

"Yes, papa," answered the young lady, "thanks to the good nuns, I am all you say."

It was his daughter Ellen. A week before she had come home from her convent school in France, and the little girl of seven had changed into the blooming lady of seventeen.

"And rich?" added the banker with a proud smile.

"I suppose so," was Helen's quiet answer.

"Aye, girl?" he cried, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair with emphasis, "princesses are but beggars compared to you. For this I have toiled and striven and—ah! yes, for another reason, too. Helen, before another Christmas Eve you shall be dancing in the ball, as mistress of one of the oldest baronial castles in the country."

"Have you bought a castle?"

"Aye, I have bought one," he answered with a sneer, "bought it with years of waiting and watching and with bright gold."

Silence reigned in the room for a few moments, then Helen spoke.

"I shall have to go to church to-night, papa, for this is Christmas Eve and—"

"Yes, Christmas Eve?" "cried her father, gazing far into space, Christmas Eve cold and sharp, so like *that* Christmas Eve," and he shuddered perceptibly.

"When, where," asked Helen with a rather alarmed face. Then added: "Oh! papa, tell me who and what you are."

"Ha, ha!" he laughed bitterly, "I am what they made me."

"Who?"

"Gird! girl!" half-shrieked the banker, "I will tell you all. It is a tale of sorrow. Much have I suffered, long have I waited, yet I am all repaid by the contents of yonder gilt casket. Sit closer, child, for my words must be spoken low. I am still Dozorontz the banker, until the day—ah! that day of days—when I shall show the proud noble what the once despised man can do. Listen, daughter Helen. Twenty years ago I was a Irish farmer's only son, plowing the soil of my father's acres, on the slopes of the hills of Mourne. Ah! you start, girl, but it is true. I was born a Catholic, an Irishman, and I bore the princely name of

Niall. I married a fair young girl, when I was twenty-five, and she bore me one child; you, Helen, it was. You came at the Christmas time, but you brought sorrow with you. A month before your birth, my father died. Our landlord, the old lord, had left this world a year before, and we were daily expecting the arrival of the young lord from England. He came and immediately issued a notice to ten farmers to quit their holdings, myself among the number, assigning as a reason, his design of forming a race-course on his lands. In vain we petitioned—the land he must have, and I alone refused to leave my house until I was ejected. On Christmas Eve the demoniacal bailiffs and troopers came; and there you were a week old and your mother was still weak and sickly. On my bended knees I prayed them to desist till my wife was better—bah! Oh, God! they would not listen."

Excited as these dreadful recollections thronged upon him, the banker clutched his forehead while his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets. A moment and he assumed: "We bore her out into the freezing December blast, and wrapped her up as well as we could, but it availed not. With the excitement, the removing and the cold, she grew weaker and weaker, till death relieved her."

Helen, Helen! when I saw her there, the love of my life, lying calm and cold, when I saw the crush of all my hopes, once again I knelt, but not to beg for mercy. Then and there I swore an oath that I would toil and strive for the day when I would turn *him* from his castle-hall—a beggar on the street; and meto out to him the justice of "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth." Well have I persevered. Gifted with a sharp intellect, I came to Dublin, secured work amidst the business of the city, and when I had picked up what was needed, I let my beard grow, changed my name and became outwardly a Jewish money-lender. And I have thriven well in the trade. I have watched and I have waited till I could encompass my enemy, and now, *now* I have him in my grasp. Not him—not the young lord; for he is dead, but *his* son, *his* wife and *his* daughter. Within that gilt casket their lies a paper representing a mort-