

THE COLLEGIANS.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

It required the hand of an experienced helmsman to bring the little vessel through the danger which he thus announced. An immense overtopping billow, capped in foam, came thundering downward, like an avalanche upon her side. In spite of the precautions of Hardress, and the practiced skill with which he timed the motion of the wave, as one would take a ball upon the bound or a hunter on the rise, the bowsprit dipped and cracked like a withered sapling; a whole ton of water was flung over the stern, drenching the crew as completely as if they had been drawn through the river. The boat seemed to stagger and lose her way like a stricken heart, and lay for a moment weltering in the gloomy chasm in which the wasted wave had left her. A low and smothered scream was breaking from the female, when her eye again met that of Hardress Cregan, and her lip, though pale and quivering, was silent.

by, come along! Do you remain long in the west Kyrle?" "As long as you will take a bed in the cottage with me. But we will talk of this when you have changed your dress and dined. You came on the very point of time. Rem acu tigtisti, as our old college tutor, Doyle, would say. Mrs. Frawley was just preparing to dish me a roast duck. I bless the wind, all boisterous as it was, that blew you on these shores, for I thought I should have spent a lonesome evening, with the recollections of merry old times, like so many evil familiars, to dine, and sup, and sleep with me. But now that we are met again, farewell the past. The present and the future shall furnish our entertainment—after we have done with the roast duck." "The fume of which salutes my senses at this moment with no disagreeable odor," said Hardress, following his friend into the little hall of the cottage. "Mrs. Frawley, as fat and fair, and rosy as ever. Well, Mrs. Frawley, how do you and the cows get on? Has any villainous imp been making pishogs over your knees? Does the cream mount? Does the butter break? Have you got the devil well out of your churn?" "Oh, fie, Masther-Cregan, to go spake of such a thing at all. Oh, vo, a vich-o, you're drowned wet, an' that's what you are. Nelly, eroo, bring hether the candle. Oh, sir, you'll never get over it."

whiskey, an'—turkey, an'—cakes, an' everything that the heart could like," the officious Lowry continued, following the pseudo-Amazon among the stones and sea-weed, and marvelling not a little at her unaccustomed taciturnity. "The Hewsans could well afford it; they were strong, snug farmers; relations o' your own, I'm thinking ma'am. Oh, vo! sure I forgot the trunk, and there's Mr. Hardress calling to me. Larry Kett," he continued, addressing the old boatman before mentioned, "will show Mrs. Naughten the way to the house, while I'm getting the trunk out o' the boat; an' if you want a fire o' turf, or a gwal o' piatees, Mrs. Frawley will let you have 'em an' welcome." The old boatman willingly came into terms so easy and advantageous; and the fair counterfeit hurried on, well pleased at the exchange of companions. Lowry, in the meantime, returned to the boat, and stole into conversation with Danny the Lord, whom, in fear of his sneering satirical temper, he always treated with nearly as much respect as if his title were not so purely a thing of courtesy. Danny Mann, on the other hand, received his attentions with but little complaisance; for he looked on Lowry as a foolish, troublesome fellow, whose property in words (like the estate of many a young absentee) far overbalanced his discretion and ability in their employment. He had often told Looby in confidence, "that it would be well for him had a bigger head and a smaller mouth"—alluding to that peculiar conformation of Lowry's upper man, with which the reader has been already made acquainted. The country people (who are never at a loss for a simile), when they saw this sharp-faced fellow following the sharp-faced little hunchback from place to place, used to lean on their spades, and call the attention of their companions to "the wran an' the cuckoo goin' the road."

