Card Drawing

By GERALD GRIFFIN

"Is this my welcoms home?" - Southerne Another circumstance placed the dispositions of the youths in singular appc-Among the little girls who oc cupied the row of round stones placed along the wall opposite to the boys, was a little flaxen-haired coquette was a little flaxen-naired coquette named Penelore M'Loughlen, whore blue eyes and cherry lips had made sad work in the hearts of the young dabblers in etymology. Their affection, however, was manifested in a very different manner. While Duke fought for her, carried her core received her and distance and ried her over streams and ditches and ried her over streams and dishes and treated her to an occasional "happorth" of sugar-candy — Pryce mended her heque, (used in pointing the letters out —Orthographically—[eque) folded her thumb paper, and taught her the analogy between C and a half a griddle, H and a haggard gate; so that like the wavering mistress of the Two more Kin men, her affections were divided between the manly frankness, courage, and generosity of the former, and the allient attentions and profound learning silent attentions and profound learning of the latter lover. As they approached the years of manhood (he is a long lived Trichman that reaches those of discretion,) the relation of the parties towards each other continued almost the same; but that of the lady to them was altered. Her heart, according as its capability of discriminating and appreciating the worth of character became more acute. inclined toward the side of the frank and hearty Duke. He was, to use a monkey-visions among which the unchained fancy of the homely but forcible metaphor which is homely but forcible metaphor which is popular in her country, "that kind of man that the wrong side of him was turned out every day," while her womanly shrewdness told her that she had not yet seen more than the sunny half of his rival. She ventured, with the due proportion of maiden reluctance and timidity, to confess this preference to the enraptured Duke, and with true filial spirit had her partiality ripened into passion lasting and immovable, when her lover proposed for her and was scornfully rejected by her father. Dake went to sea, and Kinchela, after heating about the point with the caution which his rival's experience had taught him to use, tried his lack with no better success. It was indeed reported for some time after in the neighborhood that his rejection had been still more unceremonious than poor Dorgan's—a rumor which was probably founded on the fact that Penny never heard the circumstance alluded to without smothering a laugh, and that the old man (who was rather flery in his temper) sent the shoe of his right foot to be mended the same evening, with a ren about the toe, which showed as if considerable violence had been used with it. After this, Pryce had been, up to the present time, falling from cliff to cliff downward through the dark vale o

broken, at the bottom.
"And you take it so tamely!" exclaimed the young sailor, when Pryce had come to a close,—"I would have given the fellow a rope's end at any rate, if not round the neck, across the ulders at least.

dversity, until he found himself at

last stretched, fairly baffled and spirit

"Is that all you'd do to him?" asked Pryce, quietly.

"All! 'tis more, it seems, than

you'd do-but you were ever an' always

"Was I?" said Kinchela, with a smile, the expression of which, from his turning away his head while he spoke, it was evident he did not wish to Duke an opportunity of speculating mean. "But I believe 'tis time for us think of parting, Mr. Dorgan. If you stop in Carrigaholt to-morrow at the Bee-Hive, you'll see me there be-fore you and we'll have a little more crushcening together, yourself, an' my-self; I have a call to make westwards

his route, not without a certain feeling | Their trade it was, and is (though the of contempt for the easy indifference with which his former rival sustained the spirit-rousing slights that had been cast upon him. These unpleasant feelings, however, were soon displaced by anticipations, such as might naturally be supposed to occur to a young and ardent heart on its return from a long exile to the home and the friends of his early life. He felt perfectly assured that old M'Loughlen could not resist the influence of the wealth and honor he had acquired during many years o service, as eventful and perilous (for the deck which he trod was that which called Nelson captain) as ever British seamen braved; and as he was himself eminently tinged with that "forgive-and-forget ' spirit of the characteristics which forms one of the characteristics of his nation, he looked forward with an impatient generosity to the hour of reconciliation. He turned aside in

fancy from the father's rough hand and repentant greeting, to the blushing cheek and joyous eye of his be womanly Penny, whom he pictured by himself standing bashfully behind her father, and waiting with a throb bing heart and trembling frame to meet him with a true love welcome. As he thought of those things he doubled his and made the sand hills flit so rapidly behind him that the traces of the outer count were presently lost, and the source of the distant waste of

