TWO

A FAIR EMIGRANT

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AUTHOR OF "MARCELIA GRACE : A NOVEL" CHAPTER V

A WILFUL WOMAN

The next day Bawn made a journey into St. Paul to consult her guardian Dr. Ackroyd had been her father's

oldest friend in Minnesota, and the only man who had ever approached to anything like intimacy with him. At a time when the doctor had been hardly pressed by pecuniary troubles, Desmond's generosity had laid the foundation of his ultimate prosperity -a fact which he had never for

'Doctor," said Bawn, walking into the snug room where he and his wife were sitting, "I have come to talk to you on business. You know I am a woman of business capabilities now -twenty-one years of age last month.

The doctor nodded. "Yes, yes; she has found it all out. I was her guardian a month ago, Molly, but now she will be for taking the bit in her own teeth, no doubt."

"I have a pretty good fortune, haven't I, Dr. Ackroyd ?" 'As pretty a fortune as any young woman in America, I should say at a

guess; and that is saying much. Come, now, what do you want to do? Trip away to Paris, and all the rest

"And quite natural too, Andrew, at her age, and with such a fortune and here." a face !" said Mrs. Ackroyd, a motherly old lady, with whom Bawn was a favourite. The same thought was present in

and loved Scotland. the minds of husband and wife as they looked at Bawn's fine, fair face, with its grave sweetness and a certain majesty of womanly dignity which in her most thoughtful moments sat on her brow. At such moments her coil of golden hair looked like a royal erown. Now, as she gazed into the are, seeing something which they did not see, they easily fancied her in brilliant rooms, shining in white satin or some such raiment. with crowds of adorers hovering round They knew the sort of thing thal happens well enough. Many lovely young heiress sails from America and gets turned into a countess or a marquise before many summers have poured their choicest flowers into her lap.

Yes, I have been thinking of going to Europe," said Bawn, ' though not to Paris.

'It is the gayest place and the "Of pretty." said the doctor. prettiest." course there are the summer resorts-

'I was not thinking of gaiety, nor even of prettiness," said Bawn, "though the place I mean to go to is, I believe, beautiful enough. But if were the ugliest place on earth and the dullest, as it probably is, I should want to go all the same.

She spoke musingly and looked into the fire, seeing in the burning wood fairy glens, and mountains with paths from which a false step might hurl a man in an instantmountains with lonely hollows of their own, and secret paths dark to overshadow a human enough being's life.

The doctor gazed at her in aston ishment. "Come," he said, "I give it

"Doctor," said the girl suddenly, looking at him straight, "did it ever strike you that my father had had a great trouble in his life, one that nust have been more than the ordinary kind of trouble ?'

The doctor's face changed. "I always thought it," he said gently. Bawn turned red and then quite from her somewhat different to what hite. "It is true," she said; "and it might have been coming from any white. the journey I want to make has reference to that trouble."

"My dear," he said, "I will oppose you with every argument, with all the persuasion, I am capable of combelieved that he was the victim of circumstances, but I do not believe it. Certain notes and papers have been put in my hands to read, and ! pelling to my aid. Had this occurred have formed my own conclusions from them. I shall never rest till I have sifted the matter to the bottom some time ago I should have been in a position to forbid you absolutely to carry out so wild on intention. As it is, you are your own mistress. I -in as far as it can be sifted," she added, wistfully, "at the end of thirty cannot control your actions. I can only beseach you to take an old man's years.

advice, and let the dead past bury its "Ah ! that is it," said the doctor dead. with a smothered sigh. "And, my waves of time have rolled over his sorrow. You need never come in dear child, I don't want to contradict you-I feel with you intensely-but how, if at the time he found it so impossible to clear himself, how do contact with any one who knows any thing of his story. In any other plan for your life, in any indulgence you can imagine, I will help you to you dream of being able to do it now? "Not by walking into the country

assistance of a friend."