ther Mann, I never would know your sister again." "She grew a dale, I b'lieve." "Grew?—If she did, it's like the cow's tail, downwards. Why, she isn't, to say, taller than myself now, in place o' bein' the head an' two shoulders above me. An' she isn't at all the rattlin' girl she was of old. She didn't spake a word." "An' dat's a falling dat's new to both o' ye," said His Lordship, "but Poll made a vow again, talkin' o' a Tuesday, bekeys it was of a Tuesday her first child died, an' dey said he was hoist away be de good people, while Poll was gossiping wid Ned Hayes, over a glass at de public." "And that's her reason?" "Dat's her reason." "An' in regard o' the drink?" "Oh, she's greatly altered dat way too, dough 'twas greatly again' nature. A lime-burner's bag was not ten to her for soakin' formerly, but now she'd take no more than a wet sponge." "That's great, surely. An' about the cursin' and swearing?" "Cursin'! You'd no more find a curse after her, dan you would after de clergy. An' 'tisn't dat itself, but you wouldn't get a crooked word outside her lips, from year's end to year's end." "Why, then, it was long from her to be so mealy-mouthed when I knew her. An' does she lift a hand at the fair at all now? Oye, what a terrible 'oman she was, comin' again' a man with her stockin' off, an' a stone in the foot of it!" "She was. Well, she wouldn't raise her hand to a chicken now." "That flogs cock-fighting." "Only, I'll tell you in one case. She's apt to be contrary to any one dat would be comin' discorsin' her of a Tuesday at all, or peepin' or spyin' about her, she's so vexed in herself not to be able to make 'em an answer. It used to be a word an' a blow wid her; but now, as she can't have de word, 'tis de blow comes mostly first, an' she didn't make 'er a vow again' dat." "Shasthone!" exclaimed Lowry, who laid up this hint for his own edification. "Great changes, surely. Well, Misher Mann, an' will you tell me now, if you please, is your master goin' westwards in the boat tomorrow?" "I don't know, an'—not makin' you a short answer, Lowry—I don't care. And a word more on de back o' dat again, although I have a sort of rattlin' regard for you, still an' all, I'd rader be takin' a noggin o' whiskey, to warm de heart in me dis cold night, dan listenin' to your talkin' dere. Dat I may be happy but I would, an' dat's as good as if I was takin' all de books in Ireland of it." This hint put an end to the conversation for the present and Danny the Lord (who exercised over Lowry Looby an influence somewhat similar to that which tied Master Matthew to the heels of Bobadil) adjourned with that loquacious person to the comforts of Mrs. Frawley's fireside.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE TWO FRIENDS HOLD A LONGER CONVERSATION TOGETHER THAN THE READER MAY PROBABLY APPROVE.

The female in the blue cloak withstood all the recommendations and entreaties of the good-natured dairy-woman, that she would "Step in, and take an air in the kitchen fire." She pleaded extreme fatigue and requested that she might be permitted to occupy at once the chamber in which she was to pass the night. Finding her resolute, Mrs. Frawley insisted on having a cheerful fire lighted up in the little room outside her own dormitory, which was appropriated to the fair stranger's use. It was impossible to maintain her close disguise in the presence of this officious and hospitable woman, whose regard for her guest was in no degree diminished by a view of her person and dress. Her hair was wringing wet, but her cloak had in a great measure preserved the remainder of her attire, which was just a shade too elegant for a mere pay-sanne, and too modest for a person claiming the rank of a gentlewoman. The material, also, which was a pret-

ty flowered cotton—"a dawny pattern," as Mrs. Frawley declared—proclaimed a pocket altogether at ease, and led the dairy woman to the conclusion that "the Naughtens were decent, credible, people, that knew how to induster, and turn and stretch a penny as far as more would a shilling." Having supplied the counterfeit Poll with everything necessary for her immediate uses, Mrs. Frawley left her to make what changes she pleased in her dress, and went to look after the young gentlemen's dinner, as well as to prepare some refreshments for the weary Mrs. Naughten herself. Scarcely had Mrs. Frawley departed when a soft tapping at the room-door announced the approach of another visitor. The lovely incomee, who was employed at the moment in arranging and drying her hair, felt her heart beat somewhat quickly and strongly at the sound. She threw back from her temples, the wavy masses of gold that hung around them, and ran to the door with lips apart, and a flushed and eager cheek. "It is he!" she exclaimed to her own breast as she undid the bolt. It was not he. The weather-worn, freckled face of the little hunchback was the first object that met her eyes. Between his hands he held a small trunk, the lid of which was studded with brass nails, forming the letters E. O. C. "By a dale to do, Miss, I laid hold o' dis," said Danny; "Lowry said, de letters didn't stand for Mr. Hardress at all, only one of 'em." "Thank you Danny. Where is your master?" "Aten his dinner in de parlour wid Mr. Dary before a thunderin' big fire." "Was Lowry speaking to you?" "Did anybody ever seem him urtherwise? I'll be bail he was so." "But does he know—?" "I didn't hear him say a word about it," replied the little lord, "an' I think if he knew, he'd tell." "Well, Danny, will you find an opportunity of speaking to your master without being observed, and tell him that I wish to see him very much indeed? I am very uneasy; and he has not told me how long we are to stay here, or where we are to go next, or anything. I feel quite lonesome, Danny, for it the first evening I have ever spent alone in my life, I think." Here the poor young creature lip quivered a little, and the water started into her eye. "Never fear, ma gra hul ma grein chree hul said Danny in a soothing tone; "I'll speak a word in his ear and he'll come to you. Dat I may never die in a frost if I wouldn't go from dis to Dublin to sarve you, next to Mr. Hardress himself." He was as good as his word, and took an opportunity while Hardress was giving him some directions about the boat, to mention the request of their gentle companion in the storm. The young gentleman inquired the situation of her room, and bade his servant say that he would not fail to visit her, if only for a few minutes, before he retired to rest. It was necessary that the utmost caution should be observed, to avoid awakening suspicion. Kyrle Daly in the meantime, was employed in manufacturing a capacious bowl of whisky-punch by the parlor fireside. Instead of the humble but capacious tumbler, or still more modern stone-china jug, over which you, good Irish reader, are probably accustomed to solace your honest heart on a winter's evening, two glasses more than a foot in height, were displayed upon his board, and seemed intended to meet the lips without the necessity of any assistance from the hand. (To be continued.)

