had, the blagard,"
she said. "An' how could he be good,
wid the black dhrop in him from two
sides. Sure ivry wan knows that the
Carmodys were a bad lot; an' as for the

New look here, my good woman," said the Inspector, "I have not come hither to hear about family virtues nor

By Jove, that was a close p in her wake and tack if near!"

Water-Witch, sir — Mr. boat, "said Pelham. you know?" said Nesbit.

"I we had only a free hand for six "Vartues?" she cried scornfully, "Faith thin, you needn't come inquiring afther their vartues. It would be like hunting for a needle in a bundle of strange."

"Vartues?" she cried scornfully, "Faith thin, you needn't come inquiring afther their vartues. It would be like hunting for a needle in a bundle of strange."

month: To might! In the wind will take the consequences."

"Very good, Edward Wycherly!" she sail. "The consequences may be much, your charge against this teacher?"

or little. But what shall be done with the stuff already on our hands?"
"You and Pete dispose of it, as you please!" he replied.
"You claim no share?"
"None! I simply want to have

and the Inspector said calmly and encouragingly:

"Very good. Now that's quite reasonable. I'm sure you're a truthful and honourable woman—"

"Ah thin, your honour, if poor Father Ned Mahony was here, 'tis he could tell you all about me—me poor dead priesht, that had the feel for his people."

"Very good! that's very consoling!" said the Inspector. "But now come to the point. You say this teacher treated your child inhumanly?"

He did, your honour, an' I've plinty to prove it."

"All right. But hefore we proceed to

"Bate the child? Yerra, sure he's always batin' 'em. He bates 'em whin he's cowld to get up the hate in his blood; and he bates 'em whin he's hot to cool off his anger. He bates them whin his stummuck is full of mate; an whin he has only cowld praties and salt ling for his dinner on Fridays, he's the d—out an' out!"

"You told a lie?" persisted the Inspector.
"Av coorse, he did," replied the mother. "How could he tell anythin' else wid the tachin' there're whin his stummuck is full of mate; an whin he has only cowld praties and salt ling for his dinner on Fridays, he's the d—out an' out!"

"Very goo. Theu you have noticed some marks of violence on the child's are the control of the c

person?"

"Vilence? Why, all his little body is black and blue from the batin' sometimes; and sure 'tisn't a month ago whin he kim home wid his little nose dhropping blood like a stuck calf, and wan of his eyes as big as a turnip."

"And do you connect that with the teacher? Do you mean to say that the teacher used your boy in such a brutal manner?"

"In was, sor!" said Patsy.

"Just kneel up there. Let me see how you knelt!"

And Patsy knelt comfortably on the seat and leaned rather luxuriously on the desk.

manner?"
"I do, your honour," she said boldly.
"You can ax the child yerself and see

"You can ax the child yerself and see what he says."

"Very good!" said the Inspector, writing rapidly. "And now, before I proceed to the evidence, have you any specific charges to make?"

"Isn't it enough what I've said," she shouted, "to get him thransported for life? Yerra, what more do you want, only to take him now by the showlder and put him outside the dure?

you make?"
"On, as for that," she replied, "I could bring a hundred more av I liked. I could tell you how he makes the poor childhre kneel in their bare shins on the edge of a furrum that is as sharp es a razhure—"
"You must confine your charges to any violence inflicted on your own child," said the Inspector. "Now, do you assert that the child was compelled kneel, as you say, and for what space imputation of motives—"
"Now, now, now, Mr. Carmody I cannot allow that. I cannot listen to any imputation of motives—"

ou assert that the child was compelled o kneel, as you say, and for what space

silence, please, while I examine your son."

"All right, your honour," she replied.
"I'm not goin' to say another word, Iss,
Aye, or No!"
"Now, Patsy," continued the Inspector, "have you ever been punished
by the teacher?"
"I have your," said Patsy.

by the teacher?"
"I have, sor," said Patsy.
"In what way?"
"I was shlapped, sor," said the boy.
"On the hand?"
"Yes, sor!" said Patsy, rubbing his hands harder on his breeches, as if he was anxious to wipe out the very memory of the pain. emory of the pain.
"What did the teacher slap you

em?"
"I think that closes the evidence!"

dure?

"Well, we'll see," said the Inspector.
"But these are all the specific charges you make?"

"Oh, as for that," she replied, "I could bring a hundred more averaged with the calling, "that's a quare question. As if they wouldn't stick together like pick-pockets."

"Mr. Carmody!"

"Yes, sir!"

wou assert that the child was compelled to kneel, as you say, and for what space of time?"

"Well, I'm only saying what every-body does be saying," she replied. "Sure 'tis the common talk of the parish from ind to ind—"

"Very good. Now, we'll take evidence. Where's your boy?"