"Do not say so."

that long lost truth ?"

dead first.

dead ?"

find it beyond your power to get at

"Come back here all the same

only worsted," said Bawn ; "but it

will be long before I confess myself

beaten. A number of people must be

"And if you find them all already

"That is not likely," said Bawn

quickly. "Not in such a healthy

country place, where the people live

long. I have thought it all out, and

character indicated by the shape of

her broad, fair brows and cartain ex.

pressions of her clear grey eyes and

good tempered mouth. There had

directness about her intentions and

a robust fearlessness in carrying

them out that made such a proposa

ordinary impulsive, romantic girl, who

always been a simple and intelligent

her inquiringly. "Continue."

the best of my ability ; but I cannot see you act in a way which I believe into the houses of those people, and would be the rain of every prospect saying, 'You are my deadly enemies. you have in the world.' I am Arthur Desmond's daughter, and you calumniated my father. Confess your sins, or I shall-I shall "I have no prospect," answered awn, sadly. "What could I do with Bawn, sadly. "What could I do with my life while this shadow rests on go back crestfallen where I came from !'" said Bawn, with lips relax-

"Your idea is overstrained. By and ing into a little smile. "No; that is not my plan. I think I have been by you will form new ties-"Never!" said Bawn, solemnly. "Even if I wished it, and it were studying to acquire the guile of the serpent during the last few days, and

Your father is at rest;

the

likely, never could I till this cloud is I have laid a little plot which I can leared away." not put into execution without the The doctor was startled and silent. He had not been told what was the "Well ?" said the doctor looking at nature of the wrong thing of which Desmond had been accused, and the "I intend," pursued Bawn, "to go look in Bawn's eyes at this moment suggested that it was something even to the place—a secluded spot it was ; and I believe, I have been told, it is worse than he had imagined.

he spoke cheerfully. "Pooh!" he said; "you are in r not the sort of place that changes much-a glenny and mountainy place such as we read about but do not see morbid humour. Put off the con sideration of this matter, for a time "I know," said the doctor, nodding, at least. You will change your mind ; you will give it up."

and instantly seeing pictures in his memory; for he, too, was an exile "I will never give it up," said Bawn, her soft lips closing and "I shall go there," said Bawn, "not tightening with resolution. "The wish has gone too deep. There is in my own name and character, but as the orphan daughter of a farmer, nothing else to live for in my life." an emigrant, who, from what she has heard from her father about his native land, has taken a frncy to see it and live in it. She has brought between Bawn and her ex guardian, and at the end of that time Dr. her small fortune-say five hundred Ackroyd felt himself obliged to lower pounds, her father's savings-to in his colours and let the girl have her vest in a little farm such as a woman way. Rather than allow her to folcan manage. In this way I will settle down among those people, as any kind, he was forced to yield and near them as possible, and, without take the affair into his own hands. had a clean cut outline. Long exciting their suspicion or putting Step by step she gained upon him ; them on their guard, will try to get at bit by bit she got all her will. His Bawn had forgotten him and the long hidden secret, strive to unfirst concession included the proviso earth the too long buried truth. When I succeed I shall disclose my that he was to be allowed to take identity, pour out the vials of my that, before he suffered her to go sesking her fortune in that unknown wrath upon the false or good fornothing friends, shake the dust off my feet-and come back here to you.' "A pretty romance, my dear, but about as wild and impossible as how formation about the people, and make What do you propose to do if you

for coming among them was safe and practicable. To all this Bawn uneasily consented at first, fearing caution might excite attention and frustrate her aims. Fale in the end decreed that she was to go her wilful cording to the programme she had at dearly loved child of Dr. Ackroyd's

the chances are with me." Dr. Ackroyd was silent. Wild as all. She chose to go. the girl's scheme was, he saw she was completely in earnest, and he give me in charge to the captain,' knew her long enough and well enough to have had experience of a

she said: "and when I land, if I find any difficulty, I can telegraph to you, steady young woman like me, of the body will mind a simple farmer's

wards, and was regarding the bound- prevent them from coming within less, glistening vista before her with a strange and solemn delight. It was her first introduction to the sea. Most of us behold that great wonder

first from afar off, then we make acquaintance with it piecemeal; some blue sandskirted bay becomes dear to us, or we learn to worship it from purple clad cliffs, with the gulls riding on the green waves beneath at our feet. But Bawn had suddenly been lifted from her forest and prairies, and flung, dazzled and amazed, upon this illimitable world of waters. As the view became wider, and the ocean became more and more a living, all-absorbing pres-ence to her mind, regret, courage, hope, loneliness, confidence, all of which had been shaking her and inspiring her by turns, alike vanished and were forgotten, and she sat breathing in long, deep draughts of salt air and delight, enjoying her

young existence with the joy that is the inheritance of sea birds.