ocean came

The Februa ning soon began to d the wind which equired a sharpness blew from the and coldness furnished Dorgar with an additional though less sentireason for quickening hi He was almost in a soli umeental soli tude—the clouds began to lower and darken upon his path—while the occascream of a horse gull as it awooped around him, and with difficulty wheld its light and feathery bull against the rising wind, together with the dreary whistling of that wind itself it wafted over his head the sea foan that was broken on the cliffs at half-amile distant, formed the only sounds that varied the dead monotony of the scene around him. The absence of public roads, moreover (for this was long before Mr. Killala, the excellent engineer, was sent to visit this part of

the country,) contributed to throw an air of greater wildness and loneliness over its surface, so that Dorgan felt by means at his ease when the dark ness which speedily banished the re-flection of the last ray of sunset from the sky, left him to grope his way, without a pilot, through this trackless waste of gloom. His eyes, accomodatpower of vision in some time to the darkness which at first seemed almost equivalant to blindness, enabled him, after a few hours' hard walking,

to discover at a little distance one those miserable huts which but too those miserable huts which but too often forms the only asylum in which the poor Munster cottager can find a refuge from the tyranny of the "winter's flaw." The softness of the soil beneath his feet informed him, moreover, that he had arrived on better cultivated land, while at the same time a disparting of the vapors above enabled him to discover, a few perches from the place where he stood, a comfortablelooking farm house, with a haggard, (hay-yard) stored with two or three stacks of hay and reed. Unwilling to disturb at so unreasonable an hour the slumbering inmates of the dwelling, and uncertain, besides, of the reception he might meet with, Dorgan resolved to spend the remainder of the night in the dry and still recess formed by the grouping of the stacks. He stepped over the haggard stile, and, after shaking down some of the sweet hay on the ground, he flung himself at full on this simple natural couch, placed his bundle under his head, and was speedily lost in the wildnerness of

exercise her magic skill. We cannot afford, nevertheless, to sit long idly by our hero while he slumbers, so that the reader will have the complaisance to imagine the winter night already past, and the sum mons of the " early cock shrilling in his vexed and drowsy ear. As he awoke and turned on his rude pallet, the murmuring of human voices within a few feet of the spot where he lay, ar-rested his attention. He listened, almost unconscious of what he was doing, and totally forgetful of its impropriety, while the following conversation passed between two speakers. The voice were those of females; one of from the sweetness and richnes of the tones, a young—and the other the sweetness and richness from the harshness and hard vulgarity

sleeper loves to

of the accent, evidently an old woman.
"I walked," said the younger, in a
tone of gentle discontent and remonstrance, "three miles to meet you strance, "three miles to meet y here since the day-dawn, and I must back again and have the cows spancelled, and the milk set, and th breakfast ready before my father gets up; for if he knew I came to see you, ne'd kill me. And here you kept me a whole hour waiting for you."

"Don't blame me, avourneen," was the soothing reply; "I am an old woman, and you're so young, that your blood is running yet like cherry brandy in your veins. When you see as much of the harm that's done in the day-light as I have, darlen, you won't be in such a hurry to shorten the night as you were this mornen."

Well, let us say no more of it. You told me last night, before my father came in and found you in the kitchen, that you could tell me secrets that nobody knew but myself."

What else did I get my gift for When I was an infant at the breast, my mother gay me, by the directions of an apparrishun that she seen, three drops a cow's first milk after calving, be fore the young came a near her, and that's the reason the gift is upon me Tell me, then," and here the girl

hesitated a moment, "tell me, till I try you. Have I a sweetheart or no?" It needed not a ghost come from the grave to solve this protound question, and so thought Duke Dorgan, as he recognized in the elder female, from the efore I go."

They parted—and Dorgan pursued of idle and worse than idle characters. increasing knowledge of the in other parts of the country has ren-dered their profits much less considerable than they were,) to wander from house to house, defrauding silly cottage girls, and, rumor asserts, some silly men too, of their hardly earned moneys under the pretence of giving them a fi'-penny or a tenpenny peep into futur-ity, according to the length of their purses and their curiosity. which these worthies most commonly used to arrive at a knowledge of "com was some mystical calculation on a pack of cards; and instances have fallen within the circle of own experience where those "Card drawers," as they are popularly termed, were permitted and invited to exercise their skill in gull-catching in other than cottage company. But to continue our tale. "Reach me your hand, darlen," said

the Card-drawer, "ont'l I feel your pulse a piece." There was a pause of few minutes, when she resumed. The blood beats warm, but it doesn't come from the heart. Your not your own, and the boy that has it is far away from you." A gentle exclamation of astonishment

from the young inquirer showed that the Card drawer had judged right.

was the next "Tell me news of him," equest, made in panting eagerness it be good I will give you another half crown.

d far upon his ear. "Oy, indeed!" said the Card-drawer, with an affected indignation, as if all the silver in your purse, al though it was as long as the king's that they say if you held one end of it and I held another, we never 'ud mee would make bad good or good bad. Here Dorgan heard the shuffling of a pack of cards. "We'll try what it is any way. Draw a card, an' face the What is it?

