ANGEISM IN CANADA AND THE

It appears that Orangeism was never instituted to support Catholicism, but to support Britishism, and that it has used anti-Catholic prejudices simply as a means to gain an end at any rate, that is the modern phase of

Orangeism. This view is supported by the fact that in Sir John Macdonald's Orange Canadian Cabinet there are several Catholics, but they are not objectionable to Orangeism because they are partizans of Britishism, hence the late phrase applied to them, "Orange Catho-

To the Protestant voter Orangeism appeals thus: "I am the great bulwark of Protestant civilization; whether you be Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist or Congregationalist, stand by me in this struggle for civil and religious liberty."

This is the face which it presents to the non-Anglican Protestant, whose fears it works upon by ominous shakings of the head and bugabco stories about the dangerous growth of Catholicism, and its aim to control politics

on this continent. To the Anglican it whispers-"You know me; I am true to the British Crown and Church; stand by me; build me up and I will give you the fat of this great conlinent, and

make you its princes and masters." The following in The Week, of Toronto, October, 1885, shows the mask it puts on for the non-Anglican Protestants: "To be a 66 bulwark, in all lands, of the Protestant civilication, whatever their political institutions, "wherever the English language is spoken, is the mission of Orangeism. All the signs "in the political heavens portend it. Such " a bulwark is none the less necessary in the " United States than in Canada. Orangeism " will join hands across the line in the defense " of Protestantism."

In the following in the Manchester (England) Guardian, Sept. 1880, we see it with its mask partly removed:

"The visit of Dean Stanley in company with Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., to the "United States, will be for the purpose of "It is said that the growth of Catholicism

"in the United States is creating a feeling there in favor of State and Church Union as a safeguard against Catholicism." And, Batritishism declared once in the person of its lovereign, that Church and Crown must stead or fall together, so we find in this case the agent of the church is scompanied by the agent of the Crown. It seems, according to a London newspaper, the Echo, September 14th, 1880, that the coming to America "with the aim of establishing a kind of Imperium in Imperio that shall remain exclusively English, that Englishmen shall show the American people what becoming Americanized." We soon after find in the (Loudon) Anglo American a statement embracing all Englishmen and sons of Englishmen is being formed for benevolent purposes, and to influence American thought and society, and (using the same expression "to establish an Imperium in Imperio.

Sir John Macdonald is regarded as the visible head of Canadian Orangeism, which is not alone represented by the \$2,000 Orangemen in Canada, but is practically composed of the St. George and St. Andrew, with some other secret societies, the Anglicans and other English, American, French and Irish Canadians, who do not believe in democratic ideas, and those Pro-testant democrats who are deluded with the idea that Britishism under any of its disguises is in any sense "a bulwark of civil and religious liberty." The above mentioned classes, sects and individuals constitute the Orangeism of Canada and the Conservative party of Canada.

Said a French "Catholic Orangeman," of prominence lately, to a leading English Oras the Conservative party in Eugland, it is the supporter of the monarchy and the empire;" and, speaking in a lower tone, he said: "I have lived many years in the United States and travelled much over the country, and the particular individual, or any particular cir-Democratic party is the same there as the cumstances?" Conservative party in Canada." That was truly said, and that they not only "join hancs across the line," but across the Atlantic, is self-evident-proved by the fact, if no other was accessible, that every Conservative paper in England and Canada joins heartily with the Democratic party in the United States whenever there is an election of im portance there. This of itself is sufficient proof, if there was no other, that they "join hands across the line;" but there is plenty of proof besides that, and in another article I shall attempt to discuss other proofs that they "join hands across the line" and how they betray and deceive real Democrats in the Democratic party of the United States, the majority of whom do not realize that they are the dupes of monarchists and Britishers.

OBSERVER.

word.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY OF RE-CEPTION.