She had planted herself in a cor ner, so that her back was to the other passengers on board, whose tramp, tramp as they took their walk up and down the deck, and the occasional sound of whose voices, fell on her ear but did not disturb her privacy. She was right in the front of the vessel, all her being going willingly forward with it, her face set outward towards the horizon of sea and sky behind which lay the secrets she had tasked herself to penetrate and the lands she had never seen. The books with which the doctor had supplied her were untouched. Who could read in a world of such ever shifting, ever - shimmeriog enchantment? Leaning well forward, her firm, white chin set in the pink hollow of her hand, she let the hours go by without once turning her head to see how it fared with the humanity behind her. This was the beginning of a The only person who for a minute struggle which lasted for two months engaged her notice during those first morning hours was a man who had got further even than herself into the very end of the vessel, and, mounted on a heap of ropes, gazed for some time out seaward through a glass. low it without help or protection of She observed that it was a straight, well-built figure, and that the profile before he had done gazing through his glass WAS again looking out, out far, with fascinated eyes at the glittering, everacross the ocean himself, and shifting boundary lines of the realms of light towards which the great heart of the steamer was straining spot towards which her desires were and panting. As he turned to spring carrying her, he was to pay a visit to from his vantage ground of coiled the place as a tourist, take note of ropes the man glanced towards the things stood there, gather in- figure that had sat so persistently motionless during all the first hours

up his mind as to how far her plan for coming among them was safe and are generally so full of fidgets and so eagerly speculating on the chances of desirable acquaintance among fel much that such protection and pre- low passengers. Evidently this per son, young or old (her back had looked young, though muffled in a shepherd's plaid scarf and broad way and perform her pilgrimage ac. brimmed black straw hat), desired to become acquainted with no one, for first marked out for herself. A she deliberately set her face from all. It was not for the purpose of was discovered to have fallen into a seeing what that face was like that dangerous state of health, and he he had scaled the height of the ropefound it impossible to leave her. heap, but, having glauced at it once Bawn must either go alone or not at he stopped a moment, gazing, and then, though she had not been con-"You can put me on board and scious of him at all, involuntarily lifted his hat before he sprang lightly

At evening he noticed her again, and you can telegraph to your thinking: "I wonder how much English friends, whom I will not go near if I can help it. This will still? Will she keep in one position surely be protection enough for a for eight or nine days to come?"

back on the deck.

On the instant the wind carried off class to which I shall belong. No her hat and a quick hand caught it, and Bawn stood facing her fellow daughter. How many poor girls traveller sconer than he had expected, come out to America every day to her smooth gold head laid bare, its earn their bread under circumstances locks ruffled with the breeze, and

But this person was yards of her. not like cousin Henri. She made her hat fast, and with r

great effort checked the pleasant, sociable feeling that had been growing on her, threatening to loosen her tongue and make her feel at home work. with this stranger.

" I am greatly obliged to you," she said in a voice that sounded sudden-ly cold, and then, making him a bow, the manner of which was never deep-toned voice took up the rhythm learned on the prairie must have come to her by inheritance, like the sheen on her hair, she withdrew into of the poem and gave forth the words as if they were set to music, and a the shelter of her corner again, and resumed her old attitude of solitary mist came over the listener's eyes as the sound of the familiar lines awakened painful memories in her reserve

He felt his dismissal to be a little heart. She had wanted to forget abrupt, and yet, continuing his walk about the deck as if nothing had everything but the future ; and was this a good or an evil spirit that had crossed her path and baffled her inhappened, the man was no way displeased at it. tentions? Sometimes she missed the sense of what was read while

"What a brute I was to stare at her like that !" he reflected. "If I had seen enjoying the melody of the voice and another fellow do it I should have knocked him down. Had she not the pure intonation of the words. uttered with an accent a little foreign to her ears. Of course he was a foreigner. Had he not spoken of curled herself up in her corner after it I should no longer feel an interest being called home on business ? The in her. I wonder how long it will be before she allows me to speak to certainty of this brought a feeling of her again ?" elief to the girl as she listened. If