Patsy Ryan, a stout, ruddy lad, was summoned, and took his place, not without some trepidation, before the tribunal.

"Shpake up now to the gintleman, Patsy," said his mother encouragingly, "and don't be afraid to tell the thruth over right the prieshts."

What's your name?" inquired the Inspector.

"Way. Now. 1.

"Adw. 10.

"Adw. 10.

"Alw. 10.

"That's right Your Honor," said Mrs. Ryan. "Take that, now, you blagard, you! There's fair play for the poor somewhere, thank God!"

"I jest want you to answer my questions briefly," said the Inspector to Carmody, "and to make no comments or explanations. Are you conscious of having ever, in a fit of temper or resentment, ill-used that boy?"

"Never, sir," said Carmody, somewhat nettled. "I've never punished that boy except in the manner already described."

"Oh, glory be to God! Oh, sweet Mother above. listen to that!" said Mrs. Ryan. "Yerra, aren't you afraid

Patsy, "said his mother electrically," "and don't be afraid to tell the thruth over right the prieshts."

What's your name?" inquired the Inspector.

Patsy Ryne, sor," said the boy, rubbing his hands nervously on his breeches.

Very good, Patsy. How old are you?"

Sure, he'll be eight, come Michaelmas," put in his mother, "and sure more betoken, 'twas the night of the tundher and lighthin, whin we thought the ind of the wurruld was comin."

Very good. What book are you reading, Patsy?" said the Inspector.

"You're a big boy and should be beyond the First Book," said the Inspector.

"You're a big boy and should be beyond the First Book," said the Inspector.

"Gunnel of the warrand was the reply."

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"You're a big boy and should be beyond the First Book," said the Inspector.

"Gunnel of the warrand was the warrand placing them in a small handbag. "I shall ask no further and the evidence before the Commissioners and let you know their and the province of the warrand was the warrand was the warrand was the said the Inspector.

him outside that dure and sind us some dacent bye that'll tache our childhre widout massacracyieg them—"
"I think I'll adopt one of your suggestions at least," said the Inspector, fold ing up his papers and placing them in a small handbag. "I shall ask no further questions. This inquiry is now closed; and I shall place the evidence before the Commissioners and let you know their decision."

not come spector.

"An' sure he would, your honour, in any other school in the wurruld. But what can the childhre learn with a pizawn like that," pointing to Carmody. "who'd rather be oilin' his hair an' galvanin' wid the girls—'
inspector, What is her?"

"Now, now, Mrs. Ryan," said the Inspector, "this won't do! I gave you tull latitude and you must now keep to the spector of t

The Inspector lunched at the curate's house and immediately departed; and the two priests were face to face. After a long interval of silence, which Henry Liston was afraid to break, his pastor

said :
" Well ?"

occasion for laughter."

1 assue oya, sir:" said Carmody, steps from site of the word of the pain aughing, I am greatly pained by the laughing, I am greatly pained by the laughing I am greatly pained by the call "woman, you cawbogue? I wouldn't get mean that it?"

"Woman!" she cried. "Who do ye call "woman, you cawbogue? I wouldn't get mean that it?"

"Jook now, look now," said the Inspector in depair, "this must stop or I it shall be here till Doomsday.—"

"I assure you, Mr.—", said the parish as priest, unvisely breaking in, "that!" have been watching the whole proceeding, and so far from Mr. Carmody's laughing at this poor woman, he appears to be deeply affected by the situation."

"Av coorse, av coorse, ye rower, so, "said Patsy. These bigs words were too much for him."

"Av coorse, av coorse, ye rower, be shall be found curtesy to her pass accastic, "you must call the people, and always wos, ever since you sot foot in the parish. But here's a good God above us to night—"

"Look nere, Missa, "said the large and the people, and always wos, ever since you sot foot in the parish at not nearer the subject of this inquiry. If this to go on—"

"Look nere, Missa, "said the large and the people, and always wo, ever since you sot foot in the parish, there's a good God above us to night—"

"Look nere, Missa, "said the large and the people, and always wo, ever since you sot foot in the parish. But there's a good God above us to night—"

"Look nere, Missa, "said the large and marks or weals on your body."

"Bake and blue, you should be looked and the large and the people, and always wo, ever since you sot foot in the parish there is a good God above us to night—"

"Look here, Missa, "said the large and la

from the room.

He had stumbled on a pitiful, but adacious, passage in which the little broken German Aristophanes makes a comparison between himself and the Almighty. Almighty. Hence, when a few days after, Henry Liston volunteered to come down every day and read the Office with his blind

hastor—a task of patience and much pain—he was doing a noble thing, a self-pacrificial act, which was sure to reap a rich reward.
TO BE CONTINUED

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

WHAT HAPPENED IN A LUMBER CAMP

There was abundance of Christmas seat and leaned rather luxuriously on the desk.

