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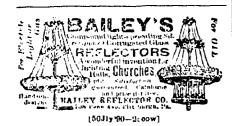
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dweit
In the land where the pyramids be:
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and
her belt
With devices, right wonderous to see;
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a

child
On his mother's immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foes—when to Egypt He went down with St. Joseph the blessed.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, me

thinks,
And the future was given to her gaze;
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always.
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the disolute crowd;
But communed with the ghost of the Pharoahs,

Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a maid on a mule, by that road;
And a child on her bosom reclined—and the

way
Led them straight to the gipsy's abode;
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,
From their home many, many a league—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,

Spont with toil, and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed That the pligrims would rest them awhile; And sho offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile;
And she fondled the babe with affection's

And she longed the old man would repose;
And she begged the old man would repose;
"Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds

free access, And the wanderer balm for his woes." When her guests from the glare of the noonday

When her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool;
Where she apread them a banquet of fruits—and a shed,
With a manger was found for a mule;
With the wine of the paim tree, with the dates newly-culled,
All the toil of the road she beguiled
And with a song in a language mysterious she infled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gipsy anon in her Ethiop hand Placed the infant's diminutive paim, Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned Of the pabe in his slumber so caim, Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed

oroused O'er the tracings of destiny's line; Whence came ye!" she cried in astonishment lost.

"For this child is of lineage divine." From the village of Nazareth," Joseph re-

where we dwelt in the land of the Jew; We have fled from a tyrant, whose garment dyed In the gore of the children he slew. We were told to remain till and angel's com

mand Thould appoint as the hour to return; tut till then we inhabit the foreigner's land, And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

Then ye tarry with me," cried the gipsy i

Joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite
boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles!) would come,"
And kissed both the feet of the infant, and

knell.
And adored Him at once—then a smile
Lit the face on the mother who obserfully With her host on the banks of the Nile,

PART I.-THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

All of which plunged the young man He had been almost wholly occupied had eleven years ago to find a wife, he with thoughts connected with his business in Killard. At first he had felt it heir for the Bishop's. hard that by unfucky chance he should come at so inauspicious a time.

semblance of reason appeared to depart | fierce love of his rugged nature clung to from the philosopher. Cahill began to the boy and wound around him as the wonder whether in any case there would days went on. be much good in confronting the deaf being, his own flesh and blood, given to mute and a man who spoke fables about him that he might bring him up as be color and the air, and talked so unintel-chose, teach him how to fish, how to was no such a thing as blue, and this micated to him, with the blue sky before him, could it Now, after a be likely he'd be able to make anything hope, this boy turned out not to be like out of David Lane, who for years and himself or his dead wife. Worst of all, shrewdest 7

had failed for the present.

set for them in the back parlor, and with- to ruin by a curse working in the blood out much delay or ceremony they sat of the single creature he loved, goaded down and began to eat. When they had him into a rage of horror and repulsion, finished, Cahill produced his pipe and in which no tender motions could pre-filled it. He put his hand into his pocket vail. for some paper, and drew out the rough. On that day he paced the Island with sketch he had found on the road. He a solemn, weary step, as though the was about to tear a piece off; suddenly weight of a world's sorrows were upon he changed his mind, lit his pipe at the him. Then suddenly his manner would candle, and flattening the paper out alter; he threw up his head, looked the white tobacco smoke. While thus his intolerable sufferings made him de-engaged he heard a voice in the shop, sire a circle of foes. Anon he shaded his listened, and then said to his com- eyes and scanned the downs narrowly

Mr. Heywood, there's Tom outside.

" Certainly not." Cahill left the room, and returned with well! the Fool. "Sit down, Tom, and have In the something to eat.

icipated him, and plucked it away.

Where did you get that? Where did

I saw it with him often, and if you pace he gained his own room and shut don't give it to me on the spot I'll get the door.

some one that'll make you, if I have to go to Clonmore and inform on you."

Very well, and I'll keep you company; and while you're telling about this paper I'll be telling how some one who has no license, bought a gun fast night. Are you ready to be off?"

"Whist your talk?" cried the Fool in consternation.

and no use to any one but the rightful movements a vagueness which made it owner, and, Chris Cahill, although they seem as though his sight had suffered

desolate island." The young man reflected for a mo-

ment.
"Does Lane think much of this paper ""
"He wouldn't give it up for a shoal of

herrings." can have it by coming for it here to mor-row at eleven o'clock. This gentleman The boy's clasp-ki and I will be waiting for him."