The next morning before going on he were only an Englishman returndeck, Bawn provided herself with books and some knitting. Her chief ing from a trip to New York, not having been as far as Minnesota, lesire at present was to pass unnever having met with or heard of noticed and unquestioned on the her or hers while on American soil, voyage, as there was danger to be dreaded from even the most harm. what reason had she to imagine that discovery of her identity by those less infercourse. Some one might come to identify her as her father's from whom she wished to conceal it could ever overtake her through his laughter, and make her known to agency ? None, if she could only be wise and control her some other who might probably cross her future path in that yet unknown tongue. herself to be, as that and nothing region towards which she was so sagerly travelling. She thought of else must he accept her. Consider her friend of the evening before, and ing this and the extreme unlikelihood that, having parted on reach decided that to no one's curiosity ing Great Britain, they should ever would she make the slightest con meet again, Bawn felt the anxious cession, beyond a statement of the fact that she was a farmer's daughter strain upon her mind relax and her from Minnesota and alone in the heart rise high within her. She raised her eyes fearlessly, and for world. The man was a gentleman and would hardly ask questions ; but the first time took accurate note of her companion's appearance. The things leak out in conversation, and she knew herself well enough to be blue cloth cap which had replaced the hat he had worn last evening was aware that the most difficult part of the task she had assumed would be pushed back a little, showing the the concealment it was bound to enwhole of a broad forehead, the upper tail. For though she owed no con half of which looked white above the sun tanned brownness of the rest of the fidence to any one, it is so much face. His crisp, dark hair would have more pleasant to be frank.

She had scarcely got the needles been curly if not so closely cut, and he wore a think brown beard that did not hide a somewhat large and arranged in her knitting before she perceived that one of the many pairs sensible month. His eyes were deepof passing feet had stopped beside her, and there was her friend of the set under strong brows, and almost sombre in colour, though readily emitting flashes of fun. It was alto evening before, cap in hand, regarding her with as much deference as if gether a practical and keenly sym-pathetic face, with humour lurking she had been a queen. "It is cold to day, and it is going

to be colder. Will you allow me to in all its little curves. Just now a open your rugs and make you a little more comfortable ?"

Bawn looked at him kindly, and as desired by him, lent him a charac ter not always his own. Seeing that for a moment was so inconsistent as to be glad to hear any voice break her observation was unnoticed, Bawn studied him with care for some moments, and made up her mind that ing on her solitude ; but the next she remembered that here was a possible enemy, who, after some time, if he got encouragement, might he was worthy of her interest. A pleasant and most unwonted feeling of the suitability of their companion voluntarily, or involuntarily be-come aware of her identity. come aware of her identity. Before she had had time to make up ship grew on her, and as she plied her needles she glanced at him again. This time his eyes met her stolen her mind whether to repulse him or not, he was stooping over her rugs investigating glance. and shaking them out. "You had better take this chair," he said, bringing one forward. "You will soon get tired of your camp-stool." he was saying as he raised his dark

Spreading a rug over a chair, he eyes to take an equally stolen and investigating glance at his silent and bade her sit on it, and wrapped the warm woollen stuff about her feet. industrious auditress. She said she had come from the Dakota country, All this was done so quickly and easily, that she felt dismayed to she had stood beside the Falls of Minnehaha ; and some analogy be-tween the fair face that looked up at observe how soon her power of keep. ing people at a distance had deserted her, another person's power of service having put it to rout. Prying and officiousness she had pre-pared hersels to deal with, but resemblance between this present **JANUARY 15, 1916**

"It will be a new kind of fatigue, moment before this steamer sailed. that will savour of rest. My limbs have been well exercised of late, my However, I am of a philosophic turn of mind, and I said to myself, 'I will tongue not at all. If I do not bore take this disappointment as a stroke of good luck.' Who knows what may you...." "No," said Bawn with unwilling turn up on the way to make me glad

truth, and keeping her eyes on her that I was disappointed ?" A satisfied smile brightened on his "It I do not look at him at all." face as he spoke, and, though he was she thought, "perhaps there will be less danger of his remembering afterwards what I am like." looking out to sea and not at her, Bawn felt that he meant to convey

The reading began. An earnest,

tco candid

Whatsoever she represented

that he was already grown pleased with the existing state of things, and partly at least, because he had found a companion in her. She could not reflect his contentment. Why need his voyage have been inconveniently delayed only, it would seem, for the purpose of embarrassing her?