"That will do!" said the Inspector. And Patsy retired with much satisfaction.

The Principal of the School was summoned.

"Have you ever noticed any undue or harsh treatment of the Children at the hands of Mr. Carmody?"

"Never, sir! He is very kind and gentle with the children."

"Begor," said Mrs. Ryan, taking to an inaginary and sympathetic audience on the ceiling, "that's a quare question. As if they wouldn't stick together like pick-pockets."

"Mr. Carmody!"

"Yes. sir!"

"Mr. Carmody!"

"Yes. sir!"

en to his present position.

The work of the gang he was about to pated.

We reached the camp as the various

foreman, announced that the "boss" would distribute the home packages after supper. We shared the cabin of Watkins, who proved to be a capable cook, and Brown finished his meal with the celerity which seemed to characterize all his achievements. Then, stretching his long legs toward the fire, he began to compare the "pay roil" Watkins gave him with a hitherto unread list of those for whom parcels had been

kins gave him with a hitherto unread list of those for whom parcels had been consigned to him. I yet lingered over a second cup of coffee, when an exclamation drew my attention to him.

"Who engaged this fellow?" he asked, in so hoarse and rough a tone that Watkins stared as dumbly as I for an instant before he stepped to Brown's give and glanged at a name which was side and glanced at a name which was pointed out to him.
"I hired the hands," he said. "Victor

Rouche? He is a first-rate workman."

"He shall not work for me," Brown declared harshly.

"Why? His mates like him, and will want a reason if he goes."

Brown rose. His face was white and sullen as the firelight flashed upon it.

sullen as the firelight flashed upon it.

"He is a cheat and a liar," he growled.

"That is my charge, but you needn't expect me to itemize it. My word must be law in this camp."

"You were lumberman long enough to be a supported by the sum of the supported by the support of the supported by the support of the supported by the know that a boss who keeps dark on what seems like tyranny isn't popular."

"I boss according to my judgment.
and I don't care a d—for popularity—or

I bounded to my feet, scrambling into and I don't care a d—for popularity—or advice!"

With which Brown walked to the

door.

"See that the packages are taken into the mess cabin," he added, as he left the room. "I'll meet the gang there directly."

"A boss isn't a bully, and Denis

said:

"Well?"

And Henry answered:

"It is an ugly symptom. I shouldn't care much, but what of the children when such things are drilled into them?"

"Yes!" said Dr. William Gray, "what of the children? What of the next generation?"

Then after a pause he said, as he rose up:

"There! It shouldn't concern me much. I shall be sleeping down there under the elm in the old churchyard. But I don't envy the lot of the coming priesthood. They will have sharp work cut out for them."

"They will be equal to it," said Henry gallantly, although his heart misgave him. "They are getting new weapons and adopting a new system of warfare; and believe me, they'll be more than a believe me, they'll be more than a law is a bully, and Denis Brown will have the difference taught him pretty sharply if he provide an bill, and pressed, will have the difference taught him pretty sharply if him pretty sharply in will have sharply if him pretty sharply in suit of the bin sharply in will have the doule

I was mistaken. With a pay list in his hand, he read With a pay list in his hand, he read aloud each checked name as he came to it, and, turning over the packages until he found that which was thus addressed, he delivered it to the owner. On many of the weather-roughened faces of the lumbermen as they approached were smiles that softened them almost pathetically, while the bold eyes seemed half jocularly, half shyly to demand sympathy. But they obtained none.

At length, however, as I watched Brown, his glance leaped with a directness which proved that he knew where to seek the object of his wrath, to a slender built fellow, who leaned against the end of the chimney opposite me.

"Victor Fouche!" Brown exclaimed.

My vis-a vis lifted his head. His French Canadian parentage was written

unrepressed emotion. He sprang for-ward as he met Brown's gaze, and, pal-

wereything that ward as he met Brown's gaze, and, paling visibly, flung out both hands with a gesture of appeal. Yet, though this might seem the manner of guilt, he did not look guilty.

"Victor Fouche!" Brown repeated, in a voice bitterly cold as the sleet which had newly begun to rattle against the window. "This package is addressed to your name. That I should find you mount the men who receive pay from me

teacher punished you?"
"Twas not!" said Patsy. "'Twas girly said patsy. "Twas not!" said the Inspector hastily. "I understand. Then why did you tell your mother that it was the teacher that ill-used you?"
"Area Dicky Duggan made me, sor," said Patsy. "Who is Dicky Duggan?"
"Who is Dicky Duggan?"
"Twas and the Inspector hastily. "I understand. Then why did you tell your mother that it was the teacher that ill-used you?"
"Then Spicky Duggan?"
"Twas Dicky Duggan?" "Twas Dicky Duggan made me, sor," said has been the feel for his people."
"Very good! that's very consoling!" said the laspector. "But now come to the point. You say this teacher treated your child inhumanly?"