"Oh, if that won't do I'll start for Clon-

best against you."

And shaking his fist at the young man he dashed out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE EXPULSION.

The calm sea, the bright air, the plencous sunshine brought no consolation to the heart of David Lane on the day he drove his son from the island. Since his earliest recollection the pageantries of nature had been familiar to his eyes. He lived among them, but they were inde-pendent of him. In his youthful manhood he had taken a wife. He had selected her from all he met by the exercise of reason, not by love or passion. In time she grew into his life; filled out and made perfect what was perfectable in his dark soul.

Then a child—a son—came, and a new feeling arose in his heart. The pheno-mena of external nature had, he knew, been displayed before he was there to see. His wife had grown from infancy to childhood, from childhood to womanhood before he met her. He had acquired her as any man acquires what has been provided for him outside the range of his own eyes, and never displayed until the hour of want had come to him. Over what went on among the elements he had no control; over his wife, before he had found her, he had no control.

There was a dark and inexplorable past behind her advent. As far as his nature permitted him he had grown to love her. But she had come to him out of an uncertain, indefinite bygone, and when she died it seemed as though she had gone back to the dimness out of which she had approached.

But his son was his son. No uncertainty existed about his boy's past. He had come a tipy infant and grown into into profounder hopelessness. The real childhood under his own eyes. He him-cause of his sadness during Mr. Hey-self had married in hopes of having a wood's discourse on color, the rocks, the digamma, and atmospheric pressure, had hence he felt a double sense of proprieeen somewhat apart from the subjects, torship in the boy. When he set out in-

Ten years ago his hopes were realized. He had an heir; and though he was kind and tender to the woman, all the kind and tender to the woman, all the him he looked pleased, for he smiled all As Mr. Heywood went on, and all kind and tender to the woman, all the Here was this young ligibly about rocks. If a man said that seem to live by fishing only, and in time that the sea wasn't blue, and that there impart what his own father had commu-

Now, after all his years of love and years had defied the scrutiny of the his father had warned him certain evil would follow if such a child were born. But wait! Didn't they say "Set a thief If there had been but one fear, that of to eatch a thief?" Well, maybe, a man the secret being revealed, he could have who spoke words no one could under- endured betrayal, if only the doing of the stand, and said things weren't what every treason fell not into the hands of this one saw were, might be the best at David one being. All the world besides might Lane. But then there did not remain the conspire against him; who chose might ghost of a chance of David Laneleav-come and find out all, yea, fling him ing the Island now, and there was no use bead-long from the cliff if they would in thinking any more about it. His plan only leave the certainty that this boy had been loyal to him. But to see in When the two men got back to the front of all his enemies the face of his village it was dark. They found supper child, and to feel that he had been done

before him, looked gloomily at it through round defaulty as though weariness of from the highest point of the Island, seeming to watch for the messengers of Would you object to my asking him fate. But soon his face would change to a bitter smile-the boy knew nothing the telling of which could harm. That was

In the afternoon, he descended to the low ledge fronting the ocean, and, with This was an invitation Tom seldom de- his face to the scorehing sun, sat until fined; he was in the act of accepting the great red disc had sunk through then his eyes met the paper. He made the cloudless air into the realm of sudden snatch at it. Cahill angrily an- shades below the broad sad margin of the

Sea. Then he arose, and with heavy ou get that paper? Did the boy rob his faltering steps ascended the steep path. Frequently he stumbled and pausather of it? "What is it to you where I got it?" ed to examine the way as though it were How dare you try and take it?" demanded Cahill sullenly, "The shock himself as if he had been mit he had been "Because it's my friend David Lane's sleeping, and sought to discucumber and you have no right to it. Give it back to me until I bring it to its rightful owner."

"White I have a good a side of the sum of the "May be I have as good a right to it as bavid Lane or any one else."

Struck something. Glancing down he saw the basket lying as it had fallen from the basket lying as it had fallen from the boy's hands. Quickening his

All within was unaltered. Nothing had been moved since morning, and in the dim light, which entered at the small, narrow window, the table and chairs and bed lay in a brown gloom.