'The king o' diamonds." "Gondoutha! Good. Draw again.

Well? The ace o' hearts." "Allilu! better an' better again.

Why, draw once more.

The queen o' spades." "That's yourself. All good. Your lover is comen' home with a sighth o' money, and as fond o' you as ever.''
"I thank you, and you're a good

creature," said the young female, in accents that were broken by the agitation of delight. "Hush! I hear something stirring near us. Good morning, the sun is high, and I'll be killed if my father finds me out, when he gets up.

Stay one moment, a-gra gal. You forget that trifle you wor talken' of.
'Tisn't for the sake o' the lucre I'd talk, but as we were mentionen' it at

'Oh, the half crown? I had quite forgot it, I declare. Here it is, my good woman. If what you say comes to pass, I will make that a great e; if you have been only deceiving because I am young, and my heart foolish and credulous, may Heaven forgive you for it! it would be doing no better than to put a blind man on a wrong path.'

there's few that would do that, a colleen," said the Card drawer, as turning full within Dorgan's sight, while he heard the young girl, whom she had been duping, trip lightly through the rushes, she put the piece of silver in a corner of her handker-chief, made a knot about it, and thrust it into her dark and withered bosom. Before she discovered him, as he lay stretched on the hay, our hero had : opportunity of observing her face and figure: and as forming one of a class of persons who exercised a con-siderable influence over the minds of the peasantry of her country, the perhaps will allow us to present a brief sketch of what he saw, in de flance of Meg Merrillies and all her bony sisterhood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

By Francis Woodroffe.

"I'm not so sure, I'm not so certain sure." muttered the old coastguards man, as he gazed out to see. A boat was tacking, her sails fluttered and shining as she veered around. He raised his spyglass with a critical air, and cooking his head awry, prolonged his investigations. A trawler it might be, with mere fish as its burden; should Doonennis be its destination, and a big haul in its hold, Tim Dougherty would rejoice; good fish and plenty pleased Nan, and meant a cheap supper

But the cargo of a smack may be spirits, and perchance tobacco, too; hence Tim's inspection was, of neces-

sity, a lengthy affair.

At last he seemed satisfied, for he nodded, grunted, and turning away, walked slowly along the track of the cliff. Doonennis Bay was fringed with granite rocks, bare and precipitous; in the dying light of day they now stood out in bold relief; to the west a red glow on sky and sea alike foretold dry

weather, just what Tim loved.

But somehow he was not in a mood to enjoy that fair promise; for no tan gible reason his spirits had been falling all day. More than once he found him-self sighing deeply, and for the life of him he could not make out why the thought of Roger Harding kept recurr-

ing to his mind.
Roger was a new hand, one fresh from England, and had scarcely been on the station six months as boatman; why, of all men, should he think of him? True, he was the first Briton within memory who had come to live upon the shores, but what of that? The alliances of nations and their enmities troubled Tim little, for his politics, if he had any rose above all party prejudices. The man's religion, certainly, had been a sore point to all in doonennis, and had they yielded to their inclinations, would more than have shown resentment, remind ing him how his ancestors, vain attempt to stamp out the Faith in Ireland, persecuted its loyal sons to death. But remembering that discusdeath. sion brings often hard words, they forbore, and hastily changed subject when it bordered upon dangerous ground, fearing to trust their warm

blood when once fully aroused. onger, the was but a speck on the horizon, and Tim had reached the end of his beat. horizon, and Afar off, he could hear the mighty ocean booming as it dashed on jagged rocks, seething around them, tearing sides, while below the waves fell their sides, while below the waves lengently, idly lapping the shore. Dejectedly he retraced his steps, still wondering what ailed him. Twilight had set in and supper should be ready by this time. Not that he felt inclined to eat, his depression had taken away all appetite. He had not gone far, however, before his eyes lit up with a sudden joy, and a snile chased away all signs of care; he began to feel happy again as he waved his cap to his daughter, Nan. She was standing on the brow of a hill, a kerchief on her head. a small shawl thrown over her neck and shoulders.