One grain of comfort she did ex ract from his statement however. He is not Irish, at all events," she thought, "and, once I land in Queenstown, will, in all human probability, never cross my path again." Re-flecting on this, she unbent her brows a little and consented to become a trifle more friendly.

TO BE CONTINUED

HIS POINT OF VIEW

Some fifty years ago one Peter Lennon, a self-made man, and comfort-able according to the standard of his little world, had sent home to Connemara for a nephew, one of the tribe of bare footed boys who tum bled over each other on the mud floor of their father's west country dwelling, and ten year old William had accordingly been sent to be his uncle's heir.

But good feeding and good schooling had roused undreamed of ambitions in the boy, and not content with the modest business in an unimportant Dublin street which he came into at his uncle's death, he had built and built it up, all engrossed in his work, until as an elderly man himsel⁴, he, like his uncle, had discovered the need of someone-not an heir, for he would not enter. tain for a moment the idea of passing his hardly earned fortune to another -the need of some of his own kin. whom, perhaps in a moderate way, he might banefit and, in the far off future, enrich, but who would ertainly admire and envy him for what he was. No one who saw him could have doubted that he was any. thing but a successful man of busimess. Commerce and prosperity were written in large letters all over him, and he was almost ludicrously out of place in the old Connemara home, enlarged and improved though it was since his boyhood's days.

His arrival there was tinged with sadness, for he found them all dis persed, the band of brothers and sisters of which he had been a mem ber. Fever and the sea had taken their toil at home and the American climate accounted for two or three abroad. Then there was a girl who had gone potato farming to Scotland marrying, had settled there : and, then William himself and lastly Pat rick, the youngest brother and father of the half dozen colleens who all hung their heads, equally bashful, when called out for inspection by their rich, strange uncle from Dublin. "And isn't there a single how of the

old name at all ?" asked their uncle in a tone of disappointment, when the young children on the hearth, whose cropped heads and straight locks were common alike to boys and girls of their age in the district, had been pointed out as Rose and Ellen and wes Brideen.

'Oh, there's John," came a chorus times and out to sea beyond him with of voices, father and mother and sisters alike speaking the name with an expression in the wide grey eyes pride. And as all heads were turned expectantly to the door, so too did William Lennon look ont on the gray road, and there approaching the house was a figure which surprised him more than anything he yet had seen in Ireland Inside the kitchen parents and children were neatly, aye, becomingly clad in various colored homespuns; the mother and elder daughters in scarlet petticents and dark blue bodices, the younger ones in plain costume, while the father wore the So loose white coat and speckled trousers of universal custom. But the newcomer, evidently the John in whom their pride was centered, the newcomer wore black. A plain cloth suit, a soft felt hat and a white Roman collar which, in conjunction with his boyish face, proclaimed him what he was, a student for the Church. The Lennons' hope that their only son should be a priest seemed likely of fulfillment. The student, somewhat accustomed to mixing with strangers, was more at his case with his uncle than any of the others had been; indeed, it was now the uncle himself who was embarrassed. He was quite a good man, honest according to his lights, a Catholic of ourse, and if not proud of it, at least not ashamed, and though his prosperous life left him no time to feel the need of his religion, he had not neglected those practices of it which bind him under pain of sin. Yet the idea of an only son choosing the priesthood as his walk in life filled him with an amazement which, it must be confessed, was turned to resistance and disapproval when young John Lennon's further inten tions were revealed to him. The idea of entering the Church had come entirely from the boy himself. His parents would have thought such aspirations quite impossible, not because he was their only son but on account of the prohibitive fees of the diocesan college. The honor of having a son a priset could

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

She paused and hesitated.

'My dear," said Dr. Ackroyd, "if you have anything to say to me in confidence, my wife will go away."

"No," said Bawn firmly, stretching out her hand to the old lady, who was regarding her with deep concern 'I can trust you both, if you will bear with me.

Mrs. Ackroyd stirred in her chair with good natured emotion and little curiosity, and, wiping her spectacles with the hand that was not in Bawn's grip, put them on, as if they would help her to see well into whatever was going to be laid before her.

