



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

ELLEN AHERN; OR, THE POOR COUSIN.

My dear and beautiful cousin, upon my honor I appreciate every word that you say, and admire your enthusiasm, but really, Fahey is the man to talk to.

precipitous rocks on each side, frowning down in solemn grandeur; the dark, rapid torrent, foaming along with a deep, reverberating roar; the danger ahead, and her utter loneliness, made the moment a terrible one to Ellen Ahern.

slowly and languidly unclosed, and she looked about her with an inquiring expression. 'How are you now, my pretty cousin?' said Lord Hugh, who was seated on one of the old tombs.

stood, scanning with a wild and startled gaze, Don Enrique's features; then suddenly springing forward, she grasped his arm in her talon-like fingers, and pointing to an old moss-covered tomb on which lay an effigy of one of the ancient Barons of Fermanagh, led him towards it.

is of quite another character. I wish to make you an offer for these lands of Cathagaura. I am rich, as my letters of credit and introduction will show, and am willing to pay a liberal sum for them.