Tall and erect, with genuine Celtic features, she was not strictly beautifu', but her grey eyes were soft and true where further charm was lacking they charm was lacking they supplied the deficiency. She had some were idle; indeed, several stitches had fallen from the needles, yet she did not attempt to pick them up. Her ball of wool, too, had rolled away—ten minutes had passed since then and it still remained hidden in the brambles. It was evident her thoughts were allbsorbing, one glance at her contracted brow and vacant gaze was proof enough of that. She often smiled, and yet a oment later, a cloud of sadness seemed to efface her pleasure, and sighing, she would apparently seek to unravel some

knotty problem.

Twice did Tim call her before she turned with a start, to find him close at hand, "Is it draming ye are, acushla?" he shouted, panting as he climed the hillock.

The color came and went in her cheeks, she was excited, yet nervous, too: "What will his answer be?" she kept repeating to herself as she wen forward to meet him. "Oh! Father," he cried, "I have news, a rale surprise

Her words were joyfully spoken, but her heart misgave her; would he consent after all?

"An' what may that be Nan, avour-neen?" enquired the old coastguard,

quickening his pace, with a gasp and a

grunt.
"Why! father, ye'll never guess."
Out of breath, Tim reached her side, and paused to pant awhile; then tenderly he kissed her, and laughingly replied: "Sure an' I niver will, unless it be ye that tells me' ow't." less it be ye that tells me' ow't.'

Nan flung her arms around the old nan's neck and with a depth of entreaty exclaimed: "Ye won't be cross, will ye now, father, but—but" she hesitated an instance, "he axed me to marry an instance, "he axed me to mar him," she hurriedly continued, "an sid ves.

She lowered her eyes, expecting a storm of opposition, but for a mo Tim was silent; though staggered "Who? Who did, me darlint?" he ejuculated at length, "was it wan of

the Murphy's now, or, maybe Pat Callaghan? Neither wan nor the other, " re-nded Van s'owly, " but sure it was

sponded Van s'owly, "but sure it was Roger himself." The secret was out, she felt somewhat relieved, but the ordeal was not yet over. Rarely has man's face undergone such a change as did Tim's in that short moment. The light died from his eyes, the smile vanished while he shivered and bit his lips as if in sudden pain; then he muttered: "Roger, Roger

Harding? Nay, its jokin ye are asthore?" and he looked up for denial of her Tis thrue, father," she almost whispered, and, turning away head, toyed with the wool she held. "Nan, Nan, ye are daft," the old man exclaimed with enotion grasping

his daughter's hand as he spoke. Why don't know what ye're doin'; mayourneen, he's a Protestan'!" There was a depth of feeling in the words which expressed volumes, mak

ing its echo sound within the girl's eart, but she checked it.

"Bedad, an' I'll make him come into the Church," she answered reassuringthe Church.

ly, but there was a dispirited ring in her voice. Tim payed no heed to her remark : he was gazing far beyond the crested breakers into a region of fear and sorrow, and as he gazed, the legend of

Doonennis came back to him with a new orce and in a new light.

Long, long ago, before the chronicler lived within its precints, had the Faith been brought to that hamlet, and ever since had its loyalty to the Church

been un werving and devout.

As the centuries rolled on, and age ucceeded age, it became their boast that, of its many generations, not one member had betrayed that sacred trust conferred upon their fathers; no, not even in those dark ages, when persecu-tion was rife and Death with Religion went hand in hand. Was the tradition to be annulled now, and Nan the cause

of its repeal? "Oh! say its not true, me darlint,"
pleaded Tim, and painfully his voice
quivered, as he looked intently upon ner averted face. A sigh alon caped her, and he continued, "Harding's a steady lad, I've naught to say agin him, but he hasn't the Faith, and would ye marry wan who would scoff at

"No, no, father," hurriedly interposed the girl, "he would not do that, he has too good a face." "His face is well enough," Tim re-

sponded, "but it's his dochtrine, an' your soul, your soul, Nan. Nay, ye cannot, ye must not."
"But I love him," Nan feebly remonstrated: the tears were rising fast, conflict was raging in her heart, and

wearily she leant against a tree for support.
Tim scarcely heard her words, as he passionately exclaimed: "A hundred times would I see ye die an ould spinster than wedded to a man who would not so much as uncover afore the Pope, nor tell a single bead to the Blessed Mother of God," and he reverently

defied his cap.