He did, your honour; an' I've plinty to prove it."

"All right. But before we proceed to proofs in what exactly did the cruelty or unnecessary punishment consist? Didabe beat the child unnecessarily, or what?"

Not all right. But before we proceed to proofs in what exactly did the cruelty or unnecessary punishment consist?

Didabe beat the child unnecessarily, or what?"

"Twas Dicky Duggan made me, sor," said Heat, "Who wrote this?" he said at last with an accent of stern anger in his soice rounders the blood from his curate's face.

"Oh, thin, wan of the dacentest and quitest byes in the parish," broke in his mother. "A good nabor an' a kind frind to the widda and the orfin. Street which baggart for me every spring and gives me the seed for the praties."

"Then you told a lie to your mother." and he space of plate-glass, which was smashed into atoms. He then strode furiously from the room.

"A profession of ribald blashemy!" said his pastor in a voice of thunder.

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Then you told a lie to your mother." on this done with the midst of thirty pain done for which the with a cacent of stern anger in his with an accent of stern anger in his with an accent of stern anger in his accent.

"Oh, thin, wan of the dacentest and quitest here is face.

"The vold the midst of thirty said Henry, rising and coming over to where his pastor was sitting. "The vold "I should never have been here if I had guessed that you were the Brown of

this firm. I leave at once. But I ask you in justice, to tell my comrades that the reason why I go is a quarrel between us—not a crime for which they would

"If I should defend—"Victor broke off, shrugged his shoulders and picked up his Christmas parcel from the table.

"Goodbye, boys!" he exclaimed, confronting his companions. "If any of you care to shake hands after this send off, here is my fist!"

The assertion of Watkins as to his popularity was proved, for, under the

popularity was proved, for, under the stern eyes of their employer, the greater number of the gang flocked around him, ome of them protesting loudly that hey would not allow him to start in such

weather.

There was an instant dangeronsly suggestive of mutiny, which, conscious-

"I'm neither sugar nor salt to be hurt by a little water," he cried briskly. "I shall tramp into Laketown before day-break. "No!" he interrupted him self vehemently, as Watkins offered him his wages, "your master has overpaid me his debt to-night. I'll take nothing more from him."

Nor did Brown insist when Watkins released at him for orders. He stood glanced at him for orders. He stood stolidly beside the table until Victor left

the room, tollowed by several of the lum-

A dozen fellows remained lounging around the fire, listening to a member of the group, who narrated, at some length, certain events which had resulted in the scene of which we had been witnesses. Briefly, this was the story: Six years The work of the gang he was about to inspect had been impeded by lack of snow which rendered transportation of heavy weights impossible—a lack which also delayed our journey through the pine woods on a sledge which was well loaded, besides, with Christmas parcels, whose arrival had been eagerly anticitaken his friend to spend a holiday on the farm of an uncle, whose only daugh-ter was Brown's promised wife. Friend and sweetheart promptly betrayed his We reached the camp as the various detachments were returning at the close of the day, and we were greeted with hurrahs that made the heavy brooding atmosphere hilarious, when Watkins, the foreman, announced that the "boss" would distribute the home packages after supper. We shared the cabin of after supper. We shared the cabin of after supper. We shared the cabin of account of the supper when the proved to be a capable where he was already so well woods, where he was already so well liked. Subsequent widely differing views of his offense and Brown's rancor against of his offense and Brown's rancor against him interested me mildly as a study in human nature; but my long sleigh ride had made me drowsy, and slumber drove philosophy from the field. Outside the brief paroxysm of snowstorm had accord and the atmosphere was

had passed, and the atmosphere was again brooding and heavy, as it had been during the day.

"Barometer falling," Watkins replied, to my question as to the probability of fine weather. "Means a blizzard, I guess; but the gang would be idle tomorrow, anyhow, and it couldn't be better, timed for our plans."

Reflecting somewhat gloomily on this prophecy. I entered our sleeping cabin, where I found Brown had retired to his cot, and I speedily followed his example.

I was awakened by a crash, as though I was awakened by a crash, as though

I was awakened by a class, as though the universe had gone to pieces. Then, through the chaos of noise that sur-rounded me as I struggled to clear my senses, a familiar voice seemed as bless-edly steadying as a plank to a drowning man.
"The worst has skipped us, I hope," Brown cried, close to my ear, or I should not have heard him. "The edge of a

the nearest garments.

"We shall heads!" I shou but he gripped "Listen to th think you could ened, the sp Another mome of these swift cyclone was g oyclone was g vacantly, scarc tent was our p The night w yet remained neither voice i

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panions.

"Hello, boy forth with a "Speak, some over!"

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