On Wednesday, March 3rd, the pretty convent chapel of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Rutland, Vt., was the scene of a most interesting ceremony, at about 3 o'clock p.m., when the clerical procession, composed of Right. Rev. Bishop De Goesbriand, D.D., Very Rev. T. Lynch, V.G., Rev. Charles Boylan, pastor, Rev. Fathers O'Roilly, Lane, Cunningham, Michaud, Gaffney, Mc-Laughlin, Reynolds and Houlihan entered the sanctuary. Miss Lavelle, of Burlington, and Miss Fanning, oldest daughter of Mr. Edward Fanning, of St. Gabriel, Montreal, knelt at the altar-railing, attended by their bridesmaids and attired in white satin, wearing white veils and orange blossoms. The good Bishop spoke briefly to them on the state on which they were about to enter and then asked them what they desired. After acquainting the Bishop of their desire to receive the habit of the poor Sisters of St. Joseph, he bade them go and don the habit they longed for with such ardor.
Again the procession entered, but it was changed, The handsome bridal robes had given place to the black habit of the sisters, and the youthful novices knelt again at the altar railing, signifying their happiness at being clothed with the sisters' habit. They received the Bishop's blessing and he then read the names. Miss Bridget Lavelle will be known hereafter as Sister Mary Augusta, and Miss Anastasia Fanning as Sister Mary Lucina. The Te Deum was then sung, after which Benediction was given. The Mother Supperior and Sisters congratulated the happy brides and conducted them to their convent home, where relatives and friends assembled to rejoice with them.

## THE "MAIL" GIVES IN.

TORONTO, March 19.—The Mail office, which has been non-union since the strike of the printers in August, 1884, with the result of the paper being boycotted by the Knights of Labor, became a union office again yesterday. The Typographical Union will now, probably, turn heir attention to other non-many ir attention to other non-union offices.

WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Those who do not give themselves the trouble to reflect—and there are not very many persons who do reflect deeply on any subject—are entirely unaware how completely we are under the influence of education, and of early impressions. It requires a strong, vigorous exercise of the will, in after life, to free one's self from the false maxims and untrue opinions which. through mere circumstances of birth or parentage, have become almost part of our very being. There are not many persons who would admit that they are the votaries of prejudice, but, like the lady who is reported to have said "I hate prejudice, I hate the French," there are multitudes who can give no better reason for their likes and dislikes than a mere assertion of them.

If Everard had put his opinions into words he would have said, "I hate the Irish." If he had been asked to give a reason-a reason personal to himself, and not a mere traditional prejudice, he would have found himself very much perplexed. If these prejudices did not re-act on others, they might be harmless, if what is false can ever be harmless; but, unhappily, men are too often governed in their actions by their prejudices; and, in the present instance, it will be seen how the prejudices of un otherwise excellent and honorable man led to the most fatal conse quences.

You were saying, Colonel, that you had a suspicion, and perhaps a clue, to the out-

age! Well, yes, Mr. O'Sullivan, there is gene rally a motive. In my grandfather's case ("For heaven's sake, get him off his graud-father," whispered O'Sullivan's next neigh-

bor.)
"Yes, but in this case," interrupted the barrister, with gentlemanly effrontery. "In this case, sir, I believe there was motive, and I believe I know the motive; and," Le added, after a moment's hesitation, the person."

Every one was silent now. Though Lord Eimsdale was not very popular with the county families, his death had shocked every one extremely, as well it might; but there seemed no possible way of accounting for it.
It was generally believed that it could not have been an accident, but he was not known to have a single enemy. He was a just landabove mentioned Thomas Hughes, Q.C., was lord, though certainly not a generous one. The county was singularly exempt from agrarian outrages either on the part of landlord or tenant, for the crime has been, curiously enough, by mere force of prejudice, English pluck and manhood can do without limited to one side. No landlord had committed an agrarian outrage on his tenant, legally or otherwise, by throwing him hat an organization in the United States, out of house and home to starve by the wayside, and no tenant had taken into his hand the vengeance which belongs only to God, or brought on himself or his family the curse of the murderer. But if Lord Elmsdale's douth was not an agrarian outrage, what was it?"

"We will not ask you to tell us the person whom you sucpect, but it you will tell us some of the grounds of suspicion;" and he looked round, as if to include the whole party in the "we."