Bawn went on speaking, white to the lips, but with firm voice and calm

eyes : "My father left his country, you know, as a young, quite a young man. Well, he left it under a cloud Some enemy had whispered away his good name and blighted his life. He had friends, and there was a woman who had loved him and was to have or been sent by their indignant friends to begin life afresh where married him; and they one and allgood God! can you believe it ?-they their past was unknown. And why one and all cast him out of their might not Desmond have been one of lives, withdrew their faith and their these ? He would prefer to believe friendship from him, and sent him across the world with a broken heart with Bawn, that the man who had lived here so stainless a life and suffered so deeply had been guiltless and spirit-poor heart that nothing could ever heal ; noble spirit that is free from pain at last !"

from the beginning, and the victim of malice or a mistaks. But the Grief brimmed over Bawn's sad entire faith of Bawn's heart could eyes as she finished. She suddenly not make its way into his. Not only covered her face and sat drowned in did he see the probability of failure for her enterprise, but feared that

Her friends did not worry her with questions and consolations, only suffered the floods that had opened themselves away; and the lo wash girl said presently :

There, that is over. You are very, very good to listen to me."

"Now," she continued, with a light like this be felled by such a blow ? leaping into her eyes and determination straightening the quiver of her lips, "I know that he had an enemy through his mind, and Bawn watched who slandered him, or all this could never have bappened. He himself not going to oppose me ?

would be pretty sure to give up her were travelling with you I should be plan in disgust and dismay after a always betraying myself; and if, as you say, 'the world is so small,' somefirst tussle with a few uncomfortable obstacles. He admitted to himself body would be sure to see me who might meet me alterwards and find that, if any girl could carry out such an enterprise, no better one than this me out.' could be found to undertake it. But of what was he thinking? All the strength of his influence over her must be exerted to prevent her enter-ing on such a wild and uncertain

path He was sufficiently a man of the married, and Bawn felt herself pushed bodily out of her home. world to know what had never entered into the saddest dreams that There was nothing more for her to do here except to procure an outfit ever flitted through Bawn's golden of very plain clothing to suit the station of life she had chosen, to head-to be well aware that there existed a possibility, if not a likeli-hood, that Arthur Desmond had been make some money arrangements transferring a few hundred pounds

really guilty of whatever crime or transgression had been laid to his charge. During all the long life that he had spent in this new country Dr.

fortune in Dr. Ackroyd's hands, to say good bye to the dear old home and to the beloved grave where Ackroyd had met with a great num to the beloved grave where peacefully her father slept. ber of men who in their youth had blundered into evil, and had either come out here of their own free will

AFLOAT

muttered the doctor, taking off his hat and wiping his troubled brow "I ought to have had her committed to a lunatic asylum first." "I don't see how you could, dear,

said his mild, literal wife, "as she is not mad. People would have thought you wers plotting for her money." The doctor groaned. "There is no

help for spilt milk," he said. "So wilful though so sweet a specimen of whelming testimony to his guilt-guilt long explated, and perhaps for womankind I never knew. She has turned me round her finger like a ever forgotten had not her rash and skein of worsted. God send it may loving hand rooted it out from the past which had buried it. Might not not yet be the breaking of our hearts for if anything happens amiss to Bawn we can never hold up our even a bright and strong creature

beads again." These thoughts trooped quickly That triumphant young woman, having looked her last through tears the changing expressions of his face. at her receding native shores, had "Well," she said quietly, "you are now seated herself in a convenient nook on deck with her face ocean.

much worse than mine! If I fair cheeks dyed a rich damask, partly with surprise, partly from the flamecolored reflections in the air.

"Thank you greatly," she said with unaffected gratitude, receiving her hat from his hands.

You must take better care of it." "Yes; if it had gone what should Her friends felt themselves unable to restrain her. After all, their own child was their first consideration, I have done? I have not another,' said Bawn gravely, and then smiled stall. as the image of herself sitting on and Desmond's daughter was impatient to be away. Jeanne was deck hatless for the rest of the jour-

ney rose before her. I will tie a string to it for you. On board ship and on the top of a mountain there is nothing else of use

Allow me, I know the right place to fasten it." taking the hat from her hand. " I have never been at sea before,"

said Bawn, "and so I could not know.'