His voice, quivering and pathetic, touched Nan's sensitive nature to the core. She longed to throw her arms about his neck, to comfort him, and declare she would do his will. But her love for Roger stayed her, and, to promote his claims, she weighed each

roument in his favor. Through affection for her, if for no other motive, it was thus she reasoned he would not wound her religious feel iogs nor thwart her devout wishes. Ah! Nan, beware! Many another has sought consolation in such a pretext, and, building on the same foundation, deemed the future bright and fair Alas! their hopes have been shattered, their lives are blighted. But Nan regarded all in roseate hues, and with her chain of reasoning strove to conquer Tim's objections, endeavoring to oint out the futility of his fears. Old Dougherty heard her through, refrain ing from comment till she concluded ith a bright laugh, not wholly sincere An' who knows' wan day he hissel may get the true faith?" Pausing for lack of breath and further arguments longed to see the effect her words had vrought upon her father, but it was almost dark now, so dark that she could scarce discern his features. ew moments she waited, expecting a reply, his consent, maybe.

Not a word came, however, and im patiently at length she called out Father, father, won't ye spake? Then in the evening quiet his answer came. A deep moan, a cry from his heart, and all was once more still, save for the roar of the waves, far out to

Nan could stand it no longer, and flinging herself at his feet, implored him. "Doan't, doan't, father! Why are ve so sorrowful?

He raised his tear-stained face:
"Thin ye won't marry him, Nan?" he
eagerly craved. If Nan had ever hes itated in her choice or wavered in her resolution it was at this instant: nay nore than that, the words that would have solaced Tim were upon her lips when she faltered, and in that brief space her mind had changed again.

But Tim thought her silence good: "Ye won't, will ye now?" he begged, and again he took her hand in his own. She withdrew it, however feeling too much like a traitor in that loving clasp, a traitor to Faith and father. "I've given him my word, an"

hoder

I can't go back agin it." was all she said. Strange and hollow her voice sounded, and, as she finished, she wept aloud.

Tim shivered, as he heard her speak he raised his eyes to Heaven, and groaned: "God forgive ye. Nan, for the blessing will go from Doonennis. and a Dougherty will wreak the harm."
He was trembling as he walked away,
mournfully remarking: "Come, child,
ye must go in, it is gettin' cowld and
late."

All through that night, till the stars paled and the east grew bright with dawn, did Dougherty keep a weary vigil. On his knees he prayed and thought and prayed again. He recalled anew the legend, its benediction and solemn words of warning: "May anew the legend, its benediction and solemn words of warning: "May Donennis be blessed," so it ran, "no soul has gone astray; false doctrine has not stolen one heart from St. Patrick's flock, may she be blessed till the day wherein she fails." Had that day, that day of woe, arrived? Was the pledge of the hamlet about to be pledge of the hamlet about to broken and its boast made void? Such a grievous possibility filled his mind with terror and, crushed by present ments so sad and gloomy, he buried face in his cold hands. heavy, but it was from the weight of sorrow, not of sleep; only a visio came before him of Nan, happy, dance ing Nan no more, but weeping and regretful.

His head swam round and round, and his brain was whirling, while he cried aloud in his grief; "O Lord, Lord, aloud in his grief;

As the sun gleamed over the sea, Nan came slowly into the room; she was paler than usual, and her smile lacked warmth and joy. It, too, died away as she beheld her father kneeling before the crucifix, with outstretched hands; she had seen him in that same position how many hours ago, and had he remained there ever since; could he have knelt there all the night? She feared so, as she caught sight of his muddy boots still on his feet, his cap on

the floor beside him.

But it was the look on his face that startled her, a look so terribly careworn, that ten years could scarce have wrought the change; the man of yester day, robust and full of vigor, to-day seemed aged and decrepit. Quickly she ran forward, calling him lovingly by name, but though he turned at the sound of her voice, he seemed dazed, and merely muttered: "We have failed; it will go, an' we will be blessed no more. Dispirited, Nan sat down to think

suddenly she arose with determination and catching her shawl from the peg. hurried out of the house. In half an fled. Flinging her arms around her father's

neck, she spoke rapidly: "Now, ye must mourn no more; it's himself I've seen, an' he's promised me—" "Promised what, Nan?" questioned

old Tim incredulously, though there was a hopeful ring in his voice.
She took a stool beside him, and gently stroked his hand: "He promised me," she repeated slowly, emphasizing the words, as if each brought a message of joy,"that he'd never cross my wishe force me to do anything against

my religion.' She expected approbation but none ame. "Is that all?" was his sole re came. mark.