The Judge made a sign to the servants to retire. They dared not disotey, but they left the room with manifest reluctance. Five minutues after, the butler found the incorrigible page with his ear to the keyhole of the door. He was again boxed and kicked; but, with that wonderful faculty for enduring ill-usage, which seems inherent in the boy kind of a certain class, he was up again at the post of vantage the very moment the butler disappeared to discuss events in the housekeeper's

"My susspicions," replied the Colonel. are, I believe founded on fact. I had a engthened interview with Lord Elmsdale servative party of Canada, it is the same in connection with some magisterial business, and he informed me there had been some difficulties with his servants, and with some of the people on the property."
"But, I presume, he did not mention any

"Well, not exactly; but I could quite gather who the person was, and what the circumstances were."

"You have your suspicions, in fact," said the lawyer, with an emphasis on the leading

A gentleman remarked that he thought it very unlikely any tenant or dependent of Lord Elmsdale's would have murdered him in that way by the roadside, and suggested there was probably some mystery about the affair which time would elucidate. But Colonel Evard had a fixed, and, as we have said, educational creed, that every Irishman of the lower classes was an embryo murderer, and that it only needed some slight provocation to develop his propensity into crime. He only regretted that the law, as administered in India, could not be put into execution in Ireland under present circumstances. "There, sir," he con-"the matter would soon have been settled. I have my suspicions; I would have made them public at once, as a matter of duty. Several men would have been arrested, and two or three shot, as an example.'

"Law, not justice," observed O'Sullivan; "and it is a question if it promotes the ends which it is intended to effect."

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Good evening, Miss Callan. I hope I am not too late. I am anxious to employ your taste in the selection of a Christmas present | you, Jack?" for my wife. Now, what do you think she would like?" Miss Callan looked very much gratified.

The head constable was not wont to be complimentary to women kind, or to pay complimentary visits.

"I have a sweet thing in bonnet ribbons, and there's these new shawls. I am sure nothing could be more illegant and useful for a lady like Mrs. Egan. sir

Egan had been taking a general inspection of Miss Callan's shop. He could not see even the ghost of comforter or woollen scarf, and was considerably annoyed to find that it would probably take him very much longer time than he could well spare to extract the information he wanted from the woman, without exciting her curiosity, or giving rise to even the faintest.

depended, and to whom she had sold them, got them, and took very little notice of her Morsover, he had got the message which remarks. He was more occupied in studying depended, and to whom she had sold them. Lord Elmsdale had desired Barnes to send, and he was determined not to go up to the castle without bearing some information. As "A shilling if you are back in three hours. castle without bearing some information. As to Lord Elmsdale knowing anything of the It is just five o'clock now. If you run as fast matter, the idea never crossed his mind; if on business as I have seen you do for pleasure,

absurd for a second consideration.
"I think you were in Dublin last week," he observed, suggestively, as he locked over your tongue, or'the various goods which Miss Callan exhib. Jack\_gave a ited. "I suppose all these are new goods;

where did you buy them?" out of sight.

The good little woman suspected what the Precisely as the church clock struck seven,

in Dublin last week, sir."

Egan was by no means a violent man, but he felt it would have been a considerable relief to his feelings if he could have knocked Miss Callan down—gently, quite gently, of course. He would not have hurt her for the world.

It was getting dark, too, at the close of a snowy, winter's evening; and even if she had properly.

'I think, Miss Callan, ma'am,"—he was profoundly deferential-"I think I will bring my good lady to see these things. Perhaps she will be best pleased to choose for her-

Miss Callan rooked disappointed. She expected at least a one-pound note would have found its way to her till after the constable's visit, and she had had some experience of the results when people promised to "call

Egan read the look. With a little early training, and a little experience of London life, he would have made a first rate detective. In Ireland, his talents in that line were simply thrown away. There were no mysterious tobberies of plate, garroting was simply unknown, and child murder unheard The Irish were too tar behind the age for that kind of thing.

He stood still at the counter. "The price of that shawl, Miss Callan ?" "A pound, sir, to you, sir. It would be

twenty-five uniltings to any one else." Clear y Miss Callan was not behindhand in the art of selling her goods. "You may lay it by, ma'am, and here's the money for it. If my wife does not choose

that, when she sees it, she shall have some other article of equal value. Good evening to you. Miss Callan; good evening.' The shopwoman was highly gratified, and

poured forth a profusion of thanks. Egan went to the door, and just as he was turning into the street he looked back. There, now, if I have not forgotten one of the very particular things I wanted to inquire Have you any scarfs or comforters about. any kind of woolen affair for the throat, you knaw?"