Bawn was standing in the red glow of the sun, heavenly fire in her grey eyes, her face gleaming in cool tones

against the rose dusk of the sky, like that of some fair saint set in an old jewelled window. Her new acquaintance was not observing her, busied with his good natured exertions. "There i" he said, lifting his glance that will-." He stopped short,

gazing at her in surprise. "Good heavens, how beautiful! And who sent her off to cross the ocean alone ?"

That will hold," he went on quickly, as Bawn took the hat and put it on her head, suddenly remem. bering that she had resolved to mak

acquaintance with nobody, and had been specially counselled to keep young men at a distance. They will always be wanting to

do things for you my dear," good Mrs. Ackroyd had said ; "but if you allow them it will end by their getting in your way, so that you won't know how to get rid of them." And And

Bawn, thinking with a shudder of Jeanne's cousin Henri, the only young man she had ever come much in contact with, had believed she should find it very easy indeed to courage him, but he only answered, smiling :

genuine good nature is not easy to maiden and the Laughing repulse. Feeling at once the im the woods and prairies, in provement in her condition, she felt bound to admit it with thanks.

"I am glad you have books," he continued, picking them up to place them beside her. The "Count of them beside her. The "Count of Monte-Christo" and "Hiawstha" were two of the volumes bought almost at random by Dr. Ackroyd at the book-stall. "'Hiawatha'—ah! I meant to have gone out to that country, had not business called me home sooner

than I expected. Have yon read the poem, or do you know the Dakota country ?"

Bawn bit her lip. She had a strong misgiving that farmer's daughters of the class to which she wished to belong did not read nostry

yet how could she deny her acquaint ance with the poem, every word of which had been read to her by her father lying under the forest trees "My home was in Minnesota." she and I have seen the Falls of aid,

Minnehaha ; and—yes, I know 'Hia-watha' pretty well."

The words came forth reluctantly. How lamentably she was breaking down at the very beginning in the acting of her part! Should she even learn to conceal or evade the truth ? But the stranger was not thinking of her, but of the book.

"I read it long ago," he said, "and everything concerning the Indians always possessed an interest for me. I must read it up again. Have you any objection to hear a little of it now while you work ?"

Bawn breathed a silent sigh and pricked her finger. Was this man going to make her acquaintance in spite of herself? Oh! if he were only like cousin Henri, how easily she could snub him ; but, as it was she could not think of any form of denial which would not seem like downright rudeness on her part in

return for his politeness. "Do not let me fatigue you," she said, making one great effort to dis-

the woods and prairies, had doubtless occurred to his mind and cauged him to glance at her, unexpectedly meeting her gaze.

slight languor, expressive of his en-

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,

Loveliest of Dakota maidens.

joyment of the rest he had spoken of

Bawn, aware of all the cool observation that had been in her own gaze, reddened, and said quickly : "I have been thinking." "Yes!" said her companion, glanc-

ing away, planting himself more firmly on his elbow, and speaking in the most matter of fact voice. was I. You were going to tell me-Nothing.

"I beg your pardon. Look ! Did you ever see anything so marvellous as the sun on the wings yonder flight of birds ?'

Wonderful ?" said Bawn, shading her eyes with her hand, which was not yet browned and reddened by farming labours as she could have wished it to appear. "How fast they go! They will be there long before

There ? Where ?!

"Oh! anywhere. Great Britain, I suppose." She was unwilling to She was unwilling to name Ireland, lest in the very tone

of her voice as she pronounced the word he should hear her whole his. tory. "Are you so very anxious to have

the journey over ?"

Yes," said Bawn, fervently wish ing she could fly after those birds and reach her destination at once, escaping perilous tete a tete with and possibly inquisitive strange people.

'I do not feel at all impatient," said her friend with the blue cap; "though, if I were properly alive to consequences, I ought to be, for I am bound to be in London on the morn ing of the eighth day from this."

"Why, then, not have sailed on an earlier date and given yourself more time ?"

"Why not, indeed, except that Fate plays us curious tricks ? I thought to have done so, but, owing to an accident, I arrived at New not, they thought, be for poor folk York in great hasts only at the last such as they were. But John had

CHAPTER VI "I was a madman to let her go,"

to an Irish bank, and leaving her