"Doan't ye believe him, father?" implored the girl, and her voice shool perceptibly, while she played with her apron-strings to keep back the burning

Tim raised his head, and staring through the open window, spoke inpressively: "Nan, Nan, think on him no further." For a whole minute both were silent, the importunate clock on the stair ticked ominously, the caged finch, hun-gry for its meal, hopped noisily from perch to perch, twittering the while then a tear fell on Nan's hand, but she hastily brushed it away, murmuring: "I've promised him too," then their eyes met. He had glanced at her inquir-ingly, and she hesitated: "that—that would trust him." For one moment Dougherty looked at his daughter, his only child, with an indescribal le longing, then mechanically he rose and sought his cap and glass; the next moment he was gone, and Nan was alone—alone with her sad thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

That was six months ago, and Nan was to be married on the morrow. The afternoon was hot and close as she sat in the shaded doorway, putting the finishing touches to her bridal veil, though with so doleful an air it might have passed for a shroud. Now and then she would pause in

her work, her thimble still on her finger, the stitch but half finished, and for time the white net lay unheeded on her lap. Her mind was centered on the past; its pleasures, indeed, were buried, well nigh forgotten; she could only re gret its neglected chances, lame failures; upon the future she could not dwell, there was so much sorrow to behind, so much painful truth that it engrossed her meditation, and left no room for brighter fancies or shadowy bliss to come. Could it be but half a year since

Nan had chosen her own course; since she watched old Tim retreating with ont a word from their cottage door The calendar, indeed, taught no more but from her troubled looks, her pallic cheeks and even in her hair a streak o grey, it seemed as if each day were one week, and those few months a many years. Strange it would have been were it otherwise, for glance at her father as he sits mumbling at he side—what has worked that woefu plight, changing him almost beyond re eognition?

An old bent figure, trembling hands,

an unkempt beard, and sad, roving eyes. Could anyone have recalled in eyes. Could anyone have recalled in that half witted, aged man, the most able coast guard of the Western shores And it was Nan's choice that had brought him to this! She knew it, and with the knowledge came most bitter

remorse and inconsolable grief; age in appearance, though not in years, fol-

lowed as a natural consequence

The needle, reluctantly taken up, work, as moodily she rehearsed the equence of events.

At first he would spend whole days

in solitude, wandering aimlessly about, with spy glass in hand, yet doing no work. He would gaze on the sea, but watch for no ships, and it was only when Nan led him home that he would be the back of the sea o turn his back on the ocean, restless as his own soul. Communicative by nature, he shunned his old friends, and talked to few, while to all enquiries his answer rarely differed: "God will bless us no more.

There were times, indeed, when, re-There were times, indeed, when, reflecting on Tim's melancholy, Nan determined to retract her plighted troth, but as she rose to fulfill her mission, the love of Roger stayed her, and with a sigh, she went to bear her bucket to the pump. The pail would fill, over its sides the water flow, but she was heedless of it all, rather seeking to convince herself that time would heal the wound. Little did she dream that it was a festering sore, that imperceptibly would spread, taking root, not only in Tim's heart, but in his mind as well.

The process was slow, nor did she fully realize its actual import day, she happened to overhear some chance remarks, a mere fragment of conversation: "Is it true now conversation: "Is it true now,
O'Shea," the words came sharply
across the hedge, "that owld Tim
Dougherty has gone rale crazed an' mad ?'

Nan had been plucking weeds but at this question she started wildly around and they fell to the ground unnoticed. "Indeed and indeed, I'm afeared it is so entirely," the man O'Shea re-plied, "an" tis his girl he'll thank when he's gone to the mal house for, he added, with a grim shake of his head, "I'm thinking he's not far off it

now. To all this Nan had listened, gland to the spot, her eyes fixed upon the speakers, her unwilling ears drinking in their every word: they were cruel, oh! so cruel, but worse than this, she

felt they spoke the truth.

