

My Own Gallies.

Written for the Pilot. My own Gallies: My own Gallies: Not matter bill on sunny bright, Bathed in steam of blue light; Radiant gleams of every hue; Purple and gold, so green and blue; Forever in my dreamy eyes, Like glimpses of lost paradise.

KNOCKNAGOW OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XIX.

WILL SIR GARRETT RENEW THE LEASE?

Grace was taking her place at the piano, when Mary whispered to her that she herself would play for the dancers. The arrangement which Grace liked very well. But she looked so offended when she saw that Mr. Lowe and the doctor had already engaged the two Miss Hanleys; and Hugh was compelled by the exigencies of the case to offer his arm to the formidable Miss Lloyd.

"Are you long here?" Lory asked. "Some weeks," she replied, after involuntarily moving half a yard away from him. "Will you stay much longer?" "Can't say."

"Come with me," said Lory confidentially, "and I'll show you places you never saw before." She stared at him with unfeigned astonishment. "I'll show you a cave," he continued, "that very few know about."

first; and a polka with Sir Garrett Butler's nephew made even Miss Lloyd supremely happy. When they reached home the Miss Hanleys and their visitor—according to universal custom—discussed the merits of the people with whom they had spent the evening. Kathleen was outspoken in praise of the doctor; and Miss Lloyd agreed in all she said in his praise. And Kathleen at the fully shared Miss Lloyd's ecstasies on the subject of Mr. Lowe.

"Even if you separate his features," said Miss Lloyd, "he is a singularly handsome man. And what lovely hair he has!" "Yes," replied Kathleen, "his hair is very nice."

"And," exclaimed Miss Lloyd, clasping her hands together and turning up her eyes fervently, "did you ever see such feet with mortal?" "Yes," said Rose, who leaned on the table with her hand pressed against her forehead, as if she were suffering from headache. "Yes, may I say, but I'd rather have one honest smile from Hugh Kearney than all the blarneyings of your elegant young man."

"For my word," replied Kathleen, opening her eyes very wide, "whatever may be thought of your taste, I cannot help admiring your candour." "Yes, I am candid," Rose replied, rather sadly; "and that's more than other people say."

"Well, Miss Hanly, I never forget that I am a gentleman," said Miss Lloyd, "and I am a gentleman's woman; which was not very ladylike, however, genteelly, seeing that she claims to gentility—in her sense of the word—was not quite as strong as her own."

"The next day, when her sisters inquired how she liked her new acquaintance, Miss Lloyd put her handkerchief to her eyes, and bursting into a flood of tears, declared that she was 'as fond of him as she was of her life.' Before going to bed, Maurice Kearney insisted upon having a comfortable glass by the fire with his guest.

burning to get his grievance. "But it was all that young Hanly's fault, I declare he frightened the life out of me." Mrs. Kearney remained buried in thought for a minute, and then added, solemnly: "Don't be talking but he has a terrible throat!" This allusion to Lory elicited so loud a laugh from Hugh, that the doctor, who had been asleep in an arm chair, started up, and rubbed his eyes.

And he and Mr. Lowe and the doctor retired to his own room. But Hugh hurried on before the doctor, and through the second hall entered under the bed, lest the life of the fair Kathleen operating upon that taste for music which his mother held so satisfactorily accounted for, should interfere with the slumbers of the household.

And the doctor not being in the doctor's room, every soul under Maurice Kearney's roof was resting in peace and quietness when the clock struck twelve.

CHAPTER XX. MR. LOWE GETS A LETTER OF WARNING. Next day, as the doctor was proposing another walk to the castle, Barney Brodagh heretofore seen contending from the avenue gate, mounted upon his little black doggy, Bobby, which he regarded as his own peculiar property.

"Let us wait," said Hugh, "he may have some letters." Barney rode up to the window, and handed in the letters and newspapers he had brought from the cross roads, where, as usual, he had met the mail-car. There was a letter for Mr. Lowe.

"I think," Hugh suggested, as he tore off the cover of a newspaper, "you had better read your letter before going out. You may want to reply to it." The letter was from Mr. Lowe's mother, and its contents may help us on with our story. We give a few extracts. "I am very uneasy, my dear son, on Henry's letter, since I have received it."

"Well," Hugh asked, "does your letter require an immediate answer?" "No, no," he replied, with affected carelessness. "It is from my mother, and she wants to know," he added, glancing through the letter to hit his embarrassment, "if Mr. Lowe, Mrs. Lloyd, of Mount Temple, is alive."

"It is time for us all to go," Hugh remarked. And he and Mr. Lowe and the doctor retired to his own room. But Hugh hurried on before the doctor, and through the second hall entered under the bed, lest the life of the fair Kathleen operating upon that taste for music which his mother held so satisfactorily accounted for, should interfere with the slumbers of the household.

"I believe he places great confidence in the agent," said Mr. Lowe. "I would appear so," replied Hugh. "But as he has come to Ireland, it might be no harm for him to see personally how his estate is managed. This has gone on smoothly for Sir Thomas without my father's will tell you that before now, but lately there is a remarkable reluctance on the part of landlords to give leases; and your uncle's tenants are uneasy. He should follow the example set by others in this respect."

"I don't know much about the matter," said Mr. Lowe; "but I should think it very unlikely that my uncle would act unjustly towards any one." "That's just what I say," replied Hugh; "and that is why I'd like to see him using his own eyes."

"I don't say this to Mr. Pender," said Mr. Lowe, "at least he says it in some respects to Mr. Kearney's description of him last night. He has a gun on each side of his head, and he is a person in question slighted from his gig, 'and pistols in his belt.'"

"I'll see, sir," said the servant. Mr. Pender faced round, and with folded arms glared up at the tall tree on either side of the cottage, and then looked scornfully at the top of the mountain in front.

ing the bridge of his nose with his fingers, and Mr. Lowe observed that there was a bit of sticking plaster adhering to the organ, which, as Mr. Lowe remarked, was of the flexible order, as if nature intended it to be tweaked; or it may be that it was tweaking itself. "If it is Mount Temple," said Mary, "she is mother of the lady you saw here last night."

"I thought to have remembered; we were at Mount Temple yesterday." "And did you meet Mr. Lowe?" "Yes, we spent some time with him, and he is just as at the snipe shooting." "Oh, I said you must have been reinforced," said Grace, "the volleys increased so much towards evening."

"My mother also wants to know," he observed, again glancing at the letter, "whether Woodlands is kept in good repair, and she says something about old Mr. Smerfield."

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN DOMINICK STREET.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY MISS E. OWENS BLACKBURN.

THE house has been given over for many years past to the sacrilegious and Philistine hands of the modern decorator, but on this bright May day when we entered the lawyer's office, then located in the once stately dining room, the interior was substantially in the same condition as it had been at the close of the eighteenth century.

"You'll see my father," continued Mr. Pender, resuming his big voice, which still further impressed Mr. Lowe with the idea that he was talking to a great man, "and spend a few days with him."

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who looked badly out of place among the nymphs and satyrs and other profane titles which surrounded the chamber. The house was no longer advertised that it was immediately taken by an officer of the house to his own room, and the Colonel Branton would not permit the house to be remodelled in any way.

The day Mrs. Branton arrived at her new house her husband was obliged to spend the evening out. However, to spend the time she amused herself by wandering about the old mansion, peeping into dusty old cabinets and cupboards, and looking with wonder and admiration upon the rare old Dutch and Flemish and exquisite china which seemed almost too fine and delicate for use.

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