"Well, sir, I had"-"Unfortunate, very," and Egan got quite warm about it. "My wife's nephew-vou know my wife's rephew, Miss Callan? fine lad, but exposed to all kinds of weather; and I promised her faithfully I would get him a woollen necktie, and that I would have i for him to morrow early in the morning. It's really very unfortunate. Would you mind looking through your stock, you might find some hing that would do?" and he took out his rurss again, to give further zest to the

"I'm afraid it's no use." observed the shopwoman, after a cursory and rapid search, made merely to please Mr. Egan. some last week, a particular make too; but they were all hought up."

Egan looked very much interested .-- more so than was quite prudent, but he had no very skilled observer.

"I duresay they were just what I wanted Could you give me any idea of the color and the size, -my nephew must have green. Very natural, you know, and all that; and as he's not in the force, he can please himself. Hope I shan't have to put the bracelets on him some day for his disloyalty," he added, with a grim attempt at pleasantry, and then he looked round can tiously. Men and women are not name to for the "wearing of the green," but an offi Men and women are not hung now cial might lose his place for expressing an undue admiration for the national color.

"Well, sir, they were green, and that's curious too -green and olive! and very pretty, tasty things. I wish I'd bought more of them, for they were soon picked up. Ned Rusheen bought the last of them. You how him Mr. Egan ?"

"Lord Elmsdale's under keeper ? -oh ! him-a fine young fellow : and you say he bought the last. How long might it be since?—perhaps they are not all sold in the shop where you got them ?"

"I daresay there are some left," she replied, answering the business question first. How long since he bought it? Well, it might be two or three days-1 could not be quite certain."

" Was it this week, Miss Callan ?" Egan spoke rather eagerly, and the woman wondered why he should care to know. "It was this week, for sure; for it was

only last Saturday, late at night, I came home with them." "And you will try to get me one? I really

cannot disappoint the young man. Could you get a messenger—a safe messenger. I would give sixpence, or even a shilling, and welcome!"

"I'm your man, sir!" screamed a diminutive urchin, known as the quickest runner, the greatest liar, and the greatest mischief in the barony.

Egan looked doubtful. Anxious as he was to get the article, he was not sure if this youth, who had just appeared on the scene, was safe to trust. He would not have minded the loss of the shilling, but new that he had the clue in his possession,—now that he felt a step further might enable him to put his hands on the murderer, and startle him trom his dream of security with a stern "wanted,"-he would have given anything, done anything, to secure further evidence.

"You may trust him," said Miss Callan, who had noticed Egan's hesitation and anxiety, and wondered at it, as much as it was in her to wonder at anything that did not concern her own business. "He will do your message safe; he knows his own interest too well-don't

Jack made a grimace of assent which did not add to the general respectability of his appearance.

"I'm your man, sir, -what's the message and where's the shop?"

Miss Callan told him. She always gave

out that she got her goods "from Dublin." which sounded genteel and fashionable. She saved her conscience by an occa-sional purchase in the city, and her purse by going no farther than Kingstown, —which, for the benefit of my American and Australian readers, I may mention is a flourishing town not many miles from the Irish metropo

Jack got his directions, with many explana tions from Miss Callan that she only purchased on that occasion in Kingstown, because she there happened to see the goods in a He just wanted to ascertain two facts—had window, and she thought they were better Miss Callan sold any comforters with a gold than what she could get in Dublin for the thread at the bottom where the fringe same money. Egan did not care where she Jack, and calculating the probability of his

it had, he would simply have thought it too you can be at the police barrack by eight o'clock; and remember, you keep your message and your percel to yourself, and hold

The constable departed on his errand of

constable wanted to knew. She thought only as Egan was returning from Elmsdale Castle

of her merchandise, and that he was anxious —of which more hereafter—he saw the retter the bread, and there's a mug of tea; but now to present his wife with the newest fashion.

"All new, sir," she replied. "All bought it so well)—about the door of the police—"Never head, sir. Sure you'll just drop in Dublin last week air."

barrack.
Incensed at being made a fool of by the boy, and at his apparent indifference, Egan seized him by the collar and administered a smart correction. "There, you young rascal! I'll learn you to promise to go errands aguin !"