As they paused she seemed to collect her thoughts, for she shuddered and with heavy steps walked towards the house. O'Shea heard the rustle of her skirts, and with dismay learnt who it was; at once he pulled the other's sleeve: "Whist, man, whist!" And he jerked his thumb across his shoulder, at the retreating figure.

The hem beneath her hands had twice been worked upon when, of a sudden, the cotton snapped; it was the end of her musing, and dream, the veil was likewise finished

The next day broke fair and calm, the sea was unruffled and a cloudless sky above. Nan's spirit rose, as she viewed the peaceful scene before the peaceful her, and almost gaily fastened the veil

She could hear Tim shuffling in the adjacent room, and quickly went to meet him. He was brewing himself some tea in his old work a day clothes: "Aren't ye ready for church, father?" exclaimed Nan, in a pained voice—she felt hurt he could so easily forget her wedding-morn.
"An is it a holy day, that ye're goin

so early?" he demanded. "Come, come, father, sure an' it's to be married I am," and, ready to depart,

she took his arm, unlatching the door as she spoke. as she spoke.

She expected a display of aversion, but a blank look was on his face; it was evdent he had but vaguely under stood her, for he followed meekly, and she, wondering, led the way.

hors met her as she crossed the field:

' Mebbe they're all in church," she

thought, and hurried on, fearing to be Her bethrothal had, from the first, received indeed a cold reception in Doonennis, for never before had a suitor of an alien religion pleaded

Nan cailed to mind the disapproval of her friends, as, entering the porch, she crossed herself and glanced around. But for a small group at the altar steps, not another soul was in the sacred edifice; stay! there was one old Norah Quinn was on her knees telling aloud her beads, with many a prayer for Nan.

All through the ceremony Tim's eyes were fastened on the couple, noting each action, listening to every word that bound them man and wife. The veins in his brow stood out in great knots and his hands were clenched tightly, but beyond this he seemed calm and self-controlled. Scarcely, however, had the parting words been pronounced, than a wild cry resounded throughout the church

ringing once and again in the timbered roof, and Nan, returning from the altar, grew pale and stopped.
"Tim Dougherty is mad," the with nesses cried, while from her corner old

Norah prayed: "God help him!"
The tears were streaming down his cheeks, as he turned and fled along the aisle and out on the porch. Fearing some evil, Nan hastened after him, for getful of Roger, forgetful of all save the hurrying object before her. Tim's hurrying object before her. head was bare, his long hair wa was float ing in the wind, while more than once he stumbled on the uneven ground yet he kept well in front of her. was close at hand, and to

Their home was close at hand, and to this he bent his steps. Nan felt re-

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lieved—he would s he neared the doo brief second only— the sea; the cliffs h and frowning, ran they met the crest
Terrified beyo
quickened her pac
on by the fearful of from those dizzy h death, tragic and h She saw him lift the air, as if in p

phantom. by some thorny by was torn, but she Her legs were sha gone: "Father, call, but the wor Then- it was

her heart stood the edge of the cr ment more, and headlong down, She clasped he eyes not daring

But he had ta looked again, he clod of turf, his a his eyes fixed, g A yaul scuddin way through the wake behind: he every movement.
"Father," N
she could bear th yet dreaded to s
"Nan," he a
averted; his voi

for he spoke with emotion: "May leavin', leavin' f in the mere wor expound it.

He pointed to in the morning stop it!" he she craft had tack reeze was driv the open sea be he gasped, water might have save brought it back Attracted by

villagers, one round; scared, they beheld the

the jutting cra rang out langua shivered as the Nan, powerless The minutes more, but strai as the yawl spe iously; it nea it became a me rocks it sailed had disappea gone," he wail finite pathos in of Doonennis

flung up his gesture, his land he fell ba the ground. With one crowded roun Nan, in broke endearing ter from the gro Norah Quinn church, her l her, and how the eyes she

glance suffice

aid was vain

head, crossed his soul!"

low. The words a far-off ech long nightm awaken to fi and brightne to greet her As in a dimmed, sh from her, bu low in their her eyes alo her, but it her torpid b many voice she distingualone, "He

As they r deep within heard the dear!" it " Who is ily, withou Naught el while she its bearer

hanging a till out of Thus, a iterated, abrupt: then, did and the s her eyes sank low.

" Come expostula hand into She wa ing vaca still raise Hearing she had blew sha sympathi older one end hurr caught caring li stood, w earthly

Again