No food had passed his lips since morn ing, yet he did not seek any now. He stretched himself wearily on the bed, and covering his face, for a while remained

"Aren't you coming to Clonmore with motionless.

me? Sergeant Murphy wouldn't mind getting up to hear two such pleasant deep worn-out sigh he got up, struck a stories."

"Whist, I say, and don't be a fool. But the paper is Lane's, and it's no good to you. It's a likeness of his own property, like a sleep-walker's There was in all his likeness of his own property, like a sleep-walker's There was in all his seem as though his sight had suffered. say things against you, you're not the When he stirred he knocked up against man to keep another man's property, things lying in his way; when he and he a widower and an orphan on a stretched out his hand to place the candle on the table, he miscalculated the distance, and his hand did not reach until he had made a second attempt. He looked like one losing sight, or receiving

aper?"

"He wouldn't give it up for a shoal of errings."

"Very well, if it's any use to him he

"Very well, if it's any use to him he

The boy's clasp-knife! For a moment he stood pale and furious. Through his nostrils the hot breath came and went with a loud snore. more. The evening is cool, and I know Suddenly he tore open all the blades and "I believe all the bad that's said against you, Christic Cahill, and worse; and only for what you know [1, 1]. up and down, with his head thrown back, his eyes flashing and his checks flushed, like a wounded lion at bay.

After a while he grew more calm, and a cold, deadly look of vengeance came into his face. With a quiet, sinister smile he took a faggot from beside the fireplace opened the door, and carrying the candle in the same hand as the faggot, and the clasp-knife in the other, went out into the dewy darkness and solemn peace of the night.

The flame of the candle bent towards him as he walked, but never flicked there was not a breath of wind. Behind him his grotesque shadow, distorted by the inequality of the ground, leaped and shortened and lengthened. Below murmured the heavy pulses of the ocean, above the quiet stars gleamed large in the vaporous air. As he passed a night-bird flew overhead with a desolate cry.

He crossed at the seaward side of the house and went into his son's chamber. He did not seem in any hurry now, for setting down the light, he surveyed the interior and smiled in the same cruel,

deadly way.

There stood a chair at the head of the bedstead, and on this he sat down. Taking up the faggot, he opened it slowly, when it had become a loose heap he placed it softly under the bed; unlocking his shut fist, he laid the batt of the clasp knife slowly and gently on the bed, then paused a while and examined with malignant satisfaction

what he had done. His purpose was now clear. He was going to destroy everything material which could remind him of his son.

He glanced round with a calculating eye. There was no woodwork employed in the construction of the room but the beams in the roof and the door and doorposts. The bed would burn swiftly and with no intense flame. The door was six feet off and the beams more than five. All this seemed to please him greatly, so greatly that some of the malignity died out of his face, and he appeared consoled by finding matters so

favorable to his plan.

He drew out his pleasure by carefully removing everything else in the room to

the greatest distance from the bed. round the dim cell as though surrounded by spectators. He could, and he would, eradicate forever all memory of that thing, his son. He would, and he could. There was nothing easier. See, he had set all ready. There were the faggot. and the bed, and the clasp-knife all in a heap; he pointed to them as though expounding the situation. There were the chairs and the stool (pointing), they could be burned in his own tire-grate when broken up. The table; that, too. would make excellent fuel, and nothing more remained. Nothing more.

He looked around to make sure. The glass! The little piece of looking-

glass against the wail. He approached it, holding the canda high. He caught it slowly, and raised it by the bottom to take it off the nail on which it hung. He had got it only a little way up when his hand paused, and for a moment, he stood as immovable as the foundation of the Island. His own white face smiled pitilessly back to him from the blue mysterious darkness.

The last time a face had tooked out of that glass it was a face not wholly unlike his own. The young face would never look out of that glass again-never look upon him again. Never, never, never His son was gone

As slowly as he had raised the glass he let it fail back to its old position, and gianced at the bed. With tender hands he took the hatt of the clasp-knife, and, having rubbed it softly on his sleeve placed it under the pallow, where the boy usually kept it at night; then, set ting the chair against the head of the bed, he sat down, blew out the candle. and, with arms foided across his chest, sat by the vacant bed alt night.

(To be Continued.)

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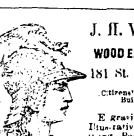
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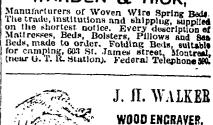
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