"And now that your honor's finished, sir," replied the boy, without the slightest concern the comforters, in a few minutes later it for the rough treatment he had received,—would have been impossible to examine them | "now that your honor's finished may be it "now that your honor's finished, may be it 'ud be plezin' to you to tell a poor boy what you were bating him for, for sorrah know I know."

was the boy mad or a fool? Egan almost relined to the latter opinion. "Well, go inclined to the latter opinion. home now, and don't let me see your fac this six months, or maybe it's in Bridewell

you'll find yourself for a vagrant.' "Oh! thin, but that's a fine word entirely, sir; and if you wouldn't be above taching i

Egan turned away.

"Mr. Egan," shouted the boy,—"Mr. Egan, sir." The constable turned back. About the little errand you sent me on,where shall I tell yoû?"

Egan looked utterly incredulous. Was it possible the boy had come and gone that distance in two hours? He did not like to speak to him either outside or inside the barrack, though it was dark, so he simply pointed up the road. The boy understood perfectly. He went up the road till he was out of sight, and then he waited quietly for Egan. The man went into the house, partly because he did not wish to be seen following Jack, partly to get a dark lantern to examine the pur chase, if it had been made.

It was made. The famous Jack had secured a stray horse, which had the misfortune to be grazing by the roadside; and as the boy made it a rule never to use his own legs if he could get any other mode of conveyance, he had mounted the animal sans saddle or bridle, and rode until quite close to Kings. town. His purchase made, with his usual luck he discovered the beast grazing in a field where he had left it, in the comfortable, and, as the event proved, well grounded assurance that it was too dark for any man to distinguish one beast from another, or to send it to pound.

He had loitered about the barrack a good half hour, but, true to his trust, he had made no effort even to ascertain if Egan had returned.

"I'm thinking that's the article your honor'll be looking after," said the boy, as soon as they were completely hidden from any possibility of observation, and he produced the comforter from its repository.

A shove of one shoulder and a slip of the other relieved him from the small amount of upper garments he wore; and tound his waist, next to a skin not immaculately clean, the comforter was wound, as he himself expressed it, "illegant and aisy."

A rapid glauce at the fringe showed the constable that he had got what he wanted. The next move was to get rid of the toy quietly. More easily wished than accomplished, for Jack had an investigating turn of mind; and even as Egan handed him the new shilling, with all his eagerness to possess it, and his joy at having such a sum of money in his possession for the first time, he asked, with a grin that showed he meant to have an answer if he could—
"Ah, thin, Mr. Egan, sir, maybe you'd

tell poor Jack why you're so anxious about that neck ornament, for I know it's not for nothing I've got this;" and he flourished his shilling in the air.

"If you don't hold your"gan; but he suddenly remembered he might want the boy to give evidence to morrow, and that it would be desirable to secure him in some manner for the occasion. It is true his evidence would not be of much moment, and his character was not one

tance of manifesting his own skill in the affair, and the more evidence he could bring forward, the more would be thought of | fully, and the hedge? The assassin-for he his efforts to promote the proper administration of justice.

He remained allent so long that Jack began to get alarmed, as far as it was in him to be alarmed at anything. He had some dread of not a hedge. He had heard of an instance in you often do, just look at that, and think of the headconstable, and an unlimited idea of his power; and he was just on the point of taking to his heels, his well-tried resource in all emergencies, when Egan

spoke. Now then, Jack," he said, briskly, " how would you like a bit of gold to put with the Bit of silver?"

He turned the light of the lamp full on the boy, and the expression of his countenance | might be, for his color changed so often, and leit no doubt whatever as to his feelings on

" Because, continued Egan, perfectly satisfied now, "if you will keep your tongue quiet, and do just what I tell you from this till this time to-morrow, you shall have that;" and he showed him a new half

sovereign. Jack flung three double somersaults on the spot, and went so close to Egan at the last performance, that he adroitly knocked the lantern out of his hand with his feet, and caught it again. again, before it reached the ground, with his hands. The lad would have been a fortune to an acrobatic troups.