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the "soothing" medicines contain opiates and narcotics dangerous to the health of infants and children. Every mother should know these so-called medicines as they would deadly poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine specially prepared for children under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Every dose helps little ones and cannot possibly do harm. No other medicine has been so warmly praised by mothers everywhere. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N.W.T., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, or when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction." These Tablets will promptly relieve and cure all minor ailments of children, and may be safely given to a new born baby. Try them for your children and we know you will use no other medicine. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box or sent by mail on receipt of price by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

St Anthony and The Robbers.

In the year 1764, the Franciscan missionaries in the Holy Land were much troubled by Osman Pasha, Viceroy of Damascus, who was taking money that belonged to the missionaries. Catholics throughout the world had given alms for the support of the holy places in Palestine, and of this they had been deprived by the orders of the Viceroy. At last the Fathers were in such need of funds for their daily food, they could remain silent no longer, but entered complaint to the Sultan. After due deliberation the Sultan sent an order commanding the Viceroy to restore to the Procurator-General of the Franciscans the sum of money unjustly retained by him. If the Viceroy did not restore this money within three days, he would be beheaded. The Sultan even directed the manner in which the money should be restored. It was to be given to the Legate, who would convey the Sultan's commands to the Viceroy, and the Legate was to take the money to Jerusalem. At Jerusalem he was to be received by the people with singing and instrumental music, and a general rejoicing. The Viceroy was engaged when he received the order. For two days he refused to obey the Sultan; but fearing to be beheaded, the third day he publicly declared he would deliver the money to those miserable dogs, the Franks. At the last moment he delivered the money to the Legate; but he had made arrangements with some robbers that they should waylay the party and steal the money, and thus prevent the Legate's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The robbers made their plans, and after the Legate and his attendants had entered the land of Galilee, the attack took place, and they were about to seize the money, when, lo! a strange thing happened. It seems that one of the members of the company was a Franciscan monk in disguise. When the money was being put into the saddle-bag, at Damascus, the monk had put into the bag a small statue of St. Anthony, and had begged the good saint to guard the money, for he knew the needs of his brother Franciscans in the Holy Land. When the robbers were about to seize the saddle-bag, the mule started and was soon out of sight. All efforts on the part of the robbers to find the mule failed. Through woods and over rocks and hills and streams went the mule, and about seven hours after his sudden departure he was standing meekly at the door of the Franciscan convent in Nazareth. The Fathers in Nazareth did not know what to do with their strange guest, and as they thought the animal belonged to a stranger, no effort was made to learn the contents of the saddle-bag. Some hours after, the Legate and his attendants arrived. There was general rejoicing when the mule and his valuable load were found, and all returned sincere thanks. The instructions of the Sultan regarding the entrance to Jerusalem were carried out, and the money was used as the generous donors desired, for the preservation of the holy places in the Holy Land.—(Adapted from Journal of Franciscan Missionaries, Sarah Stevens.)

Ambitions Aftermath.

Many men have had their moments of sorrow owing to the apparent ingratitude of those they had assisted. An exchange says:— It seems not uncommon that when a man or woman renders good service to the public somebody else almost always stands ready to claim the credit. Daniel Webster, just before his death, was refused permission to speak in Faneuil Hall. Charles Sumner, in his old age, did one of the noblest acts of his whole life in urging that on the reunion of our nation after our civil war, the names of battles won by the north over the south should not stand on the national flags under which both northern and southern soldiers were to march—in return for which he received a vote of censure from both Houses of our Massachusetts Legislature, which was not removed until some years after. After General Grant had so splendidly closed his connection with our armies, somebody wrote a book describing his services as comparatively of little importance. When the General's attention was called to it he said "that he expected to find out some day that he was never in that war at all."