Egan began to have more doubts. He knew the most likely method of sobering the | He had suspicions himself but wished to exuberant spirits of the young Irish boy was | wait until he heard Egan's account. After to withdraw and leave him in doubt as to his all, it might only be manslaughter. He prize.

sir, come back! I'm as sober as Bacchus, sir, and ready to do your honor's bidding to rel, and in the heat of the moment the end of the 'varsal world.'

Egan turned. "It's a case of murder, Jack," he replied, morrow, but I can do without you-there's

other boys." "O sir !-no, sir-please, Bir,-don't sir and I'll swear to anything in life that's agree able to your honor.

"I don't want you to swear to anything that's not true, and remember that distinctly. All you are to do is to give evidence that you bought this woollen comforter this evening, by my desire, at a shop in Kingstown to which I sent you."

"I'll swear to it all, sir, and anything more that's plazin' to you." Where can you be found to-morrow? I

may want you early."
"Sure, thin, I'll just sleep here aisy under the hedge, and then I'll be handy for you to call me when I'm wanted." It was a bitterly cold night-freezing hard, and the constable had no fancy for having

hardly saw what else could be done. Ho knew Jack oftener slept out of doors than within them. "Well, I suppose it won't do you much harm; but as the night is so cold, I will bring you down a cape to put round you, and a

manslaughter on his conscience; still, he

piece of bread." "That'll just do, your honor. Long life to you, and plenty of murders, and that ye may hang every manjack of them all, if it's plazin' to you!"

charity, without waiting to hear more of this incongruous torrent of benediction.
"Now, Jack, there's the cape, and there's

it on the road, and I'll pick it up in the mornin' and bring it to the barrack, and find out the owner !"

"You're a cute lad, Jack: I hope you won't find yourself at a rope's end come

Jack ate the bread and drank the tea. In truth, it was long enough since he had had to place for him. "Did you ever see a scarf such a luxurious meal,—a potato, and salt if like this on any of the men about the place;" he could get it—he was not particular—and a drink of cold water was his general fare. In summer he managed a tolerable livelihood on raw turnips, with an occasional apple by way of variety. We must admit that these condiments had the special relish which is proverbially applied to stolen goods.

The supper disposed of, he gathered himself up and set out for bed. Egan was considerably astray in his calculations if he fancied a boy like Jack the Runner would sleep under a hedge when there was a hayrick in the neighborhood. There was one, and he had slept there every night since the weather became cold, -a fact which he did not communicate to his friend the constable.

The rick was unusually large, and lay about four feet from a high wall. Jack chose the inner side for shelter and concealment. He had made an excellent bed for himself. and every evening he replaced the hay which he had pulled out, and which served him at night for bed clothing. If any one had examined that side of the rick at night, they would have seen a small hole in the side. about two feet from the ground,—this was Jack's breathing hole.

## CHAPTER IX.

WAS NED RUSHERN A MURDERER ?

The constable had now strong circumstantial evidence against Ned Rusheen. There was one thing, however, which puzzled him. He had measured the height from the ground to the twig on the hedge where he had found the piece of woollen stuff, and, unquestionably, it could not have been torn off there by a man of Ned's height, or indeed from any man : it was only three feet from the ground. It Ned had held the comforter in his hand, it might have caught there, and have remained unnoticed in the hurry of flight, but this seemed most unlikely.

There was only one way in which the

question could be settled in a satisfactory nanner, and that was by a personal inspec tion of Ned's wardrobs, but that seemed impossible. The mind of a policeman, how-ever, particularly of a detective, or of one for the time obliged to act as such, is quite beyond and above all consideration of possibilities. A certain thing has to be done—it must be done : it it is or seems impossible. that is no reason why it should not be accomplished; on the contrary, it is all the more reason for every exertion.

Egan had been up to Elmsdale Castle after

his visit to Miss Callan, while his erratic envoy was on his wild ride in search of evidence. His interview with Lord Elmsdale had been highly satisfactory, and led to the large investment of a half sovereign to secure Jack the Runner.

Lord Elmsdale had made the liberal offer of two hundred pounds for the discovery of his father's murderer, and the equally liberal offer of one hundred pounds for any clue which might lead to the discovery.

Egan had thought it better only to speak of the matter in a general way, and not to say anything of the discovery he had made, though Lord Elmsdale had questioned him very closely, -so closely, indeed, that Egan began to wonder if he had heard anything of the matter: still, he did not think it possible. He was sure no one had seen him take the piece off the hedge, and he was equally sure that he had not mentioned the subject. But his lordship was overwhelming in his enquiries and in his civilities:—Did he to give it much value; but Egan think a clue could be found-anything that was thoroughly alive to the impor-tance of manifesting his own skill in Egan's abilities and high character as an officer. Had he examined the ground carehad no doubt it was a murder—the assassin might have leaped over the hedge, - assassins in Ireland always do. He never remembered a murder in this country in which there was which a small piece of frieze, which had been torn off a man's coat in the hurry of escape,

had actually led to his detection. Lord Elmsdale was equally agitated and eloquent, and Egan began to think that the stories told about him and his father could not be true, he seemed such an excellent son, and so sincerely sorry—evidently, too, very much shaken by the whole affair, as well he more than once he seemed on the very verge of fainting, and had recourse to rather conjous draughts from a long, narrow-necked bottle

which stood near.

Egan was obliged to admit at last that he had found something, but if his lordship would excuse him, he would prefer not saying more about it at present. He thought he had a clue to the person. He was making inquiries; in a few hours he would have more. If it would not be too late he would call up

bed at all that night; in any case, a servant should remain up to admit him at any hour. rize.

\*\*Mr. Egan, sir! Mr. Egan, sir!—O Lord! some strong feeling against his poor r, come back! I'm as sober as Bacchus, father. They might have had a quaran accident might have happened. But there he had not intended to say anything—he laid up for him there. But that very had said, perhaps, too much; but he had the day he had done two most generous and I may want you to give evidence to | most entire reliance on Mr. Egan's discretion, and he handed him a five-pound note, that "no expense might be spared in the investigation.

The constable received the money with a good deal of suspicion, and a good deal of satisfaction. As Egan was leaving, he was called back.

"One moment, Mr. Egan. There is a circumstance which had quite escaped my memory until this moment. It may, or it may not, have some connection with my poor father's death. We had a servant—you may remember her, perhaps—Ellie Mc-Carthy. She disappeared to-day, just about three or four hours before the -the accident. She was some relative of the housekeeper, and wrote to her to say that she was advised to go in this extraordinary manner by the priest. I suppose it will be difficult to get him to give any evidence, but it might be worth while to make some enquiries. I am Ho | told," headded, "but it may be only servants' gossip, that there was something between her and Ned Rusheen, our under keeper."

Egan suddenly remembered the torn piece of paper which he had lifted when Lord Eimsdale was carried lifeless to the house. He had been so eager in the close pursuit of his inquiries about the woollen comforter, that he had entirely overlooked it. What if it be another important piece of evidence You must remember he was not a trained detective.

interview with Jack the Runner, but he was not prepared now to go into the subject with Lord Elmsdale.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he returned to the castle, but the master seemed as if he had not stirred from the room, or even from the place where we had left him. "Well, my lord, I believe I have some information for you now," said Egan, as he took the chair which the footman was desired and he produced the one bought by Jack that

evening. ford Elmsdale examined it carefully.
"I have certainly seen one like it—the

color is very remarkable, olive and greenyes, I have certainly seen one." He looked up at Egan, but his look was wild ard un. steady, and quickly withdrawn. Egan thought he was drunk. "I saw one precisely similar on Ned Rusheen a few days ago." He said the last words in a very low tone, and with extreme hesitation; and Egan, whose feelings were considerably warmed towards the young lord by his munificence, was quite moved by his apparent distress at saying anything to the disadvantage of his foster-brother.

"I am afraid Ned is the man, my lord," replied Egan, "Look at this;" and he produced the piece which he had carefully wrapped up in his pocket-book. "Many a man has been hanged for less than that, sir.

But he was interrupted. Lord Elmsdale had fallen from his chair to the ground, and appeared as if he were about to have a fit of strong convulsions. "Hanged!" he muttered, when his agitation or his illness would allow him to speak. "Hanged! oh no!— not that, surely not that! I will save him, I will. O Egan! he must not be hanged! It was not murder, only manslaughter. I know it—I'll swear to it—I tell you I will. I'll give myself up, I'll "- He stopped, and colored crimson, only to become again paler than death, more ghastly than the fearful-looking corpse which lay so near

Again Egan sympathized and admired-it was no matter of surprise to him that the poor young man should be so fearfully agitated. His father shot dead-his foster brother accused of the murder. Egan was unnerved himself, for he was not accustomed to distressing scenes. A row at a fair, and, alas! too often a drunken quarrel, were about the utmost tax on his skill or his feelings. This was something quite exceptional; and though he was very willing to earn a little addition to his poor pay, he would scarcely liked to have earned it often at such a cost.

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"My lord, if I might advise, I would beg your lordship to take some rest. You may have to appear at the banquet to-morrow; it will be held at two o'clock. I understand Mr. Grimdeath, the coroner cannot be here earlier. I will come up in the morning as early as possible with any further informa-tion I can collect." Lord Elmsdale pointed to the bell. He

seemed scarcely able to articulate. When the servant came, Egan was obliged to give his assistance also. The unhappy young man was conveyed to his room, undressed by his own servant; retiring to rest prayerless, and as utterly miserable as any human being could be. There may be some pleasure at the moment in the gratification of sinfu! passions, but

unquestionably, even in this world, such

indulgence brings with it a retribution so terrible, that if men would only think of the temporal consequences of sin, they would pause before they commit it. Poor, weeried Larry Murphy, the post boy, might have seemed the last person to be comnared with Lord Elmsdale as an object of envy; but Larry was even then sleeping the sleep of the peacetul and the just. He had sometimes repined a little at his poverty, at sometimes repined a little at his poverty, at his hard, starved life, at the small pay for a day's toil, at his scant fare and bad clothing:

more still at the wants of his old mother which he could not supply. But as dead nobleman by the roadside, he be-thought him of a word the nun he loved so much had said when she crucifix-"There, Larry; and if you over feel cold, and tired, and hungry, as I am sure what a hard life your Saviour had, and how little thanks He got for all He did for us poor sinners; and remember, my boy, there's time coming fast when it will not make much matter, or any matter at all, to us, whether we were rich or poor in this world. If we are rich, all the money we have goes to some one else the very day we die, and then we are just as poor as the beggars; but if we are rich in good works, we take all that away to heaven with us, and no one can take them from us. So you see, Larry, the richest people are the people whose wealth will last for thousands and thousands of years, and that's the kind of money I would like to have."

Larry believed her, and listened reverently to her, as well be might. For he knew that she had given up all her wealth-and she had been rich-that, like her Master, she might become poor. He remembered Lord Elmsdale assured him it would not be too late, that he would probably not go to grand carriage, or riding a beautiful horse: and now she tramped about in the rain, and wet, and cold, like any poor beggar, for she was a Sister of Mercy, and went like a poor woman to see the poor.

And so Larry was sleeping, and the good angels were watching over him, and thinking what a beautiful house he would have in heaven, and how surprised he would be when he saw it, and how he would wonder what he ever did to merit all the treasures that were laid up for him there. But that very actions, and he had done them for the love of God, which gave them their real value. He had placed his crucifix in the dead man's hand, thinking that to have something blessed near him might do his poor soul good; and he had given away his half-penny. Yes; he met a very, very poor old beggar woman. She did not ask him for anything, for she thought ne was poor like herself-too poor to give an alms; but good hearted Larry had been thinking over all the nun had gaid to him, and the sight of DEATH, the great teacher, had impressed the lesson on his mind more deeply. He must die too, as well as the great gentleman, and what good would it do him then if he had all the mone in the world. Then he remembered that to give alms was one of the greatest acts of charity we could perform, and so he gave the old woman his halfpenny, saying to himself, For the love of God, in honor of the blossed Mary, and for the poor gentleman's soul; and he went on his way with his mail bags, feeling as if the world could not contain his happiness. And he felt truly, for the world could not contain it; it came from God, and God only can fill the soul with true and perfect joy.

## CHAPTER X.

NED RUSHEEN IS ACCUSED OF FIRING THE FIRST SHOT.

Egan had a consultation with the inspecto He felt in his pocket for it, and knew he of police, who arrived at the station early in had it, but he did not say a word to Lord the morning. The question was whether Red Eimsdale. He read the contents after his Rusheon should be arrested at once on are-

replied I Was one

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